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PROSE WRITINGS OF
JAMES CLARENCE



MANGAN



EDITED BY D.J.O'DONOGHUE

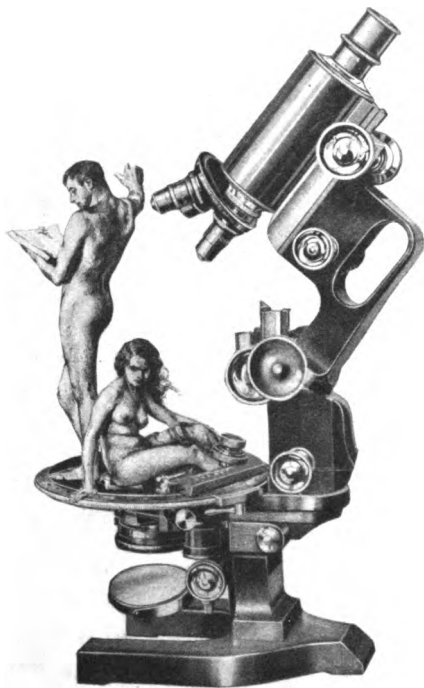


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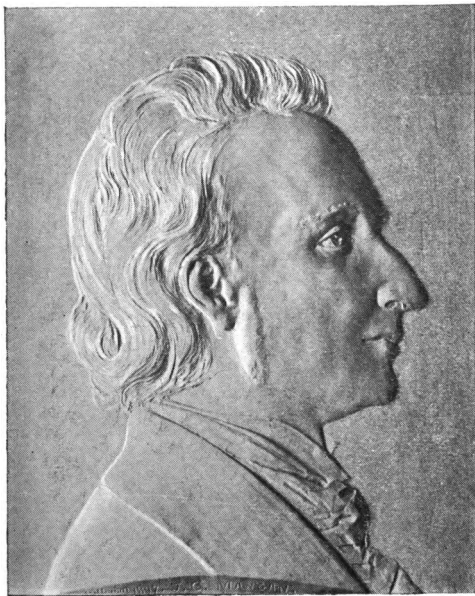


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THE REQUEST OF

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JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

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THE PROSE WRITINGS
OF
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN
(CENTENARY EDITION)

EDITED BY

D. J. O'DONOGHUE

Author of

*"The Life of Mangan," "The Life of Carleton," "The Poets of Ireland,"
etc., etc.*

WITH AN ESSAY BY LIONEL JOHNSON

DUBLIN { O'DONOGHUE & CO., 31 SOUTH ANNE ST.
M. H. GILL & SON.

LONDON—A. H. BULLEN, 47 ST. RUSSELL ST.

1904

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TO MY FRIEND
WILLIAM BOYLE
AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER
OF MANGAN
AND ONE OF THE BEST DELINEATORS
OF IRISH CHARACTER IRELAND
HAS YET PRODUCED
This Volume is Dedicated
BY
D. J. O'DONOGHUE.

January, 1904.

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PREFACE

THE present volume is an attempt to comply with a request, frequently made to the editor, for a selection from Mangan's prose writings. That such a collection was necessary the volume itself may prove ; but when it is remembered that fully four-fifths of the matter here brought together has never before found shelter between the covers of a book, it may at least be assumed that it will be interesting to admirers of the poet. The reader will hardly expect to find anything so distinguished as in the "Poems"—the magical power which enabled Mangan to rise from height to height of poetical achievement is almost altogether absent—but there are purple passages which, when quoted in the present writer's "Life" of the poet, suggested to more than one eminent critic the idea that the collection of some of Mangan's prose was a necessary and important duty. Whatever else the reader may find, however, he is sure to find Mangan. His quaint personality is in everything he wrote, and to the lovers of Mangan—a host gathering strength every day—that in itself is a considerable attraction.

To expect a serious work in prose from Mangan would be useless ; all he wrote in that medium was intended merely to amuse the reader of the moment. Hence much of it is purely topical, ephemeral in treatment, evanescent in interest ; but it is all stamped with his peculiar qualities, such as they are. It is often defaced by mannerisms, and made trivial by an irresistible tendency to punning ; but all know who knew Mangan that to look for uniformly lofty thoughts and lofty expression would be counting without their author. Nevertheless, how eminently characteristic much of this prose is ! Perhaps he is at his best in his serious manner in the brilliant "Chapters on Ghostcraft," whose incompleteness is to be deplored ; but even

here the quaintness breaks through the effort at restraint. In "A German Poet," on the other hand, he is seen in his gayest vein. This is the real Mangan, quizzical and yet critical, half-humorous, half-serious. One feels the influence here of a writer with whom he had much in common—Charles Lamb. This piece reminds me very much of that charming essayist and critic, and, if it is not heresy to say so, one detects the influence of De Quincey in "An Extraordinary Adventure in the Shades," and of Coleridge and Maginn in "A Sixty-drop Dose of Laudanum," which might be described as an amalgam of the "Table Talk" and the "Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty." It is certainly no exaggeration to say that some of the "drops" would not be unworthy of Coleridge, while others read amazingly like Maginn.

The writers, however, who (unfortunately, as I think) had the most marked effect upon Mangan were William Godwin and Charles Robert Maturin. For them and their gloomy school Mangan always had a notable fancy. Godwin's "St. Leon" he knew almost by heart, and there are many evidences of his knowledge and appreciation of, or at any rate interest in, Maturin's works. In stories like "The Thirty Flasks" there is a decided flavour of what may be called this pseudo-Byronic school. For Byron's poems Mangan expressed an unstinted admiration. His high regard for that poet is explicable, but one wonders at the astonishing influence on so keen a critic as Mangan of such faint adumbrations of Byron. But in a whimsical passage in one of his articles he defends his many queer views, literary and otherwise :

"My mode of forming an opinion suiteth myself and scandaliseth nobody. I take a few facts, not caring to be overwhelmed by too many proofs that they are facts. With them I mix up a dish of the marvellous—perhaps an old wife's tale, perhaps a half-remembered dream or mesmeric experience of my own, and the business is done. My conclusion is reached and shelved, and must not thenceforward be disturbed. I would as soon think at any time afterwards of questioning its truth as of doubting the veritable existence of the barber's five brothers in the 'Arabian Nights,' or the power of Keyn

Alasnam, King of the Genii. There it is, and an opponent may battle with me anent it if he pleases. I manage to hold my ground by the help of digressions and analogies."

What I have said elsewhere of one phase of this poetical output of Mangan applies equally to much of his prose. Just as he loved doggerel for its own sake, and always wrote it consciously—he may even be said to have raised the art of writing it to a fine art, for even his doggerel is generally distinguished—he seems to have deliberately cultivated the art of writing trivially on trivial matters. When so much pompous and portentous absurdity is written so seriously, this is no small achievement. Mangan's "Treatise on a Pair of Tongs" is particularly Manganesque in this respect. Like Swift's "Meditation on a Broomstick," it is a parody on the solemnity of certain metaphysicians, who waste an infinite deal of thought and time in proving what nobody desires to have demonstrated. Mangan's amazing fertility and facility as a writer not unnaturally tend to occasional diffuseness. One sometimes feels that he could go on for ever in his discursive and allusive way. In one of his articles he says: "A sea of argument stretches out before us, and the waves thereof curl about our feet. But we forbear to plunge in. Reflection recurs, and we receive a *check* on the *bank*."

Thus he explains to his readers how he spares them many other pages of disquisition. One can imagine after reading Mangan's prose what wonderful monologues they were which he used to deliver to his intimates, monologues which the latter remembered with much vivid pleasure in after years. Some of his early sketches are undoubtedly spun out beyond reasonable limits. Accepting one of these pieces in June, 1832, the editor of the *Comet* reminded him that it was "one hundred per cent better to give a good thing in one column than in two." As to that, however, Mangan probably held his own opinion. His perversity—a prevailing characteristic—had to be reckoned with. This characteristic has undoubtedly done much to prevent Mangan from finding universal recognition. He falls short of one's conception of a true or great artist. But so far as his poetical work is

concerned, Mangan must be either accepted with all his mannerisms or absolutely ignored. For his prose—well, it is simply the prose of a remarkable poet, a delightful spirit, and, in any event, one of the quaintest and most interesting figures in Irish literary history.

...A word or two may be said of the appreciation by Lionel Johnson which introduces this volume. Johnson's opinion of Mangan's work is valuable, coming from one of the most admirable critics and writers of our time. In "A Treasury of Irish Poetry in English," edited by Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston, he has placed on record a more deliberate and careful judgment of the poet, but the essay in this volume deserves to be known, and is consequently reproduced with permission. In a letter to the present writer, *à propos* of this particular criticism, Johnson wrote: "I confess that to me his Irish pieces and his original pieces are almost all of him that seems great," and he adds: "I have no words to express my enthusiasm for Mangan."

I am greatly indebted to Mr. George Milbourn, an excellent English sculptor, for his very generous gift of the medallion of Mangan, which is given as a frontispiece to this volume. It was a voluntary act on his part, and though the face of Mangan was a conception of his own, based on Burton's wonderful sketch of the poet as he lay dead, it sufficiently represents the man to entitle it to the compliment of reproduction.

In conclusion, I desire to say that the pieces given in this volume have been collated with the originals, and as such of them as had been previously reprinted were often disfigured by gross errors, the result is the first correctly printed version of Mangan's prose.

D. J. O'DONOGHUE.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.¹

No one can thoroughly realise Mangan's life without some knowledge of Dublin ; not knowledge of Ireland at large, for Mangan had practically none, save by reading, but knowledge of that Dublin "dear and dirty," splendid and squalid, fascinating and repulsive, which was Mangan's from the cradle to the grave. There is there a unique piteousness of poverty and decay, a stricken and helpless look, which seem appropriate to the scene of the doomed poet's life. It was a life of dreams and misery and madness, yet of a self-pity which does not disgust us, and of a weakness which is innocent ; it seems the haunted, enchanted life of one drifting through his days in a dream of other days and other worlds, golden and immortal. He wanders about the rotting alleys and foul streets, a wasted ghost, with the "Dark Rosaleen" on his lips, and a strange light in those mystical blue eyes, which burn for us yet in the reminiscences of all who ever saw him and wrote of the unforgettable sight. And, with all his remoteness, all his wretchedness, there was a certain grimly pathetic and humorous common-sense about him, which saved him from being too angelic a drunkard, too ethereal a vagabond, too saintly a wastrel. Hard as it is to believe at all times, he was an intelligible, an explicable human being, and not some "twy-natured" thing, some city faun. All the accounts and descriptions of him, collected so indefatigably and quoted so aptly by Mr. O'Donoghue, show us a man whom external circumstances, however prosperous and bright, would not have prevailed upon to be as other men are. As has been

¹ This essay is reprinted from the *Academy*, of February, 1898, with the permission of its editor. It was a review of the present writer's "Life of Mangan." The very complimentary opening paragraph on that work has been omitted.

said of other poets, "he hungered for better bread than can be made of wheat," and would have contrived to lose his way, to be "homesick for eternity," despite all earthly surroundings of happiness and ease. Sensitive in the extreme, he shrank back into the shadows at a breath, not merely of unkindness, but of unpleasantness; he shuddered and winced, blanched and withered away, at a touch of the east wind. His miseries, which dictated to him that agonised poem, "The Nameless One," were primarily of his own creation, realities of his own imagination, and therefore the more terrible; they were the agonies of a child in the dark, quivering for fear of that nothing which is to him so infinitely real and dread a "something." For Mangan's childhood, boyhood, first youth, though hard and harsh, were not unbearably so; many a poet has borne far worse, and survived it unscathed. A rough and stern, rather than cruel, father; office drudgery with coarse companions; stinted, but not insufficient, means; a general absence of congenial sympathy and friendship—these are rude facts to face; but even a poet, all nerves and feeling, need not find life a hell because of them, the world a prison, all things an utter darkness of despair.

And even Mangan's failure in love, whatever be the truth of that obscure event, would hardly account, by its own intrinsic sadness, for his abysmal melancholy and sense of doom. Further, when we find him in true deeps of actual woefulness, the bond-slave of opium and alcohol, living in the degradations of poverty, enchained, as St. Augustine has it, *sua ferrea voluntate*, by the iron chain of his unwilling will, yet it is not his fall that haunts him, but that sense of undeserved early torments and tortures, enfolding him as with a black impenetrable cloud. It was not only the lying imaginativeness of the opium-eater or of the drunkard that made him tell stories of fearful things which never happened; nor was it merely his artistic instinct toward presenting his life, not quite as it was, but as it might have been, nor yet his elvish turn for a little innocent deception. Beyond a doubt, his temperament, immeasurably delicate and sensitive, received from its early experiences a shock, a shaking, which left him tremulous, impotent, a leaf

in the wind, upon the water. His first sufferings in life were but the child's imagined ghosts; but the "shock to the system," to his imaginative, sensitive temperament, was lasting, and he lived in a *penumbra* of haunting memories and apprehensions. In Browning's words, it was :

"The glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again !"

Life had struck him in his affections and emotions : he could never recover from the blow, could but magnify it in memory and imagination, conceive himself marked by it, go apart from the world to hide it, go astray in the world to forget it. That was Mangan's tragedy.

But he did not suffer it to cloud his poetry with darkness of expression at any time, nor, at its finest times, with darkness of theme or thought. It forced him into writing a deal of unworthy clever stuff, and a deal of excellent work far below his highest ability and achievement. But not a faint shadow of unhappiness dims the radiance of his "Dark Rosaleen," its adoring, flashing, flying, laughing rapture of patriotic passion. It is among the great lyrics of the world, one of the fairest and fiercest in its perfection of imagery and rhythm ; it is the chivalry of a nation's faith struck on a sudden into the immortality of music. And Mangan's next glory, his version of "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," is no less perfect upon its lower, yet lofty, plane. A certain Elizabethan poet has this pleasing stanza upon the Irish of his day, as he viewed them :

"The Irish are as civil as
The Russies in their kind ;
Hard choice which is the best of both,
Each bloodie, rude, and blind."

The "Ode to the Maguire" gives the noble side to the question, a ferocity that is heroic, in lines of the largest Homeric simplicity and greatness ; and as the "Dark Rosaleen" sings the devotion of a nation to their country in oppression, so this chants that of a follower to his chief in

defeat ; but in neither is there the note of despair, in both the note of glory. Other of Mangan's poems upon Ireland, original or based upon Gaelic originals, have a like lustrous quality : he loved to lose himself in Ireland's past and future, and thereby made poems which will have helped to make the future Ireland. Upon such work as this he left no mark of his mental miseries and physical dishonours ; indeed, his poems, though often tragic with sorrow, or trivial with levity, or both at once, are always pure and clear in every sense ; in poetry, at least, he lived an innocent life.

Beside his own Ireland there were two chief worlds in which he loved to wander : the moonlit forests of German poetry, often painfully full of "moonshine," and the glowing gardens or glittering deserts of the Eastern, the "Saracenic" world. He wished, half-whimsically and half-seriously, to make his readers believe that he knew some dozen languages ; certain it is that he had a strong philological instinct, and much of that aptitude for acquiring a vast half-knowledge of many things not commonly known, which he shares with the very similar, and dissimilar, Poe. But his "translations" from many tongues, even when, as in the case of German, he knew his originals well, were wont to be either frank paraphrases or imitations, often to his originals' advantage. Some of his work in this kind is admirable and of a cunning art—the work of a poet to whom rhythm and metre, with all technical difficulties and allurements, are passionately interesting ; yet we regret the time spent upon most of them, and lost to his own virgin Muse. He seems to have felt that he was content to earn the wages, upon which he lived from hand to mouth, by such secondary work, as though he despaired of attempting, or preferred to keep in sacred silence, his higher song. He has given us little of that. But it is, in its marvellous moments of entire success, greater than anything that Ireland has yet produced in English verse, from Goldsmith to Mr. Yeats.

We do not endeavour to summarise Mr. O'Donoghue's volume ; from Mangan's birth in 1803 to his painful and merciful death in 1849, if there be anything joyous or pleasant to record, the reader forgets it in the woes and glooms that

precede and follow. He had true friends, he could talk with them brilliantly ; books were ever a solace and delight to him. Little as he cared for fame, he knew that he deserved it, and he loved his art. His curious humour, chiefly at his own expense, was sometimes more than a Heinesque jesting, and shows him with sudden phases or fits of good spirits. But, for the rest, his life is a record of phantasmal dejections and cloudings of soul, as though he were rejected of God and abandoned of man. At almost every page, a reader fresh to his name and fame might expect the next to chronicle a suicide's end, like those of Chatterton and Gerard de Nerval ; and we are grateful to Mr. O'Donoghue that, with all his passion for facts and for information, he has not striven to give us a "psychological study" in dipsomania or melancholia or neurasthenia, in the "modern manner." What he has done is to preserve, and to discover, all the essential facts that can be ascertained about a great Irishman and a great poet, of whom no adequate account existed ; and he has done it with entire success. Poor Mangan is here with all his weakness and woes, but gently, reverently touched. The book is infinitely sad, but never abjectly or repulsively so. Here is the foredoomed dreamer, of fragile body and delicate soul, the innocent victim of himself, about whom we know much that is frail and pitiable, nothing that is base and mean : the voice, often tremulous in lamentation and broken by weeping, from which rose and rang the very glory and rapture of Irish song.

" Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms : there let him dwell !
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here, and in Hell."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

THE THIRTY FLASKS.

PART I.

Ἐπειδὴν ἅπας ἀκούσω, ἔκρινα, καὶ μὴ προτέρῳ προλαμβάνω.

Demosthenes.

“Marry, this gallant fulfils the old saw notably : give him an inch, and without more ado he hauls you off a whole ell.”—*A Mad World, my Masters.*

CHAPTER I.

—————“meet me at the notary’s
And I will go and purse the ducats straight.”

Morok. of Ven. Act 1. Scene 2.

“Well, my fine fellow, how goes it? Any news?” demanded Heinrick Flemming, as, without much preliminary ceremony, he made his way into the parlour and presence of his friend, Basil Von Rosenwald. “Whom do you think I had a glimpse of as I crossed the Platz? Guess.”

“Perhaps the devil,” answered the interrogated party, without raising his head from the hand that supported it, as he sat apparently in deep depression at a small cedar-wood table—his dejected tone and manner forming a singular contrast to the levity of his reply.

“Perhaps so, but in the shape of an angel of light, my boy,” exclaimed Flemming. “The apparition that floated by me, all pearls, plumes, and prettiness, was none other than the Fraulein Aurelia Jacintha Wilhelmina Elsberg. Know you the fair ladye?”

A half-smothered sigh was the only response.

“And yet she looked paler than her wont,” said Flemming. “Sick at heart, no doubt—bemoaning the

absence of her fickle swain! Ah, Baz, Baz!" He cast, as he spoke, an unobserved look around the room; for a moment his eye dwelt on the space above the mantel-piece, and was withdrawn as rapidly as it had wandered thither. "By the way," he added, "you mean of course to make an exhibition of yourself at the Villa to-morrow night?"

"I mean to make no exhibition of any kind, any where, at any time," answered the other, in the same sad or rather sullen accents as before.

"Eh! how the deuce? What crotchet have you got in your head now, Basil? To bury yourself in a hermitage?" and Heinrick, unasked, took a seat at the table opposite his friend, and looked him in the face with seeming wonder.

"Heinrick Flemming," said Basil, raising his head, "I do not want to quarrel with you. Still you are, perhaps, one of the last persons whose company I could wish for at the present moment. If you cannot remain silent, withdraw. Forgive my frankness, but I am in no mood for bandying compliments."

"So it appears," observed Flemming, quietly. "But, pray, if I may ask the question, my somewhat uncourteous host, in what lies *my* especial offence? Why should you so particularly wish *my* absence just now?"

"Since you have asked me, I will tell you," said Rosenwald. "Your presence is unwelcome, because it recalls remembrances I would give worlds to obliterate. Heinrick Flemming! I have cause to curse the day and hour we first met!"

"Good God, Rosenwald! are you mad?"

"Slight wonder if I were," said Basil, with a bitter smile. "I make you no more reproaches, Heinrick;

but"—and he opened a drawer and took out a small memorandum-book—"cast your eye over the first page or two of that."

"Very ugly," observed Heinrick, but without much evident emotion, and after he had finished a hasty but accurate scrutiny of the document submitted to him. "Very ugly indeed that, I must say."

"And look around you—look up at the mantel-piece! You recollect the diamond bracelets, my mother's miniature set in brilliants, the other trinkets that hung there—each of them once dear to me as life—valuable as a world—all, Heinrick, all——." He paused, overcome with emotion, and passed his trembling hand across his brow.

"Gone?" inquired Flemming.

"Gone!" echoed Rosenwald. "As for my property, Steinhart and Groll will come down like wolves upon the Konigsmark chateau—and this house, of course, with all its rights, members, and appurtenances, as the lawyers say, goes to Elsberg. Cash I have next to none. A pleasant prospect for the approaching winter!—for come what may, I will not be guilty of the last, basest cowardice of dying." After a pause of a few moments he added—"It is strange! Surely there are impulses neither to be explained nor controlled, which sometimes urge the half-ruined wretch to anticipate the whole and the worst of what Fortune has in store for him of degrading and bitter! What will you say? Last night in my madness I rushed from the *rouge et noir* room to the *roulette* table—my brain was on fire—and in twenty minutes, without well knowing how, I found that I had parted with notes for four thousand florins!"

"And you attribute your ruin to me, Basil, do you

now?" and the speaker looked a sort of mild reproach and amazement at Rosenwald.

"Pardon me, I accuse you of nothing. Not your will, it may be, but that of destiny, is in fault. You are, perhaps, blameless. But, as there is a God that oversees and judges, I was as ignorant as an infant of even the existence of a Spielhaus in the city, until you initiated me into the mysteries of that den of thieves in the Kaiserstrasse."

"My dear friend," said Heinrick, "be just. I could not—how could I—how could anyone have imagined that a casual introduction of the kind could lead to such disastrous results? I would have laughed to scorn the man who told me that you, of all beings, were likely to prove a gambler. Your habits were so regular! so well governed! What you have told me and shown me is like a thunder-clap to me. Yet, though surprised, I am not greatly grieved, believe me."

"I *do* believe you," said Basil, bitterly. "I have no friends. A ruined man is a fool to look for sympathy."

"He is a fool to expect that his neighbours will sit down and weep like church-spouts over his misfortunes," observed Flemming. "Now I, for my part, feel more inclined to laugh than cry on account of your reverses, my grave young bachelor. Take heart of grace; you have lost all; things are at the worst with you; and, of course, you must even now, according to the proverb, be on the mending hand. Tell me: who has got the jewels, the lockets, and so forth?"

"They have fallen into the cursed clutches of that old Jew, Lubeck, in the Brunnengasse," sighed Rosenwald.

"So far so middling; we know where they are, then," said Flemming.

"Ay," observed Basil; "so said the Dutch merchant when his cargo of ingots went to the bottom of the sea. The subject hardly admits of jesting, Heinrick."

"My good friend, it is you who jest, not I. I am in downright earnest. I am glad I know where your jewels are; because—I mean to recover them, or to get you to do so, which comes to pretty much the same thing."

Basil looked up. "Recover?—get me—how—did I hear you correctly? What have you got to do in the matter?"

"Suppose I choose to raise the ready?" said Flemming.

"I can tender no security," said the other, gloomily, "and my bond would not be worth the price of the stamp."

"Bonds are for bondsmen," said Heinrick, lightly; "don't talk in that manner to me—it jars upon my notions of the æsthetical in practice. You and I shall march to the man that has the sacks, and he shall shovel out without stint or ceremony. Do you jump?"

"Come, come, Heinrick, be serious, if you please."

"Serious? By Heraclitus the Howler, you make me serious in spite of my teeth, which are longing to luxuriate in a grin at the present moment. Do you know the Dornensteg?"

"The Halbmond? Yes. What of it?"

"And do you know a certain uncertain old East Indian snudge, vegetating there and thereabouts, any time between day and dark—a Nabob, dwarfish stature—weazened visage—invisible complexion—crooked legs—rich as Croesus—eccentric—waspish—misanthropic—generous—magnanimous—liver-grown—world-sick—and living all alone, surrounded by piles of ducats, in

the vain hopes of getting them out of his hands and house?"

"Psha, Heinrick!"

"Then you do? or you don't? No matter. You shall see him to-morrow."

"See whom?"

"*C'est à dire*, if you wish the introduction. By the way, it is queer, but he bears the same name as yourself."

"Who—who?"

"Hoo, hoo! why thus hoots the owl. I never thought of asking him if he was related to you. I don't mean the owl, but the man rather. What do you think yourself?"

"I think you would worry the devil," answered Basil. "Whom or what are you raving of?"

"Raving of nothing, but conversing rationally with you of this Nabob. He is your man. He will down with the dust."

"An East Indian money-lender! I never heard of such a person," said Basil. "Where does he stop? How is he called?"

"He stops at nothing, and is called, or called on, by nobody. But his name, I have told you, is your own—Rosenwald. The point, you see is, that this ancient oddity has amassed an immense fortune—some millions of ducats, it is said."

"Humph! I see—an old usurer."

"Quite in the wrong box, my penitent elbow-shaker. He *gives*, not *lends* his money."

"Gives? How—or to whom?" demanded Basil.

"As to the *how*," said Heinrick, "on certain conditions; and as to the *whom*, to all who are properly recommended."

"As a man of integrity and truth—you are not mocking me, Heinrich," said Basil, gravely.

"By my soul," said Flemming, "I am in earnest. I know him well; and, which is more to the purpose, I know that he can and will disembarass you from all your debts and difficulties—that is, if you and he agree."

"To anything in honour I will—I must agree," said Basil. "But do you know what the conditions are?"

"There is but one condition, in fact; that for each thousand ducats the applicant takes, he must swallow a flask of the Black Elixir."

"The Black Elixir? What is that?"

"I don't exactly know," said Flemming; "but I have tasted it, and thought it marvellously like cherry-brandy. It does no harm in the world—not the least."

"All this sounds very odd and curious," said Rosenwald. "And what may his motive be for annexing such a condition to the acceptance of his money?"

"Deuce knows!" answered Heinrich. "Some whim of his own. But I forgot. He always closets the applicant before-hand; and there is a talk between them *unter vier Augen*. I suppose he explains everything then."

"Did you ever trouble him on your own account?" asked Basil.

"I? No; and I never introduced but two persons; one of these is dead, and the other gone into La Trappe."

"You say he bears my name? Where is his dwelling?"

"The last house but one in the Dornensteg, as you go down from the Vogelstrasse."

Basil rose and walked about the room in silence for some minutes.

"What you have told me," he at length said,

"excites my curiosity much. My hopes I had better say nothing of, for a drowning man catches at straws. But if your friend will let me have the money I want on any conditions short of dishonourable, I will pass him my bond at twelve months."

"He won't take it. But you will come then?" said Heinrick.

"Settled, Heinrick," said Rosenwald. "To-morrow—would you say to-morrow?"

"Yes—certainly; the sooner the better. Say two o'clock to-morrow—for I should like to call on him beforehand, and arrange every thing for our visit. Besides he would prefer being forewarned—no matter why, but I know it."

"Egad," said Basil to himself, rubbing his hands, when, after some further conversation, his friend had taken his departure—"Egad, this looks like providential! But who is this Nabob? and how does it happen that I have never heard of him until now? A man that fills other people's purses with ducats, and their stomachs with brandy, and all for nothing! Why, he must be mad! Perhaps overtaken by remorse for some crime: they do ugly things in the East. Perhaps only eccentric. Perhaps—but no matter—it is nothing to me. We'll see to-morrow."

Basil went to bed that night in a more tranquil frame of mind than he had enjoyed for months. Hope gilded the horizon of the future with her beams; and his sleep, if not so refreshing as that of innocence and happiness, had less of a feverish character than heretofore. One resolution he was determined to adhere to, if his property were but once disencumbered, and his debts paid—never again to enter a Spielhaus. No! he would reform thoroughly—he would become the

strictest of economists—a pattern for bachelor house-keepers—a light to enlighten the rising generation upon the uses of candle-ends and cheese-parings. Zittarotti and Elwes should hide their diminished heads before him. Alas! for the resolutions of the gambler! A burnt child, it is said, dreads the fire. Perhaps;—yet even after the wings of the moth are singed he will persist in fluttering about the flame until he perishes in it.

CHAPTER II.

“I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman.”—*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Scene 3.

“A forsaken-looking quarter, Heinrick!” said Basil, as the friends next day proceeded along the irregular semicircular street forming the Dornensteg. “I have not been here for a long time. It seems going quite to decay.”

“Why, yes,” said Flemming, “it is less fashionable than it was—particularly since Ullensbruck, the lawyer, cut his throat here,—and the tourist from Berlin was murdered at the Knife and Wallet, (a curst unlucky sign, for him, with his bags, to put up at!)—and the gang of coiners was *deterré* in that house opposite with the broken windows. But all these things, you know, though they *do* operate to the disparagement of a locality, make house rent the cheaper in it—you understand?”

“Not exactly why so rich a man as your friend should select it for his abode,” said Basil.

“You know nothing of the man, his ways or his whims,” answered Flemming. “The Nabob Von Rosenwald has not his parallel from this to Calcutta, whence he came. But here is his house. Prepare to behold a strange being.” As he spoke he knocked.

The door was opened by a servant in livery, and the friends were ushered into a parlour, Flemming having desired the man to announce their coming to his master. Basil began to survey some very characteristic paintings by Rubens and his disciple Vandyck, which decorated the walls. In a few moments the sound of approaching steps was heard. The Nabob entered, but by a door at the opposite end of the room.

Basil almost started at the sight of him. No! surely he had never before looked upon such a melancholy caricature on the human form. A rich dress, a profuse abundance of rings, chains, and jewellery, and a countenance in which aristocratic pride seemed struggling with the consciousness of personal meanness, were insufficient to screen from the observer more than a few of the many very repulsive points exhibited by the rare, the almost peculiar deformity of Rupert Von Rosenwald! He was lame, crooked, and shrunk in his limbs. A few straggling hairs still adhered to his head, but his teeth had all abandoned their posts, and the jaws in consequence having collapsed, he presented at thirty-one the appearance of a man somewhere between fifty and sixty. His eyes were small and spiritless, and his complexion had that sallow, doubtful hue which habits of intemperance are so apt to superinduce in the countenance of a man of naturally feeble constitution. His stature could not have exceeded three feet and a half;—and as he walked into the room, leaning upon an ebony stick and stooping somewhat, he seemed a thing almost too dwarfish and insignificant to be entitled to the epithet of human.

As soon as Flemming had introduced his friend, the Nabob bowed in silence, and then looking at the introducer, he pointed to the door by which the visitors

had entered. Flemming seemed to comprehend the hint. Addressing Basil, he quietly said: "It is the wish of the Nabob Bahauder Herr Von Rosenwald that the interview between himself and you should be private from first to last: and therefore you will excuse me for retiring. You will also pardon me for omitting to mention this to you as we came along; I know you will attribute my silence to its true cause—a fear lest some groundless suspicion should arise in your mind to the prejudice of the happy result which," he added, glancing significantly at the Nabob, "the Herr Von Rosenwald, as well as myself, I have no doubt, anticipates from this meeting." He then bowed, and took his leave. So abrupt was his departure that Basil scarcely knew he was gone before he heard the house-door closing after him.

The Nabob now carefully fastened the door, and then turning to Basil, he requested him, in a subdued and depressed voice, to be seated; at the same time taking a chair himself.

"Your name, if I mistake not, is Basil Von Rosenwald?"

"It is, mein Herr."

"And mine is Rupert Von Rosenwald," said the Nabob.

"That," observed Basil, with a sigh, "was also the name of a brother of mine, who was drowned while I was a child."

"You mistake," said the Nabob, sadly. "He was not drowned. He is not dead. I am he."

"You!" cried Basil, half starting from the chair. "You my brother!—Impossible!"

"I am he," repeated the other, in the same sad, soft accents as before. He added no more.

"But—but—my mother," said Basil, "has always spoken of him to me as dead—as having been drowned. Besides you—you"—he added, as he glanced at the stranger's figure and face, but paused from the natural embarrassment that grew out of his apprehension of wounding the Nabob's sensibilities by an unreserved communication of his meaning.

"I know what you would say," interposed the Nabob, sadlier than before. "You would tell me that your brother was young, noble-looking, and beautiful—and that I am old, withered, deformed, a monster! Nevertheless my words are true. I am your elder brother. Hear the brief solution of the enigma. In my twelfth year (you were then but five) I was kidnapped, as your mother knew—I would say, knows, but I have heard of her death. The wretches who spirited me away sold me to the captain of a slave-ship, and about half a year afterwards, to stifle further inquiry, a letter was sent to your parents and mine—stating the truth so far, but adding that the vessel had been wrecked on the Guinea coast and none saved but the captain, the first mate, and the writer. Hence the belief that I was drowned. Happy for me had I been! The sufferings I underwent for many years were dreadful. At length—no matter how—I baffled my tyrants. I escaped. I led for some time a wandering life through the East—through Araby, Persia, Egypt, and Syria. In the end I went to India. I was then nineteen. There I spent ten years in the study of magic."

"What! Do I hear you aright?" asked Basil.
"Did you say magic?"

"Suppress your surprise," said the stranger—and a melancholy smile illumined his ghastly features.

"Egypt and India familiarise men with many wonders that you in these humdrum countries little wot of. Yes, I studied magic for ten years. My art profited me: I acquired rank, riches, respectability. But I paid for these advantages an awful price!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Basil—"surely you did not—could not be so mad as to——"

"Sell my soul to the Prince of darkness?"—interposed the Nabob. "No, my dear brother,"—Basil shuddered—"You do me but justice in believing me incapable of that extreme act of insanity and impiety. What I mean is, that my health and personal symmetry were destroyed. At this moment I will not trouble you with uncalled for details: I shall only say, that for months before embarking for Europe, I was unable to eat, drink, sleep, or move—I was as one who should be three-fourths dead in the midst of a living world—as a body from which the soul has all but gone out; and when at length I regained complete consciousness, I found that I had dwindled down to—the wretch and wreck you see me!"

"Marvellous!" said Basil, eyeing the narrator with an undisguised expression of incredulity. "Your tale, my friend, I fear, would not avail you much in a court of equity. But, to save trouble on your part, I may as well inform you at once that any claim you may be disposed to prefer to my property must be nugatory, for this simple reason, that I am no longer the possessor of——"

"Did I say—did I hint," asked the Nabob, reproachfully, "that I intended making any claim of the kind? Believe me, you wrong me. Besides, you forget that I am enormously rich already."

"True—true—I beg your pardon," said Basil, "I

have heard as much. But what motive then——”

“Can urge me to play the imposter, would you say? My good sir,”—and he took the unoffered hand of Basil, who slightly shrank from the contact—“my good sir, before you call me such, before you think me such, first *prove* me such. Your very question, in fact, shows the unreasonableness of your own doubts. What motive, indeed, *can* actuate *me* to claim a relationship with *you*—all the circumstances considered—your beggary and my inexhaustible wealth taken into account—what motive but the one—a yearning after the indulgence of those fraternal affections from the experience of which I have been so long and so cruelly debarred?”

At the word “beggary,” in spite of himself Basil winced. He rose up. “Your story, mein Herr,” he said, “you will yourself allow, is at least extraordinary; and you must pardon me if I say that a rational man cannot in one moment upon the mere *ipse dixit* of another, a perfect stranger, give implicit credit to assertions which contradict all his foregone experiences. But, passing that over, I *do* confess myself what you have said—a beggar—and I believe you are aware of the object which has led me to intrude upon you.”

“Perfectly,” replied the other, also rising,—“and I wish you to understand what I have told you as an introduction to the transaction between us. Will you now accompany me into another room?”

CHAPTER III.

“I would I had thy inches.”—*Ant. and Cleop. Act. 1. Scene 2.*

He led the way into an adjoining apartment. It was of extensive dimensions and carpetted all over, but, to the surprise of the young man, contained, for

furniture, merely a table in the centre, upon which, in superb candlesticks of Damascus silver, three wax lights were burning. There were no windows; while, in lieu of walls, the eye encountered presses on all sides, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, which was lofty and adorned with arabesques.

The Nabob took a small bunch of keys from his pocket and silently opened one of the presses. The sight that presented itself within was singular and startling for the eyes of Basil. Countless rows of diminutive cut-glass flasks filled with a dark liquid, surmounting one another upon shelves of parallel lengths, occupied all the space between the ceiling and the carpet. There seemed to be no end to them; they were in such great numbers that the eye ached and grew bewildered in gazing on them.

Basil was still surveying these in wonder when the Nabob unlocked an opposite press.

"See here," said he. "Look in; behold these! Here is gold enough to satiate rapacity itself. Judge, after this, if I can have any conceivable object in deluding you with a cunningly devised fable."

This press was much deeper than the other; and its shelves were stored with black money-bags, apparently well filled. As the Nabob spoke, he took out one of the bags, and, unfastening a clasp round its neck, he showed Basil that it was full of ducats.

"You may, however, suspect," said he, smiling, "that this is a decoy-bag:—if so, you are free to take out any other yourself and examine it."

"No, no," said Basil, "your word is enough;" and then, looking round him, he relapsed into silence and something like abstraction, as if doubting whether he was not the dupe of a dream.

"Each of these bags," pursued the old man, "contains a thousand ducats, and there are a thousand bags;—a thousand times a thousand makes a million;—and one million of ducats, brother, is no trifle. What say you?"

"Upon my word, Sir," said Basil, "you are a rich man."

"Richer than you think," said the Nabob, "for I have five other rooms in this house stored just as this is. Six millions of ducats, brother, are something to brag of. What do you think?"

"Pray, do not overwhelm me," said Basil, smiling, for in the midst of his wonder he had his doubts. "But perhaps you would gratify my curiosity on one point, and tell me what those bottles are for?"

"I will tell you *whom* they are for, if you please; they are for all who are willing to relieve me of my ducats."

"Willing to relieve you?" exclaimed Basil, opening his eyes very widely.

"I say so. I have now been four months and three weeks in town, and during all that time have been able to get rid of no more than sixty thousand—and even those have come back to me," he added, with a profound sigh.

"You speak riddles!" cried Basil, now more confounded than ever, and not well knowing what to say or think. "Is it possible that the great majority of those you meet with in this city can be so disinterested as to refuse riches when proffered to them?"

"I rather think not," said the Nabob; "but it happens that I do *not* proffer them to the great majority of those I meet."

"I beg your pardon; I understood you to mean

that you did."

"I see," said the Nabob, "that your friend, Flemming, has not sufficiently instructed you. Did he say nothing of the condition upon which I give away my ducats?"

"O, yes—he said that the applicant must take from you a flask of the Black Elixir—ah! now I see—one of those flasks — for every thousand ducats you bestowed."

"So he must," said the Nabob, opening a gold snuff-box which he had produced from his pocket, and accommodating himself with a pinch of snuff.

"And surely that is no such mighty matter?" observed Basil, interrogatively.

"Ah! but he must drink the contents of the flask, too," said the elder Rosenwald, putting up his snuff-box.

"Well? and where is the harm even of that? Is the draught a disagreeable one?" inquired Basil.

"Quite the contrary: as a cordial, a restorative, a renovator, an exhilarator of the system, it beats both tea and tar-water:—gin-twist, nay, jinseng itself, is but hog-wash by the comparison."

"Then, what is the objection?" Basil asked.

At this interrogatory the little East-Indian first looked grave, then puzzled, and then troubled. "My good brother, my excellent friend, my very dear Sir," he said, "you will, perhaps, permit me, before I enter into a detailed explanation of the difficulties in the way of answering you fully, to put a question or two of mine to you. If I have been rightly apprised, you are just now in want of money?"

"My friend, I suppose, has acquainted you with the extent of my embarrassment," replied Basil, "but

if he has not, I can have no desire, with you at least, to varnish over the truth. My pecuniary resources are, I acknowledge, quite exhausted."

"Then, my dear friend," said the East-Indian, assuming as he spoke an expression of countenance so rueful that it bordered on the ludicrous—"then, my dear friend, you will not, perhaps, be disinclined to do me the favour of—of disencumbering me of some twenty or thirty of my bags?"

"Favour?—disencumbering you, my good Sir?" cried Basil. "You astonish me! Were I to accept your generous offer, I believe there could be but little doubt that I, not you, would be the obliged party."

"Ah! but if you take my bags you must take my bottles," said the Nabob. "My bags and bottles go together.—No bottles no bags; remember that!"

"But as yet," suggested Basil, "I have not been able to learn what obstacle the taking of your bottles could possibly place in my way;—and to avow the whole truth, if I accepted of your ducats I should prefer being at the pains of overcoming some difficulty or making some sacrifice to oblige you in doing so—I should prefer this, I say, to carrying off the cash without proffering you even the shadow of an equivalent. My pride would be less damaged."

"These are sentiments that do you honour!" exclaimed the elder Rosenwald, grasping Basil's hand, which, however, he did not detain. "Would that they were more generally diffused among men! But we live in an age when romance has only to show her face to be sneered at and hooted down."

"I look for none and utter none," said Basil. "But plain-dealing and justice are jewels in their way too."

There was a pause. "You are tall," said the Nabob,

breaking the silence at length: "what is your precise stature?"

"Six feet," answered Basil, not a little marvelling at the oddness of the query at such a moment.

"And mine is about three feet six," observed the East-Indian; "so that you are two and a half feet taller than I. Diminutive stature, I dare say, is as contemptible in your eyes as in those of most people?"

"I have never entertained a worse or better opinion of anyone on account of his inches," said Basil; "I trust I am not so absurd—so unjust;" and in the speaking he cast a look at the Nabob which seemed to say, I fear, my mannikin, that your wits are wandering!

"But," pursued the Nabob, not noticing his look, "I presume it would grieve you considerably to stand no higher in your shoes than I do?"

"If Nature had made me short, I suppose I should have reconciled myself to my lot," said the young man, carelessly.

"Ay, but if Nature had nothing to do with the matter?"

"Now you mystify me indeed," said Basil. "I am in the midst of as German a fog as you please. Plainly, I cannot comprehend you."

"Suppose that Nature had made you long?"

"No necessity for supposing what is actually the case," said Basil, getting extremely fidgetty, and glancing from side to side at the open presses.

"But, suppose that, being long, you had become short?"

"My good Sir," said Basil, turning, as if to leave the room, "excuse me if I appear rude, but this grows tiresome—I cannot understand nonsense, and I do not see what a discussion upon personal height can have to do

with the subject we were previously engaged on. If you please I will take my leave, for I perceive you are trifling with me."

The Nabob at these words laid his hand on the arm of Basil. "Pity me and be patient!" he exclaimed—and with such an imploring tone and appealing look that the young man, who was naturally kind-hearted, found it impossible to resist him. "Answer me, for charity's sake," he continued, while the tears almost gathered in his eyes; "could you bear to become as short as I am?"

"To *become* as short?" said Basil—"Surely, mein Herr, you do not—cannot expect a rational answer to an insane question?"

"Who is insane?" demanded the Nabob. "The prosperous man—the applauded beauty—the worshipped monarch—the flattered millionaire! Not the wretch—the thrice-deformed—the brooder over his own thoughts, black as midnight and cheerless as the sepulchre—the being whom Heaven and Earth abandon—no—to him the blessing of madness is eternally denied! Alas! that I should be but too exquisitely alive to the unutterable loneliness and misery of my destiny! Look at me, Basil Von Rosenwald! I was once as tall as you are now. Nay, more, I had your flowing curls, your fine firm teeth, your radiant eyes, all that makes you most attractive in the estimation of woman. Even now inspect me narrowly, and you will trace a family resemblance. My nose is still aquiline, like your own. Though my cheeks have fallen in, my lips preserve their shape;—and see and say whether they are not the counterparts of yours. My forehead, separated from my other features, might be mistaken for your own. In a word, give me but your height, your hair, and a

few other minor advantages, and I defy the most scrutinising to distinguish between us. These, in fact, are all that I want. But—these are *what* I want. Will you—will you give them to me?—Will you give them to me? I ask but this one gift—this one transfer—in return for my gold!”

“Ha! ha! ha!” cried Basil, laughing outright, “my good Sir, I take you at last—I *was* stupid—pardon me! I did not know you. You wish me to bestow my inches upon you in return for a few of your money bags?”

“Precisely so,” said the Nabob; “and I am glad you treat the matter so lightly.”

“Capital! Upon my honor, Sir, you are an inimitable wag! Ha! ha! ha!”

“Alas!”—sighed the Nabob—“I fear you——”

“Ha! ha! ha!—fear nothing! my dear Sir,” said Basil. “I enter fully into the spirit of your proposition—believe me—Ha! ha! ha!”

“You rejoice me,” said the Nabob. “I did not, I confess, expect this ready acquiescence on your part. You agree, then?”

“Agree—to give you my inches and take your ducats—ha! ha! ha!—yes, agree to be sure; though, to be frank, I do feel some scruple in taking such an advantage——”

“No more, my worthy friend—not a word more, I insist. I am, then, to consider the bargain as closed?”

“What can I say, dear Sir,” said Basil—“what can I do—except return you my warmest acknowledgments—poor as I am in all besides? You are really very good, exceedingly noble, thus to cloak your unparalleled liberality under the guise of such eccentricity!”

“As it is a settled matter, then, you will pay attention to me now,” said the Nabob, gravely. “You

shall have thirty of my bags, that is, thirty thousand ducats; and with those thirty bags you shall take thirty of my flasks." He went to the press. "Here is one flask to accompany this bag. I can let you have as many as you please under six, at a time, but I would recommend you to commence by taking one. To obtain possession of the bag, you must swallow the elixir in the flask: this is an indispensable condition. Now mark and ponder: *Every time you drain one of these black flasks you lose an inch of your stature, and I gain it.* This is not all: your appearance otherwise becomes altered for the worse; and, in short, by the time you have drained the thirtieth flask you will have sunk down to my height, and present precisely such a spectacle to the eyes of all who see you as I do now, while I, on the other hand, shall be in possession of all your present advantages of feature and figure. You understand me definitely and clearly?"

"Really, my worthy Sir," said Basil, still laughing, "your solemnity would impose on the devil himself. I do understand you—and am willing to go any length you like to countenance your joke. I trust you will not find me ungrateful."

"Observe, however," pursued the Deformed, "that if you can at any time repay me all—if you can return me the thirty thousand ducats—you get your inches back. So, in proportion, you can regain one inch for every thousand ducats you manage to restore to me. And now you are *au fait* of every article and stipulation connected with the bargain betwixt us. Will you be satisfied to take a single bag to-day? Mr. Flemming has apprised me of your address; and my servant shall leave the money at your house forthwith."

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear sir. But indeed—

indeed, I feel reluctant to abuse your generosity. Could there not be a bond?"

"There is, you know," said the Nabob, quietly.

"Eh!—there is?—how?—what?" asked Basil.

"My flasks are my bonds," said the East-Indian, in the same quiet tone. "But you agree voluntarily to my proposal? You will have the ducats at the price I have stated?"

"I agree to every thing," said Basil—"and I hope that circumstances may yet enable me——"

"Never mind—never mind—don't mention repayment—as to that, if you can repay me, you will."

"Depend on that, my dear Sir."

"Yes," observed the Nabob, "you will traverse the globe to ferret me out."

"You form a just estimate of my gratitude, Sir," said Basil.

"Of your gratitude?—Bah!—I am thinking of your probable anxiety to recover your inches."

"To recover my inches?—ha! ha!—Yes, I forgot that."

The Nabob opened a drawer in the table and took out a beer-glass, into which he decanted the elixir. He then proffered the glass to Basil, remarking, as he did so, that he would not find the beverage unpleasant.

Without hesitating a moment, the young man took the glass from his hand and drained it to the bottom in a draught. A thrill shot through his veins as he withdrew it from his lips; and instead of re-depositing it on the table he cast it from him to the end of the room. His eyes were lighted by a fierce and unwonted fire.

"Damned hot!" he said—"why does it burn the fingers? I say, you twaddling old humbug!—you'll be

coming down with a smash too, one of these days. By the ghost of Merlin I—I could crush to dust all the dry bones in your shrivelled carcase!—Give me the bag, you hound!”

“Too strong,” said the East-Indian calmly, as speaking to himself; and re-producing his snuff-box, he extended it to Basil, who mechanically plunged his finger and thumb into it.

“God bless me,” exclaimed the young man the next moment, “where?—what?—did I not utter some foolish thing? You will excuse me!”

“The elixir was somewhat fiercer than I thought,” said the Nabob—“but I shall remedy the error in the other flasks. And now it is all done and settled. As to the ducats, you will find them at home before you. Nay, no more acknowledgments—our bargain is mutual and so are our obligations. When you want a second bag, come to me.” And he led the way from the chamber.

“You are the truest friend I have ever had,” said Basil, clasping the Nabob’s hand. “I shall not forget this day.”

“I imagine not,” replied the Nabob drily. “Take care of yourself.” He accompanied Basil to the door, and they parted.

CHAPTER IV.

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”—*Midsum. Night’s Dream, Act 1. Scene 1.*

Reader! we would fain introduce thee, supposing thee a bachelor, to the lady Aurelia Von Elsberg. And yet a second reflection whispers us that we should not, for wherein could the introduction advantage thee? Bitter are hopes disappointed; and the young damsel’s affections are already given away—plighted beyond the

possibility of recall to Basil Rosenwald—the hero of the elixir-flasks and ducat-sacks. Content thy soul and sight, therefore, with one passing glimpse of the shining-haired apparition as she sweeps by thee into the saloon. See! she comes—she dazzles—she is gone. Thou art not over-imaginative; and the vision thus vouchsafed thee, far from sufficing to people thy slumbers with shapes of beauty henceforward, is even now melting into misty indistinctness, like the last glories of a departing rainbow. But vain are thy supplications. More of her this night thou mayst not see. Go thy ways from Elsberg Villa, consoling thyself with the recollection that thy purse-strings remain undrawn.

Who is at the Villa to-night? They who know its owners and their guests, and ask the question, are dunces at the reading of the heart. Who, it should rather be inquired, is *not* at the Villa to-night? The Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach is not at the Villa to-night. Groups of the gay, the fashionable, the beauteous, throng those illuminated and mirrored rooms, but the Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach comes not; and many hearts are depressed and many brows clouded.

And the heart of Aurelia Von Elsberg is depressed, and her brow is clouded, but not for the absence of the Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach. Her thoughts are on another truant—on Basil—and Basil, where is he? She knows not; but her eye wanders from place to place, from figure to figure, and finds him not, and comes back again, and again wanders, and again is disappointed. Hark!—a knock!—a series of knocks!—and her heart beats responsive. He comes—Basil Theodore Von Rosenwald approaches. All is commotion, anticipation,

excitement. Every eye is directed towards the door. The servant announces the new arrival, but mistakes his name and gives him a title. Aurelia prepares to greet her lover *à la mode Germanorum*. Her eyes are sparkling; her bosom throbs. Another moment and the expected is in the apartment. She moves forward, grace in all her steps, and—O, stars and garters! wherefore is such sorcery permitted in ball-rooms?—behold the vision of her fancy metamorphosed into the Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach. There he stands, bowing to the whole *beau monde* in epitome—glittering with crosses and orders, and looking as handsome as any man can look, who is not Basil Theodore Von Rosenwald.

There are bright roses in thy darkling hair, O matchless maiden! and fair pearls cluster on thy fairer bosom, and as thine airy form follows the sinuous evolutions of the dance, and thou appearest less a being of earth than heaven, none can dream that for thee Fortune has a single disappointment in store. Ah, well-a-day! Unwreathe from thy hair those blooming flowers—discard all thy bright pearls—mingle no more in the mazes of the quadrille—but retire—retire and luxuriate in the full indulgence of sorrow; for the lover, thy beloved, he for whom thou lookest, will not smile on thee, will not sigh to thee, will not see thee to-night.

What a pity that where the affections are concerned, fathers and mothers cannot be made to see with the eyes of their sons and daughters! So much self-immolating love is marred—so many tender hearts are broken, or, at least, get a little bruised!—and all for no reason in life, except that people at fifty pique themselves upon being thirty years older than when they were twenty! It is worse than a pity—it is monstrous!—but let us keep cool. Herr Von Elsberg was an exemplary parent, an

honorable man, and a good citizen, as parents, men, and citizens went and go, but he preferred seeing his daughter married to a Prince than to a beggar, and he had been telling her so for some time; and his wife, a shrewd lady in her way, though quiet, had been backing his arguments with all the abundant feminine logic she had at command. On all these occasions almost the sole resource of the poor girl had been to withdraw and weep. The absence of her lover had grieved her much; and the cause of it, when revealed by her father—who was neither slow in discovering nor shy in communicating it—had grieved her more. Unluckily, too, it had chanced that just at the time Basil began his visits to the Spielhaus, the Prince began his visits to the Villa, and fell desperately in love with the illumining star thereof—a brighter than any he had yet taken unto his bosom. Misfortunes never come singly; to miss a lover was not quite enough; the unhappy Aurelia must, to say nothing of auxiliary disadvantages, be threatened with a title and a principality. She tried, in compliance with the wishes of Papa and Mamma, to look at the Prince, but somehow the image of Basil constantly interfered with her best attempts, and she felt and acknowledged with Fenelon, *qu'il est plus facile de mépriser la mort même que de réprimer les affections du cœur*. And then over and over again,

“—— she said.

I'll ne'er wed man but thee,
The grave shall be my bridal bed
Ere Græme my husband be.”*

Her nineteenth birth-night arrived, and a ball was given in honor of it. Basil had been invited months before, while as yet his prospects were tolerable;—but

* Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

circumstances had now assumed such a different aspect! Would he venture within the precincts of the dwelling from which he had so long remained away, a voluntary exile, self-condemned, and engrossed by one of the most degrading and powerful of all the passions? I fear he will not, whispered her doubts—and again Fear yielded to Hope. I hope, yes, I think he will—and in a moment after, a saddening influence, the result of some trifle lighter than air, would overshadow her spirit, and again Hope would be banished by Fear, and she would sigh, No! no!—It is vain to expect him—He is cold—changed—cruel! He will not come!

“I wonder whether that young scapegrace, Rosenwald, intends to show himself here to-morrow,” said Elsberg to his wife on the day preceding.

“Why, my dear, he has been invited, you remember—and—and I think he *will* come—and if he should, you know,” she added, significantly, “we cannot quite turn him out.”

Le sage entend à demi-mot. “No, as you say, we cannot *turn* him out,” said the husband. “..... But” A certain proverb with reference to the various ways the canine race have of dying occurred to him,—but we quote it not;—we eschew vulgarity.

Ah! what a world of untowardnesses is this! Nobody has ever made the remark before. Why does not every thing happen just as it ought? This is the sole puzzle that continually employs our reflecting faculties, and baffles our investigations night, noon, and twilight, (for we doze away the morning.) How is it that young gentlemen are not always self-possessed and diplomatic on emergencies? Why will hall-porters prate when they should remain tongue-tied? What is the reason that a fit of remorse or apoplexy does not seize on a worldly-

minded, Prince-for-a-son-in-law-seeking sire precisely at the instant when it would be most agreeable—to one or two others? Why are lovelorn damsels moving through drawing-rooms when they should be seated in turrets, watching at lattices for the approach of their knights from afar? Why? How?

“The little bird pipeth, ‘Why, Why?’
In the summer woods when the sun falls low,
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face and shouts, ‘How, how?’”

We will question no more. Our spirit is a-weary of evoking shadows to be answered by echoes. It is tiresome. A very minute portion of contempt, too, for the philosophy that in some thousands of years has done so little towards enlightening us, may perhaps mingle, we half apprehend, with our ennui, as a drop of tartaric acid slightly relieves the insipidity of a glass of distilled water. ‘*Memnon*,’ quoth Voltaire, ‘*conçut un jour le projet d’être parfaitement sage. Il n’y a guere d’hommes à qui cette folie n’ait quelquefois passé par la tête.*’ Very few, indeed, we admit; and we are not one of them. For the identical *folie* has just occurred to ourself; but in us it becomes the quintessence of wisdom, and as one result, we abandon moralising. Let us pursue our interesting narrative, and relate it after the fashion of the day. Amen.

The events of the afternoon had considerably elevated the spirits of Basil. The prospect of being enabled through the agency of the East-Indian to settle his debts, to regain his accustomed position in society, and above all, to re-establish himself upon his former footing at Elsberg Villa, was cheering. Basil was of a sanguine temperament, and he now changed from the extreme of despondency to that of extravagant anticipation. Very little deliberation sufficed to determine him to go to the

ball. He had expected that Flemming would accompany him. But he waited until nine o'clock and neither Flemming nor any body else came; so at last, tired of waiting, away he went by himself in a hackney carriage.

Upon descending from the vehicle he glanced up at the windows of the Villa; and he fancied he saw, flitting by them, the well-remembered figure of Aurelia. His heart beat quicker for that vision; and he entered the house. He was about taking out his ticket in readiness for the inspection of the janitor at the summit of the staircase, when a door near him opened and the Herr Von Elsberg came forth, accompanied by a tall stranger in a cloak who shook him (Elsberg) by the hand, and, bidding him farewell, passed rapidly out at the great entrance.

Von Elsberg looked at our hero, and our hero looked at him. Both gentlemen then bowed; but a not very close observer might have discerned something approaching to *hauteur* in the greeting of Elsberg, and a slight indication of embarrassment in that of Rosenwald.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr Rosenwald," said Elsberg, with a repelling politeness of manner, not easily described, though frequently encountered.

"Indeed?" returned Basil. "That is somewhat strange. I come on your own invitation, given me two months since."

"Will you step into my study?" said Elsberg. "I am anxious to say a few words to you."

"Willingly," and both crossed the gallery and entered the study. There was a calm but cheerful aspect about this little room. A coal fire—so rarely met with on the Continent—burned in the grate, and a huge tom-cat was reposing upon the hearth-rug. Warm-looking paintings, set in deep gilt Florentine frames, decorated

the walls. Elsberg rang for wine and glasses.

"Take a seat, Mr. Rosenwald," said he, "I hope you have not been ill lately?"

"Not particularly," said Basil.

"You are not looking by any means as well as you used," observed Von Elsberg.

"My mind has not been entirely at ease of late," Basil answered.

"I should suppose not," said Elsberg. "Habits such as you have fallen into, Mr. Rosenwald, must disturb the mind very much."

"Sir!" exclaimed our hero—and pride and mortification were both concentrated in the monosyllable.

"Well, Mr. Rosenwald?" returned the other, composedly.

"I may have been unfortunate, Sir," said Basil, "but I did not expect to be taunted with my misfortunes—at least by you. It is ungenerous—allow me to add, it is ungentlemanly."

"You are too warm, Mr. Rosenwald—you should learn to hear and to bear the truth," answered Elsberg. "I meant you no offence. Suffer me to help you to a glass of Rhenish," he added, as the servant entering, laid a wine-flask, with glasses and silver salvers, on the table.

"Let me not detain you from your guests, Herr Von Elsberg," said Basil, abruptly rising. "I see—I can perceive——." But a certain consciousness that he was beginning to be agitated beyond what he should be, or should *appear to be*, and that any attempt to explain his feelings would but increase his agitation, checked the rest of the sentence. Basil was proud and sensitive, and,

like all proud and sensitive men, he desired to be considered exceedingly impassive and self-possessed.

"Pray sit down, sit down, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, tranquilly, and filling his own glass as he spoke. And Basil, ashamed of the emotion he had betrayed, and resolute to rival the coolness of his host during the rest of their interview, whether long or short, reseated himself.

"Mr Rosenwald," said Elsberg, "it is right that we should come to an understanding with each other. Some weeks have now elapsed since I last saw you—and I am not ignorant of the causes that have produced your absence. It is to me, as it must be to all who know you, matter of deep regret that you, with your advantages of birth, station, and talent, should have yielded yourself up to an infatuation as degrading as it is destructive—and with eyes open to all the consequences of your own misconduct should persevere in pursuing, I may say, the direct path to perdition. This is an afflicting consideration, Mr. Rosenwald. I should be rejoiced, however, to think that your case was not yet wholly hopeless. Let me trust all has not been sacrificed?"

"If you mean my property, Sir," said Basil, "I can give no encouragement to your hopes, though I thank you for them. But this is a subject which—excuse me—I cannot recognise your right of discussing with me. I have already admitted myself to be your debtor, although only a portion of the jewels which, when in business, you disposed of to my mother, fell into my hands on her death. You have my bond for fifteen thousand crowns, payable on the first of November. If I liquidate your claim I leave you, at least, nothing to complain of."

"This is the seventeenth of October, Mr. Rosenwald,"

said Elsberg,—looking at his guest with an eye of triumphant pity.

“Well, Sir,—and were it the thirty-first, what then?” demanded Basil, warmly, for the glance had not passed unnoticed by him.

“You have all but admitted your inability to take up the bond,” said Elsberg.

“Pardon me, I have admitted nothing of the kind,” said Basil. “My circumstances it is true, are at present embarrassed, but”—and the thought of the Nabob’s money-bags flashed across his mind,—“I entertain no doubt whatever of ultimately retrieving myself.”

“May I ask how?” demanded Elsberg.

“I must decline answering, Sir,” said Basil, “until you have satisfied me of your right to intermeddle in my affairs.”

“Mr. Rosenwald,” said Elsberg, in severe and reproving accents, “Mr. Rosenwald, I am Aurelia’s father!”

The words told. On the instant the young man grew paler. An arrow had pierced to his soul. It seemed as though pride, and the peculiar position in which he had been placed—for his introduction into the study had obviously been a *ruse* on the part of his host to prevent him from ascending to the drawing-room—had hitherto banished every thought of love. But now, and with a force all the mightier for having been so long repressed, his heart and its affections re-asserted their prerogatives and rose paramount to all rival considerations. A thousand fond and woeful reminiscences grew into life, and crowded upon him. All the past year, clad in its lights and shadows of incident, came before him like a panoramic picture. He hid his face in his hands and groaned.

"It grieves me much, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, "if I have revived unpleasant recollections—but the first duty of a parent is to provide for his child's happiness, and to see that she herself does not mistake it. Young men and young women never look properly before them. Wealth, rank, title, the consideration of society, the more substantial advantages of life, are with them all secondary to the single passion of love, a passion which from its very nature, from its very violence, must be evanescent—and is too often succeeded by mutual disappointment and dislike. On this account I regard it as imperative on me to make every exertion for the advancement of Aurelia's *real* welfare; and you will not take it ill, Mr. Rosenwald, if I say I conceive that your present circumstances are not exactly those which could justify me in looking forward to you as her husband and my son-in-law. I am frank, you see, with you, because I am aware that you love Aurelia; and it is better, as I have said, that in so important a matter we should arrive at an explicit understanding with one another."

"And Aurelia," said the young man, as soon as he had in some degree recovered himself—"is she—does she participate in your sentiments, Sir?"

"My daughter will entertain no sentiments unworthy of her," replied Von Elsberg. "She knows, in extremity, how to sacrifice feelings that she ought not to cherish."

"Feelings she ought not to cherish!" repeated the young man. "What, Sir, do you look then so lightly upon violated troth and falsified promises? Is the blackest of all perjuries—that in which the heart is forsworn—so innocent or venial in your estimation?"

"I do not know," said Elsberg, doubtingly, "that

Aurelia has fixed her affections on *you*, Mr. Rosenwald."

"She has: lips that never lied have confessed it!" cried Basil.

"Very thoughtless, I must say," observed Elsberg, shaking his head—"the result of her youth and inexperience, Mr. Rosenwald. But she is a daughter of *mine*—and—even if what you state be true—she will—she *shall* submit to be guided by those who are competent to direct her. I have but to speak to her, to reason with her a little, and she will at once consent as she ought, to forego this foolish and inexpedient attachment!"

"Sir," cried Basil, "if those be your real sentiments, I tell you, without circumlocution, that I cannot find language sufficiently strong to express my contempt of them!"

"It is sometimes better," said Von Elsberg, imperturbably, and playing with his watch chain, as he sat back in his chair, "that we should be at a loss for words to express our meaning; our deficiency teaches us a lesson of self-diffidence and caution. *Au reste*, Mr. Rosenwald, the sentiments you reprobate are such, let me inform you, as will soon be shared and professed by my daughter herself."

"It is false!" cried Basil, as Aurelia's image—the very personification of constancy and devotedness—rose upon his mind's eye—"it is false!" he repeated, standing up; "and you, her father, know it to be false as hell! Shame upon you, sir, so to slander your own blood—ay! and to glory in the slander! But your breast is cased in triple adamant. Were it not so, I would demand of you why it is I am here at this moment—why walls and doors should be permitted to separate on such a night hearts that never can know happiness asunder. I am aware that I should appeal in vain to you, otherwise I would

ask you, even now, whether I could see your daughter—if but for a minute.”

“Your penetration, such as it is, has not deceived you,” said Elsberg. “You cannot, upon any account, see my daughter this evening. The granting of such an interview would be impolitic; I could not possibly permit it. I have every respect for you, Mr. Rosenwald, but circumstances render ——”

“You have every respect for hell and damnation, sir!” exclaimed Basil, in a transport of indignation. “Where is my hat? Let me be off!”

“Here is your hat, and there are your gloves, Mr. Rosenwald,” said Elsberg very quietly, as he also rose up. “Is this your handkerchief? No; I believe it is my own. You are rather hot-blooded, I think, for your own peace of mind,” he added. “I have often noticed your excitability, and never without regret. I pardon you on this occasion, because you are a lover; and though I have never known what the feelings of a lover are, I can imagine them and compassionate any unfortunate individual who suffers from them. But, if *you* are a lover, Mr Rosenwald, I am a father; and, as such, I must fulfil the duties of a father. It is pure want of reflection—want of serious habits of thought—want, in short ——” and the Herr Von Elsberg put on an uncommonly profound and Socratic countenance—“want, in short, Mr. Rosenwald, of a philosophical, categorical, and analytical system of investigation into the operation of correct and irrefragable principles as contradistinguished from the operations of illusory and fallacious principles, that disqualifies you from perceiving that I act for the best, and with a view to the production of the largest possible amount of good attainable under existing circumstances. If you are determined on going, Mr.

Rosenwald—if you will not stop and chat with me over another glass—this Rhenish, I assure you, was four-and-twenty years old last August,—why, I can only say, I have the honour of bidding you a good evening.”

All this had fallen upon the ear of Basil “like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.” There was a roaring in his head—a tempest in his heart. He put on his hat, and, without deigning even to notice the farewell salutation of his host, rushed out of the house and made his way home.

CHAPTER V.

“There’s money for thee, Greek!”—*Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

“I prithee, let the Prince alone.”—*K. Hen. IV. 1st Part*, Act i. Sc. 1.

A tolerable night’s sleep—for Basil “slept in spite of thunder”—somewhat restored the every-day tone and temper of his mind. He got up and dressed himself and shaved—or shaved and dressed himself, we forget which—and then he actually breakfasted; and if the curious in dietetics are agog to know of what his breakfast consisted we will gratify them:—it consisted of one colossal roll and butter, two hen eggs, three slices of Westphalia ham, and four cups of Arabian coffee—a breakfast we undertake to recommend to themselves, the curious aforesaid. After he had finished his last cup, it is a fact that he drew his chair to the fire and deposited his toes on the fender; and, settled in that position, began to pick his teeth and think of Aurelia. Several minutes elapsed, and he was just deliberating whether he should or should not despatch her a succession of billet-doux, say forty-eight in twenty-four hours—were it only to plague her father, if indeed he were plagueable—when a modest knock was heard at the hall-door, and in a minute afterwards Basil’s solitary servant announced, “Der Herr Grabb.”

"Show him in," said Basil, rising up carelessly.

And into the room, with a slow and stealthy pace, like Wordsworth's Doe, and silently, as one whose shoon are soled with velvet, came Herr Grabb. He was a short, thickset man, with a broad head, a low forehead, a small, quick, grey eye, a snub nose, and compressed, though somewhat thickish lips; and displayed altogether a *tout-ensemble* both in person and habiliments, which bespoke him—not to hazard a more perilous and less general guess at his character—as one who in his time had enjoyed a much less intimate acquaintance with the romance of life than with its realities, and one who was considerably more at home in Alberstadt, with all its lampless alleys and *culs de sac* than he could ever feel himself in Faery-land.

"Take a chair, Mr. Grabb," said Basil. He went to a press, unlocked it, and took out the money-bag he had received the preceding day.

"Eight hundred and—a——" he said, looking at Grabb, inquiringly.

"*Vierzig*, forty," said Grabb, in a soft voice, and with an expressive twinkle of one eye.

Basil counted out and set apart one hundred and sixty ducats, which he restored to the press. Having done so, he emptied the remaining contents of the bag out on the table.

"Try whether you have the number there," said he; and again establishing himself before the fire and fender, he re-applied himself to his silver toothpick and golden reveries.

His back was to the thickset man who knew nothing about romance; but reader! we must disappoint thee—thou art knowing, but not all-knowing, and thy chuckle is premature—the thickset man who knew nothing about

romance, counted fairly, albeit his sleeves were ample and his pockets capacious. Honesty, even for rogues, is now and then the best policy. The sum was found exact to a piece—eight hundred and forty ducats.

"*Recht, Right,*" said the ready-reckoner, with another twinkle of the eye, lost on Basil, though not on us.

"Have you got the receipt?" asked Basil.

"*Ja, yes,*" was the answer, and the required acknowledgment was forthwith drawn from one of the recesses of a clumsy, stuffed, venerable-looking, well-handled, nondescript article, which the possessor believed to be a pocket-book,—and laid upon the table.

"Then," said Basil, "you had better put up the—O, you have done so, I see," he added, as he half turned round. "You are a handy lad, Grabb. Give me the receipt."

"*Da, There!*" said Grabb, with his peculiar visual smile.

"I say, Mr. Grabb, before you go, tell me, did you see Schmidt last night?"

"*Nein, No,*" replied the little man.

"The fellow owes me four hundred and odd florins, and I can't make him out high or low. It is very hard. Have you any idea where he is gone to?"

"*Ja.*"

"You can tell me then?"

"*Ja.*"

"Well, where is he gone to?"

"*Zum Teufel gegangen, Gone to the devil.*" said Grabb.

"How do you mean?"

"*Todt, dead.*"

"Dead?"

"*Ja.*"

"Dead! You astonish me. I never heard a word of it. When did he die?"

"*Gestern*, Yesterday."

"So late?" said Basil. "Had he been ill?"

"*Nein*."

"Was he killed?"

"*Er hat sich die Gurgel geschnitten*, He cut his throat," said Grabb, in a very soft tone.

Basil turned his chair involuntarily round,—and fixed his eyes on Grabb in dead silence for a minute. "Cut his throat!" he at length repeated. "Unfortunate devil! What drove him to do that?"

"Roulette," said Grabb.

Basil shook his head. "Where did it happen, Grabb?"

"*Im Hause*, At Home," said Grabb.

Basil looked down, and appeared to be lost in absorbing study of the grotesque figure-work of the carpet. After a pause of some minutes spent thus, he lifted his head and sighed. "You may go, Grabb," said he. And out went Grabb.

As the servant opened the door for him to make his exit, up walked Heinrick Flemming.

"In the nick of time," said he. "Hey-day, Grabb!—early at business. Grabb, I must give you a good cleaning out myself one of these days. Within?" he asked of the servant.

"Yes, sir, in the parlour," said the servant, closing the door.

"You have had a dun, I see Basil," said Heinrick, after the first salutations were over.

"Yes—Grabb; he fastened on me like a leech last night as I was turning the corner of the Kaiserstrasse; and so I told him to come this morning, and bring me a

receipt in full for all."

"How much was the all?" asked Flemming.

"Eight hundred and forty ducats."

"Ha, Basil! then I take it, you sped well at the Nabob's."

"Infinitely better than I had any right to expect," said Basil. "Heinrick, you must forgive my petulance yesterday; I see and acknowledge that you are a sincere friend. I touched a thousand ducats. But what is the matter with this little Nabob? Tell me, you who know him, is he crazed, or is it merely a spirit of waggersy that actuates him?"

"Faith, I can hardly divine; he is a puzzle to the few acquaintances he has. Did he say or do any thing very *outré*?"

"He assured me he was a brother of mine," returned Basil, "and told me a rigmarole cock-and-bull story about his having studied magic in the east, and his dwindling down from six feet to three feet six; and he said that for every thousand ducats I should take from him I would lose an inch."

"An inch of what?"

"An inch of my height."

"Nonsense!" cried Heinrick, laughing. "Well, you have *not* lost the inch, have you?"

"I hope not," said Basil, also laughing. "What do you think?" And he stood up.

"Egad, but that you are in your slippers," said Heinrick, measuring him with his eye, "I should think queer things." Basil laughed louder than before.

"Did he keep his countenance, Baz, though?"

"Keep his countenance? You never saw such solemnity. That was what made the thing so ridiculous. But he told me more; he said that as I lost the inches

he gained them; that as I should grow short he should grow tall. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, hé must be the devil's quiz," said Flemming. "What did he mean?"

"It is hard to say," replied Rosenwald. "I am to get thirty thousand from him. It is needless for me to acquaint *you*, Heinrick, that I accept of this only as a loan. I could not reconcile it with my conscience to take an advantage of the prodigal generosity of any man. One thing, however, is clear to me—he wishes me, I don't know why, to have the money; and I can see that I gratify him by taking it. As the case is so, why I have the fewer scruples. Accordingly I intend troubling him to-day for a second thousand."

"Bleed him well, bleed him well, my boy, since he will have it so," said Heinrick. "Don't let your bashfulness stand in the way of your fortune. Are you coming out, now, Baz?"

"I believe I may as well taste the morning air," said Basil; "I have nothing particular to do here. Are you going any where yourself?"

"Only to the Exhibition in the Bildstrasse—I have two or three bores to meet and be stupified by there," answered Flemming.

"Talking of exhibitions," said Basil, "why were you not with me last night? I expected you up to nine."

"I didn't know we had appointed to go together," said Flemming. "But I was not at the Villa at all. A friend that I had not seen for six years dropped in on me in the afternoon, and I couldn't help spending the evening with him, for we had a good deal to talk about that nobody must be the wiser for. So I sent an apology to Elsberg. I believe he didn't care much whether I went or stayed."

"Old Elsberg is a man of marble," said Basil. And thereupon he gave his friend a succinct account of the interview of the evening before.

Heinrick listened attentively, and when Basil had finished he leaned his cheek on his hand and assumed an unusually grave and thoughtful expression of visage. "By Jove, you are diddled, Basil," said he. "I see how it is. I never paid any attention to the rumour before—but I now perceive it is founded. As sure as you have a soul inside your body, Aurelia will be the Princess von Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach before another month."

"Aurelia will be WHAT?" exclaimed Basil, starting from his chair, which he involuntarily pushed from him into the middle of the room.

"A princess," replied Flemming; "a very fine thing to be."

"Who dares to say so?" demanded the young man.

"Her father in the first place," replied Heinrick, tapping his boot with his ebony cane, "the Prince himself in the second—thirdly, the whole world—and, finally, your obedient humble servant."

Basil knit his brows. "The base world belies her," he said; "infamously belies her! She has pledged her troth to me and me only—and she is not—I know she is not—the girl to be coerced by tyranny or dazzled by title. But who, pray, is this Prince? What hole or corner has he come out of? How does it happen that I have never heard of him until now?"

"To answer your last question first, as I am a lover of order," said Heinrick—"Because you have been for six weeks absorbed in the unhallowed mysteries of cards, dice, tables black and red, ivory balls, and tantalising cylinders—why, man, the Emperor of Morocco—the Great Mogul—the Grand Lama himself—though I don't

know if *he* marries—might have come into Alberstadt, and borne Aurelia off in triumph to his dominions, without any knowledge on your part of the abduction. What a pretty sort of lover you are! As for Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach, upon my honour, he is in every respect a very desirable *parti*—rich, handsome, accomplished, and, more than all, a Prince.”

“Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach!” echoed Basil, contemptuously. “In what part of space may that principality be lying *perdu*?”

“Somewhere in Silesia, I think,” was the answer.

“He does well not to place it in Saxony,” said Basil. “The further off a vagabond pitches his tent on these occasions the less common eyes can distinguish whether it is of satin or canvas.”

“What!” exclaimed Flemming. “Does His Serene Highness the Prince Von Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach take the shape and qualities of a *chevalier d’industrie* in your eyes? Come, come, Baz; this is too bad; jealousy makes you unjust. Von Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach *is* a Prince—ay!—a Prince every inch of him.”

“Curse his inches!” cried Rosenwald; “I wish that old East-Indian could melt them down, as he proposes to do with mine. I tell you, Heinrick, I have my suspicions whenever I hear of your *very* foreign noblemen. If lions are got up to be stared at, tigers usually get *themselves* up. I have seen something of the world, and am not easily duped. Was there not somebody sometime back who passed himself off in Berlin as the Wandering Jew? You have no notion of the gullibility of people. I will tell you a fact; while I lived at Dresden last year, my tailor there, by the help of dyes, dress, moustaches, and the most damned effrontery, got himself admitted into the first circles as a Pomeranian Baron.

His title was—no matter—something sounding, like Thunder-ten-Trunk; and he was on the point of making his fortune or getting his scull split, I forget which now, when I exposed the rogue and forced him to shift his quarters. As soon as he found himself blown he took himself off in a twinkling, and by-the-by carried with him a splendid dress lace coat of mine, with a green and gold collar, worth about thirty guineas. If I ever catch him I'll drub him to some purpose, even though I lay the blows on my own coat."

"Pooh! pooh!—these little incidents will happen," said Flemming. "But your inference is somewhat sweeping if you conclude that because a Dresden tailor pretended to be a Pomeranian Baron, every Silesian Prince must be a swindler. However, we'll discuss the matter more at large another time. If you are going out now, you had better make your toilet at once, for"—and he took out his watch—"my time is at hand."

"I shall not delay you," said Basil; and he tripped up the stairs. In a few minutes he again rejoined Heinrich, and both left the house.

The friends as they walked along arm in arm, resumed the subjects they had been conversing on in the house, but Basil had not arrived at any decision satisfactory to himself with respect to the course of conduct he should pursue in reference to Aurelia, by the time they reached the corner of the Blumenstrasse, where it was necessary that both should part. They therefore appointed to meet again after a short interval. Flemming hurried off to the Exhibition, while Basil, in a thoughtful and perplexed mood of mind, slowly wended his way through the winding strasses and neglected avenues that lead to the Dornensteg.

CHAPTER VI.

"——— Dreams are Toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
Thou shalt be squared by this."

Winter's Tale. Act III. Scene 2.

Encouraging as the issue of the interview on the previous day had been, Basil could not entirely master a few unpleasant sensations as he once more applied his fingers to the knocker of the Nabob's house-door. His proud and scrupulous nature made him feel ashamed and humbled to think that he could be tempted by any, even the most imperative circumstances, to accept of, nay to solicit, money from the hands of another without tendering or at least proposing an equivalent in some guise or other. It is accounted a proceeding so shabby to avail yourself of the simplicity and munificence of a benevolent enthusiast to the amplest extent to which he will permit you to go! One of a truly noble mode of thinking would shrink from bearing the burden of an irrepayable favour, when bestowed by such a person. He would say to himself, Here is a philanthropist who lavishes wealth upon his fellow-beings. But he does this in the conviction that he is assisting the excellent and meritorious. Let him discover that the objects of his bounty are little better than swindlers, and he draws his purse-strings together on the instant. If I grasp at that which is proffered me and seem gratified at getting it, my rapacity furnishes my benefactor with an unanswerable argument for checking the stream of his liberality towards others. Therefore I will not. So good a creature must not be led to harbour a degrading opinion of human nature through any dereliction of mine. No. I will shew him that individual aggrandisement is the remotest thing from my thoughts; that if he is generous enough to offer, I am disinterested enough to refuse.

Thus I shall at once rescue my own perhaps too fastidious pride harmless, and be the means of accomplishing for those who may really stand in need of his help the best service within the sphere of my ability to render them.

Though these thoughts did not flow consecutively through Basil's mind as he walked into the parlour, he was conscious of such a feeling as might arise from the conclusion to which they conducted. He felt uneasy and qualmish, and half disposed to retrace his steps. It was consequently with no inconsiderable satisfaction that he saw the eyes of the Nabob, as he hastily rose up from a sofa, emitting sparkles of pleasure at his approach and salutation. The look of animation and gladness that greeted him was a sufficient justification of the purpose of his visit. It gave evidence that the Nabob considered himself as the obliged, not the obliging, party. In a moment every scruple that Basil had begun to cherish was dissipated, and he felt restored to his former position in his own appreciation of himself and his motives.

"Welcome, brother!" exclaimed the Nabob, as he warmly pressed his visitor's hand. "You are come to relieve me of another flask?"

"I am indeed here again to abuse your generosity," returned Basil.

"To praise it rather perhaps?" said the Nabob.

Basil smiled. "You will appreciate my delicacy in a case like this," said he; "and if you will have the patience to hear a sketch of my circumstances, perhaps I might shew you ——"

"I know them already," interrupted the Nabob; "so there is no necessity. Come in; I have no time to lose, for in half an hour I must be in the Green Suburb."

So speaking, he led the way into the flask-room, followed by Basil. The apartment presented the same

appearance that had characterised it the day before, except that in the interval an arm-chair had been placed opposite the table.

"Are you fond of sight-seeing?" demanded the Nabob, as he decanted the elixir.

"Not very," Basil replied.

"Well, then, would you have any objection to be mystified for a few minutes?"

"Mystified?"

"Ay, mystified. Doubtless you have a high opinion of the fidelity and extent of your own perceptive powers, your judgment, understanding, and so forth; and you laugh at every body not endowed with a sufficiency of reason to counterpoise and curb the vagaries of his imagination?"

"Why, I flatter myself"—began Basil.

"Of course," interrupted the Nabob. "Tell me news when you next speak to me. Here, drink, and take note (not notes) of what passes before you."

Basil obeyed the behest. Apparently flask the second was as strong as flask the first had been, but the effect it produced on Basil was unique and novel. For the tithe of an instant it stupified him: then a haze clouded his view, similar to that which envelopes objects about us, when after we have stooped earthwards a long while and then risen, the blood retreats from the brain like a descending cataract. He staggered. If he had not caught hold of the arm-chair probably he would have fallen.

"Walk this way, my man," said a voice. It was that of the Nabob. He was not standing where he had been, but at the end of the room, close by a window *à la chinois*.

Basil looked up. He stared around. The wax-lights

were extinct; but the blue beams of an Autumnal moon came ghastlily glancing into the chamber. He rubbed his eyes; he again cast them round; there was no change.

Slowly and with faltering steps he approached the Nabob. Bewilderment and awe seemed wholly to possess him. At first he could articulate nothing; and it was by an exertion that he finally exclaimed, pointing to the window—"This—was—not here *then*."

"Well; it is now," said the Nabob calmly. "But do you observe nothing stranger than the sudden appearance of the window?"

At the question Basil looked round once more, and then, as if making an effort at recollection, he said in the low, perplexed voice of a baffled self-communer, "There was light here and there is darkness, but whence the light came I do not remember, and whence the darkness is I do not know."

"Well, as you do not know whence the darkness proceeds I will tell you," said the Nabob, drily. "The darkness proceeds from the absence of the light. Keep that a secret. But, look up at the moon. Did you ever see that planet beaming more lustrously, or floating along a sky of purer blue?"

"In all my life, never!" cried Basil. "She is in truth beautiful to contemplate;" and he gazed at the moon with all the absorbing wonder of an infant.

"Yet there should be no moon up at this hour," said the Nabob. "It is mid-day. Recollect that, and recollect also that you did not recollect it before. How do you propose accounting for the double phenomenon?"

The query appeared to plunge Basil into deep meditation, but after a short pause he answered: "Spare me! spare me!"—"Oh!" he added, lifting his hand to his brow, "I have lost my senses: I try in vain to make

the present harmonise with the past: my ideas are dislocated; chaos reigns in my mind. This is your doing, juggler!"

"Mine?" cried the Nabob. "Ha! ha!—excuse me if I laugh. What, pray, do you accuse *me* of?"

"Of bereaving me of reason by your spells!" exclaimed Basil. "I am no longer myself!"

"Well, at least, you are some one," remarked the East-Indian; "and that is more than I can say for myself—I am a nonentity."

"This is horrible!" cried Basil. "Man or demon, or whatever you be, restore to me the exercise of my faculties, and let me quit this accursed house for ever!"

"I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, my dear friend," said the Nabob quietly, "that I am as powerless to aid you as your shadow on the wall can be. If you wish for help you should apply to somebody or other; I am not in existence at all."

"Not in existence!" Basil exclaimed.

"Upon my honor," said the Nabob, "I speak the unequivocal truth."

"How am I to interpret your meaning?" demanded Basil.

"In the obvious sense," replied the Nabob, "and without for a moment supposing that I shelter it behind any metaphysical subterfuge. I repeat it, I have no existence whatever: I am the mere creature of your imagination, or rather of your volition, which has unconsciously operated to endow a thought with speech and appearance. Need I add after this that you are now asleep and dreaming?"

"Ah!—dreaming!" exclaimed Basil. "Yes—yes—it must be so; I see it! I feel it! Truly, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our

philosophy—or philosophised of in our dreams either. But if I dream,” he added, his features assuming an intensely puzzled expression; “how is it that instead of intuitively discovering the fact from my own sensations, I should only be able to learn it from you—as you yourself admit, no more than the phantom of my brain?”

The Nabob laughed in derision. “Heaven mend your silly babble!” he said. “What signifies the How? Do you not perceive that in any case the knowledge must emanate from yourself? You may find it out, or I may acquaint you with it: does it not all amount to the one thing, when your own mind is the sole primary machine that works, the sole casuist that reasons not only for yourself but for me?”

“This is marvellous, and past my capacity!” cried Basil. “But why am I subjected to a delusion so inexplicable?”

“That you may think with more reverence of the Invisible and Unexplored,” replied the Nabob. “You will, perhaps, now that you have seen by what a rapid and simple process a man may lose the memory of his very identity, feel less disposed to doubt that he may lose so small a matter as a part of his stature. This has been a gratuitous and supererogatory proceeding on my part; for I might leave you in your error much longer. But I take an interest in you, and I will even exert myself to undeceive you. Remember then—and let it be your first thought as you awake—that *two of your inches are already lost.*”

It seemed as though an echo adopted the word *lost*, and repeated it in thunder through the long and broad apartment; for the loudness of the sound was such as to awaken Basil. He started from the chair into which he had sunk after swallowing the elixir. He saw the

Nabob's eyes fixed on his own.

"So!"—said Basil—"I *have* been mystified, mein Herr! After all, then, it was but a dream, a fancy?"

"No more; but you know that at first you mistook it for reality. So may you fall into the opposite error, and mistake reality for fancy. The dream you have just had was not without a purpose. I am desirous of shewing you that our compact of yesterday is the very reverse of the joke you imagine it. The hoaxing of greenhorns is not my forte; I repudiate it. Nature ordained me to enact a melancholy and mysterious part on the stage of life. I neither sympathise with nor understand the nature or tendency of humbuggery. I am aware that you think otherwise, and my conscience would reproach me if I longer suffered you to suppose our agreement a bottle of moonshine. No, Sir. It must be fulfilled to the letter. I now again tell you that you have lost two inches of your height. To convince you, if you please, I will measure you on the spot."

"O, no necessity, my dear Sir," said Basil, smiling; "if you insist upon it I yield—I will say *Credo—Credo quia impossibile*. But if I have lost two inches, I will swear that you have gained two; you look considerably improved since yesterday."

"Precisely what I apprised you would happen," said the East-Indian. "But I see you are still sceptical. Yet, believe me, there is nothing so unworthy credence in the theory, setting the fact altogether aside."

"What!" said Basil; "nothing incredible in the theory that a man may dwindle down from six feet to three and a half?"

"Nothing that I can perceive," returned the other. "Men fall away in bulk: why not allow them to decrease in altitude?"

"Ha! ha! Seriously, now, my dear Sir, *can* you expect me to reply to you, Or can you—as from your gravity I would almost conclude—really fancy that you or any man on earth can rob me of an inch of stature? Do you indeed indulge a notion so preposterous? Surely it is not possible that in the nineteenth century a man can be found who arrogates to himself supernatural powers?"

"Before you decide that I arrogate to myself supernatural powers," said the Nabob, "you should first satisfy yourself what the precise extent is beyond which mere human powers are incapable of rivalling supernatural. Who shall determine the legitimate limits of the mind's especial territory? That there have been from time to time human beings in existence who have exercised an incomprehensible control over some of the abstruser operations of nature is not to be rationally questioned. Natural events are established results from arbitrary causes. But these results are not uniform. Evidence exists to shew that in every age diverse results have occasionally followed. Miracles have been wrought in all parts of the earth. The practice of necromancy is matter of notoriety in the east. I myself studied it for ten years. I know many others who have studied it like me. You are not to conclude, because such men are unknown and untalked of, that they have no existence. It is the characteristic of genius of a higher order to seclude itself; to shun communion with a world unworthy of it: while straws and leaves float upon the surface of the ocean the pearl disdains to ascend from its native abyss. If even *I* chose I could amaze and overwhelm you. But I have reasons of my own for not treating you to any private sample of my art. Let the dream you have had, however, serve you as material for

reflection. Meantime be assured that the compact betwixt us is not of a nature to be trifled with. You have already transferred two inches of your stature to me. It is easy for you to test the truth of my assertion. All that you have to do is to measure yourself when you reach home. I confess I wish you would do so, that we might understand one another perfectly."

Basil shook his head and took up his hat. "The difficulties in the way of a mutual understanding between us," said he, "I am afraid will rather increase than diminish. But I cannot depart without again tendering you my warm acknowledgments for your generosity. The ducats I presume——"

"Will be at home before you," interrupted the other. "Well, I wish you a good morning. When we meet again you will be wiser."

"Amen!" said Basil. "And happier?"

"Alas!" sighed the Nabob.

"Good day," said Basil. And they separated.

CHAPTER VII.

I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches
Troilus and Cressida, Act II. Sc. 2.

THE besetting sin of Basil was a certain self-sufficiency. Until he found himself exploring with laudable but unavailing assiduity the recesses of an empty purse, it never struck him that he could lose his money. He had three or four times met and conversed with Aurelia before he dreamt that he could lose his heart. And now in the same spirit of scorn for experience when balanced against inference he laughed at the notion that he could by any possibility lose his inches. His was one of those uncatholic minds which immediately reject what they cannot immediately understand, and obstinately barri-

cade the door of conviction against any theory that menaces the destruction of their contemptible prejudices. Still, as Godwin finely remarks, it is in any event "better to be a human being than a stock or a stone;" and Basil von Rosenwald was after all not one who could long persist in withholding faith from every tittle of a testimony, no one tittle of which he could by any conceivable exercise of ingenuity disprove or dispute. He is our particular friend, and we have therefore every desire to exaggerate his faults in the eye of the world; but we are forced to confess that his incredulity, if not overthrown, had sustained a sensible shock from the interview between himself and the Nabob. It is singular how forcible arguments and protestations that move us but little as they issue from the lips of others will sometimes recur to us when they and we are asunder. That which at the time it was uttered was only the gabble of a gander, passing in at one ear and out at the other, and exciting no feeling beyond that of a languid longing to tweak the beak of the gabbler, appeals to our hearts when we are alone with a thrilling eloquence similar to that of the oracles of old. Truth would seem to demand time and solitude for her growth, as the seed must lie buried a season before the plant can blossom. Basil, on reflection, and as he walked along the Blumenstrasse, could not deny that the Nabob had spoken like a man who firmly believes what he propounds. What motive in fact could there have been for deception and bamboozling? Then he remembered the sudden sleep and the strange dream. Were these natural, or had the East-Indian any participation in the work of producing them? He thought and thought, but the longer he thought the darker the mystery grew. He felt stranded on the *Ultima Thule* of Judgment's islands. Lame as

his logic was, however, it was still stout enough to jump to one conclusion. "This affair," said he, "*may* be like the middle cut of a salmon, and a body may not be able to make head or tail of it. Well: what then? That which is crystal-clear is, that when anything is, it is. Pyrrho himself could not have contested that. I *will* measure myself and see how the matter really stands and how I stand with it. If I am still six feet, well and good: old Hunchback is either a ninnyhammer or an unfathomable wag, and I, while I pocket his ducats, laugh at his waggery or ninnyhammerism, as the case may be. But if I am but five feet ten, as he says, why then—then—all that is to be said is, that I must be content to requote against myself the passage from Hamlet that occurred to me to-day while I slept, and have myself written down a jackass for the residue of my days by the impertinent scribbler who shall hereafter undertake to biographise my fortunes or misfortunes."

Just as Basil arrived at this part of his undelivered soliloquy it was his destiny to obtain a glimpse of a pair of sandalled feet, petty and pretty enough to have awakened the envy of Cinderella, even with both her glass slippers on. They passed him rather twinklingly, and with a lightness that would have guaranteed the perfect safety of any one of the myriad virgin violets that about twenty years before might have been seen luxuriating in the fair suburban localities around. He turned about, but so rapidly had the damsel, whoever she was, glided by him, that she was already hidden from his eyes by the other passengers; and he never, never saw her, then or afterwards.

He could therefore form no idea of her beauty, if indeed she were beautiful; could not tell whether she

were blonde or dark, tall or short; and had no token by which memory could assist him in recognising her again, except her feet and sandals. As a natural consequence he ceased to indulge in any conjectures about herself. But he could not so readily divest himself of the associations linked with her sandals. The mind is at seasons in a very errant and erratic humour, and only requires a fillip to dispatch it careering forwards through all countries and backwards through all centuries. Basil's thoughts on this occasion extravagued abroad in a style that would have left Mr Ex-Sheriff Raphael's right to the title of "the most incomprehensible of all imaginable vagabonds" exceedingly problematical. Something like the following was their orderless order: Sandals—feet—dances—Bigottini—the opera—ballets—balls—Brussels—Waterloo—Childe Harolde—Byron—lame feet (not in poetry). Sandals again—the old Romans—Heliogabulus—Nero—his fiddle—dances again—silk stockings—pumps. A third time sandals—sandal-wood—isles of spice—Serendib—Sindbad—merchants—grocers—tradesmen—sandal-makers—boot-makers—his (Basil's) own boot-maker's exorbitant bill.

His bootmaker's bill was an unwelcome reminiscence, not so much for itself as because it reminded him of other bills; but he now bethought himself that he had intended to order a new pair of boots the day before, though other matters had intervened to prevent him. As the recollection occurred to him it chanced that he raised his eyes, and lo! on a showy blue board over a shop-door at the corner of an adjoining strass, he saw in gilded text letters the words, *Hartmann, Schuh-und-Stiefelmacher*. Instantly the notion suggested itself that, involved as he was, it would be as well for him

to procure the boots from a stranger, who would make them without inquiry and either take payment or a promise to pay as might suit the purchaser's convenience.. This man also, it struck him at the same time, could measure his stature, and if it were found wanting he could supply the deficiency by elevating the boot-heels in the required proportion, while Basil would be spared the awkward necessity of entering into any of those explanatory details which in case he were to go home and send for his own bootmaker would be in a manner unavoidable.

Accordingly he walked into the shop. An undersized man, advanced in years, bald, rather fat, and wearing an apron, was giving some directions to his workmen within the parallelogram where they sat; but upon Basil's entrance he intermitted speaking, came forward, and made a respectful obeisance.

"You are Stiefelmacher Hartmann?" said Basil.

"Ya, mein Herr, at your service."

"Well, I want a pair of boots from you," said Basil.

"Ready-made, Sir?" inquired the obsequious shopman.

"No, no; listen to me; don't be in such a hurry. I wish to bespeak a pair of boots the heels of which must be either one inch or three inches high—do you mark?"

"Will you give yourself the trouble to walk this way, Sir?"

Basil followed the speaker into an inner room, out of the hearing of the workmen.

"Please to sit down, Sir?"

Basil seated himself. "I want a pair of boots of the best quality," said he, "and mind me: they must be either one inch or three inches high in the heels—I see you don't understand me, but I will explain as soon

as I am measured :—for a particular reason it is essential that I should have myself measured beforehand.”

“ Oh ! of course, mein Herr ; we always measure gentlemen first,” said the shoemaker, who already began to consider his customer an extraordinary oddity.

“ The devil you do ?” cried Basil. “ Don’t let your impertinence run before your judgment, if you please. But is it with that paltry little implement in your hand that you intend to do the measurement ?”

“ Certainly, mein Herr,” said the bootmaker, surprised : “ it is a very excellent rule this.”

“ Excellent as the rule may be, my good friend,” said Basil, “ I beg to take an exception to it. It is not the thing. You must get a measure of at least a yard.”

“ A yard, mein Herr ?” cried the other, opening his eyes to a width somewhat less than the measure he had named.

“ Ay, a yard : have you such a measure in the house ?”

Surely this man is crazed, thought the singleminded maker of double soles. But no matter : I will humour his fancies : his cash is as good as the Lord Kanzler’s. “ In the house, mein Herr ?” he replied ; “ No ; but if you wish I can borrow one from the draper next door. I say Peter ! step out to neighbour Sparlingstragg and ask him for a loan of his yard-wand for a minute.”

The boy went out.

“ Now, Sir, if you please, we will take off this boot ;” and by dint of some tugging the right boot was got off.

“ Pull off the left now,” said Basil.

“ One will do, Sir.”

“ One will not do, Sir. Pull off the other, I say, and be hanged to you !” The bootmaker obeyed without any

further remonstrance.

The boy now came in with the yard-wand, and up stood Basil.

"Please to sit down again, Sir," said the bootmaker.

"Why, is it sitting you propose to measure me?" asked Basil. "Perhaps you had better roll me up into a ball at once, and take the solid contents of me?"

"Your feet will be steadier sitting, Sir," said the shop-keeper, more than ever confirmed in his conviction of Basil's insanity.

"O, I beg pardon; I perceive what you mean," said Basil; "but you misconceive me; I must first be measured from top to toe."

"What, mein Herr?—measured from top to toe for a pair of boots?"

"Ah, damn your nonsense, Sir!" cried Basil, petulantly, [We are ashamed of him] "who ever hinted at such an absurdity? You are the stupidest tradesman I ever saw! I tell you I want to have myself measured from head to foot because,—because—I—" He paused, unwilling to state his reasons, or possibly not able to communicate them at the instant with sufficient lucidness. "But no matter why," he added; "just do as I bid you, and pass no remarks. Come, try my height,—and mind,—let there be no mistake." And he stood up erect against the wall.

The puzzled bootmaker had no resource but to yield obedience. In silence, and with a hand not altogether free from tremors, he went through his task to its completion.

"Well?" interrogated Basil.

"Just five feet ten inches," mein Herr."

Basil stared his measurer in the face for a minute without speaking. "What do you say?" he fiercely

demanding at length. "Impossible! Try again."

Again the same trial was gone through, and with an identical result. Basil snatched the yard-wand from the bootmaker's hand.

"Are not these inches infernally false?" he exclaimed. "Answer me. Acknowledge the truth. Is not the measure an inch too short—I mean too long?"

"Not the hundredth part of an inch, mein Herr," said the bootmaker, who was quite astounded at all this emotion and vehemence for no apparent reason.

Basil was stupified. His feelings, on thus finding himself compelled to admit the reality of that which hitherto he had treated with the ridicule due to a chimera, may, to use a form of phrase that was original when Adam was a young man, be better conceived than described. He gazed about him: he looked to the right and left; he scrutinised alternately the pattern of the carpet and the architecture of the ceiling. "Help me, Heaven!" he exclaimed, lifting his hand to his forehead, "is my brain wandering? Am I dreaming for the second time to-day? Hark'ye, honest friend! have you such a thing as a pitcher of water at hand? If you have, will you for the love of St. Crispin, empty it against my face? Because," he almost shouted, as he grasped the arm of the now terrified shop-keeper, "because I want to know whether I am awake or asleep, whether I am mad or drunk, whether I stand on my head or my heels. Is then the constitution of nature really at the mercy of human caprice? Are science and philosophy but twin humbugs—the most lying of all the finger-posts that pretend to point the way to the goal of truth? Is it in short come to this, that the whole world must go to school again, and be content to acquire the first rudiments of knowledge from Egyptian jugglers and

Bengal Nabobs?"

"Sir—mein Herr—Euer Gnaden—" stammered forth the alarmed tradesman—"I—I—protest I don't understand this!"

"Egad," said Basil, advancing his face close to that of the bootmaker, and lowering his voice almost to a whisper—"Egad, nor I neither, my good fellow. But, come," he continued, flinging himself into the chair,— "this is idle:—do your business. Come—" and he laughed a short bitter laugh, "you at least are no conjuror. Come, what are you about, Sir? Do you mean to take root where you are standing—a species of human dwarf elder, I suppose—or what the deuce?"

"No, no;—I don't indeed, mein Herr," returned the bewildered shoemaker, with an unconscious but deprecating simplicity; as, bestirring his limbs, he repossessed himself of his rule, and proceeded to apply it to the sole use for which it was intended.

"Now, Sir," said Basil, as soon as the dimensions of his foot had been ascertained, "remember that the heels must be full three inches high: my ordinary heels have hitherto been but one inch—but as between five feet ten and six feet there is a difference of two inches, you must supply the deficiency by adding two to the one that exists—otherwise, you perceive, the discrepancy between what I was and what I am will be observable, and I shall be a laughing-stock for all Alberstadt. Why do you gape at me in that way?"

"I—I do not gape indeed, Sir."

"Well, do you understand me?"

"Really, mein Herr, I—I—"

"Are you able to comprehend the common rules of arithmetic, Sir?" Basil vociferated.

"Upon my word, mein Herr ——"

"Do you know how much two and one make, Sir?" roared Basil. "Curse me if ever I met your fellow for thickheadedness!"

"Yes, Sir; three, Sir."

"Well, Sir, if two and one make three, Sir," said Basil, with an angry emphasis on every second word, "then, Sir, let me have heels of three inches, Sir! Will you do that, Sir?"

"Three-inch heels, Sir, will throw you very much forward."

"Devil may care, Sir; it is a young man's business to get forward in the world. Here, help me to thrust my legs into these boots again!"

"Are those to your fancy, Sir?" asked the shopkeeper, in allusion to the boots that Basil wore.

"What is that to you?" said Basil. "Take care that your own shall be, and that's enough for you."

"Well, Sir, when do you want them?"

"I want them now," returned Basil, "but I presume I shan't have them until to-morrow or the next day. Send them to me as soon as possible—or before that. There is my address;" and so saying he laid a card on the table.

"Eight—ten—six and a half round instep"—muttered the shoemaker, as he transferred his observations to his tablets—"I'll have them set about immediately, Sir."

"Do so," said Basil, and putting on his hat, he strode out at the door, followed by the wondering stare of the shopmen, who, though they had overheard little or nothing of the colloquy in the parlour, knew that Peter had been sent for a cloth-yard wand to measure the stranger for a pair of boots, and now grinned in unison as their master, glancing towards them and tapping his

left forefinger against his forehead, pronounced in a low key the word, "Touched!"

Basil had scarcely journeyed a dozen paces from the door when he espied, lounging up the pavement towards him, with a great meerschaum in hand, a foppishly dressed, effeminate looking young man, whom he remembered to have occasionally seen at the Spielhaus where he had been accustomed to indulge his gambling propensities at the economical rate of one florin and a half per night. Now, either there are some eyes which will detect the identity of an individual in spite of any alteration in his person, or else the loss of two inches had not so metamorphosed Basil as he seemed apprehensive of, for on the approach of the smoker he was immediately greeted with a salutation of recognition.

"Aw, Bawsil, my dear vellow, appy to obtain a transient view of you! Ow goes it? Ow is every inch of you?"

"*Every* inch?" returned Basil, vouchsafing him one look and then dashing past him; "Go and ask the devil's cousin-german; he is in town, and he may tell you!"

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it, young man!" said a cadger's boy, who had overheard both the query and the response, as he slowly waddled by under the load of a cradle-sized basket of hams, sausages, tripe and cowheel, collared eels, cod-sounds, pig's cheeks, and sheep's trotters, all of which excellent things he was on his way to dispense among divers of his master's anti-Pythagorean customers.

"Well,—bless my sens-i-bilities!" drawled out the fop—"No-ticeably odd that! I vow by the most ponderous of Jew-Peter's thunderbolts that were it any other than Bawsil I should follow him and inflict cawndign cawstigation!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Say that such deeds are chronicled in hell." (s.)

King Richard II. Act V. Scene 5.

As we have already intimated, there was nothing of the idealist about Basil. His anxieties and sympathies were all "of the earth, earthly;" his speculations never gave themselves the trouble to travel beyond the boundaries that girdle "this visible diurnal sphere." He could boast of being young and handsome; his appearance was fashionable, his *abond* prepossessing; he was quick-thoughted and, for his years, well-informed; he could be excruciatingly agreeable when he so willed: what more did the world want of him? Nothing: certainly not that he should set up for a metaphysician; neither was he the man to do so. He suspected that he had been born and expected that he should die; but his acquaintance with all the ins and outs of existence besides was confined to a consciousness that he was in love, in debt, out at elbows—and—for the present—out of prison. While at college, it is true, he had perused with some diligence certain abstruse treatises *Ueber die Natur des Geistes*; but being completely satisfied with the great proficiency which these works had enabled him to make in the knowledge of nothing at all on the subject, he had thought it better to devote himself thenceforth exclusively to studies of a more practical description. There were in fact in his nature but few of the elements that go to the composition of a philosophical character. The penetrating reader accordingly will at once divine that after the first flutter and agitation of his surprise had subsided, the sorcery to the influence of which he had been subjected did not act in any extraordinary degree as a stimulus to his curiosity. He felt somewhat

astounded and still more annoyed. But his interest or enthusiasm was not awakened. His spirit did not burn with any new born ardour of longing to plunge into the mysteries of the magical world, or throw open the portals that barrier the awful storehouse of the Unknown. The whole thing was in his eyes entirely too much of a poser to be anything better than a bore. When therefore, in the course of the evening his friend Heinrick Flemming again dropped in upon him it was rather to solicit his counsel than to bespeak his wonder that he detailed all that had happened him since their meeting in the forenoon.

"Neither you nor I," pursued he in conclusion, "could ever have calculated on the possibility of this issue to our visit of yesterday. But since the thing is, why, we must only make the best of it. The question for me simply is, whether I shall load a brace of pistols, take to the highway and plunder some poltroon of a thousand ducats in addition to the thousand I have, and thus regain my inches and prospects of pulling the devil by the tail—or—proceed with the compact to its completion and see the upshot of it,—enjoying in the meanwhile the satisfaction of shaking myself loose from the grip of those hounds of bailiffs, and re-establishing myself in society in some *shape* or other, however shy and sneaking as contrasted with my former. I acknowledge I do not fancy either mode of disposing of the question. But what can be done? I have no alternative. One of the two I must choose. As both are evils, I should of course wish to choose the lesser. But which the lesser is, I may not be so competent to determine. I can hardly reconcile myself to the resolve of relinquishing the golden hopes that within these two days have been strewing my

pathway with stars. Yet *de l'autre côté*, I shall be guilty of a species of semi-suicide in parting with my stature. The change will be productive of a thousand inconveniences. Nobody will recognize me—not even Aurelia. Every blackguard about town can snub me with impunity. I may be kicked out of my own house by my own servants. Worst of all, that whining old scoundrel will jump into my shoes and crow over my degradation. I confess I am at my wits' end. I never in the most fanciful moments contemplated being stuck in the centre of such a perplexity. The whole series of events appear to me 'like a phantasma or a hideous dream.' They combine all the horrors of the Raw-head and Bloody-bones' school of romance with the ludicrous fantasies of Mother Bunch. What shall I do, Heinrick? What would you advise? An imposing *personnel* and a pound of black prison bread *per diem*, or three and a half feet of humanity and the purse of Fortunatus! Do let me hear what you have to suggest; for upon my soul I feel myself at this moment somewhat like the schoolmen's ass betwixt the two stacks of hay."

"My dear friend," replied Heinrick with deep solemnity, "your predicament is truly an extraordinary one; but it appears to me that you have but one course to pursue. You have entered into an agreement and, come what may, you should abide by it. Your honor is at stake; and what are your inches when measured against your honor? No: you have crossed the Rubicon; and you cannot now draw back. You must go the whole hog. Let your motto be, 'In for a groshen, in for a guilder.' I do not anticipate from your fulfilment of the terms of the bond the evils you apprehend. There will be at first a little surprise, a slight sensation, among your acquaintances; the transaction will be talked of by

twaddlers over their beer-mugs; but in a short time all this will pass and circumstances will reassume their former aspect. Therefore I say, go on and prosper. You have already advanced too far to recede with dignity; nor is there any necessity for receding. You have broken the ice and so made conquest of the worst difficulty. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Besides, you have a resource, though such a resource, I admit, as I feel averse from counselling you to employ. It is one that the tyranny of extreme exigency might, I think, justify a man in availing himself of; but still I shrink from the responsibility of recommending it to you."

"To be candid with you," observed Basil, "I am not inclined to be over fastidious just now. What may it be that you would *not* advise? To hocus the Nabob and pillage his treasury?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Flemming. "The resource I allude to is—start not!—the gambling-table. If I dared speak my mind, I would say, gamble again, and this time confidently! Hitherto, you have been unlucky; but Fortune's wheel is for ever turning. You will have money enough to risk: if you lose you will scarce feel the loss; if you gain, and go on gaining—and why should you not?—you triumph at once over your fate and your enemies. A few nights' success may place you in a position not only to reinstate yourself in your inches but to dazzle Aurelia's father and drive the Silesian Prince out of the field. And surely to achieve such a consummation as this last you would not greatly boggle at the trouble of shaking your elbow for half an hour at a spell over a green cloth table?"

"By the powers of brandy!" cried Basil, starting up, "the suggestion is magnificent! I will—I will do what

you say. The Spielhaus is the spot! Only, as to shaking my elbow, Heinrick, I must decline—dice are the devil—no, no!—nothing but *Rouge et Noir* for me!—but at that I'll try my hand again,—and, as you observe, what is there to hinder me from winning? Well then, my lot is chalked out:—I adhere to the compact between me and Old Scratch; by hazarding a few thousands I may—at least I must—gain as much as will extricate me from all obligations and embarrassments. So far so capital. And now, Heinrick, touching my mother's jewels. Will you, like an honest youth, go and treat with the Jew Lubeck for the recovery of them? I suppose he will let me have them back for what they cost him and a bonus over—tell him I will down with twelve hundred for them. I am anxious, you observe, to secure them immediately because the fellow is such an incessant trafficker that if I don't look sharp after his whereabouts, he will dispose of them before I can stay Trapstick!"

"Set your mind at ease about them," said Fleming; "I'll make it my business to take them all up to-morrow to the last trinket. But what do you purpose doing with yourself to-night?"

"I don't know," returned Basil; "I feel lazy and nervous and *je ne sais quoi*-ish: I think I'll go to bed."

"Suppose you come down to the Spielhaus?"

"Now?"

"Ay:—just put a handful or two of ducats into your pocket, and we'll go together. We'll see how you'll get on."

"Here goes for the nonce," said Basil, donning a huge outside coat, into the capacious pockets of which he stowed away as many rouleaus of ducats as he could conveniently carry about with him.

Arm in arm the associates sallied forth. It was now

past five o'clock and the dusk was deepening, but the streets were not yet lighted; and Basil and Heinrick passed along unrecognised by any until they arrived in the Kaiserstrasse.

The entrance to the Spielhaus of Trigg, Bubbell and Grabb was by a long and vaulted subterranean approach, terminating in a flagged courtyard. A solitary lamp above a high, narrow door alone indicated by night the site of the building to the stranger. The principal rooms themselves could only be reached after sundry zig-zag passages, well guarded by doors and sentinels had been traversed; for the determination of the authorities of Alberstadt to suppress all gambling monopolies not instituted by themselves had been published; and secrecy and passwords were therefore indispensable.

Basil, as soon as he had exchanged his coin for notes, —for no more than twenty gold pieces were permitted as a single stake on any table—made his way into the *Rouge et Noir* room, whither Heinrick, quitting his arm, had sauntered in before him; and both for some minutes amused or at least occupied themselves in noting the transitions of the game, and marking the varying effects that these produced upon the countenances of the players.

"Well, Heinrick, what say you?" enquired Basil. "Suppose I venture? Do you play yourself?"

"I may stake a dollar by and by," replied Flemming, carelessly. "How much have you got?"

"Three hundred."

"Ducats?"

"Yes."

"Put down fifty," said Heinrick.

"*Thut euer Spiel, meine Hernn, die Farbe ist*

schwarz," cried the krooper; * "Make your game, gentlemen; the color is black."

"Only look at Grabb," said Heinrick, in a whisper. "How the rascal grins! By the way, did you hear that Schmidt had slit his windpipe?"

"Poor devil!—I did," said Basil. "Fifty ducats on the red."

The cards were distributed to the alternate sides.

"I am glad you took the red," said Heinrick.

"Why?" demanded Basil.

"Seven—four; red wins," cried the krooper.

"Be that my answer," said Flemming.

"A promising commencement," remarked Basil.

"Make your game, gentlemen, the color is red."

"Take the black now," whispered Heinrick.

"A hundred ducats black," said Basil.

"Five—three; red loses."

"To be sure it does; send the rags this way, Ludwig," said Heinrick, leaning forward. "This augurs well, Basil. Stick to the plan of staking alternately on red and black: it is the only safe one, after all that has been prated about calculations and systems."

Basil continued to play, and for a while with a success that even surpassed his expectations, sanguine as they had been. At length occurred the first breaking in upon his luck: he lost five stakes in succession. He turned round to be consoled with by Heinrick; but Heinrick was no longer by his side. He looked for him up and down the room, without, however, leaving his place; but could not discover him any where.

Still, said he to himself, I am a winner, and again he played, and again he won, and his spirits

* Croupier.

mounted; but alas! he lost the next three coups, each for a hundred ducats. He now began to grow restless and fretful; and, disregarding the injunction of Heinrick, he pertinaciously persisted in staking upon black during the whole of an unlooked for run upon red; so that in about three quarters of an hour he had not only forfeited all his previous winnings, but lost a hundred and fifty ducats of his own in addition.

He felt prodigiously annoyed; and as coup after coup still told for the red, he at length lost all patience. "Sir!" he exclaimed, addressing Trigg, who, in his capacity of banker sat upon a high stool overlooking the game—"Sir, I say this is monstrous!—no man ever witnessed such barefaced rooking! The cards must have been packed, Sir!—here has been a run upon the red eleven times one after another!"

"You had better mind what you say, Sir, when you talk of packed runs," answered Trigg with the tranquil manner of a man accustomed to those attacks: "there were at least a dozen gentlemen here when the bank opened. As to a run eleven times, that's nothing—nothing at all—is it, Grabb?"

"No," returned Grabb, grinning.

"So *you* may say, Sir," exclaimed Basil, vehemently, "but a player, Sir, judges differently, let me tell you."

"Why, there was a run on the red seventeen times last night," said Trigg; "the thing is as common as deuce ace at hazard."

A strange nondescript looking animal in a bearskin coat, with terrifying whiskers and moustaches, and an immense mass besides of woolly hair surmounted by a small, conical, comical hat, which looked like a candle-

extinguisher stuck on the top of an enormous head of cabbage, now came to the rescue—"I protowst," he struck in, in the drowsiest and most guttural tones that ever issued from human throat—"I have mysowlf sown a rown on the bleck twounty fower times in succous-sion. I believe you remumber the night, Grebb?"

"I believe I do," said Grabb in his quiet way, and with his devilishly innocent smile.

"Baz,—Baz, be discreet," said the voice of Heinrick; "if you lose both your cash and temper you have no chance."

Basil turned round. "I thought you had taken yourself off," said he sullenly.

"Not I," replied Heinrick, "I have been lounging away an hour in the coffee-room."

"Well, did *you* ever see such plundering elsewhere?" Basil asked.

"Don't be a child, Basil," said Heinrick, reprovingly—"you know as well as I that *here*, with so many lynx-eyes about and a character to be maintained, the bank *must* act on the square. When a flat *is* to be landed, it is always made a private affair of. But why did you forget my instructions? Had you minded them no run could have injured you: if you gained nothing, at least you could not lose."

"I had lost five coups previously by your plan," said Basil.

"You would have won five times five had you only persevered. But never mind; don't suffer a trifle like this to discompose you; try again. I am going as far as the Brunnengasse with young Lichtenmark for about an hour, to see if his sister has come back from her uncle's yet;—meanwhile keep up your spirits and play away boldly. Have a good account of your goings on

and pickings up to render me by the time I return."

There he goes again, thought Basil; and I don't know how it is, but I feel as if my evil star were once more in the ascendant. He, however, resumed playing; but whether his exasperation of mind had deprived him of the power of calculating the chances of the game with sufficient precision, or whether Fortune was determined to persecute him, choose what color he might, the longer he played the more he lost. There was no further run on either black or red; so that all pretext for a charge or even a suspicion of foul play was precluded; and our hero, as he saw debt accumulating on debt, was compelled to gnaw his lip in silence or vent his wrath in half stifled oaths, or fruitless execrations of his own folly. When things are at their worst they do not mend: just as Basil had lost the largest coup he had hitherto played for, a bell tolled thrice; the porter pronounced the words "the bank is shut for the night;" and the krooper gathered together the rakes, swept the cards down into the drawers and proceeded to fold the tables.

"You have sped ill, I see, Basil," said Heinrick Flemming, who again stood by his side.

"Miserable wretch that I am!" cried Basil—"What is to become of me?"

"How much have you lost?" Heinrick inquired.

"I owe the bank five thousand ducats!"

Heinrick seemed for a moment petrified by this intelligence; but recovering himself as by an effort, "Come away," said he in a low tone; "they are putting out the lamps: it is twelve o'clock."

CHAPTER IX.

"I am as mad as he, if sad and merry madness be equal."

Twelfth Night, Act III., Sc. 4.

BASIL spoke not, but took the offered arm of Heinrick. In silence they left the house and entered upon the streets. The night was gusty and starless; the shops had for some time been closed; and at intervals only was the distant footfalls of a solitary passenger audible. A profound dejection had taken possession of Basil; and Heinrick was evidently absorbed in some engrossing contemplation to which he did not like to give utterance. At length, as both drew near the Silberplatz, the square in which Basil dwelt, Heinrick suddenly stopped, and arresting the progress of his companion by placing a hand on his shoulder he said, in an abrupt and startling way,—

"Basil! let me bespeak your attention for a brief space."

A gleam from a house-lamp fell at this moment athwart the features of Heinrick, and disclosed a countenance the expression of which spoke of deep thoughtfulness and a share of perplexity, blended with pity. He seemed deliberating some momentous matter: his eyes were full of doubt and indecision; he stood rivetted to the spot; and his entire air and attitude were those of a man whose mind is the arena of a painful struggle, the nature of which he would fain reveal, but which he is deterred from alluding to by some constraining consideration.

The chill blast blew along the deserted streets, making the melancholy spirit more melancholy still. Its dreary tones and the hollow voice of the night-watch, gloomily proclaiming the hour from his sepul-

chral turret, alone broke the reigning stillness. The time, the silence, the dismal nature of the scene, the consciousness of his ruined fortunes and blighted hopes, all combined to depress Basil's mind and prostrate his energies. Tears almost flowed into his eyes as he yielded to the sense of his utter desolateness. A load lay upon his heart. He drew his breath with an effort, and felt as if the atmosphere that encompassed him were impregnated with some deadly mephitic odour.

Meanwhile he stood passive. He evinced no symptom of anxiety or impatience. With folded arms and desponding looks he awaited in silence the communication of his companion. It was obvious that the dejection which had mastered him was of too absorbing and exclusive a nature to permit the co-existence of any conflicting passion or feeling within his breast.

At length Heinrick spoke. "Basil," he said, "I sympathise with you deeper than I can express: were there a window in this bosom you would behold how my heart is rent and bleeding for you. Hear me. You have some right to reproach me with being the creator of your misfortunes. True, I was innocent of the design to injure; but I am he who first led you into a Spielhaus; and I cannot wholly acquit myself of imprudence in doing so. Had you never met with me you would have prospered and been happy. It is a debt I owe myself and you to remedy the wrong I have wrought. I am bound to do all in my power to repair the evil I have been the unconscious instrument of inflicting on you. Suffer me, therefore, I implore you, to be henceforth your guide: place yourself in my hands. You are so situated that you cannot depend upon your unassisted judgment for the safety of your future movements. Trust then to me, and enable me

at once to still the accusations of my conscience, and to render your liberation from the toils in which you have unhappily become entangled, all but a matter of certainty."

"You ought to know, Heinrick, that I have always confided in you," answered Basil. "Believe me I am now more disposed to trust you than ever. My reliance on myself begins to be dreadfully shaken. Any plan you may suggest I am ready to adopt. Say what you would have me to do."

"In the first place to come straight with me to the Dornensteg," said Heinrick, "and have an interview with the Nabob."

"It will be in vain, Heinrick;—the man has not human feelings," said Basil; "any appeal to his mercy would be thrown away. But, at all events, you do not mean to-night?—now?"

"Basil, my friend," observed Heinrick, with some hesitation—"you—you cannot remain in your own house longer. Of course you propose paying Grabb to-morrow. But five thousand ducats will require the drinking of five flasks; and recollect that those will leave you but five feet five inches."

Basil groaned.

"So transformed, you would not be known by your own servant, unless you were to place him *au fait* of the mystery; and that, I presume, you have no desire to do."

"I understand you," said Basil, with a deep sigh. "But to-night—it is so late ——."

"O, as to the hour, that is nothing," said Heinrick, "I know that the Nabob seldom sleeps at all, and never retires to bed before two in the morning. *Au reste*, believe me you will find him more accommodating than

you anticipate. Come—we will set out for his dwelling at once;—this short cut across the fields behind the Bildstrasse will lead us to it. To-morrow morning I will tell your servant that business requires your absence from town for a time, and any letters that may arrive at your house I will take care to have transmitted to you, wherever you may be, either in the Halbmond or elsewhere.”

“I yield, my friend, I yield,” said Basil, “I place myself entirely at your disposal.”

The friends, accordingly, making the best of their way over the fields, soon found themselves in the straggling avenue that conducted to the Dornensteg. Little conversation was exchanged between them until they reached the house. A servant answered to the knock of Heinrick, and in reply to his inquiry informed him that his master was at supper in the small parlour.

“Then we had better wait in the large one,” said Basil.

“Not at all” returned Heinrick, “the old boy and I, it is time to tell you, treat one another with very little ceremony. You shall see. Follow me.” And, lifting the latch, to the surprise of Basil, he stalked into the supper-room without even heralding his intrusion by a tap at the door.

Basil would have lingered outside, but hearing the voice of the Nabob himself inviting him to step in, he conquered his scruples and entered.

“Sit down, gentlemen,” said the Nabob. “I have just had my supper taken out of the frying pan. I shall be at your service in a minute. Sit down.”

“You are surprised, Sir, of course,” began Basil, in a sullen tone of apology, “that we should intrude upon

you at such an hour; but——”

“Not at all,” interposed the Nabob; “I make it a point never to be surprised at anything during meals: all unusual emotion interferes with digestion. Have the goodness to stretch yourself upon that sofa, Mr. Rosenwald. Perhaps you would choose to pick a bit? Mr. Flemming, what say you to a mouthful?”

“What have you got to tempt us withal?” demanded Heinrick.

“Gripes and grumblings—bacon and eggs,” was the reply. “Have you a mind to go snacks with me in the mess? Mr. Rosenwald, will you take a slice of bacon?”—And sticking his fork in a rasher, he extended it towards Basil, apparently quite unconscious of committing any violation of table etiquette in the proffer he made.

“Thank you, Sir,” said Basil, who, notwithstanding his depression, had some struggle to keep his countenance, “but I never sup.”

“Will *you* have it?” asked the Nabob, offering it to Heinrick.

“My gastronomy, Sir, takes no cognizance of garbage,” answered Heinrick, “and I usually eat like a human being.”

“You to the devil, you spooney!” said the Nabob, transferring the morsel to his own mouth.

Basil looked at Heinrick, as if to inquire the meaning of all this; but Heinrick’s eyes were turned away.

“And so you never bolt bacon?” said the Nabob. “Now, I eat nothing else,—except eggs. You see me supping on eggs and bacon, but had you been here earlier you might have seen me dining on them; and had you been here still earlier, you might have seen me breakfasting on them. I find an exhaustless variety

in those two dishes. When I am weary of bacon I recruit myself with eggs; and when eggs grow insipid I fall back on bacon. This diet, it is true, has a tendency to generate droughtiness; but I keep a barrel of glorious double stout below stairs, and here stands a can of it, full and foaming. As you refuse to eat, Mr. Rosenwald, perhaps you will drink;—if so, you are very welcome after me;” and lifting the tankard to his lips, he indulged in a protracted draught of the eulogised beverage. “There is still a good half pint left,” added he, looking into the vessel as he spoke: “here, my friend!”—and he held it out towards Basil.

“I am not thirsty, Sir,” said Basil, coldly.

“You are rather dry, though,” retorted the Nabob. He rang the bell. The servant appeared.

“Take away the crockery and pewter, and bring in wine and glasses,” said the Nabob. “Well, gentlemen, here we are. You see me in a pleasant mood to-night; and yet I have just made a discovery of a rather unpleasant nature. It emancipates me, however, from the necessity of dissembling—of supporting a character to which I have no claim. But all this is Sanscrit to you, Mr. Rosenwald; so let us to business; and then I’ll explain. I think, Mr. Rosenwald, you have acted judiciously in coming to my house, and I would recommend you to stop in it. To-morrow, if you pay this evening’s scores, sees you fallen to five feet five, and of course a dignified seclusion under such circumstances is much preferable to an appearance in public life, among sneerers and starers.”

“How then!” exclaimed Basil—“You know the events of this evening?”

“Ay, my good Sir, and of to-morrow evening also,—that is, if you again visit the Spielhaus. I cast your

horoscope not two hours back; and I found that if you gamble in the Spielhaus it is written that you shall lose all, to the last stake you hazard."

"Then I am ruined," cried Basil, clasping his hands.

"How so?"

"My only hope lay in gambling—in winning enough to enable me to recover my inches!" said Basil.

"Well, you can gamble still," said the Nabob.

"Did you not say that I was destined to lose?"

"Only at the Spielhaus," said the Nabob. "You can play with others."

"Alas! with whom?" demanded Basil.

"You can play with *me*," said the Nabob.

"Play with *you*?" cried Basil in astonishment.

"I am your man—at Blind Hookey, Scaramouch, Killdevil, or Hop-the-Twig," said the Nabob.

"I do not know any of the games you have mentioned," observed Basil.

"Well then, say Pitch and Toss," said the Nabob. "You know that."

"You are sporting with my wretchedness, Sir," said Basil.

"Ask your friend whether I am," said the Nabob.

"He is NOT, Basil," said Heinrich, with an emphasis of manner that at once assured the young man.

"And if I play against you?" said Basil.

"It is prefigured by the horoscope that I am to be defeated," answered the Nabob, "and that you are to become a great and wealthy man."

"Then, my dear Sir," cried Basil, starting up, "let us begin at once—I—I am all impatience."

"Fairly and softly, my friend," returned the other, "men are not in such a hurry to be beaten as you seem

to take for granted. The hour is rather late: to-morrow, if you please, we will commence."

"Heinrick, my excellent friend!" cried Basil, "I owe this to you—Trust me, you shall not find me ungrateful—O, believe me—I shall——"

"Come, come, Baz; no heroics; you know I never could away with them," said Heinrick, as he rose. "Hereafter we will talk of these matters. Well, Nabob, I suppose I am to consider myself now as *de trop* here?"

"You may make yourself scarce as soon as you please," was the unceremonious reply.

"Many thanks, my Chesterfield. Good night, Basil."

"What, Heinrick!—Are you off? Surely his Excellency will have no objection to lodge you. For my part, I——"

"It is *he* who objects, Sir, to a bed in a coal-hole," said the Nabob, in an offended tone.

"In a coal-hole!" cried Basil. "Surely——"

"Psha, Nabob," said Heinrick, "you aspire to be a wag, and you are ignorant of the first principles of waggery. Close your egg-trap, do. Good night, Basil."

"Good night, my friend, since you are determined on going. Will you be good enough to direct Grabb hither to-morrow?"

"Fear not: all shall be settled to your satisfaction," replied Heinrick.

"As to the boots," said Basil in a whisper—"you need not trouble yourself, Heinrick."

"No, they can be of no use now," returned the other. "Farewell, *auf Wiedersehn*."

"Will you take my wine, Mr. Rosenwald?" asked the Nabob, as soon as Heinrick was gone.

"If you please I would prefer retiring to rest,"

said Basil, "as you are good enough to accommodate me."

The Nabob rang the bell.

"Shew this gentleman to his bedchamber, Klaus," said he.

"This way, Sir, if you please," said the servant to Basil.

"And I'll toddle off to my library," said the Nabob. "Good night, Mr. Rosenwald."

"Good night, mein Herr."

CHAPTER X.

Prythee, friend
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together.

Ant. and Cleop. Act. II. Sc. 5.

Basil's sensations on awaking the following morning were exquisitely delightful. His temperament was sanguine, as we have already noticed: he usually required therefore but a slender foundation upon which to rear a skyhigh pyramid of hopes. His heart bounded as he recalled the declaration made by the Nabob; he saw before him the enchanting prospect of wealth, honors, and happy love, stretching out endlessly into futurity. Imagination had woven for him overnight a new triumphal banner, of a texture brighter than the sunbeams, and displaying the cheering device, *Tu vainqueras*. What wonder, therefore, if about mid-day he met the Nabob,—who always spent the forenoon alone, and chiefly in his library,—with an elastic step and a brow beaming with exulting anticipation? In the fulness of his heart he was about re-plunging into the topic of the previous night without preface or ceremony. His ardour, however, was somewhat chilled when the Nabob, after returning his hurried greeting

with an air of magisterial coldness said—

“Mr Rosenwald, I am come to inform you that Mr. Grabb is below stairs, and refuses to go away without being paid his demand on you.”

“Confound the fellow,” said Basil: “but what shall I do?—there is no getting rid of Grabb without paying him. I may hope, my dear Sir, you will have no objection to advance the money?”

“On the specific terms,—none,” returned the Nabob. “Here are five flasks of the elixir, my friend,” and one by one, he took the number he spoke of from his pockets;—“and here”—fetching down a large glass from a shelf,—“is a bell-glass that will hold the contents of all five!”

“It must be, I suppose,” said Basil, with a sigh; “pour out; and let me have it over me. But one stipulation I would make:—there must be no shock, no mystifying in this instance; it could answer no purpose, except to bewilder and enfeeble me.”

“Have no apprehensions,” replied the Nabob; “I have drugged these flasks with some of my cephalic snuff. You will forfeit your inches; that’s all.”

“Quite enough, in all conscience,” retorted Basil. “But so deep a draught as this—will it not at least intoxicate?”

“Not in the slightest degree,” said the magician; “it is too well prepared: I have mixed a good quarter of a pound of snuff with it.”

“In that case it must be a dose for the devil,” observed Basil. “But I presume I must not be too nice—here goes!”

Just as he had emptied the glass a loud knocking was heard at the street-door.

“Who can this be?” said the Nabob. “Sit down,

my friend, while I step out and try. How do you feel? A little languid, I dare say. Here, draw your chair to the fire; you will be yourself again, bating the odd inches, in the twinkling of a bed-post."

Going out, the Nabob encountered his faithful henchman, Klaus.

"The Herr Elsberg, your Excellency," announced the servitor in a stentorian voice, "to see Mr. Basil Rosenwald; I have shewn him into the antechamber." A wink passed between master and man; and then——

"Beg him to wait a minute there, and I shall attend him," replied the Nabob, in the same key. He then went into the parlour.

"You have an acknowledgment, Mr. Grabb?"

"Yes," said Grabb, producing it.

"Give it me; good:—now take yourself and these out of my house together;" and so saying, he brought five bags, marked each a thousand ducats out of the flask room, and deposited them on the table. "But how d'ye mean to bear off the booty? Have you a packass, or a jackass, at the door? Come, man; never stand staring at me so, as if I had got a pair of horns since you last clapped eyes on me. Answer me."

"I have a car," said Grabb.

"I wish it were about to take you to the gallows," said the Nabob. "Come, stir your stumps. Here, Klaus—come hither; and help to carry out this heavy luggage, and stow it in Mr. Grabb's waggon. I must go and see what Herr Elsberg wants."

He passed into the ante-chamber.

"Your servant, Mr. Elsberg," said he briefly.

"Herr von Rosenwald, I have the honour to be your most obedient servant," said Elsberg, slowly. "I have called to see a relative of your's, who, I understand, is

here at present, Mr. Rosenwald."

"He is not very well," said the Nabob: "he slept here last night; but he has had a headache the whole morning. I will let him know, however, that you are here, if you think proper."

"If you think that I should not disturb him too much, I should certainly be glad to speak with him," said Elsberg.

"May I request you to excuse me then, while I go and apprise him?" said the Nabob.

In another moment he was in Basil's room. "How do you feel now, my friend?" he asked.

"Pretty well, I thank you," said Basil.

"Mr Elsberg is below, and wishes to speak with you," said the Nabob. "I have told him you are unwell."

"Elsberg!" echoed Basil, "is it possible? Have him shewn up, by all means, my dear Sir!—But stay, I must curtain these windows, and tumble into bed: what *would* he think if he saw me as reduced in size as I am in circumstances? There! that will do: now my dear sir, let him come up. Elsberg! bless me! what can the object of his visit be?"

The Nabob disappeared, and immediately afterwards a creaking pair of shoes was heard on the stairs.

"This room, Mr. Elsberg," said the Nabob, ushering him in.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rosenwald, for this intrusion," said Elsberg; "I was not aware you were confined to your bed. I hope your headache is not very severe."

"Not very, thank you, Sir," answered Basil.

"Illnesses are very rife at this season," pursued Elsberg; "I met your old friend Major Welshuck

yesterday, and he complained very much of his chest."

"Of the emptiness of it, perhaps?" said Basil.

"No," replied Elsberg, who was the most literal matter-of-fact man breathing, "he did not say that he felt any sensation of emptiness or hollowness, but merely remarked in general terms that his chest was touched; upon which I took the liberty of recommending an immediate application of the stethoscope by a skilful physician, regularly licensed, and having a sufficient practice to furnish *primâ facie* evidence of his competency to examine and prescribe—hem!"

"I see," said Basil, who felt very much inclined to yawn; and then added, for want of knowing what else to say—"The Major was once a stout man."

"He was, Sir," observed Elsberg, "but I have known some of the stoutest men, Sir, to die by inches."

"Ah!" said Basil.

"But, Mr. Rosenwald," said Elsberg, "it is time for me to acquaint you with the object of my visit. You were a little hasty, you will acknowledge, in quitting my house as you did the other night."

"I was justified, Sir, by the manner of treatment I experienced," returned Basil.

"Well, well," said Elsberg; "perhaps I was not altogether free from blame, any more than you. Let the matter rest. I wish to tell you, Mr. Rosenwald, that I do not want to press you for the fifteen thousand florins you owe me. I am aware of the state of your circumstances, and I believe you to be a young gentleman of integrity and principle; and so believing, I am willing to postpone the day of payment to any period you name within five years."

"Well, Sir," said Basil, "I shall only say that I thank you deeply, and from my heart, for your gener-

osity. Suffer me then to request another twelvemonth's time—I will not accept of more."

"You shall have it," replied Elsberg. "Mr. Rosenwald—a—a—are you acquainted with the Prince von Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach, may I ask?"

"I am not acquainted with him, Sir," said Basil, coldly.

"A rather—a—a—curious circumstance took place at my house, in reference to him, on the evening of the ball," said Elsberg. "My wife happened to mention your name before him, and to say that you were expected at the house; and while she spoke, he grew pale as death, and shortly afterwards, pleading a sudden illness, he took his leave. I sent to his hotel yesterday, to ascertain if he was better; but to my surprise, the messenger brought me back intelligence that the Prince had—shall I say—decamped; that he had left Albersstadt at an early hour in the morning, and was not expected to return!"

"Whew!" whistled Basil, "a light breaks in upon me: I fancy I know your Prince. Is he a long-legged, short-necked, square-shouldered, round-armed, oval-faced, angular-waisted manner of man? Has he a hawk's eyes, an eagle's beak, the brain of a goose, and the strut of a turkey-cock?"

"You paint him to the life," cried Elsberg—"dark moustaches and very white teeth——"

"Ay, ay," said Basil: "I know the rubbish—he is a tailor, Sir."

"A tailor" exclaimed Elsberg, in astonishment. "The Prince of Lowenfeld-Schwarzbach a tailor!"

"Ay, and a capital one, Sir, too; he made clothes for me in Berlin, the neatest I ever wore. But he chose to shut his shop and turn Pomeranian baron one

morning, and when detected he fled from the city as he has fled now from this—and I should mention to you that he made a very handsome dress lace-coat of mine bear him company. What else he took from others I cannot say; but the fellow is a swindler; that is his designation, Sir.”

“Well, really, I am so amazed!” cried Elsberg.
“What a lucky escape Aurelia has had!”

“What! Did you intend, Mr. Elsberg,” asked Basil, “to have given your daughter to that scoundrel?”

“I am ashamed to acknowledge that I did meditate such an act,” replied Elsberg.

“Knowing that she loved me?” said Basil.

Elsberg rose from his chair, and after he had taken a turn about the room in silence, “Mr. Rosenwald,” said he, “I cannot enter upon this topic now; and I know that you are averse from speaking upon any other with me. Permit me to wish you good-morning.”

“Stay—one word, Mr. Elsberg,” said Basil, “before you go. Have you any *personal* objection to me as a son-in-law?”

“None whatever, upon my honour,” replied Elsberg.

“Then, I am to understand that, if my circumstances were sufficiently affluent, you would have no objection to countenance my suit?”

“On the contrary I should be most happy to forward it.”

“It is enough, Sir; I thank you: I shall detain you no longer.”

“Good morning, then, Mr. Rosenwald.”

“Good morning, Sir.”

And so terminated this, by no means the least important, interview recorded in our history.

CHAPTER XI.

"I'll devil-porter it no further."

Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 3.



"Miscreant!" cried Basil, "is it thus you keep your promise?"

"Jackass!" retorted the Nabob; "it *is* even thus. What right have you to complain? You have had in all twenty-nine bags of ducats and twenty-nine flasks. Being five feet five inches in height, you commenced brandy-drinking and pitch-and-toss playing with me. We played in all fifty-four games, of which you it is true won but sixteen, while I gained thirty-eight, making twenty-two in my favour. Yet what right, I repeat, have you to complain? You have not been choused out of a single rap. The twenty-two thousand ducats which were yours by virtue of the flasks, have been fairly won from you. I have gone on the square from the beginning. I am now five feet eleven, but I have not risen to my present eminence by means of any dirty shuffling or hookemsnivewing. I appealed to fortune; I have been successful; I have beaten you by chalks; and more power to my elbow, say I! You are but three feet seven, but you voluntarily chose, with your eyes and mouth open, to drink away one of the noblest gifts with which Providence had endowed you—your stature. And after all, notwithstanding the howl and hubbub and hullabaloo you have been raising these two hours, you are still as safe and sound as a trout in a water-barrel. Until you have lost the last, the *thirtieth* inch, your identity remains in *statu quo*. Retain that inch, and you are still you and I am still

I. I do not solicit you to part with it. If you wish to do so I shall open another bottle. But I do not coerce you. At the same time I own I see no other mode by which you have any chance of retrieving yourself. You have gambled your last ducat. If you choose to have another thousand I am ready to stand Sam; and I pledge upon my honor that I will play you as fairly as ever. I can assure you, for all your suspicions of my blacklegism, that fifteen years have elapsed since I skied a copper before."

"Infamous deceiver!" vociferated Basil; "did you not tell me that I should ultimately defeat you?"

"It is written that you shall," said the Nabob, "but *how*, I know not. There is the puzzle. Perhaps you are to blow me up with gunpowder, or tumble me headlong from some garret-window. I cannot tell. My powers of diving into futurity are limited to a certain point."

Basil made no reply. He could not attempt any. His heart was swelling, even to bursting. In despair and madness he rushed from the house. A hurricane roared through the forests of his brain, tearing up his faculties by the roots. It was a bleak night; the winds were out and howling; and two-thirds of the moon were invisible. Not a single wanderer but himself was abroad in the Dornensteg. He hurried onward until his breath nearly forsook him, and he was compelled to pause for rest. But he did not pause long. Again he dashed forward with the speed of a wild animal. Up the Brunhugel—down the Grunthal—pell-mell through the Bloody Fields—headlong into the Wildgasse—helter-skelter over the Round-mounds—hurrah! who but he? "Faint and wearily the wayworn traveller" at length might be seen wending his way into

the Silberplatz. Panting and exhausted, like a broken-winded draught-horse during an uphill ascent, he now nears his own house.

"I tell you, Sir," said a voice which Basil recognised as that of his own servant, "that Mr. Rosenwald is not in town, and I don't know when he will come back."

"In that case," said the party addressed, a big, burly-looking man, in a seal-skin cap and a dreadnought, "I must just call some other time. I am sorry you cannot tell me where even a letter could reach him, for my business with him is most important." And he turned away.

"Who asks for me? Who inquires for such a wretch as I am?" demanded Basil, coming up just in time to have the door slapped in his face.

"I have been inquiring for Mr. Rosenwald," said the stranger. "Can you, Sir, direct me where to find him?"

"I am he," said Basil.

"What! You!" cried the stranger.

"I am the wreck of him who *was* Basil Rosenwald," replied our metamorphosed hero.

"Let me take a survey of you, my mannikin," said the stranger. "Good heavens!" he cried, as he surveyed Basil by a street-lamp, "surely I have seen this figure and face before!—Yet no!—it is not possible—you cannot be HE. I apprehend rather some diabolical jugglery in this business. Am I right in conjecturing that you are one of those unfortunates whom the monster I allude to has swindled out of their inches?"

"I am—I am!—Then you know him?—you know the whole story? You have seen him elsewhere—and I am not his first victim?" cried Basil, gasping. "O,

stranger, whosoever you are, if you have any power over the villain, exercise it, I implore you, in forcing him to restore me to that of which he has robbed me!"

"You made a compact with him, did you not?" asked the stranger, "so many inches for so many bags of gold?"

"Yes—yes—I perceive you know all," answered Basil. "The vagabond!"

"Do you know who he is?"

"No," said Basil; "I know not:—probably Satan himself?"

"No, not Satan."

"Puck?"

The stranger looked as if he did not understand.

"Belphegor then?" said Basil.

The stranger nodded dissent.

"Perhaps Mephistopheles?"

The stranger shook his head.

"Rubezahl—that is, Number Nip?"

"No, no, no; none of these."

"Who *can* he be then?" asked Basil.

"Did you ever hear of *Maugraby*?"

"What!—the magician of the eight and forty-gated Domdaniel?"*

"Yes. This is he. The blackguard is well known in the east. I remember him, and *he remembers me*. He has diddled many as he has nearly diddled you. I presume you were introduced to him by one of his tools?"

"No: by a friend of my own, one Heinrick Flemming."

"Bah! I know the fellow,—a former victim and

* The great College of Magic at Tunis, once so celebrated over Barbary, but destroyed by the Arabs when they achieved the conquest of Mauritania.

present accomplice. But you have not disposed of *all* the inches yet, I hope?"

"No; there is one left," said Basil.

"Lucky for you," said the stranger. "Had that one—had the last inch passed from you to him, nothing could have saved you. Your soul would then have become his property beyond redemption. Courage! you are safe; you shall now triumph over him. Come along to my lodgings, and I will tell you a piece of good news you little dream of."

Both accordingly journeyed to the stranger's domicile, which was in the next street; and here the stranger, whose name was Slickwitz, in a few words unfolded his business.

"You had an uncle," said he, "who spent a great part of his life in the east?"

"Yes," returned Basil—"my paternal uncle, Adelbert."

"The same:—this man, Sir, has lately died in Aleppo, and has left you heir to all his immense property. I am his executor. The ready money alone amounts to a sum of three hundred thousand ducats, the whole of which in gold and notes I am ready to deliver into your hands immediately."

We need not dwell upon Basil's surprise and rapture. After his first transports were over, he caught hold of the arm of Slickwitz. "My friend!—my preserver!" he eagerly demanded, "have you much of this sum *here*—in the house?"

"I have in this house a hundred bags of a thousand ducats each," replied Slickwitz.

"Then we will call a vehicle—thrust twenty-nine of these bags into it—for this flesh-and-blood robber has twenty-nine of my inches—drive off to his dwelling,

—and compel him to refund! What say you?"

"With all my heart—I like the idea," said Slickwitz.

Accordingly in about a quarter of an hour from the time of this conversation a thundering knock at the door of Maugraby's house astounded the old fellow as he sat masticating his supper of bacon and eggs. "Klaus!" he cried—"Klaus!—go and see who that is!"

No sooner was the door opened than Slickwitz and Basil rushed into the chamber together.

"Villain! ghoul! demi-devil!" cried Basil, springing at the magician's throat—"restore me my inches this moment, or die the death of a dog!"

The magician disembarrassed himself from the grasp of Basil with the ease with which a giant might put aside the embrace of an infant, and advancing on Slickwitz demanded—

"Who are you, Sir?"

"I am *Rubadubb Snooksnacker Slickwitz*," said the stranger calmly—after a pause.

At the sound of that name the magician writhed—he grew pale—in vain he attempted to conceal his emotion; for some moments he shook like a bog during an earthquake. "And you," added the stranger, "are MAUGRABY!"

"O, by thunder and brimstone!" cried a voice on the outside of the door, "all the fat is in the fire now, and the snuff will soon follow! I must cut and run, for one, before the grand flare-up!" And forthwith the legs of the eavesdropper, in whose tones Basil had at once recognised those of the magician's attendant, Klaus, were heard marshalling him the way he should go, along the passage and out of the house.

"Damnation!" cried the baffled sorcerer in a rage—"is it then come to this—is the game up? Humph!—I smoke!—I see how the cat jumps," he fiercely exclaimed, stalking up to Basil; "you are come to fork out the blunt!—And you," he added, again turning to Slickwitz—"you expect to drag me hence to the gallows—to see me making my exit from life night-capped, snaffled, handcuffed, hoodwinked, humbugged? But curse me if I gratify either of you. I will see the whole neighbourhood blown to blazes first, and the pair of you along with it!"

So saying, and with a furious look, he snatched up his snuff-box, which had been lying on the table, and shook its contents into the fire. The effect of this apparently insignificant act was tremendously terrible and German. An explosion instantly followed, louder than the roar of ten parks of artillery together, *à qui mieux mieux*. The whole range of deserted buildings along one side of the Dornensteg, a short time before valued by the Commissioners of Wild Streets, were for a moment enveloped in one wide sheet of livid flame, and in the next blown into a million atoms,—the sorcerer's own house and all the wealth it contained perishing amid the common ruin. As soon as the smoke had cleared away Basil and Slickwitz were able to see themselves safe upon their legs at a distance of about twenty yards from the scene of this appalling but sublime catastrophe. Basil stood once more six feet one in his boots.

"*Fuit Ilium*," said Slickwitz, quietly, as he gazed around. "After that, I think *we* may go home and take our gruel."

"I think so," answered Basil.

And thus was the necromancer defeated, even as he had himself predicted. He has never shewn himself in Germany since. He sailed shortly afterwards for Egypt, and is now in Alexandria*, where he occupies himself in mystifying, in a small way, such travellers as visit the country. His chum, Heinrick Flemming, disappeared from Saxony about the same period with himself, but of the subsequent whereabouts of this promising young man no intelligence has ever reached us.

As for Basil and Aurelia they have been now for some years married; and their union has been blessed with a large family of small children, who bid fair, upon springing up to the inches of gaffers and gafferesses, to inherit all the singular beauty and plural virtues of their estimable parents. We paid the happy pair a visit last summer; upon which occasion Basil, after his third bottle of Rhenish, related to us the story we have taken the pains to chronicle. Towards the close of his tale his utterance became somewhat thick and misty; but he dwelt with rapture upon the amiable character of his beloved Aurelia, swearing that she as far transcended every other individual of her sex as a rose transcends a daisy, a peach a potato, or a shilling a farthing. We could see the object of this eulogy colour even beyond the circle of her rouge at the enthusiasm of his language. She is really a pretty woman; her shining red hair, slightly intermixed with yellow, admirably harmonizes with her fair and freckled complexion; and her neck is singularly long, golden, and beautiful. As she sat at the piano, encircled by her blooming family of seven

Vide the Quarterly Review, No. CXVII., which is our authority for the statement.

girls and two boys, we could not help recalling to mind the couplet of the greatest of modern poets—

“A Lady, with her daughters or her nieces,
Shines like a guinea and seven shilling pieces.”

Their dwelling, we should not omit mentioning, is a romantic chateau in the Konigsmark suburb of the town, the rear of which is beautified by rich orchards and pleasure-grounds *à la Polonais*, while the front commands a fine view of the Old Buttermarket and other interesting localities.



THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.

A VERY GERMAN STORY.

THE great clock of the Banking-house of Willibald and Company struck four.

"The Bank is closed!" cried the porter, in his usual sonorous tones.

At the words there was a general opening and shutting of desks; every inmate of the Bank took off his office coat and donned his walking-habit. In five minutes the bureaux were deserted, the runners had walked out, the clerks disappeared;—the two bankers, both married men, were driving off in their curricles, one to dine with a friend, the other with a mistress. Silence reigned through the spacious building; and the daylight which found its way through the windows gradually deepened into dusk, for the season was November and the day had been cloudy. Any one who would now see to read or write must avail himself of an artificial illumination; and accordingly at twenty minutes before five a solitary lamp shed a sickly light over a heap of ledgers and papers, notes and rouleaus, confusedly scattered to and fro through the different recesses of the Cash-office, and developed the features and part of the figure of a man seated before a desk, conning several documents, which he passed in review before him, with an anxious eye, and from time to time casting abstracted glances around him, which now rested upon vacancy and now upon the iron safes and sealed strong boxes imbedded in the walls of his temporary prison.

The Herr Johann Klaus Braunbrock, he to whom

we thus introduce the reader, was cashier to the Banking-house, and had lingered somewhat beyond his time on this evening, from what motive we may possibly understand by-and-by. Let us try to depict his appearance. He was a man of the middle size, rather clumsily made, but with a finely-shaped head, and features expressive of considerable intellect—mingled, however, with a large proportion of worldly astuteness and an air of penetration and distrust that bespoke but an indifferent opinion of mankind, or, possibly, a mind ill at ease with himself. His age might be about forty. His grizzled hair had retreated from his forehead, which was broad, but not high, and indented with many wrinkles. Upon the breast of his blue coat glittered a military star, for he had served in the Imperial Army as a colonel of Austrian dragoons, and his salary of six hundred crowns a month as cashier was reinforced by a pension of five hundred dollars, paid to him quarterly by the War Office. A pen was in his hand, with which he had just completed the signature of *Willibald and Brothers* to the last of several counterpart letters of credit drawn upon the house of Puget and Bainbridge in London.

As the eye of the forger glanced rapidly but scrutinisingly over the work of his hands, to enable him to decide which of the counterfeits before him was least liable to awake suspicion, a slight noise near caused him to start, and raising his head he saw peering through the grated door of his box two dark, burning and searching eyes, which, fixed intently upon him, seemed as if they would read the most hidden secrets of his soul. The rest of the countenance was in shadow, and the figure of the gazer was completely hidden from view by a large black cloak.

Such an apparition, which would have been under even ordinary circumstances sufficiently extraordinary and startling, was now rendered peculiarly so to Braunbrock by its suddenness, the unusual time, the sepulchral dimness of the place, and, above all, the consciousness that the occupation he was engaged in was one that would scarcely bear inspection from a pair of eyes even much less inquisitorial than those of the stranger. A moment's reflection, however, served in some sort to re-assure him. The distance between himself and the intruder, whoever he might be, was, though slight, still sufficient, he flattered himself, to preclude all chance of detection. Recovering himself, therefore, he grew bold enough to return the stranger glance for glance.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"It concerns you to know, perhaps?" was the interrogative reply, delivered in a strange and hollow voice, the accents of which thrilled through every nerve and fibre of the cashier.

"To know your business, at least," said Braunbrock, "What is it?"

"Merely to receive payment of this from you," answered the Unknown, and he handed a paper to the cashier.

"The Bank is closed," said Braunbrock.

"Your office is open," said the stranger, significantly. "To-morrow will be Sunday; you will not be here. Perhaps you may be absent on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—all the week, and beyond it. Do you understand? Come, then, do not delay me now. The sum, you perceive, is one hundred thousand dollars: you have as much in the drawer beside you. Be quick and let me have it."

"How did you obtain admittance?" asked the cashier, still dallying, with the bill between his fingers.

"What is that to the purpose?" said the stranger.
"I am here."

The cashier now scanned the letter of exchange, and finding it, as he fancied, or chose to fancy, correct, he slowly opened the drawer and counted out bank notes and bills to the amount required. Having given them to the stranger, he again took up the letter and looked at it.

"Your signature is not to the receipt," said he.
"How is this?"

"Give it to me, and a pen with it," said the other,
"and I will supply the omission."

Braunbrock gave the letter and a pen to the stranger, who wrote in English characters,* at the foot of the receipt, *M.—The Man in the Cloak.*

"What the plague sort of signature and handwriting is this?" demanded the cashier, as he tried in vain to read it; "I can make nothing of it." He looked at the stranger. "You are not German, mein Herr?"

"No."

"You are scarcely French, I should think?"

"Scarcely."

"Ah! English, I presume?"

"Your presumption is unwarrantable; I am not English," answered the stranger; "I am an Irishman. Enough: farewell: we shall meet again." In a minute more his form was lost in the gloom and shadows around. His retreat was so sudden and so silent that the cashier could not tell by which passage he had departed.

* The German manuscript characters differ considerably from the English.

How the deuce can he get out at all? he asked himself. Or how did he come in? What eyes! he continued—and what an unreadable name! Who can he be? The circumstance is exceedingly strange altogether.—But I am wasting time. I must finish my business, and be off.

With these words he proceeded to consume at the flame of the lamp such of the forgeries as he had rejected, and carefully deposited the selected one in his pocket-book. He next took out from his desk bank notes to the amount of ten thousand ducats, and stowed them safely away in the same morocco leather repository. Then, putting on his hat, he extinguished his lamp, and taking down his umbrella from a crook, he locked the door of his office and coolly proceeded, according to his custom, to deliver up the key to Madame Wilhelmina Willibald, the wife of the principal partner in the firm.

“Ah! you fag yourself *so* much, Herr Braunbrock!” said the lady. “But I have good news for you. We have made up a party to Ilsbein on Monday, and you are to be Master of the Ceremonies, Cicerone, Factotum in short. So, be with us early—and let the cash-office mind itself for one day.”

“As *you* please, Madam; I shall be most happy,” answered Braunbrock. “Meantime, will you be good enough to tell your husband that the bill of exchange from the Merciers for a hundred thousand dollars was paid this evening. It came in rather late.”

“I will tell him so,” said the lady. “Will you have a glass of Tokay, Herr Braunbrock?”

“I thank you; not this evening. Good night, Madam.” And the cashier went out.

“That gentleman has a very marked head,” said

the Baron Queerkopf, a determined, thick-and-thin, anti-loophole phrenologist, who had been lounging on a sofa during this short colloquy.

"Marked?—marked with what?" asked the lady.

"I mean a characteristic head," said the Baron. "He has enormous Secretiveness and but little Conscientiousness."

"You give an indifferent character of our honest cash-keeper," said the banker's wife. "But do *you* know, Baron, I think he has rather a classic head."

"Cash-keeper!—ay, he is better fitted to keep cash than pay it," returned the Baron; "I saw his Acquisitiveness at a glance. But as to classic heads, pardon me, Madam, for taking leave to differ from you: people make the most horrible and petrifying mistakes on that point. Mankind do not sufficiently consider"—and the Baron spoke with great emphasis—"that for the formation of what is popularly designated a classic head, there must be large Self-esteem, considerable Destructiveness, and deficient Veneration. The best heads—those which confer the most commanding intellects or sunshiny dispositions—are not infrequently altogether at variance with our preconceived notions of the *beau-ideal* of physical beauty. The truth is, that to a common observer the head is anything but an index to the nature of the man. Look, for example, at Byron's head. It is a positive and undeniable fact that what we imagine the superior appearance of that head is solely attributable to its deficiency in several of the most beneficial organs, and its redundancy in some of the most morally deteriorating. It lacked Faith, Hope and Veneration, and exhibited but moderate Benevolence, while, on the other hand, though Conscientiousness was fair, an un-

due and preponderating proportion of cerebral development manifested itself in Self-esteem, Combativeness and Firmness."

"Well, now, Baron, do you know," said the Banker's wife, whose eyes and mind had been wandering to a thousand things while the phrenologist was lecturing; "I don't understand one word of what you have been saying."

"Suffer me to render it lucider," said the Baron. "Phrenological induction, you will please to comprehend, is grounded upon the irrefragable principle that ——" and the Baron, once fairly mounted upon his hobby, galloped on at a rate that left toiling common-sense an infinity of leagues behind. At the close of a monologue of half an hour he paused to take breath, and, looking round him, he saw that his auditress had vanished. The Baron sighed. Alas! he soliloquised, it is ever thus with the sex: they have no powers of analysis, and they are incapable of continuous attention. Yet that bankeress is a beautiful and stately woman—really a fine animal. What a subject for everlasting regret that she should be so deficient in Casualty and Concentrativeness!—And the Baron, sighing again, helped himself to a pinch of snuff from a box upon the lid of which were represented three separate views of the head of Goethe, phrenologically mapped out according to the very newest charts laid down by the most fashionable predecessors of his darling theory.

Meanwhile Braunbrock walked into the porter's lodge. "What the devil, Karl," he asked, with an assumed sharpness, "made you leave the Bank-doors open until five o'clock this evening?"

"I leave the doors open till five, mein Herr!" exclaimed the menial, astonished. "No such thing at

all, mein Herr; would I be mad? I locked them at four punctually, leaving ajar only the private postern for yourself, mein Herr."

"Very odd," said the cashier, as talking to himself. "Are you certain you are telling the truth?" he demanded, sternly.

"Quite certain, mein Herr."

I suppose, then, muttered Braunbrock, as he walked out, I suppose that bizarre Irishman must have somehow found his way in and out through the private entrance. Well: I thought that the devil himself, exclusive of the few persons who know it, would have been puzzled to find his way in through that. But it is of no consequence. I have other and graver affairs to demand my attention. Let us see, he proceeded, as he directed his steps along the Hochstrasse. Have I managed matters with the requisite finesse? I hope so. First, here is to-night and to-morrow;—and then for Monday—egad, this party is a lucky incident, for Willibald sleeps out to-morrow night, and will not be home until noon next day; so that I have at least until Tuesday to hammer away upon the anvil;—and, by my faith, I will not let the iron cool!—I have two passports and two different disguises—such, I fancy, as would leave the cleverest police in Europe gropers in the dark. At London I shall touch half a million before any decisive steps can be taken to discover the fugitive; and then for the remainder of my days I shall play the part of the accomplished nobleman in my Italian villa at Strozzi, with the title of Count Rimbombari, or some other of the kind; I prefer this, however, as I, *and nobody else*, saw him die in the marches of Zemin, where his bones are whitening this night. But, ah!—Livonia—what shall I do with her? Do with her?—

Bah! what have I, at forty, to do with foolish girls at all? I must leave her behind. Yet, confound it, I really love the girl—ay, love her, ass that I am! Shall I take her with me? Or shall I leave her where she is?

“You shall leave her where she is,” said a voice which Braunbrock had recently heard. He turned round, and saw, fixed upon his face, the terrific eyes of—the Man in the Cloak.

Braunbrock was astounded, and somewhat annoyed. “Who the devil, Sir——” he began.—But the Irishman had already glided by him and disappeared.

Damn his eyes! muttered Braunbrock, what does he mean by staring at me in that unearthly manner? ‘You shall leave her where she is,’ forsooth! Curse the fellow! does he dare to dictate to me? Who can he be?—The next time I see him, here, in England, in France, or in Italy, hang me if I don’t tear that old cloak from his shoulders, and see whether he wears a tail or not! A tail—ha! ha! Well—if I *were* a believer in humbug I should say that there is something supernatural about the man—though I own to deprecate the idea. It would be rather too bad, faith, to have the devil and the police at one’s heels together: I couldn’t stand that. Hey-day! here I am, at the house of my darling. Now for a scene! I will sound the girl’s feelings for me, and act accordingly.

Livonia Millenger, a pretty brunette, with the finest eyes and teeth in all the world, was reclining, while her admirer was indulging in this mental soliloquy, on a handsome ottoman, and talking to her confidante, Maud, upon that one subject nearest (if we except, perhaps, the passion for Power) to the hearts of all women—Love.

"I am afraid, Maud," she said, "you are a little of a visionary. Ah! you don't know the world like me. You are a child, Maud, an infant, a babe. Men never love in the way you speak; they have not the soul."

"Well, I am sure, I don't know," said the attendant damsel, "but I do think Rudolf unlike anybody else; if any one can love sincerely, it is he; there is no deceit, Livonia, in such blue eyes as his—in such a smile—such an angelic look. And oh! if you could see him sometimes when he fancies no one is noticing him—how he gazes on you, and sighs, and then looks away from you again—and then——"

"Ay—looks away from me again, Maud—that is just it! I would rather he would not, though! Ah! Maud, I guess his thoughts better than you, and I can tell you——"

A loud knocking at the door interrupted the conversation.

"O, Heavens!" cried Livonia, "that is Braunbrock's knock—I know it—if Rudolf should come, as he says he will, while he is here, what shall I do?"

"Have no fear," said Maud. "We'll manage matters." And down she tripped to open the door.

I must burn this note, said Livonia, snatching up a rose-coloured *billet* from the table; but she lingered to take a last glance at the characters that Love had traced upon its surface; and, bounding up the stairs quicklier than was his wont, Braunbrock entered the room. Livonia flung the little missive into the fire.

"Do you destroy all your *billets-doux* in that way?" demanded he.

"No; only about nine-tenths of them," she answered; "the rest I use in papering my hair. Still I

think the flames the most appropriate fate for them all: words that burn, you know, are quite at home in the fire—don't you agree with me?"

"You speak, Livonia, just as if that had been a real *billet-doux*."

"A real? And do you think, then, that I am not good enough, or beautiful enough, to receive such a thing? You horrid monster!" And she stretched out her lips to Braunbrock to be kissed, but with an air of negligence and *insouciance* that would have convinced any man less blinded by love than the infatuated cashier that in so doing she considered herself merely going through a ceremony which the nature of the *liaison* between them rendered in some sort unavoidable, but which she would have willingly evaded, if circumstances had allowed her.

"I have taken a box this evening in the Crescent," said he; "we had better dine at once, to be in time; the entertainments will begin early. You will be greatly delighted."

"I?"

"Yes; you will come with me, of course; will you not?"

"O, no, no! not I," said Livonia, "I should be sick and tired to death. Take Maud with you; I'll stay at home here by my fire-side."

"Nonsense, Livonia, you must come. What should hinder you?"

"I have a head-ache."

"The theatre will cure it; you will laugh it away."

"I should be *ennuyée* to excess of you, you beast," said Livonia, laughing, "even if my head-ache were gone."

"Bear with me this evening," said Braunbrock,

also laughing, though in a different spirit, "for I shall not be here longer to kill you with either *ennui* or extasy. I am going away from you, Livonia, going to another land. I shall not return for a considerable time. But no matter; while I am absent, you know, you are mistress of this house, these gardens, every thing here in short. Will you keep your heart for me till I come back, Livonia?"

"No, nor my little finger, nor the least paring of the little nail on it," said Livonia, with a playful emphasis. "But when will you be back?"

"Aha!—is it so?" said Braunbrock. "When do I come back, indeed? Is that your cold question, Livonia?—Well, well, love, it is said, cannot be hidden—but neither, say I, can the want of love! So, you do not think of following me?"

"Why, you vain creature," said Livonia, "what right have you to exact or expect such a sacrifice on my part? Is Beauty to harness herself to the car of Ugliness? Must Youth be subservient to the caprices of Age? O, go to! I am ashamed of you: you are a monster, like every one of your sex; an ingrate, a wretch, a huge heap of animated selfishness. I have no patience with you. But I'll tell you how I'll punish you; I'll give you no dinner and turn you out of my house; that's the way I'll serve you."

"Come, come, Livonia; this is all folly. You intend to accompany me, of course?"

"To the theatre?"

"Bah! to England."

"To England!—what! and leave my troops of lovers behind me?"

"You have no lovers but me, now, surely, Livonia—and you love no one but me?"

"No one but you!" exclaimed Livonia. "Oh, positively now I shall expire"—and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "You my lover! Why, you brute, you are half a century old, if you are a day! And, you abominable-looking barbarian, you are as ugly as an Indian idol! Then you are so frightfully made—and you have such a wheezing when the asthma takes you, that is, about fifteen times a day. O, you detestable wretch, how I hate you! Do you know, I think I shall hire somebody to assassinate you some night!"

"I wish you would drop this tone of badinage, Livonia, I am not in a mood for joking. Consider: I am bidding farewell to my Fatherland for ever."

"Oh, then, you have a balloon in readiness, I presume, waiting for floating orders," said the lively girl.

"Balloon! what do you mean?"

"Are you not going to England to-night?"

"I leave Vienna to-night for England, most certainly," said Braunbrock; "and I expect you to come with me, Livonia. I expect so much from your attachment. Really and seriously, Livonia, I am going," he added, seeing a smile of incredulity on her lips.

"Then, really and seriously, you are a greater fool than I took you to be," said she. "You may go, but I shall stay. I wish you a pleasant voyage, but I would rather abandon life itself almost than my dear, darling, delightful, native town, W***."

"But Livonia, my dear girl—hear me: I do not mean to stop in England; I shall proceed to France and thence into Italy."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Livonia. "From Germany to England, from England to France, and from France to Italy! Really the Wandering Jew may begin to

tremble for his reputation: he has a dangerous rival in the Herr Johann Klaus Braunbrock."

"I see it is idle to talk to you," said the gentleman, pettishly, and stretching himself on a sofa. "But you will come with me to the Crescent, at least—that pleasure you will not deny me?"

"Well, my poor calf, if you are really leaving us, I will consent to oblige you so far. But see, your cravat is quite loose: let me fasten it for you." So saying she approached him, and stooping over him began to arrange the folds of his neck-kerchief. "And at what hour do you leave me?" she asked, tenderly.

"At twelve, dearest," he answered, playing with her hair.

"See, now, thus I tie a gentleman's cravat," she said, executing with her delicate hands a movement the enamoured quadragenarian had by no manner of means anticipated.

"Oh, oh! Livonia!—Death and fury, you will strangle me, woman!" and by a vigorous bound forward he disengaged his neck from her grasp. In the meantime Livonia had made a sign to Maud to approach, and while the astonished lover, half inclined to laugh, and half to scold, was recovering himself she whispered—

"Tell Rudolf, if you see him, not to venture hither until one o'clock."

The maid-servant announced dinner.

"Very good," said Braunbrock, "we will dine together, and then you will dress and accompany me."

At about seven accordingly they drove off to the Crescent, and entered a box near the stage. The entertainments consisted of three pieces. As soon as the second piece was over, Braunbrock apologised to Livonia

for leaving her for a few minutes, and went out to converse with some friends whom he had observed going round to the saloon from an opposite box. He had scarcely advanced half a dozen steps, however, when he felt himself touched upon the shoulder. Turning nervously around, he saw before him for the third time the figure of the Man in the Cloak, who in a moment stepped before him and intercepted his passage onward.

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked Braunbrock.

"I mean to smoke," replied the Irishman, as he drew a long pipe, already ignited, from beneath the folds of his cloak.

"Come, come, Sir," cried Braunbrock, "I don't understand this buffonery. Let me pass, or take the consequences!"

A number of persons had already assembled around them, to watch the issue of this singular rencontre.

"So serious a matter as forgery, I fancy, has unfitted you for relishing buffoonery," said the Irishman, aloud, and in the hearing of all.

"Forgery!" exclaimed Braunbrock, turning three colours, white, blue and yellow. "Who dares— But such language can only be resented in one way, when a gentleman has to deal with a ruffian!" So saying, he aimed a furious blow with his clenched fist at the Irishman, who received it with exemplary science and imperturbability precisely upon the bowl of his pipe, from which it did not elicit a single sparkle.

The lookers on were seized with amaze: and no wonder. "Come," said the Man in the Cloak, proffering his pipe to one by-stander, who mechanically took it, "come, Herr Braunbrock, this is child's play on both sides; you and I must know each other better.

Give me your arm and we will walk and talk a little. Make way, gentlemen, if you please;" and seizing the arm of the bewildered cashier, who was now almost passive in his grasp, he dragged rather than led him to a remote and silent part of the saloon, where they might converse without hazard of *espionage* or interruption.

"Poor handful of dust!" he here exclaimed—"did *you* think to resist *ME*? As well might you attempt to pluck the planets from their spheres. Know that on this vile ball of earth all that man can dream of in the shape of Power is mine. I wield, or if I chose, could wield, all the engines of governments and systems. I read every heart; I see into the future; I know the past. I am here; and yet I may be elsewhere, for I am independent of time and place and distance. My eye pierces the thickest walls; my hands can dive into exhaustless treasures. At my nod proudest palaces crumble. I can overspread the waste with flowers, or blast in a moment the loveliest landscape that eye delights to revel in. Poor, degraded, imbecile being, how can you cope with me? Can you bend this iron arm? Are you able to quench the torch-light of this all-scrutinising eye? Dare you hope to humanise a heart of granite? Go to, helpless, blind, weak worm that you are! Delude not yourself. You are my slave. Though oceans should roll above your corpse, you are my bond slave. Though you should hide yourself from the eyes of men and angels in the central caverns of the earth, you are still mine, and I can trample you to impalpable powder! Neither by might nor guile can you escape me, for I am—be wide awake and listen to me—I am——"

"You are—Who?" demanded the confounded

cashier.

"I am," replied the Irishman—and bending his head, he suffered his lips to approach within an inch of Braunbrock's ear—"I am—the *Man in the Cloak*!"

"Strange and mysterious being!" exclaimed Braunbrock, whose superstition was awakened, though his religion still slumbered—"and what would you with me?—you who represent yourself so powerful as to need nothing at the hands of others."

"You rightly guess," said the Man in the Cloak, "that, after all, I require your help—yes, even yours. I am all-powerful in every respect but one: I cannot conquer my own destiny. To achieve such a conquest, I require the assistance of another—a reckless and desperate man—and I have pitched on you as the aptest instrument I could find. Will you give me the aid I ask?"

"What is it?" asked Braunbrock.

"You shall know soon. Meantime let us return to our box—and I shall show you *your* destiny. Mark it well! for unless you evade it by *one mode*,—and there is no other open for you—you must undergo all its torture! You came to see a sight—ha! ha! so you shall. Come, now, and present me to the girl Livonia Millenger as one of your best friends."

Braunbrock returned to his box, accompanied by the Man in the Cloak, whom he introduced to Livonia, as a particular friend of his, but without mentioning any name, simply because he had heard none. Livonia looked at the stranger, and then testified in a whisper to Braunbrock, her astonishment at the glare of the stranger's eyes; but made no other remark. With respect to the Man in the Cloak himself, he retired to a back-seat in the box, and resumed his pipe, of which

he had managed to repossess himself as he walked along with Braunbrock.

"How rude your friend is!" whispered Livonia. "Smoking such a long pipe in a box at the theatre!"

"He is a foreigner," returned Braunbrock; "and it may be the custom in his country to smoke very long pipes in the boxes of theatres."

"When we are at Rome we should do as Rome does," observed Livonia. But at that instant the curtain rose, and the closing vaudeville of the evening's entertainments began. Expectation was high, for the popular player, Twigger, was to enact four parts, as a Jew pedlar, a French dancing-master, a German student, and an English alderman, in this piece.

The cashier, however, had scarcely cast his eyes upon the boards before he uttered a half-stifled shriek of terror. Could he credit his senses? A private room, into which he had been more than once introduced, in the house of the Willibalds, was represented on the stage; and in this room Herr Willibald the elder himself was discovered in close conference with the Minister of Police upon the flight of Braunbrock and the robbery and forgery he had committed! There was a good deal of very animated discussion, which terminated in the drawing up of informations deposing to all the facts, and which were to be forthwith transmitted to the official authorities.

"After all," said Willibald, "the infernal rascal may give us the slip. Are you certain he is at the Crescent?"

"Positive," answered the Minister of Police; "and escape is quite impossible: I have planted guards at every avenue."

Braunbrock trembled from head to foot; he rose up.

"I—I must leave this, Livonia," said he stammering—"Business——" He turned round and was about to make his exit from the box when the Man in the Cloak tapped him on the shoulder with his pipe. "Just stay where you are," said he, "and note what passes before you. Would you rush into the lion's mouth?"

The effect experienced by Braunbrock from the touch of the Irishman's pipe was similar to that resulting from a sudden attack of nightmare, or a blow from the tail of a torpedo. He felt paralysed; his limbs refused to sustain him; he tried to raise his arms; they sank powerless by his side. He looked imploringly at the Man in the Cloak and his regards were met by a glance of fire and a volume of smoke, which savoured considerably of a sulphury origin.

"What have I done?" he asked, faintly. "Say at once what you would have of me—and cease to torture me."

The Man in the Cloak took the pipe from his mouth and pointed towards the stage. "Look and learn or you are lost!" said he. Braunbrock, who felt as if under the influence of a spell, trembled more than before, but he obeyed the Irishman.

The scene changed to the interior of Livonia's house. Maud was conversing by the fireside in her mistress's room with a sergeant-major of cavalry in a Bavarian regiment, then in garrison at W***.

"So, Braunbrock is going," said the military man. "I am very glad of that; I shall have a clear stage, and, I hope, a great deal of favour. I love Livonia too well to suffer her to sacrifice herself to the whims of that sneaking old robber. I shall espouse her myself."

"Sneaking old robber!" muttered Braunbrock, as he heard this. "The scoundrel!—I could blow his

brains out!"

The play went on; the conversation between the sergeant-major and Maud was continued. By-and-by a knocking was heard at the door.

"I vow they are come!" cried Maud. "Here, Rudolf, hide yourself in this closet: I thought to have got you out of the house before they returned—but no matter—Braunbrock will not stop many minutes. There, keep quiet as a mouse!"

Braunbrock saw the young officer thrust into the closet, and immediately afterwards beheld *himself* enter the room, accompanied by Livonia. Here, after partaking of refreshments, the double of the unfortunate cashier bade farewell to his mistress, who hung about his neck in apparent fondness and sorrow, but kept all the while silently laughing over his shoulder in the face of Maud, who grinned back her approbation, and, pointing to the closet, intimated to her mistress by signs that Rudolf was there.

"Vile girl!" cried Braunbrock, looking at her who sat by his side—"have I then at last discovered your dissimulation—your treachery!" But his exclamations were lost in the plauditory shouts and irrestrainable laughter of the audience, who were during all this time deriving the most exquisite, if not the most intellectual pleasure, from the happy manner in which Twigger, as a gouty old English alderman, was devouring an entire haunch of venison, at the rate of about half a pound a mouthful,—and swilling from time to time—O, hear it, ye fashionable British novelists and blush for the continental reputation of your aldermanic countrymen—*porter!*—and out of a *tin gallon can!*

"O, I shall expire!" cried the real Livonia, in a convulsion of laughter. "Was there ever such a de-

lightful man!" Then looking at Braunbrock, and round at the Irishman—she exclaimed, while the tears of mirth filled her eyes, "How *can* you forbear from laughing? Why you are both as gloomy as night-owls in the midst of all this merriment. What ails you?"

"Do you want ME to laugh, lady?" demanded the Man in the Cloak, solemnly, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Livonia; "that is really better than Twigger. Do you only laugh, then by particular request?"

"I have never laughed in all my life," said the Man in the Cloak, with increased solemnity. "But if you desire it, I will exert myself to laugh now."

"Nay, nay," said Livonia, "I have no wish to balk your grave humour. But you," turning to Braunbrock—"what witchery has come over you? You sit as pallid and wordless as if you were turned into stone."

"Silence, girl!" cried Braunbrock; "you will speedily enough learn the reason of my pallor and wordlessness!"

"O, as you please," said Livonia, carelessly.

Once more the scene was changed to the eye of Braunbrock. A public Strass in W*** was dimly lighted by half-extinguished lamps. The watchmen were drowsily crying "Two o'clock" from their turrets. A post-chaise rolled along the street and stopped before a house which Braunbrock recognised as that of an Englishman in whose name, the better to preclude suspicion, he had really designed to hire such a conveyance. Braunbrock watched the result with intense anxiety. "How, then?" said he to himself; "have I made good my escape from the theatre? In that case there is yet a chance for me; I may escape; who is to

prevent me?" The carriage drove on: the scene changed to the barrier of the city: still the post-chaise was visible and alone: Braunbrock's heart beat high with hope—alas! even then all was over. Troops of horse and foot police immediately dashed forward and surrounded the carriage. Resistance was useless. Braunbrock saw his double taken prisoner and strongly fettered on the spot. A cry of terror and despair broke from him.

"Hush!" said the Man in the Cloak. "The end is yet to come. Mark it well!"

There were now but two remaining scenes for Braunbrock. The first was the trial scene in the assize-court, which terminated in his condemnation to twenty years of hard labour in a stone fortress at G***. The second was the fortress itself, in which, after being branded on the arm and breast by the common executioner, he saw himself loaded with irons, in the midst of sixty other criminals, and driven along into a wide and drear court-yard—the place of labour and punishment—under the *surveillance* of an overseer, who carried a knotted knout in his hand for the instruction and advantage of the lazy or the refractory.

The curtain fell amid universal applause, and the audience rose to depart. Livonia took her mantle from the box-keeper, who assisted her in putting it on. As for Braunbrock, who still sat in the one position, with his eye glaring upon the fallen curtain, like a man petrified.

"Come," said the Man in the Cloak, "all is over. Do you hear, Herr Braunbrock? *All is over.*"

"Eternal Heavens! what am I to do?" cried Braunbrock, starting up. "O, let me but escape from this accursed place, and I am safe—let me breathe the fresh

air in the open street!"

"Escape is impossible," said the Irishman in a low tone, "except on one condition. I would speak ten words with you: step aside." He then added, turning to Livonia. "Mein Fraulein, Herr Braunbrock and I will join you in the saloon."

"Be quick, then," said Livonia; and she tripped along the passage.

"What you have seen you remember," said the Man in the Cloak to Braunbrock. "Flight—detection—trial—conviction—despair—ignominy—irons—mill-horse drudgery—black bread, and neither snuff nor coffee!—such is the prospect that awaits you. No human power can rescue you."

"Why? How?" cried the agitated betrayer of trust.

"Why?" said the Man in the Cloak, seizing the arm of Braunbrock. "Dunce! Because the adamant hand that grasps you thus will not relinquish its grasp until you are delivered up to justice. Is that German or not?"

"Cursed be the day that I was born!" exclaimed Braunbrock, in a paroxysm of despair. "Yet—" he cried, suddenly recollecting himself—"yet, you spoke, or my memory deceives me, but just now of a condition by which I might be saved. Is there any such, or do you but mock me?"

"There is ONE," said the Man in the Cloak, after a pause.

"Name it—name it—my brain is burning—I will consent to anything," cried Braunbrock.

"Will you really?" asked the Man in the Cloak. "Will you consent to——" and inclining his head, he whispered a few words in the ear of Braunbrock.

"Could you consent to that compact?" he asked, aloud.

"Such a compact is not possible," said Braunbrock. "We live in the second quarter of the nineteenth century."

"Believe it to be possible," said the Man in the Cloak. "At any rate you had better give your consent. The century will ask you no questions."

"And will my consent ensure the possession of all you have whispered to me?"

"Of all, and more than all that."

"So be it then, I freely consent."

"Enough: you are at liberty. I will restore the sum of which you have plundered Willibald: the forgery you can yourself restore. Then your conscience will be satisfied. There exists no longer any necessity that you should have recourse to dishonest stratagem; henceforth a word, a wish, makes you as rich as you please. Come, let us forth."

They rejoined Livonia, and proceeded towards the door. "I shall now take your place," said the Man in the Cloak to Braunbrock. "These dogs of justice must be baffled, and I shall show them a trick worth a dozen of the best they have seen yet. Help Livonia into the carriage and take care of her."

"There he is—there is your man: seize him!" cried the voice of a police-officer to three of his myrmidons, who at the words instantly rushed forward and captured the Man in the Cloak.

"Gentlemen," said the latter, "I make no resistance, but I submit to you very respectfully that you are somewhat precipitate. I have committed, it is true, a robbery and a forgery—two very serious infractions of the social compact; but any man who has studied the philosophy of life with liberal views and a mind

emancipated from prejudices will acknowledge that circumstances may, in some degree, be allowed to plead for me and extenuate my guilt. When I perpetrated those crimes I was under the soporific influence of bad tobacco. Gentlemen, bad tobacco is an instigator to insanity. This pipe, gentlemen—this long and melancholy-looking pipe——”

“Gammon!” cried the police-officers. “Come off with us, old cock; we stand no nonsense.” And in a minute more, the Man in the Cloak, his hands and feet having been first secured by cords, was thrust into a coach and left to his meditations as it rattled over the streets towards the office of police.

At length the vehicle, having reached its destination, stopped, and the door was opened by one officer, while three others stood ready in the midst of links and flambeaux to help the prisoner out and bear him into the guard-room.

“Come, old twaddler, which are your legs?” asked the officer. “What the deuce!” he continued, as he now looked in: “what do I see? Surely this is not our prisoner.” He put his hand into the carriage. “Why, grill me alive,” he exclaimed, at the top of his voice, “if you haven’t made prisoner of a bag of feathers!”

“A bag of devils! What are you talking of? You must be drunk, Schnapps,” said the nearest, advancing closer and looking in. “I cannot well see him: hold up the light, here, Gripper, I say!” The light was held up; the policeman looked in; but he had no sooner obtained a glimpse of his prisoner than he, too, started back in dismay.

“A sack of chaff, as I am a living idiot!” he exclaimed.

“What is all this delay for,” bellowed a rotund

and spectacled sergeant, coming out of the office.

"Why don't you take out your prisoner?"

"There is none to take out," said Gripper, sullenly.

"What, scoundrels! have you suffered him to escape!"

"No," said Schnapps, "he is inside, but he has changed himself into a bundle of hay. I thought he had a wizard look."

"I will have every mother's son of you reported to-morrow morning for this," said the sergeant. "Smash my spectacles if this thing ain't always occurring! Take out this moment whatever you have got crammed into the carriage."

The prisoner was accordingly released from duress. He proved to be a mere man of straw, with very thick legs of about ten inches in length, and a hollow pumpkin, stuffed with old rags, for a head!

"Was there ever any thing so disgraceful?" exclaimed the sergeant, as he examined this singular figure through his spectacles, and forgetting in his wrath, his previous assertion of the perpetual occurrence of similar disappointments. "Upon whom the blame of the rescue may fall I know not, but it will be no wonder, if, after a circumstance of this kind, our police should sink in the estimation of Europe, Australia, and the two Americas!"

And the story went out that Braunbrock, after being captured, had been rescued, nobody knew how, and that his rescuers had supplied his place with a man of straw. This was not exactly the fact; but it is not our business to know how far the rumour differed from the reality. After a lapse of eleven years, history can offer little but vague conjectures in solution of similar enigmas.

In the meanwhile our hero and Livonia drove homeward. They had scarcely entered the house when they were again rejoined by the Man in the Cloak: he took Braunbrock aside and whispered in his ear a notification to the effect that the paction between them must be forthwith completed. "Lead the way, therefore," said he, "into a dark room. The talisman does not bear the light."

"May I not bring a candle?" asked Braunbrock.

"Upon no account: there is no occasion," answered the Man in the Cloak, and in fact his eyes, as they proceeded along, were as good as a gas-lamp, though rather more lurid.

"What mischief are they about, I wonder?" asked Maud of Livonia, following them with her looks. "I don't half like that fire-eyed stranger in the cloak." She then drew nearer to her mistress, and placing the forefinger of her left hand on her lips, while she glanced stealthily around, she pointed with the right to the closet in which the young cavalry-officer was immured.

"Rudolf?" interrogated Livonia, softly.

"Yes, he has been here an hour," answered Maud, in an equally subdued tone.

"Shall I speak to him?" asked Livonia. "I think I may venture. Stand at the door and see whether those brutes are coming in again."

Maud went to the door and listened. In a moment afterwards she returned. "I am afraid I have heard their footsteps," said she. "Yes, yes, here they are."

The door of the room was now pushed open violently, and Braunbrock entered alone. There was a wild and foreign expression in his features. He did not look the same man that he had been two minutes

before. His swarthy complexion had given place to a ghastly paleness. His eyes had that wandering brilliancy by which a physiognomist at once detects the poet or the madman among ten thousand. Even his bearing was altered; he carried himself haughtily and sternly, and trod the floor with a step that seemed to disdain the earth.

"What, in the name of Heaven, has happened you?" inquired Livonia, looking at him in wonder, not wholly unblended with terror.

"Better ask me in the name of Hell than Heaven," said he; and his voice was deep and thrilling.

"What *have* you been doing? What has passed between that frightful man and you, and where is he?"

"Where is he?" echoed Braunbrock. "He is gone—*home*. I have taken his place. I am now *the Man in the Cloak*,—in other words, I am henceforth a being of mystery—none must see me as I really am."

"What nonsense! But really, what have you been doing to yourself? You are so changed I hardly know you. Bless me! surely you were never a dabbler in sorcery?"

"Woman! Wheedling devil! be silent! It is for *me* to speak to *you*. I know all—*all*, I tell you! You have deceived, duped, betrayed, swindled me! Therefore I cast you off. Livonia, scorn, or at best, indifference, is the only sentiment I can entertain for you henceforth. And I am justified. I trusted you; you imposed upon me. Do I speak the truth?"

"I never pretended to be able to love you," said Livonia; "and I think you might have spared me the hard words you have just uttered, if you had a spark of generosity in your bosom."

"You think so? Poor girl!" sneered Braunbrock.

"How you are to be compassionated! Such innocence as yours in such a corrupt world is at once admirable and saddening! When a lover visits you, of course you know nothing of his intrusions; he might clasp you round the waist, and you would not feel the pressure of his arm; he might step into your closet before your face, and when he had closed the door you would be ready to take heaven and earth to witness that there was nobody there. Oh, you are too guileless altogether for society or for your own happiness, purest of maidens!"

While Braunbrock spoke thus, Livonia's color shifted from pale to red, from red to pale, and from pale to red again. She felt that her secret was discovered, that all was known, that the *liaison* between herself and Braunbrock was terminated. For this last consummation she did not care much—but, though fallen as regarded virtue, she was still sensitive to the opinion of society, and she dreaded the *esclandre* which was likely to result from an exposure of the double part she had for some time been playing with her lover and her protector. Afraid to speak to or look upon Braunbrock, she cast her eyes downwards, and awaited in silence the conclusion to which it might please him to bring this unhappy interview.

Nor had she to wait long. Braunbrock, almost as soon as he had ceased speaking walked to the end of the room and kicked open the closet-door. "Talking of closets," said he, "one may as well take a survey of the contents of this.—Ah!" he continued, "well, it is odd how people will stumble upon the truth by accident. Rudolf Steiglitz, I protest!—the length and breadth of as neat a gallows-bird as ever sang small before a large multitude! Come forth, my good fellow,

and let me see whether you stand as stout upon your pins as you did last Thursday in the Hall at the Liongate."

Livonia, trembling from head to feet and white as ashes, flung herself into a *fauteuil*, while her lover, with an air in which mortification, pride, shame, and anger were mingled, obeyed the bidding of Braunbrock.

"I am ready to give you satisfaction," said he, "when and where you please. You are an old soldier."

"And you are a young jackass," retorted Braunbrock. "You will give me satisfaction when I see the carrion-crows feeding on your carcase. Why should I take the trouble of blowing out your brains? I see a purple circle round your neck already; the gallows are groaning for you. You are the especial property of the hangman; I have no right and no desire to poach on his manor."

"I despise your vulgar vituperation, Sir, I am a man of honor."

"So they all say and swear at the Liongate, among the Devilmaycares, those new conspirators against government, who have just been *déterrés* and will be thrown into prison neck and heels, all of them, before to-morrow's sun has set."

The young man grew paler as he listened, and Livonia, clasping her hands, exclaimed in anguish, "O Rudolf, Rudolf!"

"It is too true for a German ballad," pursued Braunbrock. "The Minister of Police is on the alert. The Attorney-general has already got hold of all your names, and the gaoler in a short time will get hold of all your bodies. The crown-lawyer, Kellenhoffer, is at this moment busy drawing up the indictment that is to accuse your entire gang."

"And you, monster, you have betrayed Rudolf!" cried Livonia, gathering courage and energy from her despair; and she rose, and rushing towards her lover, clasped him round the neck with passionate fondness, bursting into tears as she did so, and sobbing aloud.

"You know me too well to believe what you assert," said Braunbrock, with great and laudable *sang-froid*. "I was ignorant of the facts myself an hour ago. Since then, however, I have undergone a singular change, as you have perceived, and now I see every thing, I know every thing, I can do every thing."

"Oh, then," cried Livonia, casting herself at his feet,—“if you have the power you say, if you can do every thing, save, save *him*! Save him, and I will love you; I will adore you; I will be the slave of your wildest caprices! I will traverse the world at your bidding;—if it be possible I will plunge myself into the depths of hell for your sake. Only let not him perish, so young, so good, so noble as he is!” and her passionate tears almost blinded her.

"Maud," said Braunbrock, coldly, "toddle into the next room, like a decent wench, and bring me out the pipe you will find on the table."

Maud obeyed, and Braunbrock began to smoke. The pipe was that which had belonged to the Irishman. After a few inhalations and exhalations he replied coldly:

"It is in vain, Livonia; you make yourself ridiculous merely; every man must fulfil his destiny; and that of this young gentleman is to embellish the gallows one of these days. Perhaps I could save him—perhaps not; no matter; he dies; and there is an end of discussion on the subject."

"Cruel! cruel!" cried Livonia, rising and wringing

her hands. "But, cold-hearted fiend! you shall not triumph! Go, Rudolf, while there is yet time. Make your escape." She attempted to open the door as she spoke, but Braunbrock stepped before her and pushed her back with a jerk into the middle of the room.

"I am master in my own house, I suppose," said he, "and doors are to be opened or closed as *I* please."

"Coward and villain!" cried Rudolf, drawing his sword. "You shall answer on the spot for your monstrous inhumanity. Draw this moment: it were but an act of justice to rid the earth of such a miscreant. Draw, I say!"

Maud shrieked, and Livonia, grasping her lover's arm, exclaimed in terror, "O, no, Rudolf, no!" He gently but determinedly disengaged his arm.

"But don't you perceive, Don Bombastes, are you ass enough not to see," said Braunbrock, coolly, addressing Rudolf, "that your chance of being able to rid the earth of me is rather better while I am unarmed thus than it will be if you give me the privilege of using cold iron against you? Your own windpipe even might happen to be slit by some ugly mistake instead of mine."

"I am no assassin, sir!" exclaimed Rudolf; "and I again call on you to draw. Draw this instant, I say!"

"You would have better success in calling on me for a song; though we *are* in a *drawing-room*," said Braunbrock, "I have never learned to draw, though singing and dancing are very much in my way,—favorite amusements of mine. But this farce must end,—and now to treat you to a sample of dexterity unparalleled—observe!" He struck up as he spoke. the sword of the young officer with his pipe. The effect

was instantaneous; Rudolf's arm fell relaxed and nerveless by his side, and the weapon dropped on the carpet. Braunbrock took it up again and returning it to the officer, commanded him to replace it in the sheath, a command which the astounded young man obeyed with the look and action of one who doubts whether he is awake or dreaming.

"Livonia!" cried Braunbrock, turning to the girl, who had witnessed this exercise of superhuman power with no less astonishment than her lover, "Livonia, you must leave this house." He rang the bell, and ordered a carriage to be called. "Go where you please," he pursued, "but as I do not wish to return you personally evil for evil, here is money for you—more than you have a right to expect;" and he took from his pocket a parcel of bank notes to the amount of sixty thousand crowns, and laid them down before her.

"May my right arm wither from my shoulder," replied Livonia, "when it touches a single shilling of your money! Come, Rudolf, we will leave this house together, and, in spite of the prediction you have heard, I am certain there is no fear and no peril for us. Come; I feel myself choking in this room. Come, Maud."

"Don't mention choking to him," said Braunbrock drily: "the subject is a ticklish one. Well, I am sorry you refuse to pocket the cash, for nothing can be done in this world without it. But the carriage has stopped at the door: shall I light you down the stairs?"

A look of mingled scorn, fear and hatred was the only reply which either party vouchsafed him, as they left the room and descended to the street. In another moment the sound of the carriage wheels in motion over the pavement reached his ears.

He was now alone. He resumed his pipe and continued smoking all night long.

Yes, he was henceforth alone. And he felt that he was alone. And a presentiment mastered him even then that he should be alone through all the revolving cycles of eternity. The first use to which he was determined to put the tremendous power he had acquired by his talisman was to gratify all the tastes and animal longings of his being, hitherto in a great degree circumscribed in their indulgence by the limitedness of his means. Accordingly, changing his name, a precaution scarcely necessary, as the singular alteration in his features and person had rendered him almost unrecognizable by his former friends, he purchased a magnificent villa, furnished it in the costliest manner, stocked its cellars with the rarest wines, and spared no expense to procure every luxury that art could devise or gold purchase. He plunged into dissipation with a zest and avidity that for a time enchained all his faculties and left no room for reflection. But after a while the novelty of pleasure faded, and his dreadful situation became revealed to him in all its terrors. In the midst of his banquettings and revellings he saw inscribed as it were upon all things the same fearful handwriting that startled Belshazzar upon the wall of his palace, and told him that the days of his power were numbered; he felt that every succeeding hour robbed him of a portion of his soul; and anticipations of the Future perpetually haunted him, terrible as those gigantic and indefinable images of horror which rise before the ulcerated conscience in dreams, and from which the sleeper would gladly plunge even into the unexplored abysses of Death itself. The enormous nature of his power only made him acquainted with the essential

desolation of heart which flows from being alone in the universe and unsympathised with by others. The relations that had existed between his finer faculties and the external world gradually suffered an awful and indescribable change. Like his predecessor, he could in an instant transport himself into the blooming valleys of the East, or the swarthy deserts of Africa; the treasures of the earth were his, and the ocean bared her deeps, teeming with gold and lustrous jewels, before him. But the transitions and vicissitudes by which mortals are taught to appreciate pain and pleasure, and the current of life is guaranteed from stagnating, were lost to him. His tastes were palled; his passions sated. Wine ceased to excite him and woman to charm. He had exhausted all pleasures; he had fathomed every depth of voluptuousness; he had denied himself no gratification; and the eternal and uniform result, grafted by necessity on nature, followed: he became incapable of further enjoyment. He was like to a rocky beach, strewn with wrecks and redolent of barrenness, when the full and gushing spring-tide of the morning has rolled back from it to the ocean. It was then that, for the first time in his life, a question he remembered having met with somewhere in his boyhood recurred to him in its full force: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' He gave to this question a more figurative interpretation than it usually receives, but on that very account, perhaps, its applicability to himself came home the stronger to his bosom. *His* soul, he felt, was lost, even while yet he lived and breathed and moved among men: between him and the Power that governs the universe in love and wisdom there was hostility; and the further his mind sought to dive

into the recesses of eternity, the denser became the blackness of that darkness to which he felt himself compelled to look forward as at once his refuge and his torment. His state, in fine, was wretched beyond the power of language to shadow forth. Could such a state be endured always? Could it be endured always even upon earth? No: all the resources of human nature, aided even by infernal agency, are insufficient to battle against the mighty agony of that despair which the prospect of an eternity of woe, incessantly before the mind's eye, must of necessity generate. Before the lapse of seven years, all the energies of Braunbrock—let us still call him by that name—were devoted night and day to the task of discovering a victim—a substitute—even as the Man in the Cloak had discovered *him*. Month after month he prosecuted his search wherever he thought it likely to be successful. He traversed Spain, Italy, Holland, England, and France. Crossing the Mediterranean he passed as a pilgrim through Asia from east to west. Borne on the broad waters of the Atlantic he visited America. But the day of his enfranchisement was not yet to be, and he at last returned to his native land. And there he remained, alone among men, groaning under the intolerable burden of his gifted and terrible nature, and a perpetual prey to a despair that already communicated to him a foretaste of that proper demoniacal existence upon the horrors of which he felt that he must soon and finally enter.

One night, at length, in the zenith of his wretchedness, he slumbered for a few moments, and in his slumber he had a dream: he dreamed that he stood in the aisle of the Church of St. Sulpice at Paris, and that he saw a figure in a cloak resembling that of the Irish-

man, leaning against a pillar, but that his face was that of a corpse. He awoke before he could approach the dead man. Next day he transported himself to Paris, and repaired to the church of St. Sulpice. A number of priests were singing the office for a departed soul around a bier. Braunbrock, seeing an ecclesiastic in the chancel alone, approached, and requested to be informed of the name of the deceased.

"His name was *Melmoth*," replied the priest. "Unless I am greatly deceived, too, that name should also be yours. There is a marked resemblance in feature between you both. Perhaps you were his brother?"

"No," said Braunbrock. "But, the name—did you say it was Melmoth?"

"Yes."

"An Irishman?"

"The same."

"Who always wore a cloak?"

"Precisely."

"And whose eyes were of a blasting brightness?"

"Right."

"And *his* name was Melmoth? I thought Melmoth had been long since in his grave—had been damned these ten years."

"So the story went," said the priest; "but it was false: Melmoth the Wanderer died within the precincts of this church only last week; and his soul, I trust, if not already in heaven, is on its way thither. He made indeed a pious and penitent end. His crimes, it is true, were great, but his repentance has cancelled them all. I am not at liberty to speak of his confession, whatever it was, either horrible or otherwise, but of his prayers I will say that I never listened to any more humble

and fervent. The finger of God was visible in the conversion of such a man. He has left all his wealth, which is considerable, to the poor. He would have bestowed a portion upon this church, but after mature deliberation my reverend brethren decided upon rejecting, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, any donation for themselves or the altar on this occasion. Stranger! though not his brother you are probably related to him; the resemblance between you and him, especially in the eyes, strikes me at this moment even more than when you spoke first. Kneel down with me here and we will offer up a short prayer for the repose of his soul."

"No," said Braunbrock. "I cannot: I have never knelt or prayed since I was sixteen years of age."

"Unfortunate man!" said the priest, surveying him with compassion. "Is it true? Yet kneel now, at least."

"I will try, since you wish," said Braunbrock. And he knelt.

The priest then offered up an audible prayer for the soul of the deceased. Braunbrock remained silent. "And that it may please thee, O Lord," added the priest, "to soften the hard heart of the living, and make of it a heart of flesh!"

Still Braunbrock was silent.

"Will you not join in the prayer?" asked the priest,

"I cannot," said Braunbrock. Yet when he cast his eyes around, and they were met by the Gothic windows, and tall pillars, and solemn altars veiled in black, of the sacred edifice he was in, and when the chorsing chant of the priests fell upon his ear, he could not help on the instant mentally exclaiming, "Yes, all this must have had its origin in a Some-

thing!" But Conscience and his heart, ashamed of the word, went further, and demanded, "Miserable atom! dost thus call the Author of all Existence a *Something*?"

"Invoke the assistance of God, unhappy man!" said the priest.

"Impossible," answered Braunbrock.

"Can you not call upon God for mercy?"

"I do not know what to say," replied the German.

"Repeat after me, and with as much sincerity and unction as you can command, 'O, God, be merciful to me, a sinner!'"

And Braunbrock repeated the words, *O, God, be merciful to me a sinner!*

"It is enough," said the priest. "Rise!"

Braunbrock rose up.

"Go now in peace," said the priest; "but return hither, and be here again on this day week, a changed man—a man who need no longer shroud himself *in a cloak*."

The sequel of our tale may be easily divined by the penetrating. Religion and Hope from that hour found their way slowly into the heart of Braunbrock. Still he was not able to disembarass himself of the fatal gift that had been bestowed on him. But an invisible agency was at length operating in his behalf.

One evening he happened to be passing the Bourse. Five days from the period of his interview with the priest in St Sulpice had gone by, and the consciousness that the talisman still clung to him oppressed him more heavily than ever. "Oh," he exclaimed aloud, as the dusk of a chill Autumn evening descended over the city, "can I then find none—none to deliver me? Is there in this world of cupidity not one wretch to be met with, who, at such a price, will accept of inex-

haustible riches and boundless power?"

"Who talks of bestowing inexhaustible riches?" said a man with a hawk's eye and a hooked nose, who at the moment came out of the Bourse. "Is it you, *mon ami*?"

"Yes," answered Braunbrock, eagerly, as he glanced at the physiognomy of the stranger, and began to hope that he had found his man at last.

"Why, you are not such a fool?" said the other.

"If I were?" demanded Braunbrock.

"*En ce cas*," said the hook-nosed Parisian, "I would just trouble you for five hundred thousand francs. I am a ruined man, to be candid with you, unless I can obtain that sum by to-morrow."

"You shall have millions," answered Braunbrock—on one condition."

"Ah!—a condition!" said the Hawk-eyed.

"A mere trifle."

"Its nature?"

"You must sell—"

"My pictures?"

"Pish!"

"My houses?"

"Psha!"

"My wife?"

"Bah!"

"What then?"

"Your ****," said Braunbrock, with a solemnity of tone he did not intend, but which he could not avoid.

"Is that all?" said the Parisian. "Done. It is a bargain. But how do you propose getting at my ****?"

"That is *my* affair," said Braunbrock. "Here is

my card. Will you meet me in an hour hence at the hotel named here."

"I shall be punctual. *Au revoir.*"

At seven o'clock, accordingly, the Parisian, whose name was Malaventure, arrived; and the awful terms of the mutual contract were ratified on both sides. Malaventure obtained possession of the talisman which had acquired and secured for Braunbrock his tremendous prerogatives, and Braunbrock was restored to his ancient identity, which for so many years he had forfeited.

"And what will become of you now?" demanded Malaventure. "Have you any resource independent of cutting your throat and going to the devil?"

"I shall go to-morrow to the Church of St. Sulpice, to make my first and last confession to a priest," said Braunbrock. "The hand of death is upon me. I feel that I shall die, but I shall die in peace with God."

Church,—priest,—God! muttered the Frenchman to himself. *Pauvre imbécile!* He really believes he has a soul to be saved! And, shrugging his shoulders, he left the hotel.

Early the next morning Braunbrock repaired to St. Sulpice. It was precisely the date that the priest had signified for his return. He made his confession and was reconciled with the Church. As he had predicted, he died in a few days afterwards. His last moments were characterised by a penitence as sincere as that of Melmoth himself had been previously; and he was buried side by side with the Irishman.

Here, reader, our narrative ends. Though not, we hope, over pharisaical ourselves, we may be excused for wishing to keep ourselves aloof from such gentry as Malaventure, and any or all of those through whose

hands the talisman he has purchased may hereafter pass. Besides, if we must acknowledge all the truth, we are somewhat in the dark with respect to the subsequent history and adventures of the said talisman. We have heard, indeed, that the atheist, growing frightened after he had paid his debts, disposed of it to a bankrupt notary; that the notary transferred it to a ruined speculator in the funds; that from the speculator it passed into the hands of a briefless lawyer; and that this latter made it over to a stockbroker's clerk, whom he had accidentally heard saying that for one hundred louis he would blow up the king of the barricades, the pope, and the whole college of cardinals with gunpowder. But whether these reports correspond with the actual truth we cannot take it upon ourselves to decide. We can only say, for certain, that all the accounts that have reached us concur in representing the stockbroker's clerk as the latest possessor of the diabolical charm in question. This young man is described by all who knew him as of a wild and impetuous but generous character. He was unfortunate in his love, and lost large sums in play. One evening he left his lodgings, telling his landlady that he should return before midnight. He never returned more. The next day his body was taken up from the Seine, and deposited in the Morgue. Whether his death was self-inflicted or the result of accident was never ascertained. Of the talisman nothing was ever heard of afterwards: in all probability it slipped from his pocket as he fell into the river, and at this moment lies embedded in the mud of the Seine.

As the following authentic document, in reference to the young man last-mentioned may gratify some of our

readers, we have cut it out from the *Belgian Courier* newspaper and sent it to our printers as an addendum to our story.

Brussels, July 27th, 1835.—Our Parisian correspondent transmits us the following singular narrative :

Yesterday, about two o'clock, the hottest hour in the day, the whole city of Paris was thrown into a state of commotion by seeing a stranger in a German dread-nought wrap-rascal with a fur collar, admirably adapted for the climate of Siberia, passing down the rue St. Honoré. The stranger seemed totally unconscious that there was anything in his appearance to call for observation until the hootings of the boys and girls who gathered in crowds about him convinced him to the contrary. When informed of the cause of the hullabaloo, he with great good nature and politeness disencumbered himself of the offending garment and delivered it into the hands of a by-stander to keep for him while he went into the house of M. Villeroi, the stockbroker, to transact some business there. I was curious to see more of the man, and I followed him.

On stepping in he looked about him, and in accents that at once told me he was from Germany, inquired whether a young man of the name of Valdenoir had not formerly done business in that office. The reply was in the affirmative, and that he had been drowned.

"Ah!—drowned,—yes," said the stranger:—"well, he is now in the planet Jupiter."

"In the planet Jupiter?" cried the head clerk, opening his eyes.

"But whether he is happy or not is the mystery," pursued the German, who I soon found out was an astrologer—"for Mercury was in the seventh house on the night he was drowned—and that is ambiguous.

Borrowing a light from the old mythology, too, we should say that Jupiter was the chief of the gods—but then, saith Holy Writ, the gods of the heathens are devils—and Jupiter is thus but an arch-demon. I have a book here in my pocket—Jacob Boehmen—which—” and he fumbled in five pockets successively for the book, which at length he was so fortunate as to find.

“Is the man mad?” asked one of another.

“In the forty-eighth proposition of the book called *The Threefold Life of Man*, we find it laid down—” began the German.

“Who is the writer of that quaint-titled volume, sir?” demanded one of the secretaries, a flippant *litterateur*, who translated German poetry and wrote German stories for the magazines, and therefore deemed himself entitled to assume the critic on the present occasion.

“Jacob Bøhmen,” said the astrologer.

“Bemmen?—Von Bemmen, the Hague banker?”

“No, no, sir; this illustrious man was a shoemaker.”

“Pooh,—*un cordonnier*!—Made shoes for—what country was he of?”

“Prussia, sir, had the honor of his birth.”

“Made pumps for old Freddy?”*

“Monsieur?”

“Made shoes for the royal family?”

“I hope not,” said the German: “for not one of them was worthy to unloose the lachets of *his*.”

“Permit me to look—to review for a moment—I am a—judge—”

The book accordingly was handed across the counter by the German.

“This is a very poor writer, Doctor—leaves out his

*Frederick the Great.

hyphens—I see a semicolon in the very second sentence of the preface where there should be a full stop.”

“Sir,” said the German gravely, “he was one of the profoundest of philosophers.”

“What did he know of La Charte?”* demanded the second clerk, twirling his moustache at the German.

“Or of Taglioni?”* said the third.

“Could he grin a hole through a frying-pan?” asked an understrapper, whose salary had not yet enabled him to ascend for amusement from the tavern to the theatre.

“How was he off for soap?”† inquired an errand-boy.

A series of similar questions recommenced with the head-clerk, and again terminated with the errand-boy. I confess I could not help laughing. As for the astrologer, he looked the very picture of stupefaction and bewilderment. He put his book up into his pocket. “*Mein Gott*,” said he, as he made his way out of the office, “*was ist denn das? Sind das Menschen—oder vielleicht Troglodyten?*” Shortly afterwards he turned down an adjoining street, and I lost sight of him.—Your’s, *Mon cher Courier Belge*.

* Celebrated dancers.

† Mr. P. J. McCall informs me that this was a cant phrase in Dublin at this time.—D. J. O'D.

THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT.

(From the Irish).

ON a certain day a fair and a gathering were held at Bineadar, by the seven ordinary and seven extraordinary battalions of the Fenians of Erin. In the course of the day, on casting a look over the broad expanse of the sea, they beheld a large, smooth-sided, and proud-looking ship ploughing the waves from the east, and approaching them under full sail. When the capacious vessel touched the shore and lowered her sails, the Fenians of Erin counted upon seeing a host of men disembark from her; and great was their surprise when one warrior, and no more, came out of the ship and landed on the beach. He was a hero of the largest make of body, the strongest of champions, and the finest of the human race; and in this wise was the kingly warrior equipped: an impenetrable helmet of polished steel encased his ample and beautiful head; a deep-furrowed, thick-backed, sharp-edged sword hung at his left side; and a purple-bossed shield was slung over his shoulder. Such were his chief accoutrements; and armed in this fashion and manner did the stranger come into the presence of Finn MacCumhaill and the Fenians of Erin.

It was then that Finn, the King of the Fenians, addressed the heroic champion, and questioned him, saying, "From what quarter of the globe hast thou come unto us, O goodly youth? or from which of the noble or ignoble races of the universe art thou sprung? Who are thou?"

"I am," answered the stranger, "Ironbones, the

son of the King of Thessaly; and so far as I have travelled on this globe, since the day that I left my own land, I have laid every country, peninsula, and island, under contribution to my sword and my arm: this I have done even to the present hour; and my desire is to obtain the crown and tribute of this country in like manner: for if I obtain them not, I purpose to bring slaughter of men and deficiency of heroes and youthful warriors on the seven ordinary and seven extraordinary battalions of the Fenian host. Such, O king, is the object of my visit to this country, and such is my design in landing here."

Hereupon uprose Conan the Bald, and said, "Of a truth my friend, it seems to me that you have come upon a foolish enterprise, and that to the end of your life, and the close of your days, you will not be able to accomplish your purpose; because from the beginning of ages until now, no man ever heard of a hero, or ever saw a champion coming with any such mighty design to Ireland, who did not find his match in that same country."

But Ironbones replied: "I make but very little account of your speech, Conan," said he: "for if all the Fenian heroes who have died within the last seven years were now in the world, and were joined by those who are now living, I would visit all of them with the sorrow of death and show all of them the shortness of life in one day; nevertheless I will make your warriors a more peaceable proposal. I challenge you then, O warriors, to find me a man among you who can vanquish me in running, in fighting, or in wrestling; if you can do this, I shall give you no further trouble, but return to my own country without loitering here any longer."

"And pray," inquired Finn, "which of those three manly exercises that you have named will it please you to select for the first trial of prowess?"

To this Ironbones answered, "If you can find for me any one champion of your number who can run faster than I can, I will give you no further annoyance, but depart at once to my own country."

"It so happens," said Finn, "that our Man of Swiftmess, Caoilte Mac Ronan, is not here at present to try his powers of running with you; and as he is not, it were better, O hero, that you should sojourn here a season with the Fenians, that you and they may mutually make and appreciate each other's acquaintance by means of conversation and amusement, as is our wont. In the meanwhile I will repair to Tara of the Kings in quest of Caoilte Mac Ronan; and if I have not the good fortune to find him there, I shall certainly meet with him at Ceis-Corann of the Fenii, from whence I shall without delay bring him hither to meet you."

To this Ironbones agreed, saying that he was well satisfied with what Finn proposed; and thereupon Finn proceeded on his way towards Tara of the Kings, in search of Caoilte. Now, it fell out that as he journeyed along he missed his way, so that he came to a dense, wide, and gloomy wood, divided in the midst by a broad and miry road or pathway. Before he had advanced more than a very little distance on this road, he perceived coming directly towards him an ugly, detestable-looking giant, who wore a grey, frieze coat, the skirts of which reached down to the calves of his legs, and were bespattered with yellow mud to the depth of a hero's hand; so that every step he made, the lower part of that coat struck with such violence

against his leg as to produce a sound that could be distinctly heard a full mile of ground off. Each of the two legs that sustained the unwieldy carcass of this horrible hideous monster was like the mast of a great ship, and each of the two shoes that were under his shapeless, horny, long-nailed hoofs, resembled a roomy long-sided boat; and every time that he lifted his foot, and at every step that he walked, he splashed up from each shoe a good barrellful of mire and water on the lower part of his body. Finn gazed in amazement at the colossal man, for he had never before seen anyone so big and bulky; yet he would have passed onward and continued his route, but the giant stopped and accosted him, and Finn was under the necessity of stopping also, and exchanging a few words with the giant.

The giant began in this manner: "What, ho! Finn Mac Cumhaill," said he, "what desire for travelling is this that has seized on you, and how far do you mean to go upon this journey?"

"Oh," said Finn, "as to that, my trouble and anxiety are so great that I cannot describe them to you now, and indeed small is the use," added he, "it would be to me to attempt doing so; and I think it would be better for you to let me go on my way without asking any more questions of me."

But the giant was not so easily put off. "O Finn," said he, "you may keep your secret if you like, but all the loss and the misfortune attending your silence will be your own; and when you think well upon that, maybe you would not boggle any longer about disclosing to me the nature of your errand."

So Finn, seeing the huge size of the giant, and thinking it advisable not to provoke him, began to tell

him all that had taken place among the Fenians of Erin so short a time before. "You must know," said he, "that at the meridian hour of this very day the great Ironbones, the son of the King of Thessaly, landed at the harbour of Bineadar, with the view of taking the crown and sovereignty of Ireland into his own hands; and if he does not obtain them with the free and goodwill of the Irish, he threatens to distribute death and destruction impartially among the young and old of our heroes; howbeit he has challenged us to find a man able to surpass him in running, fighting, or wrestling, and if we can find such a man, then he agrees to forego his pretensions, and to return to his own country without giving us further trouble; and that," said Finn, "is the history that I have for you."

"And how do you intend to oppose the royal warrior?" asked the giant; "I know him well, and I know he has the vigour in his hand and the strength in his arm to carry every threat he makes into effect."

"Why, then," said Finn, in answer to this, "I intend to go to Tara of the Kings for Caoilte Mac Ronan, and if I do not find him there, I will go to look for him at Ceis-Corann of the Fenii; and it is he," said he, "whom I mean to bring with me for the purpose of vanquishing this hero in running."

"Alas"! said the giant, "weak is your dependence and feeble your champion for propping and preserving the monarchy of Ireland; and if Caoilte Mac Ronan be your *Tree of Defiance*, you are already a man without a country."

"It is I, then," said Finn, "who am sorry you should say so; and what to do in this extremity I cannot tell."

"I will show you," replied the gigantic man: "just

do you say nothing at all but accept of me as the opponent of this champion; and it may happen that I shall be able to get you out of your difficulty."

"O," said Finn, "for the matter of that it is my own notion that you have enough to do if you can carry your big coat and drag your shoes with you one half mile of ground in a day, without trying to rival such a hero as Ironbones in valour or agility."

"You may have what notions you like," returned the giant, "but I tell you that if I am not able to give battle to this fighting hero, there never has been and there is not now a man in Ireland able to cope with him. But never mind, Finn Mac Cumhaill, let not your spirits be cast down, for I will take it on myself to deliver you from the danger that presses on you."

"What is your name?" demanded Finn.

"Bodach-an-Chota-Lachtna (the Churl with the Grey Coat) is my name," the giant answered.

"Well, then," said Finn, "you will do well to come along with me."

So Finn turned back, and the Bodach went with him; but we have no account of their travels till they reached Bineadar. There, when the Fenians beheld the Bodach attired in such a fashion and trim, they were all very much surprised, for they had never before seen the like of him; and they were greatly overjoyed that he should make his appearance among them at such a critical moment.

As for Ironbones, he came before Finn, and asked him if he had got the man who was to contend with him in running. Finn made answer that he had, and that he was present among them; and thereupon he pointed out the Bodach to him. But as soon as Ironbones saw the Bodach, he was seized with astonishment,

and his courage was damped at the sight of the gigantic proportions of the mighty man, but he pretended to be only very indignant, and exclaimed, "What! do you expect me to demean myself by engaging in a contest with such an ugly, greasy, hateful-looking Bodach as that? It is myself that will do no such thing!" said he; and he stepped back and would not go near the Bodach.

When the Bodach saw and heard this, he burst into a loud, hoarse, thunderous laugh, and said, "Come, Ironbones, this will not do; I am not the sort of person you affect to think me; and it is you that shall have proof of my assertion before to-morrow evening; so now, let me know," said he, "what is to be the length of the course you propose to run over, for over the same course it is my intention to run along with you; and if I do not succeed in running that distance with you, it is a fair conclusion that you win the race, and in like-manner if I do succeed in outstripping you, then it stands to reason that you lose the race."

"There is sense and rationality in your language," replied Ironbones, for he saw that he must submit, "and I agree to what you say, but it is my wish not to have the course shorter or longer than three-score miles."

"Well," said the Bodach, "that will answer me, too, for it is just three-score miles from Mount Loocra in Munster or Bineadar; and it will be a pleasant run for the pair of us; but if you find that I am not able to finish it before you, of course the victory is yours."

Ironbones replied that he would not contradict so evident a proposition, whereupon the Bodach resumed: "What it is proper for you to do now," said he, "is to come along with me southward to Mount Loocra

this evening, in order that we may make ourselves acquainted with the ground we are to go over-to-morrow on our return; and we can stop for the night on the Mount, so that we may be able to start with the break of day." To this also Ironbones acceded, saying it was a judicious speech, and that he had nothing to object to it.

Upon this the two competitors commenced their journey, and little was the delay they made until they arrived at Mount Loocra in Munster. As soon as they had got thither, the Bodach again addressed Ironbones, and told him that he thought their best plan would be to build a hut in the adjoining wood, that so they might be protected from the inclemency of the night: "for it seems to me, O son of the King of Thessaly," said he, "that if we do not, we are likely to have a hard couch and cold quarters on this exposed hill."

To this Ironbones made reply as thus: "You may do so, if you please, O Bodach of the Big Coat, but as for me, I am Ironbones, and care not for dainty lodging; and I am mightily disinclined to give myself the trouble of building a house hereabouts only to sleep in it one night and never see it again; howbeit, if you are desirous of employing your hands there is nobody to cross you; you may build, and I shall stay here until you have finished."

"Very good," said the Bodach, "and build I will; but I shall take good care that a certain person who refuses to assist me shall have no share in my sleeping-room, should I succeed in making it as comfortable as I hope to do;" and with this he betook himself into the wood, and began cutting down and shaping pieces of timber with the greatest expedition, never ceasing until he had got together six pair of stakes and as many

of rafters, which with a sufficient quantity of brush-wood and green rushes for thatch, he carried, bound in one load, to a convenient spot, and there set them up at once in regular order; and this part of his work being finished, he again entered the wood, and carried from thence a good load of dry green sticks, which he kindled into a fire that reached from the back of the hut to the door.

While the fire was blazing merrily he left the hut, and again addressing his companion, said to him: "O son of the King of Thessaly, called by men Ironbones, are you provided with provisions for the night, and have you eatables and drinkables to keep you from hunger and thirst?"

"No, I have not," said Ironbones, proudly; "it is myself that used never to be without people to provide victuals for me when I wanted them," said he.

"Well, but," said the Bodach, "you have not your people near you now, and so the best thing you can do is to come and hunt with me in the wood, and my hand to you, we shall soon have enough of victuals for both of us."

"I never practised pedestrian hunting," said Ironbones; "and with the like of you I never hunted at all; and I don't think I shall begin now," said he, in a very dignified sort of way.

"Then I must try my luck by myself," said the Bodach; and off again he bounded into the wood, and after he had gone a little way he roused a herd of wild swine and pursued them into the recesses of the wood, and there succeeded in separating from the rest the biggest and fattest hog in the herd, which he soon ran down and carried to his hut, where he slaughtered it, and cut it into two halves, one of which he placed

at each side of the fire on a self-moving holly-spit. He then darted out once more, and stopped not until he reached the mansion of the Baron of Inchiquin, which was thirty miles distant, from whence he carried off a table and a chair, two barrels of wine, and all the bread fit for eating he could lay his hands on, all of which he brought to Mount Loocra in one load. When he again entered his hut, he found his hog entirely roasted and in nice order for mastication; so he laid half the meat and bread on the table, and sitting down, disposed of them with wonderful celerity, drinking at the same time precisely one barrel of the wine, and no more, for he reserved the other, as well as the rest of the solids, for his breakfast in the morning. Having thus finished his supper, he shook a large bundle of green rushes over the floor, and laying himself down, soon fell into a comfortable sleep, which lasted until the rising of the sun next morning.

As soon as the morning was come, Ironbones, who had got neither food nor sleep the whole night, came down from the mountain's side and awoke the Bodach, telling him that it was time to commence their contest. The Bodach raised his head, rubbed his eyes, and replied, "I have another hour to sleep yet, and when I get up I have to eat half a hog and drink a barrel of wine; but as you seem to be in a hurry, you have my consent to proceed on your way before me; and you may be sure I will follow you." So saying, he laid his head down and fell again a-snoring; and upon seeing this, Ironbones began the race by himself, but he moved along heavily and dispiritedly, for he began to have great dread and many misgivings, by reason of the indifference with which the Bodach appeared to regard the issue of the contest.

When the Bodach had slept his fill he got up, washed his hands and face, and having placed his bread and meat on the table, he proceeded to devour them with great expedition, and then washed them down with his barrel of wine; after which he collected together all the bones of the hog and put them into a pocket in the skirt of his coat. Then setting out on his race in company with a pure and cool breeze of wind, he trotted on and on, nor did he ever halt on his rapid course until he had overtaken Ironbones, who, with a dejected air and drooping head, was wending his way before him. The Bodach threw down the bare bones of the hog in his path, and told him he was quite welcome to them, and that if he could find any pickings on them he might eat them, "for," said he, "you must surely be hungry by this time, and myself can wait until you finish your breakfast."

But Ironbones got into a great passion on hearing this, and he cried, "You ugly Bodach with the Big Coat, you greasy, lubberly, uncouth tub of a man, I would see you hanged, so I would, before you should catch me picking such dirty common bones as these—hogs' bones, that have no meat on them at all, and have moreover been gnawed by your own long, ugly, boarish tusks."

"O, very well," replied the Bodach, "then we will not have any more words about them for bones; but let me recommend to you to adopt some more rapid mode of locomotion, if you desire to gain the crown, sovereignty, and tributes of the kingdom of Ireland this turn, for if you go on at your present rate, it is second best that you will be after coming off, I'm thinking." And having so spoken, off he darted as swift as a swallow, or a roebuck, or a blast of wind

rushing down a mountain declivity on a March day, Ironbones in the meantime being about as much able to keep pace with him as he was to scale the firmament; nor did he check his own speed until he had proceeded thirty miles on the course. He then stopped for a while to eat of the blackberries which grew in great abundance on the way, and while he was thus employed, Ironbones came up with him and spoke to him. "Bodach," said he, "ten miles behind us I saw one skirt of your grey coat, and ten miles farther back again I saw another skirt; and it is my persuasion, and I am clearly of the opinion that you ought to return for those two skirts without more to do, and pick them up."

"Is it the skirts of this big coat that I have on me, you mean?" asked the Bodach, looking down at his legs.

"Why, to be sure it is them I mean," answered Ironbones.

"Well," said the Bodach, "I certainly must get my coat skirts again; and so I will run back for them if you consent to stop here eating blackberries until I return."

"What nonsense you talk!" cried Ironbones. "I tell you I am decidedly resolved not to loiter on the race; and my fixed determination is not to eat any blackberries."

"Then move on before me," said the Bodach, upon which Ironbones pushed onward, while the Bodach retraced his steps to the different spots where the skirts of his coat were lying, and having found them and tacked them to the body of the coat, he resumed his route and again overtook Ironbones, whom he thus addressed: "It is needful and necessary that I should

acquaint you of one thing, O Ironbones, and that is, that you must run at a faster rate than you have hitherto used, and keep pace with me on the rest of the course, or else there is much likelihood and considerable probability that the victory will go against you, because I will not again have to go back either for my coat-skirts or anything else;" and having given his companion this warning, he set off once more in his usual manner, nor did he stop until he reached the side of a hill, within ten miles of Bineadar, where he again fell a-plucking blackberries, and ate an extraordinary number of them. When he could eat no more, his jaws being tired and his stomach stuffed, he took off his great coat, and handling his needle and thread, he sewed it into the form of a capacious sack, which he filled with blackberries; this he slung over his shoulders, and then off he scampered for Bineadar, greatly refreshed, and with the speed of a young buck.

In the meantime Finn and his troops were awaiting in great doubt and dread the result of the race, though without knowing who the Bodach was, they had a certain degree of confidence in him; and there was a champion of the Fenians on the top of the Hill of Howth, who had been sent thither by Finn, and had been there from an early hour of the morning to see which of the competitors would make his appearance first in view. When this man saw the Bodach coming over the nearest eminence, with his heavy burden on his back, he thought that to a certainty it was Ironbones whom he beheld, and fled back quite terrified to Finn and the troops, telling them Ironbones was coming up, carrying the Bodach dead over his shoulders. This news at first depressed Finn and the

troops; but Finn by-and-bye exclaimed: "I will give a suit of armour and arms to the man who brings me better news than that!" whereupon one of the heroes went forth, and he had not proceeded far when he espied the Bodach advancing towards the outposts of the troops, and knowing him at a glance, he flew back to Finn and announced to him the glad tidings.

Finn thereupon went joyfully out to meet the Bodach, who speedily came up and threw down his burden, crying out aloud, "I have good and famous news for all of you; but," added he, "my hunger is great, and my desire for food pressing; and I cannot tell you what has occurred until I have eaten a very large quantity of oatmeal and blackberries. Now, as for the latter, that is, the blackberries, I have got them myself in this big sack, but the oatmeal I expect to be provided for me by you; and I hope that you will lose no time in getting it, and laying it before me, for I am weak for the want of nutriment, and my corporeal powers are beginning to be exhausted." Upon hearing this Finn replied that his request should be at once attended to, and in a little space of time, accordingly, there was spread before the Bodach a cloth of great length and breadth, with a vast heap of oatmeal in the middle of it, into which the Bodach emptied out all the blackberries in his bag; and having stirred the entire mass about for some time with a long pole, he commenced eating and swallowing with much vigour and determination.

He had not been long occupied in this way before he descried Ironbones coming towards the troops with his hand on the hilt of his sword, his eyes flaming like red coals in his head, and ready to commence slaughtering all before him because he had been vanquished

in the contest. But he was not fated to put his designs into execution, for when the Bodach saw what wickedness he had in his mind, he took up a handful of the oatmeal and blackberries, and dashing it towards Ironbones with an unerring aim, it struck him so violently on the face that it sent his head spinning through the air half a mile from his body, which fell to the ground and there remained writhing in all the agonies of its recent separation, until the Bodach had concluded his meal. The Bodach then rose up and went in quest of the head, which after a little searching about he found; and casting it from his hands with an unerring aim, he sent it bowling along the ground all the half-mile back again, until coming to the body it stopped and fastened itself on as well as ever, the only difference being that the face was now turned completely round to the back of the neck, while the back of the head was in front.

The Bodach having accomplished this feat much to his satisfaction, now grasped Ironbones firmly by the middle, threw him to the ground, tied him hand and foot so that he could not stir, and addressed him in these words: "O Ironbones, justice has overtaken you: the sentence your own vain mind had passed on others is about to be pronounced against yourself; and all the liberty that I feel disposed to leave you is the liberty of choosing what kind of death you think it most agreeable to die of. What a silly notion you did get into your noddle, surely, when you fancied that you, single-handed, could make yourself master of the crown, sovereignty, and tributes of Ireland, even though there had been nobody to thwart your arrogant designs but myself! But take comfort and be consoled, for it shall never be said of the Fenians of Ireland that

they took mortal vengeance on a single foe without any warriors to back him; and if you be a person to whom life is a desirable possession, I am willing to allow you to live, on conditions that you will solemnly swear by the sun and moon that you will send the chief tributes of Thessaly every year to Finn Mac Cumhaill here in Ireland."

With many wry faces did Ironbones at length agree to take this oath; upon which the Bodach loosed his shackles and gave him liberty to stand up; then, having conducted him towards the sea-shore, he made him go into the ship, to which, after turning its prow from the shore, he administered a kick in the stern, which sent it seven miles over the waters at once. And such was the manner in which Ironbones executed his vain-glorious project, and in this way it was that he was sent off from the shores of Ireland, without victory, honour, or glory, and deprived of the power of ever again boasting himself to be the first man on the earth in battle or combat.

But on the return of the Bodach to the troops, the sun and the wind lighted up one side of his face and his head in such a way that Finn and the Fenians at once recognised him as Manannan Mac Lir, the Tutelary Fairy of Cruachan, who had come to afford them his assistance in their exigency. They welcomed him accordingly with all the honour that was due to him, and feasted him sumptuously for a year and a day. And these are the adventures of the Bodach an Chota-Lachtna.

CHAPTERS ON GHOSTCRAFT:

COMPRISING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND
REVELATIONS OF MADAME HAUFFE, THE CELE-
BRATED WIRTEMBERG GHOST-SEERESS.*

CHAPTER I.

TRIUMPH OF SUPERNATURALISM.

BENEATH, spectacted reader, thou hast the *tituli*, by no means *clari et venerabiles*, but contrariwise mystical and modern, of a few of those world-renowned works which may be said to constitute the classics of German Supernaturalism. Thou art already aware that the all-important question of Ghosts or No-ghosts is one which has been severely agitated in Germany; but peradventure mayest not know that the Pro-ghostial

* I. *Die Seherin von Prevorst, &c.*—The Ghost-seeress of Prevorst: a Narrative: comprising Disclosures with respect to the Inner Life of Man, and the intimate workings of a Ghostworld on our Globe. By Justinus Kerner, M.D., Chief Official Physician at Weinsberg, Wirtemberg. Third Edition. Stuttgart: 1838.

II. *Eine Erscheinung, &c.*—Phenomenical Facts from the Night-realms of Nature: Attested by numerous and competent witnesses. By Dr. Justinus Kerner. Stuttgart: 1838.

III. *Geschichte Besessener neuerer Zeit, &c.*—A History of the Demoniical Possessions of Modern Times: By Dr. Justinus Kerner: To which is appended A Critical Analysis of the Laws of Diabolico-magnetic Existence. By C. A. Eschenmayer, Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Tübingen. Carlsruhe; 1835.

IV. *Geschichte, &c.*—History of the Soul. By Professor G. H. Schubert. Stuttgart: 1834.

V. *Altes und Neues, &c.*—Ancient and Modern Knowledge in reference to the Inner Life: A Series of Periodical Papers. By Professor Schubert. Leipzig: 1824-1833.

VI. *Neue Theorie, &c.*—New Theory of Ghost-appearances and the Ghostworld. By the Right Hon. Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling, Late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Heidelberg, and Aulic Counsellor to the Archduke of Baden. Stuttgart: 1836.

VII. *Der Dichter ein Seher, &c.*—Every Poet a Prophet: a Treatise on the Essential Connection subsisting between the Poetic Spirit and the faculty of Magnetic Lucid Vision. By A. Steinbeck. Leipzig: 1835.

VIII. *Blätter aus Prevorst, &c.*—The Prevorst Portfolio; A Series of Papers on the Inner Life, by various eminent literary and scientific men. Edited by Dr. Justinus Kerner. Carlsruhe; 1831-1839.

IX. *Blätter für höhere Wahrheit, &c.*—Journal for diffusing a knowledge of the loftier Truths of Supernaturalism. Edited by J. F. Von Meyer, M.D. and Burgo-master. Frankfort-on-the-Maine; 1819-1840.

X. *Hades, &c.*—Hades: An Essay on the Existence after Death, especially with reference to the Middle State of Souls. By Dr. J. F. Von Meyer. Frankfort: 1832.

party are to be considered as having already conquered. Be it our agreeable duty, then, to state so much to thee, and to assure thee that, humanly speaking, it is the Bank of Vienna to a sixpenny song-book that in another decade of years the Credulist—we say the *Credulist*—clique will not be left a leg to stand on. Heed not, if it be thy misfortune to hear them, those gabblers who, because, forsooth, a scantling of this clique (some dozenth of the integer, or whole number) are men of a certain scientific celebrity, would augur great things therefor. The Powers of Science have been weighed in the balance against the Powers of Hades, and are found woefully wanting: the Spirit of the Age, also, stands convicted of utter insignificance by a comparison with that formidable array of “black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,” which, issuing forth in this mysterious nineteenth century from their dim subterranean crypts and caverns, and thronging Saxony this way and that, do almost appear to realise the Vision of Locusts beheld by St. John when the Angel opened the Infernal Gates,—“and the air was darkened with the smoke of the pit.” No, four-eyed friend, the Anti-ghostialists are fallen: the fine principle of retributive justice is at work among them; and forasmuch as they have wilfully turned away from their doors every other description of ghost, therefore there abides no more with any of them even the ghost of a chance of victory. The eclipse of generations is passing from the fair face of Truth, and men open their eyes to the light; they are again standing on the ancient ways, again turning into the old ghost-haunted paths trodden by their forefathers. Yea, and were the bosoms of those who still seek to oppose the movement accessible to one feeling of natural shame, they would

now go forth and, like the Ninevites at the preaching of Jonah, do public penance in sackcloth and ashes, to find that after a century and a half of bitterest battle on their part, armed as they were with all the weapons which the magazines of Materialism could furnish (including of course the pickaxes of Geology), it is to this complexion that the face of things has come at length, and that too in the most intellectual country in Europe.

CHAPTER II.

INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE CREDULISTS.

THOU mayest remark, spectacted reader, that the above-named works are exclusively on the rational side of the question. If it gladden thee to observe this, we can acquaint thee, for thy further delectation, that the only publications on the opposite side have been some newspaper and literary-gazette critiques, and a few rubbishy pamphlets and twaddlesome duodecimos; which latter, moreover, though still on the booksellers' shelves, are daily looking trunk-shopwards with undeniable steadfastness. Indeed, the great body of the Credulist lucubrators are mere sixth-rate Grubstreeters of Leipsic and Stuttgart; persons of whom few think any thing but the very smallest beer brewable. And we are of opinion, that, in stooping to notice the drivel of these poor people at all, Kerner and Eschenmayer have been wanting in the respect due to their own doctorial and professional dignity; have also rather perhaps retarded the final triumph of the good cause. These mistakes are impolitic; should not occur; never answer. Truth gains nothing by descending from her lofty niche in the Great Universal Temple to hold a

wrangle in some common market-place with basket-wenchers and wheel-barrow-drivers.

CHAPTER III.

CREED OF THE CREDULISTS.

NEVERTHELESS, as a markworthy illustration of the lengths to which human credulity *can* go, it may not be amiss for us here in Dublin (where Credulism is in full blast) to state what the anti-ghostial creed of the Credulists is; especially as we shall thus, furthermore, vindicate ourself from the imputation (if peradventure such be cast at us) of having wrongfully disparaged absent adversaries. Thus, then, the Credulists believe: That all ghost-appearances are explicable on one of the following principles, to wit, First: the principle that thoroughly-honest men are knaves, and men of largest intelligence idiots;* Secondly: the principle of Subjectivity, *i. e.* creation by and out of one's-self†; and, Thirdly: the principle of *Ansteckungs-empfindlichkeit*, *i. e.* susceptibility of contagious influences; ‡ (this latter principle being resorted to in order

* "How is it possible that men of extensive scientific knowledge and unquestionable integrity can lend themselves to such delusions?" *Query of an occasional Stutgard Grubstreater.*

† The validity of which principle, however, the Incredulists admit in some cases, as, for instance, in those of Blake, the English painter, and Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller. According to Eschenmayer and others, it may also happen that from some anomalous peculiarity in the constitution or condition of the brain and ganglions a person may at one time see *subjectively*, at another time *objectively*; and perhaps it is not an unwarrantable conclusion that the visions of Cheneau, Swedenborg, Bohm, Brothers, and many other seers, should be viewed in special reference to this extraordinary self-antithetical state of the intellectual and sensational economy.

‡ Thus: V sees, on a sudden, the ghost of W in the room; and, while he gazes on it in silence, X, Y, and Z, being in the same room, also see the said ghost and describe its dress and features to V. Now, W and V were intimate friends, but X, Y, and Z, though on a footing of acquaintanceship with V, never saw W in their lives; so that here, apparently, is a pro-ghostial clencher of the first rigor. But the whole illusion admits of an easy credulistico-incredible explanation: some casual association primarily suggested to V's mind a vivid image of his deceased friend; and the minds of X, Y, and Z being at the moment under the influence of a strong "magnetic sympathy" with V's, the same image was of course presented to them also: *voilà tout*. *A priori* one could have hardly dreamt of the possibility of an appeal to the phenomena of animal magnetism in illustration of an anti-ghostial theory. But, alas! it is in accord-

to meet the difficulty presented by the stubborn fact that many persons often see the same ghost). Upon all which trash we shall merely observe: that, silly as it is *per se*, still sillier doth it show by the side of the philosophical Incredulism of a Schubert, a Gorres, and a Von Meyer,—men who, having seen and heard, will in no wise believe that they have not seen and have not heard; cannot by any manner of means be bamboozled into the belief that their own senses are not somewhat faithfuller conductors of intelligence than their opponents' nonsenses. Of a verity we were but right in asserting that Kerner should never have stooped to an argument with the Credulists. Such helpless ones are not to be argued with; are rather to be *taught*; gags being placed in their mouths beforehand to dissuade them from gabbling. And we know but of One Teacher for them, even him whose lessons no man (at least out of Germany) careth ever to divulge, for his advent is always in an hour when (to quote Kerner himself) "the mask of the Natural and Ideal falls off, the Brain-life ceases, the Inner Sense awakes up, and the individual for the first time envisages *Himself* in his unfurnished and shivering nakedness."

CHAPTER IV.

USELESSNESS OF REASONING ON SUPERNATURALISM.

THE case, then, standing so: the Credulists having all along gone on believing that there are no ghosts, the Incredulists having refused to believe any such hum-

ance with the nature of some men to *unconsciously* make of the very "waters of life a savour unto death:" to such men the chariot wherein Elias ascended to heaven would appear a veritable diving bell, constructed for the purpose of enabling man to sink himself at leisure into the nethermost mire-abysses of brute-existence.

bug;—the Credulists having called in the aid of speculation and hypothesis in favour of their credulism,* the Incredulists having met such speculation and hypothesis by scores of supernatural facts, so well attested as to leave no shadow of excuse for credulity;—Credulism having been accordingly compelled to confess itself virtually vanquished, and Incredulism having thereupon spread, and still spreading, like wildfire, through Saxony:—the case being so, it is tolerably obvious, O, spectacted reader, that in the extracts we are about to lay before thee from the work at the head of our list, touching the *LIFE AND REVELATIONS OF MADAME HAUFFE, HIGH PRIESTESS OF MYSTICISM*, thou art likely to meet with nothing save the unvarnished truth; and therefore thou wilt do well to surrender thy critical judgment unreservedly into our safe-keeping until thy perusal of our present paper be concluded. Thou must put no questions, harbour no doubts, raise no objections. Thou art, of course, one of the Uninitiated, and must beware how thou formest an opinion for thyself upon the Supernatural, “for so” (quoth Von Meyer’s Prophetess) “thou strewest with obstacles the path of knowledge wherein it is permitted thee to walk. Wise is he” (she adds) “who, while he observes all things, refrains from exercising his judgment upon anything; it is the man of passive judgment and not the man of active judgment who makes progress in learning. We should abandon all forms of reasoning; we should deport

* For, not to wrong them,—though they do argue quite from the topic, they are still always ready to argue *somehow*. They do not shake their heads and say nothing, like some of our Gothamites at home who call themselves sceptics. All classes of the Germans know that there exist a true faith and an erroneous faith, but that as to the absence of *any* faith, *that* amounts to just—*nihi!*, nothing. In other words, they regard (and very properly) scepticism as an infallible indication of mental imbecility, and are therefore shy of professing it.

ourselves here as children or slaves who do not dare to speak in presence of their parents or masters; we should submit our whole being unto the guidance of God, knowing that with Him is all Truth, and that all who would attain unto the Truth must be guided of Him." For, it is not from the dusky, ever-shifting surface of the *tabula ritrea cerebri* that the vast and marvellous forms of the Spiritual are likely to be faithfulliest reflected, as Dr Kerner also hath well shown in the introduction to his Great Work; from which introduction, by the way, it may not be amiss for us to transcribe a passage or two here, before introducing his heroine and ours to thy notice.

CHAPTER V.

DR. KERNER ON THE INNER LIFE.

"IN common with all who withdraw from the tumult of the external world, to retire for a space within their Interior, thou, my dearest reader," saith the Doctor, "wilt feel that in that Interior there lies a latent life, altogether distinct from the Outer one,—yea, hostile thereunto. That which the Outer Life declares praiseworthy thou wilt find the Inner Life not unseldom condemning; and on such occasions thou wilt experience a stilly, disquieting feeling, which, proceeding from the depths of the Inner Life, diffuses itself, as one may say, over the surface of the Outer. Meditating hereupon, thou wilt further discover that the impressions received by thine Outer Life are produced thereon exclusively through the medium of thy cerebral organization, and the understanding which holds communication with the Surficial; but that the feelings belonging to thine Inner Life have their origin in the

sympathetic and ganglionic system, in the region of the heart-pit,* the seat of Sensational Existence.

"Carrying thy researches yet further, thou wilt find that Man, by the means of this Inner Life, stands in an ancient and everlasting relationship with Nature,—a relationship from which the one-sided outer-imaginings of the Brain-life can only *apparently* liberate him. It will be clearly understood by thee, how, while thine Inner Life seems buried as in darkness, unrecognised by thine outward-seeking brain, it nevertheless continues unremittingly occupied with its own experiences, and maintains, with steady, unbribable vigilance, watch and guardianship over the economy of the Outer Man. And thou wilt thus be prepared to receive a truth which in the course of these pages will be developed more at large,—namely, that all thy doings and sayings, yea, all thy feelings and dreamings, even to the minutest shade of a phantasy, are faithfully chronicled by thy spirit upon the tablets of thine Inner Life, and, at the moment when Death shall darken thy bodily eye, will present themselves in vividest lucidness before that of thy ghost, under the form of symbolic *words* and *numerals*.

"This inner and secret relationship with Nature thou wilt also recognise as the power which allies Man with other worlds, and will one day establish his claim to rank as a denizen of these latter.

"If, while engaged in the contests of the external world, while absorbed in the pursuits agreeable to thine outer, or sensuous nature, the Inner Life make itself perceptible to thee; if reminiscences of the music of

* *Herzgrube*, the pit of the stomach : of which Plato, in one of his Dialogues, says "This less noble part of the human frame was formed that it (also) should have some apprehension of truth ; and therefore was it made the seat of *Prophetic Vision*" (*μαντεία*).

long-departed hours, of years when life itself seemed all melody, ever steal over thy mind, awakening therein sweet emotions of seriousness, thank the more, my dearest reader, thy ghostial chronicler! But if, carried away by the whirl of passions and interests which crowd the Outer Life, and chasing outer things only, thou sternly reject or coldly deride the remonstrances of this interior monitor, yet will an hour at length come darkly on thee—and God grant that it be not thy last!—an hour of woe and tears—perchance an hour of death to some one dear to thee—perchance an hour in which, precipitated from the pinnacle of prosperity, thou shalt find thyself abandoned unto shame and misery—and in such an hour will the portals of a home of refuge within thyself be once more thrown open to thee by thine Inner Life,—a life which perhaps from thy childhood thitherto had remained hidden from thee, or was only dimly revealed to thee at intervals in nightly dreams, the interpretation whereof remained a sealed mystery for thy world-enslaved understanding.

“My dearest!—such a destiny has overtaken many a man, and will yet overtake many another who now treads the pathway of life with a heart full of joyous confidence, and a brow fair and polished, like smoothest alabaster, rearing the superstructure of all his hopes for the future on the basis of that little pound-weight of brain-dust which the lapse of a period of time inconceivably short shall see blended with the dust of his grave. And such an one, so confident, so joyous, during the swift-fleeting summers of his existence, heard I once, the death-rattle in his throat the while, mutter towards me these words: ‘All life has now gone down from my brain into my heart-pit; I have no more any feeling of my brain; I have no feeling of my arms

or feet; but *I see around me unutterable things, in which I never believed until now*: *—there is Another Life:’—and thereupon he departed.”

So far for the physician: now turn we our attention to the patient.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR HEROINE, THE GHOST-SEERESS.

FREDERICA HAUFFE was born in the year 1801, in the village of Prevorst, near Levenstein, in Wirtemberg,—a strange, spectral, out-of-the-way, out-of-the-world locality, inhabited (or rather haunted) partly by ghosts, partly by men half in, half out of, the body; partly also by women and children, the latter of whom it seems, are very subject to a singular, St. Vitus’s-dancish sort of ailment, curable only by amulets and exorcisms. We pass over the account of her girlhood (a most remarkable one) to come to the period after her marriage, which took place in her nineteenth year. About this time, having removed to her husband’s residence at Kurnbach, a gloomy solitude in the midst of rocks and forests, she fell ill of a psychico-hypochondriacal malady, the symptoms of which it would be tedious to recount: they were so complicated as to baffle the skill of the best physicians the neighbourhood could furnish; and in truth it would appear that there *must* have been something marvellously mysterious in the disease, for an amulet, sent on one occasion to the sick woman by a

* “Our five modes of perception,” observes the original-minded Isaac Taylor “are partial, not universal, means of knowing what may be around us.” And he deems it probable that “within the field occupied by the visible and ponderable universe, and on all sides of us, there is existing and moving another element, fraught with another species of life, corporeal indeed, and various in its orders, but not open to the cognizance of those who are confined to the conditions of animal organization,—not to be seen, nor to be heard, nor to be felt by man.” *Physical Theory of Another Life*, p 222. (London: Pickering; 1836.)

celebrated magician* of those parts, immediately on being brought into contact with her person, bounded away and went bob-bobbing about the bed-clothes, and hop-hopping over the floor, "like a living thing," (as the Doctor observes,) and to the utter bewilderment of her medical attendants! By the help of animal magnetism, however, she gradually grew somewhat better; and it was at this period (*i. e.* in the year 1824) that some of the most interesting phenomena of her Inner Life began to be first manifested. She saw behind every one who came to see her *another* figure, also of human semblance, and very bright, (probably the guardian-spirit of the visitor). In the right eye of every ailing person who approached her she discerned, behind her own image, the likeness of the Inner Man (which did not always correspond with the appearance of the Outer); in the left eye the nature of his disease, and the appropriate psychical remedies,—which were invariably found to succeed, even where medicines had been previously taken in vain for many years. She also possessed at this time the gift of second-sight,—the medium through which she ordinarily exercised it being—a glass of water, or a soap-bubble! Her amended state of health continued for rather more than a twelvemonth; at the end of which time she suffered a fearful relapse: in truth, her second state was so much worse than her first that it soon became the settled conviction of her kindred that she was the victim of demoniacal agencies; and having already tried medicine, magic, and magnetism, all to little purpose,

* This worthy (at the request of the family) subsequently paid a visit in person to Frederica, who said, however, that he would do her no good, because he wrought too magically. (Besides the amulet, he had also sent her a powder, which set her a-dancing up and down the room like one possessed, though she had previously been unable to move hand or foot.) He is described as a man of a dark, strange, forbidding countenance, and with eyes of singular brilliancy.

they now, as a *dernier resort*, determined on attempting to drive out the enemy by the aid of prayer and fasting. Whether this pious resolution was ever put into practice Dr Kerner does not inform us; but, as for poor Frederica, she appears to have had little confidence in the efficacy of any remedy which the people about her were able to suggest. "From that time forward" (remarks the Doctor) "she became indifferent to all contingencies: whatever mode of treatment was adopted towards her, there she lay, like one paralysed. Loss of blood, cramps, nocturnal perspirations, succeeded each other perpetually; all her teeth dropped out; her flesh withered and wasted from her bones; she grew a very image of death-in-life. Yet she could not die, much as her death would have been welcomed as a release by all her family; her daily, hourly martyrdom went on and was not to close." In this her condition, as she appeared to remain passive under all circumstances, it was proposed, with a view to any slight prospect of relief that might yet be derivable from medical aid, that she should be removed to Weinsberg; and, a carriage being prepared for the transit, she was accordingly, by easy stages, conveyed to that town (the Doctor's own) and safely domiciled therein on the 25th of November, 1826.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SOUL AND THE SPIRIT.

AND here, before we proceed further, let us, (as it were in parenthesis), beg of thee, reader, to turn to the epistles of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and to attentively peruse the following verses therein: 1 Thessal. v. 23. Hebr. iv. 12. 1 Corinth. xv. 45.

The truth incidentally glanced at in these passages by St Paul,—namely—that Man is a being of a triune nature, consisting of body, soul, and spirit, which three are one, was, as we could easily show thee, inculcated by most of the old heathen philosophies (especially the Platonic, Pythagorean, and Stoic),* but, forasmuch as these authorities upon such a subject would perhaps have comparatively little weight with thee, we have judged it advisable to pass them by,† and to refer thee, for the information we were desirous of communicating, to an authority which at least no Christian can refuse to recognise. Thou mayest further consult, in relation to the above texts, the commentaries thereon of the learned Whitby, who, moreover, takes occasion to remark that Gassendus and Willis have completely established the dogma in question.

Macknight, in his Translation of the Epistles, thus writes: “To comprehend the distinction between soul and spirit, which the Sacred Writers have insinuated, the soul must be considered as connected both with the body and the spirit. By its connection with the body the soul receives impressions from the senses; and by its connection with the spirit it conveys these impressions, by means of the imagination and memory, to the spirit, as materials for its operations. The powers last mentioned, through their connection with the body, are liable indeed to be so disturbed by injuries befalling the body as to convey false perceptions to the spirit. But the powers of the spirit are not affected by bodily

* Vitringa shows that it was also the belief of the Jewish Rabbinical Doctors: See his *Observationes Sacre*, Lib. iii. cap. iv.

† It nevertheless remaineth certain that modern psychological speculations are not entitled to the same regard as ancient. “The powers of the soul were more vigorous among the ancients” (says Von Meyer’s *Seeress*) “than they are with us: men were in former times, therefore, far better acquainted with the secrets of nature than we are.” And the illustrious Schubert says: “That which in our times is science was of old rather the revelation of a superior spirit to mankind.”

injuries; and it judges of the impressions conveyed to it as accurately as if they were true representations."

All which is in strict accordance with the doctrine of the German Supernaturalists. "Der Geist," says Von Meyer's Lucid Visionist, (speaking in the Magnetic Crisis) "ist (in diesem Leben) nicht denselben Leiden wie die Seele unterworfen:" *i. e.* The spirit is not (in this life) subject to suffering, as the soul is. She adds: "The soul seeks after, and is attracted by, the Natural in all things; the spirit is absorbed in his own contemplations: ever tending towards the Infinite, he has properly no sympathy with aught in the human world." And according as soul or as spirit characterises an individual—in other words, according as the psychical (*i. e.* natural) or the pneumatical (*i. e.* religio-spiritual) man predominates in him, will he be disposed to reject or to reverence the deep mysteries of God, as revealed in the eternal truths of Holy Writ. (See, in the original, 1 Cor. ii. 14, 15.)*

Both soul and spirit were in perfect harmony with each other before the Fall of Man; but since the occurrence of that tremendous calamity they have ever stood in a relation of mutual hostility; the soul, through the blindness entailed on her by Original Sin, foolishly fancying that her interests are bound up altogether with the Natural and the Present, while the spirit, though possessing an unclouded perception of the true state of the case, is yet, from the want of some common sympathetic channel of communication with his companion, unable to do more than loathe and lament her aberrations in secret, and note them down as they occur,

* Remark also that St. Jude, in the 19th verse of his epistle, designates all unbelievers and scoffers by the generic term *ψυχικοί*, *soulish* men in thralldom to the senses.

in the hope that they may thus, however obscurely, be (as indeed they sometimes are) brought under her eye in their genuine colours. Occasionally, however, it does happen that the soulish principle quite absorbs, and, so to write, *psychises* the spiritual; in the which event the man is in danger of becoming a veritable devil. Nay, more: there is actually a perpetual tendency in nature towards this psychising and ultimate diabolising of the whole human being. But, in the great majority of cases, the protecting grace of God continues to operate upon even the worst men; and it is only when they have wilfully persevered to the last in a rejection of the terms upon which alone regeneration is possible for them, and have thus interposed an insuperable barrier between themselves and Heaven, that even such men are delivered up, once and for ever, without bail or main-prize, to the untender mercies of the Powers of Darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAGNETIC EXISTENCE OF THE SEERESS.— THE SUN-RING AND THE LIFE-RING.

WE now resume the course of our narrative.

Madame Hauffe had not been long under treatment by Dr Kerner (and his friend, Dr Off,) when,—animal magnetism being again resorted to,—a marked improvement took place in her health; and she even enjoyed intervals of complete immunity from pain and uneasiness. She exhibited at this period, the Doctor informs us, four distinct idiopathic states; viz.: 1. Her normal state; in which she seemed to be wide awake, but was in reality advanced into the initiatory stage of the Inner Life. (She said that many men, whom no one

suspected of being magnetic, were, without knowing it themselves, very often in this state.) 2. The Magnético-dreamy state. (Many other persons, she affirmed, who were looked upon as monomaniacal or crazed (*wahnsinnig*) were equally with her in this state; the only difference between them and her being that their minds were mostly fixed on one idea, while hers ranged over the world of ideas at large.) 3. The Half-waking state; in which she spoke the Inner Language.* 4. The Lucid Sleepwaking state; in which, penetrating into the innermost magnetic depths of her being, she saw, uncircumscribed by time or space, all the arcana of the Natural Universe, and pointed out to her physicians the particular remedies required by herself or others. But by far the most noticeable circumstance connected with this epoch of her life was her discovery of the Sun-ring and the Life-ring, two great light-circles which every human being brings into this world with him upon his Interior; and by means whereof the spirit of the individual is enabled to duly and daily register the history of the Inner Life (which history is a counterpart of that of the Outer) without being under a necessity of applying to the soul through the medium of the brain for the requisite historical information. Kerner, Eschenmayer and Gorres have filled nearly a hundred closely-printed pages of the book before us with strictures on the nature and illustrations of the uses of these marvellous Rings; which same strictures and illustrations we shall here, as far as we are able to understand them, endeavour to condense

* The symbolical language of the Ghostworld (of which Dr. Kerner has favoured us with some beautiful specimens from copperplate engravings). Physicians and nurses of all countries have certainly testified that sick and dying persons do often speak a language which nobody understands, and this in instances where the speakers are known never to have acquired a knowledge of any language but their mother-tongue.

into the substance of a few brief sentences.

The Sun-ring (subjectively) comprehends within its periphery the natural sun, the moon, the planets, and the Middle-world, or Purgatorial Realm of Ghosts, the latter being (objectively) in our mundane atmosphere: this Ring lies directly over (and is reflected, as in a mirror, by) the Life-ring, which is, as it were, an image of the soul herself, and, being the very seat and province of the spirit, wherein he dwells, a mystery alike to himself and the soul, comprises within its periphery the Inner Spiritworld; a world of the nature whereof no imagination hath yet been able to form even a remote conception.* In the Lucid Sleep-waking state, however, (which the German physicians call *Hellschlafwachen*, and the French *Somnambulisme clairvoyant*,) the spirit leaves the Life-ring, and, passing rapidly through a neutral sphere called the Dream-ring, penetrates to the central point of the Sun-ring; from whence, looking round on the Natural Universe, he beholds all things, as the Seeress observes, unobscured by veil and unobstructed by barrier (*ohne Schleier und Scheidewand*) and also beholds the Past and the Future, the latter not indeed objectively (forasmuch as it has not yet become an object) but subjectively, *i. e.* in his own anticipatory imaginings; such imaginings meanwhile being (as those of the Spiritworld always are) equivalent to present realities.† As for the soul, she

* Van Helmont and Leibnitz both affirm that the human soul is a mirror of the universe. According to Swedenborg, the Spiritual (or Ghostly) Man is an image of the Spiritual World; and Plato (who appears to have been occasionally in the Lucid state himself,) asserts that the operations of the soul are all carried on by means of light-circles.

† A remark applicable to every species of inner imaginings; Conscience, Will, and Imagination being all only diverse forms of the same ghostly creative agency. (See, in reference to this subject, the masterly article of Irys Herfner in our Magazine, Vol. XVII. pp. 221-228, Feb. 1841.) Thus, a Lutheran Clergyman who has made away with his own illegitimate children, appears, after death, to a ghost-seer, haunted by the subjective-objective images of the murdered ones: now here is manifestly a

has but seldom inherent power enough to enable her, even in the Sleepwaking state, to reach the centre of the Sun-ring, and so for the most part is fain to hover about the Dream-ring; but whenever she *does* happen to succeed in joining the spirit, the result is the immediate supervention of the state of being called *ekstasis*, or trance; a state in which, while the body remains as insensible as a corpse to external impressions (or rather to the action of external stimuli) the soul can wander whithersoever she wills, under the paternal superintendence of the spirit, who is subjectively along with her in all places, albeit objectively in the ganglionic system of the body alone.

The neutral territory called the Dream-ring lies, as we have already intimated, between the Life-ring and the Sun-ring: into this territory the soul has power to enter during even the normal sleep; but it is only in those rare cases in which the spirit makes at the same time a corresponding movement with her out of the Life-ring, and helps to elucidate the mysteries around her, that what she here envisages can become at all intelligible to her apprehension. Whence it occurs that most persons regard their dreams as mere subjective nonsense, unworthy a thought; but very mistakenly, nevertheless; for, although the psychological value of such dreams be indeed stark naught, the dreams themselves are ever full of abstract meaning, and may perhaps be aptliest likened unto a series of

conscience-creation. And so, when we read in Bernard's *Retrospections of the Stage* (Vol. II. pp. 237-242) of a company of ghosts who were wont to haunt a certain carpenter's workshop, and ply (as was thought) the saws, hammers, planes, &c., therein with such effect as to astound and alarm a whole neighbourhood, this is to be taken as an instance of the creative power of ghostly Will and Imagination, which wrought on the subjective saws, hammers, planes, &c., subsisting in the minds of the ghosts, and by means of them alone produced the noises heard; the paradigmatical or objective tools remaining intact all the while, as was proved by the testimony of more than one watcher.

hieroglyphical histories, the signification whereof no man hath gotten a key to, or unto the sunken treasures of the Deep, which exist alway, though their worth in our eyes may be but upon a par with that of the slime in which they are imbedded.

As for the Outer World, *i. e.* the world in which men, as men, live, (the geographical position whereof in reference to these rings many persons may be curious to ascertain) we have to observe that *it lies beyond the periphery of the Sun-ring*: in other words, and to be as intelligible as we can, *it is that objective state of things which subsists for the perceptions of the soul, so long as she (the soul) is compelled to remain isolated from the experiences of the Inner Life*, and to look out through the windows of the brain upon the forms of the Exterior and Superficial only.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUN-RING AND THE LIFE-RING. (SEQUEL.)

THE engraving which Dr Kerner has given, in his book, of the Sun-ring, represents the entire circle as divided into twelve distinct segments, which are again subdivided into sundry smaller ones, corresponding with the days of the months, each larger segment being a month, and the circle itself a year. The draught of the sketch was originally made upon paper with wonderful accuracy by the Seeress, as she lay a-bed in the Half-waking state, silent, and with closed eyes; in which condition, and so occupied, "she appeared to me," says the Doctor, "as a spidress at work upon a

* We say "to remain isolated," because, if there be any one truth in occult philosophy respecting which all theosophists and psychologists are agreed, it is, that human existence is (as Cuvier has expressed it) "a forced condition" and that the Inner Life is the genuine and proper life of the soul.

web, spinning and still spinning, without any visible instrument to assist her in getting through her task."

It is in, and by means of, this Ring that the history of the Inner Life is, as we have already observed, carried on from day to day. Each day is filled with its own events, feelings, fancies, &c. noted down as they occur, by the spirit, from his domain within the Life-ring, under the form of certain cabalistical characters and cyphers, which are in fact *the* events, feelings, fancies, &c. only symbolically represented. "For every sin, every evil thought and evil wish," (quoth the Seeress) "an accusing *numeral* is scored to the debit of the sinner: the spirit, who tolerates nothing unspiritual, records the offence; and, after the death of the individual, and his awaking in the Middleworld, the whole of his past life is presented before his eyes in cyphers; and he passes judgment upon himself by his proper spirit." Under her own Sun-ring for the year 1827 the Seeress counted five other similar Rings, and saw a seventh Ring above, for the coming year (1828): this last Ring was of course void; but her spirit nevertheless *felt* beforehand all the remarkable circumstances that were to characterise the year for her, and, among them, that of her father's death, which, as the Doctor solemnly assures us, did afterwards actually take place upon the very day (the 2nd of May) which she had in his presence pointed out with her finger on the paper Sun-ring, as giving her a feeling of dreadful anguish and desolateness. She also informed the Doctor that the number of Sun-rings which persons might retain at once varied according to the life and character of the individual; that her own number was seven, and that her next Sun-ring would be the last of her fourth series; moreover, that

the numerical contents of all her preceding Rings were to be transferred to the Ring for 1829 in the form of a single synoptical character; and that whenever anybody dies a similar condensation of the words and numerals in his Sun-ring uniformly takes place; so that on the separation of soul and body he beholds the whole of his life mystically represented in One Word and One Numeral*—both being according to Professor Eschenmayer, natural symbolical characters borrowed from that potential Inner Language by means of which the denizens of the Ghost-world are accustomed to hold ghostial communication with one another, and which, or something like which, the Seeress tells us, was spoken on earth in the time of the patriarch Jacob.

The following lines upon the Life-ring were improvised by the Seeress in one of her semi-lucid sleeps.

TO MY LIFE-RING.

“Dich, Lebenskreis, dich werd'ich wieder finden.”

Thee, cryptic Life-ring, shall I find agen,
 When through her Earthly Rings my soul hath passed;
 Not one least mite will prove a-wanting then
 Of all the enormous Life-sum here amassed.
 Then, when the longed-for Phantomgoal is won,
 If Sin defiled not my probation-day
 From yon deep centre shall ascend a Sun†
 To light and glad my spirit on his way;

* “Wherefore,” beautifully writes a German physician, (not our friend Justinus) “wherefore let us, while the Day lasteth, live in God and do the will and works of God, lest when the Night come we be taken prisoners by the sins of our lost lives, and they, according to the eternal law of Nature, gird our ghosts around as dungeon-walls, through which no light can penetrate.”

† In the central point of the Life-ring the Seeress discerned a sun, infinitely brighter than the natural sun, and to which she gave the name of *Gnaden-sonne* (Sun of Grace). It would seem to be one with the “spiritual sun” of Baron Swedenborg.

And all forgotten words and thoughts, and things,
And feelings Language here so ill defines,
Shall shine out meaningful from darkest Rings,
And give me back the Past in Cypher-signs.

CHAPTER X.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN LUCID VISION AND BEATIFIC VISION.

ERRONEOUS NOTIONS CONCERNING SLEEPWAKERS.

ONE discovery, of infinite importance to the honour and interests of religion, has been elaborated from the experiences of the Seeress of Prevorst and other lucid magnetisees. It is now made manifest, and is indeed admitted by the best *scientific* magnetisers, that the Inner Magnetic Life is a state essentially distinct from the Inner Spiritual Life. The Seeress herself avouches this truth in so many words. "The utmost range of vision which the Lucid Sleepwaker can command," she observes, (speaking in the Crisis) "is that from the centre to the circumference of the Sun-ring, and which comprehends the sun, the moon, the planets, and the Middle or Purgatorial Ghost-world, which latter is in our atmosphere: *into the deeper vision-sphere of the Life-ring* (the Inner Spirit-world) *no mere Sleepwaker has ever been able to penetrate.*" The profound and philosophical Gorres, also, in his *Einleitung zu Suso's Leben und Schriften*, discusses at considerable length the disclosures made by the Seeress with respect to the Sun-and Life-rings, and shows that while the Lucid Vision of Magnetisees can be considered only in the light of a connatural exoteric phenomenon, affording no indication of the moral condition of the magnetisee,

the Beatific Vision of the Saints must be regarded as a supernal and esoteric mystery, and as vouchsafed only to those who through faith and prayer, long-continued penances, and severe crucifixion of the Psychical Man in themselves, have become in some degree worthy to enjoy so exceeding great a glory.

We the gladlier avail ourselves of these valuable testimonies, because we know that irreligious and anti-religious men have, in many instances, made the fact of the rapt exaltation experienced in the Crisis by *all* sorts of lucid sleepwakers without exception an avowed ground for a belief in the beatitude of all sorts of men hereafter, and, of course, a disbelief in the existence of a future state of punishment for sin. Thus, for example, dogmatiseth a certain Stuttgardian Somebody, who appears to have been shockingly scandalised by the "woe-begone physiognomies"* of some of Madame Hauffe's purgatorian acquaintances. "We see" (quoth the Hidalgo) "that a morally and physically-corrupted individual, enters, in a Lucid Sleep-waking Crisis, upon a state of freedom, appears calm, lofty-souled, pure-minded, exhibits elevated insights and powers, becomes, in fine, a glorified being. Here, then, surely, is the test: here we have the *true Inner Man*; thus will the individual exist and manifest himself hereafter: his spirit, having shuffled off its mortal coil, will at the same time find itself independent of all earthly prejudices and trammels, and rejoice in a deathless liberty." And even some of the honester as well as abler sort of writers do often (being sadly in the dark upon all matters connected with the

* "I will not, gentlemen, simply for *your sakes*, dress up the woe-begone physiognomies of these ghosts." *Notification of Dr. Kerner to certain of his Reviewers.*

nature of the Inner Life) theorise in a most arbitrary, Jacobo-Boehmenical manner on the subject of the lucid phenomena and the delight which "the soul," forsooth, has therein. Hear how Baron Dupotet, for one, blows the psychologico-magnetic trumpet which his own hands have fashioned. "All the lucid sleepwakers," (observes the Baron,) "hold a language nearly alike, and suggesting the idea of a partial disencumberment of the *soul* from its burden of mortality: all seem to see, hear, feel, and take cognizance of every thing past, present and future, through some other channels than those physical organs which serve on ordinary occasions to make known the volitions of the mind. All, too, agree in declaring that they enjoy in this state an exquisite elysium of repose from which they dread to be disturbed; their *souls*, apparently half-liberated, shrink from being again bound by the chains which fetter men down within the narrow sphere of suffering humanity. It is impossible to contemplate a lucid sleepwaker without a feeling of mingled wonder and awe: he is a being who appears to belong more to the world which is to come than to that in which Man, as a finite being, exists; he already seems half disrobed of his carnal nature, and almost participating in the enjoyment of his immortality: none of us can divine what views of infinity may now open before him: all that we observe is, a being like ourselves, elevated into a state of temporary beatification, far above our sympathy and our comprehension." Let us hope, however, that we shall have no more of these gratuitous assumptions, seeing that they are all based upon the principle, that the Sleepwaking state and the state after death are alike states of *one and the same being*, the so-called soul; which principle is fallacious and false. *The*

Lucid Sleepwalking state is a connatural phenomenical state of the mere Pneumatical Man, with which state, obviously, the soul and her sins can have nothing to do; whereas the state after death is a pure moral state of the whole Ghostial Man, with which state, as obviously, the same soul and her sins must have everything to do. This is the simple truth; and it is a truth which should ever be borne in mind by those who are desirous of studying the philosophy of animal magnetism in the proper spirit, namely, that of inductive investigation.

CHAPTER XI.

ECSTATIC VISION OF THE SEERESS.

IN the half-natural half-ghostial state to which Madame Hauffe was now reduced (or, let us rather say, exalted) it was but a matter of course to look for the habitual occurrence and recurrence of many phenomena, objective no less than subjective, altogether inexplicable after much thinking on the part of the learned doctors and professors who surrounded her sick bed, and which in fact were only to be understood according as the disclosures made by the Seeress herself should induce a more intimate acquaintance with the nature of the laws by which the being and operations of spiritual existences are governed. This, we say, it was a matter of course to expect; and therefore, with all deference to Dr Kerner, we opine that the plan which he appears to have adopted, of endeavouring to assign a reason for every extraordinary thing that came under his inspection, was not called for. Many millions of extraordinary things are hourly occurring in our own Outer World, for the occurrence of which no human being can assign a reason, and for the occurrence of which,

moreover, no human being ever considers himself under any obligation of assigning a reason. Withal, it is only flattering a man's vanity to put him *au fait* of the How and Wherefore of a mystery; it is only inflating him with windy notions of his own immense capacity which can comprehend such things; nay, it sometimes happens that the very copiousness of the explanation given furnishes a dunderhead of an antagonist with the means of cavilling at and contesting it. The Doctor's obvious course was, to have *simply* recorded in black and white the out-of-the-way facts, however huge, (perhaps the huger the better,) and left them to produce a sensation so; in which case he might also have regarded himself as affording an excellent negativo-positive illustration of his own grand principle: that the brain is not qualified to take upon itself the judgment of things ghostial. This would have been common sense, at least in any country but Germany, where indeed men are slow to perceive that the innocence of the dove sometimes needs to be qualified by the wisdom of the serpent. But we must proceed with our narrative.

On the 2nd of May, 1828, intelligence came to Madame Hauffe that her father (whose residence was at Oberstenfeld, about eight leagues from Weinsberg,) had within the last few days been attacked with an inflammation of the lungs, and was then confined to his bed. This news of course occasioned her much alarm and anxiety. "At eight o'clock in the evening of the same day (relates Dr Kerner) she fell into the magnetic sleep, and shortly afterwards was heard to say, 'I will go and explore (*nachfühlen*) how it fares with him.' Whereupon, she crossed her arms upon her bosom, as was her uniform custom before passing out

of herself into the Lucid Sleepwaking state, but in the next moment suddenly gathered herself up, exclaiming—'Blessed God!—shall I tell what I have seen? No: I will keep silence; then, when I awake, I shall not know that I have seen anything. God help me! Let me be immediately awakened: in three minutes I shall fall asleep again.'

"She was accordingly awakened, and, at the end of three minutes, again fell asleep, as she had predicted. In her second sleep she prayed in a low tone of voice, but said nothing more concerning her father. Towards nine o'clock she awoke, uttering, as she opened her eyes, the exclamation—'Ah, God!'—and then said that it appeared to her as though she had heard herself *speaking double*—as though two persons had just ejaculated the exclamation out of her. At about ten she again passed into the sleepwaking state, and murmured, 'God! Thou hast him now in Thy hands; he sleeps tranquilly in Thee!'—after which she sank into her natural night-slumber.

"Next morning, at eleven of the clock, there arrived a messenger at the house of Madame Hauffe with the melancholy piece of intelligence that her father had breathed his last at the hour of eight on the preceding evening, in his own residence at Oberstenfeld.

"I now lay before thee, my dearest, an extract from a letter written to me on this mournful occasion by Dr Fohr of Bottwar, who had been (though unfortunately too late) called in to prescribe for my friend. 'With regard to Meinherr W****,' (thus he writes) 'he was already dead when I reached Oberstenfeld. But I must apprise you of a circumstance that occurred on the occasion: I was resting myself in an ante-room adjoining the death-chamber, when I most distinctly

heard a voice, as it were, from the latter, exclaiming, 'Ah, God!' I listened and heard it again, and again; three times in all. It was about, or near, nine o'clock in the evening (of the 2nd. inst.) There was at the time nobody in the other room but the deceased. The thought, therefore, that on the moment struck me was, that Meinherr W***** was not really dead after all; and so I went into the room to satisfy myself. But there lay the corpse just as before; and, after a most accurate and patient examination of it, which occupied me an hour, I came away, not being able to solve the mystery, but convinced that Meinherr W***** had been completely dead from the time of my arrival.' "

This was a case of simple ecstasis, the nature of which peculiar condition of the human economy we have already described. The sense of biloquism, or double-speaking, here adverted to by the Seeress, is to be accounted for thus: At the moment of the transit of the soul from the body into the death-chamber, the spirit was engaged in prayer, and, being on the point of ejaculating the above exclamation,—'Ah, God!'—the soul, of course, took the exclamation with her to Oberstenfeld, and there enunciated it, as, for that matter, she would on the instant have taken it to, and enunciated it at, Grand Cairo or New York, had it been in either of those towns that Herr W*****'s corpse was then lying waked: Again now the spirit had recourse to prayer, and, having subjectively uttered the same exclamation twice, (making in all three times) the soul (as she would have done in the body) gave it objective existence twice by means of articulation: Finally, the soul returning as the spirit was a fourth time breathing the aspiration, she also, by sympathy with the spirit, a fourth time gave utterance to it, and

this at the precise moment of her re-entrance into the brain: and hence the feeling on the part of the Seeress that she had (herself) spoken with a double voice. A most interesting phenomenon; and, we believe, by no means common in ecstasis, wherein the soul is for the most part fain to content herself with a silent survey of whatever comes under her notice.

It may strike thee, spectacled reader, as an inconsistency in us that we should hold up a lanthorn to thee on this dusky subject of ecstatic duplicity, seeing that we but just now took to task the first demonologist of the age for *his* all-too-zealous readiness in proffering explanations of the whole Cabala of Supernaturalism, when dignity and policy alike demanded that he should have rather exerted himself to mystify the suburbans than give them whereof to be vain in their own conceit. We warn thee, however, to bring no such foolish charge against Us. Our motives for what we do are perhaps revealable, and perhaps not; but whether they be or be not, they should be beyond thy suspicion, as assuredly they are beyond thy comprehension; being mysteries of the *αποκεκρυμμενος* kind, even as we ourself are a mystery of the *εκδελος* kind. Smile if thou wilt, or sneer if thou please, at this averment; but, if thou smile, or if thou sneer, be it our business to tell thee that there are not in Webster's Dictionary (a first-rate one, however) substantives substantial enough, or verbs active enough, to supply terms for describing a tithe of the contempt we must feel for thy *μωρια*, thy disgraceful want of *vous*. It will in that case (*viz*: the case of thy smiling or sneering) become diaphanous, (*viz*: transparent, or clear) that while we gave thee credit for knowing Something concerning Everything thou really knewest Nothing about Anything—that

thine Outer Man and Inner, thy cerebral and ganglionic systems were, from the beginning, plunged in a state of hebetude the most deplorable. It will, in short, be evident that thou wert and art a sump of the muddiest water. Is it necessary for us to pursue the topic, or do we indeed stand in need of exculpation in the eyes of the *Συνοροι*? Nothing but the last degree of audacity can induce any man to even hint an affirmative answer to this question.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GHOSTS OF THE MIDDLE WORLD.

WE now come to treat of ghost-seeing experiences, confining ourself to those of Madame Hauffe, who, at this period, became, it would appear, the cynosure of a large majority of such of those paracentric Weinsberg ghosts as were able in the first place to see *her*. For, as one of themselves informed her, "ghosts do not see all human beings, but only an *odd* individual here and there:" a fact eminently credible, and in reference to which the learned Doctor Justinus remarks, that these men-seeing ghosts are probably lured upper-worldwards by a peculiar goblin-light that glimmers in the odd individual's eyes, or, still more probably, by the sheen of the sun of his (or her) Life-ring. And he further inclines to think that those few and far-between glimpses of a brighter world which they thus obtain may be accorded them to prevent them from sinking into the utter despair which the eclipse of their own Life-suns in the darksomeness of Purgatory might be calculated to produce. Opinions, perhaps, not easily refutable even in 1842.

Our Seeress commences her disclosures by some general observations upon ghost-seeing. "Ghosts," she declares, "are seen with the ghostial eye of the seer, which looks out through his bodily eye. The seer must be a man who, so to speak, lives in his heart-pit. When ghosts are seen by a man who lives in his brain, the seeing is but momentary and imperfect, for the brain at once chases it away: Such a man may, by means of his soul, have a feeling of the proximity of ghosts, but he will never be a visionist."

(He will never, we think, be a visionist by daylight. But even a brain-ridden man can see ghosts in the normal half-waking state, whenever his eyes happen to open while as yet his soul continues lingering about the sphere of the Dream-ring. This we can bear witness to from our own personal experience.)

The Seeress continues: "For me, I live almost wholly in my heart-pit." This was true: sometimes, particularly when she tried to stand upright, she had a feeling of wanting her brain altogether. "I have no pleasure," (she goes on to observe) "in seeing these ghostial visitors of mine: the gift of Inner Vision I possess is rather a source of uneasiness and affliction to me. And it grieves me much that people will persist in questioning me about what I see, for indeed I can scarcely bear to allude to the subject." This, as Dr Kerner testifies, was also true; and it is but justice to the Doctor (to whom alone Frederica spoke without reserve) to acknowledge that he at first, from a regard for the health of his patient, declared war against the ghosts, and made strenuous exertions to have them turned out of doors;—though, being (*then* at least) no conjuror, it was quite natural that he should come off second-best in such a contest, especially as the odds

against him might have been counted by legions.

"With many of these ghosts," (the Seeress observes,) "I hold no communication; to others I speak, for they come to me to be spoken to; and I continue for months conversing with them,—that is, at intervals. I see them at most hours of the day and night, and whether other persons be present or not. On all these occasions I am wide awake"—(the Doctor however seems to have doubts as to the width:—see Chap. VIII.) "in full possession of my perceptive powers, and uninfluenced by imagination or enthusiasm. My will or state of mind or body has no control over the coming or going of the ghosts. Whether I feel myself stronger or weaker, whether I be in pain or at ease, whether others converse with me or I be left to myself, still I see the ghosts; they come into my room; and I cannot banish them. They awaken me at night from sleep: *how* they do so I know not; I only feel, upon seeing them at my bed-side, that they *have* awakened me, and that if they had not I should have slept on. And it is remarkable that if other persons (as my sisters or any of the attendants) be asleep in the room at the time, they dream of the particular ghost who speaks to me, and, when they awake, are often able to repeat what he (or she) said.

"At the same time that I see and converse with a ghost I am quite aware of whatever may be going on in the room besides; and have also power to direct my mind to extraneous matters; but my eyes are, as it were, fixed upon the ghost; and it is with the greatest difficulty that I can withdraw them from him: it seems to me as though I were placed in magnetic relationship with him.

"In what I may call the texture of their appear-

ance, the ghosts resemble thin but untransparent clouds. Their forms are like those of the Living; their clothing is mostly the same as it was or may have been while they were in the body, but colourless or grey. Their features also resemble those of life, but are void of colour, and for the most part wear a mournful and gloomy expression. Their eyes are bright, often like fire. Upon the heads of this class of ghosts I never saw any hair. All women-ghosts appear to me in one uniform head-gear, with a veil flowing over and off the forehead. As to the better sort of ghosts, of whom but few come to me, they are clad in white garments, and each wears a zone about the waist.

"In sunshine and by moonlight I am better able to see the ghosts than at nightfall: whether I could see them in total darkness I do not know, as I have never made the trial. I cease to see them when I close my eyes, or when material objects are interposed between me and them; but I still feel their presence, and can point out where they are standing. Their approach occasions in those persons who happen to be in the room with me a peculiar feeling of exhaustion about the heart-pit, with a stringency of the breast, and a tendency to swoon: dogs and other animals also feel their vicinity. For myself, I cannot bear to let them draw too near to me; when they do so they take away my strength; and I feel as though they had the power of impressing themselves in some way upon the nerves."

(It still remains doubtful upon what principle the proximity of the dark-grey and black ghosts can be presumed to prostrate the physical powers of the ghost-seer. The best demonological authorities, however, are disposed to think that the sulphurous and

phosphoric matter of which the bodies of such ghosts are composed effects a partial deoxidisement of the atmosphere, so that the ghost-seer's brain is for the time deprived of its wonted vital stimulus of arterialised blood; and it certainly is a strong corroboration of the pretensions involved in this hypothesis that candles and so forth are known to invariably burn blue in the presence of an evil spirit.)

Frederica continues: "I never could observe that ghosts cast any shadow." It is probable that the ghost, with a view to avoid perplexing the ghost-seer, leaves his shadow at home; for it requires a long-practised ghostial eye to discern the difference between a ghost and the mere shadow of a ghost. But, what must appear much stranger than the fact of the absence of shadow from a ghost appearance, is that other fact, quite as indisputable, that even ghost-seers themselves, and more especially ghost-raisers, are for the most part shadowless persons. And Scott, (whom few things escaped) in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when speaking of Lady Margaret's father, who was suspected of dabbling in the Black Art, is careful to inform us that

"— when in studious mood he paced
St. Andrew's cloistered hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!"

Whereunto he adds, in a note: "The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glyeas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit." The popular theory with respect to this interesting phenomenon of shadowlessness is, that students in magic "are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost of

the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those who have thus *lost their shadows* always prove the best magicians."

To return, however, to our ghosts, concerning whom Frederica proceeds thus: "Their walk is like that of the Living,—with this difference, that the brighter kind seem rather to float along, whereas the darker have a heavy tread, so heavy as to be audible not only to me, but to all persons in the room." Dr Kerner and others did in fact often both hear and feel the ghosts moving to and fro; often saw likewise the doors and windows opening and closing apparently, of their own accord; heard from time to time loud knockings on the walls, &c. &c. We may here mention, *apropos* of ghost-noises, that the Doctor was at one time very much annoyed by the conduct of a troop of ghosts in his *own* house, who, through the sheer force of their imagination, used to bring together, with a tremendous clatter, all the pewter platters in the kitchen—of course without ever disturbing one of them. He was, however, informed by the Seeress (who had herself the information from one of her grey visitants) that ghosts make noises, not from any abstract love of noise, but simply for the purpose of *drawing attention upon themselves*, as, whenever they succeed in doing so, their condition becomes "more tolerable." Neither is there in this notion any thing which even a brain-ridden man can fairly pronounce irrational. If (as the discoveries made in animal magnetism have shown to be the fact) a human mind operates on a human mind through the medium of effluence and influence, may not a human mind operate on a ghostial mind through

a like medium? And, if it be, as it is, the fact, that a certain class of suffering ghosts derive the greatest benefit from being *prayed for*, is it unreasonable to suppose that the same ghosts may experience a proportionate relief, however slight it may be in degree, from being *thought on*—especially considering that (in Germany at least) such ghosts are most frequently thought on with feelings of compassion?

“I cannot speak to the ghosts as I please,” (pursues the Seeress) “nor can they always answer the questions I put. *Evil ghosts are indeed ready enough to satisfy my inquiries*; but I avoid conversation with such. These latter ghosts have strong voices; stronger than those of the good ghosts. The ghost-voice proper is a deep and clear suspiration.” She adds that ghosts can open locked doors (without a key) and that they often prefer entering a room by coming in at the door-way to passing through the door itself. This preference may seem strange; but it is probable that Matter may not recognise a totality of Spirit in these heavier-bodied ghosts, and may therefore be disposed to assert its natural prerogative of impenetrability against them. And Dr Kerner elsewhere thinks it is *no harm* to open the window (as people sometimes do) for the exit of a dying man’s ghost, notwithstanding that the ghost *might* pass through the glass-panes.

The ghosts who came to the Seeress were, as she tells us, for the most part located in an under region of the ghostworld, called the Middle Realm. “They are the spirits of men and women,” (she adds,) “who were overmuch attached to things earthly in this life, and still remain so; or of others, who died without faith in the Redemption; many of them also are the ghosts of persons to whose minds, when dying, some

worldly thought or anxiety clung, which they took with them into the Ghost-life, and which still fetters them down to the neighbourhood of this earth." And, touching the Middle Realm itself, which is in our atmosphere, (*in unserm Luftraum*) she says: "Here there is no mundane occupation, nothing to *distrain* the thoughts; the entire life of the individual, and more especially all his sins, are here embodied in One Cypher, which for ever itself presents itself before the eyes of his consciousness; he is here *cast upon himself*, and must now make the most of what he finds in himself,—for here there are none to assist him, none to warn him, none to speak a word of consolation to him. It is from this Middle State of Souls that the ghosts come to me. They come that I may say something to tranquillize them, may pray for them, may speak a few religious words to them. When I do so they draw and drink in my words with might, with the hungry eagerness of persons famishing; and I have noticed that ever as the darker ghosts are being prayed for they grow sensibly brighter (or rather less dark) in colour; while I, on the other hand, lose all the strength which, it would appear, they gain by my prayers. These ghosts imagine that men have it somehow in their power to deliver them out of the Middle Realm; and in vain do I endeavour to persuade them that this is all a delusion of their own fancy; they still seem to cling to the belief. Their best course would undoubtedly be to pray to the Saints in Heaven for deliverance;* but their heaviness (*Schwere*) inclines them rather to seek assistance from persons yet in the flesh than from glorified spirits."

* To preclude misconception, it may be proper to observe that the Seeress was a Lutheran, and of the Augsburg Confession of Faith.

(The Seeress, we think, might have reasonably enough questioned the ability of the ghosts to pray to the Saints. She herself has elsewhere told us that whenever she desired a ghost to pray for himself, he would go away sorrowfully, without making any answer. If it were a matter of course that ghosts could pray for themselves, and obtain relief by their own prayers, it is somewhat strange that they should not prefer emancipating themselves at once from their imprisonment to waiting two or three hundred years* for the *avatar* of a ghost-seer, only to obtain perhaps a glimpse of liberty after all, at the expense of a world of trouble to themselves and him.)

“Many persons,” (observes the Seeress, towards the conclusion of this portion of her disclosures) “will doubtless consider it incredible that there should be such ghosts in existence as those whom I have been describing. But, alas! it is only too certain a truth, that a man who has lived for seventy years in sin and ignorance cannot all at once enter upon a state of purity and enlightenment after death. A sinful man, a man uninstructed in spiritual things, may, by the means of his brain and soul, obtain a knowledge of many exterior matters in this present Scene-world, may even acquire (and deserve) a very great reputation for discoveries in science and so forth; but his spirit remains only therefore all the feebler and darker, and his Inner Life languishes. If, now this man be once dead, the soul which, by the aid of the brain, rendered him so distinguished here, has lost its instrument

* One of the ghosts told the Seeress that his death occurred in the year 1529. It is but fair, however, to add that this ghost had been for some time in *einer Seligkeit* (in a lesser state of beatitude).

for working with, and it becomes the mere hull or outward covering of his spirit; *the darkened and enfeebled spirit is now the master*; and what—what can become of such an one?"

Perpend and ponder this well, ye whose knowledge of "many exterior matters," as the mystery of punch-mixing and the like, is at present your sole boast and glory! Ah! think upon the Purgatorial Realm, wherein is no punch; wherein what spirits there are must perforce form an amalgam, not with sugar and hot water, but with phosphorus and hot sulphur! And consider, while consider you may, whether it may not be worth making some slight sacrifice of the comforts of your Soulish Man here, to escape from the necessity of being hereafter condemned to wander, in the shape of your Ghostial Man, to and fro in miserable darkness, helpless, restless, guideless; with that *Accusing Numeral* for ever before your eyes, and legions of black and darkest-grey spectres for ever making mockery of your most forlorn and doloriferous condition!

But, we grow drowsy,—and must, for a little season,—one all-too short moon at the extremest,—retire within the sphere of the Dream-ring, there to excogitate and prepare materials for the Second Part of our paper.*

* Unfortunately, as I think, this Second Part never appeared.—D. J. O'D.

A SIXTY DROP DOSE OF LAUDANUM.

Laudanum : from *laudare*, to praise, this drug being one of the most praiseworthy in the *Materia Medica*.—*Cullen*.

You may exhibit thirty, fifty, eighty, or a hundred drops to produce sleep ; every thing depends on the temperament ; but where your object is to excite and enliven, I recommend you to stop short at sixty.—*Brown*.

"A dose to dose Society:" quoth the Trumpeter—"then it must be uncommon strong, comrade!"—*Adventures of a Half-crown*.

So saying, he shed sixty drops of the liquid in his black flask into a cup, muttering mysterious words all the while.—*The Rival Magicians*.

—————Count o'er
—————threescore!

Childe Harold, c. iii. st. xxxiv.

DROP ONE.

Many literary beginnings are difficult; many the reverse. Where there is much taste there is much hesitation: where energy predominates the novice enters on his career with a bold and joyous heart, eager to scale "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

"Thus poets in their youth begin in gladness,
Though thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

Our first efforts, it is true, are not always our happiest. Neither are our first loves. Yet both are most dear to our recollections; for with all first things there is associated a certain mysterious magic. Who are they that can forget their first kiss—the first hand they pressed—the first fiddle they played (some few play this through life)—the first time they bade their friends farewell—

"Lo di ch' han detto a dolci amici a Dio"—

or "the first dark day of nothingness" after the death of a relative? Byron has celebrated the old Athenians as

"First in the race that led to Glory's goal,"

and Moore deeply excites our sympathies by his song to the American damsel whom he met when a little girl, on the banks of the Schuylkill, all wool, furs, muffs and boas—

"When first I met thee, warm and young."

We have all heard the antiquarian ditty concerning the period at which yews were first seen in burying-grounds—

"O do you remember the first time eye met yew?"

We recall our "first grey hair" which brought us wisdom,—the first of April, which made fools of us again—the first day of the year, with its bells,

— "and that sweet time

When first we heard their ding-dong chime."

And shall not *I* hereafter call to mind this first specimen of the genuine "Black Drop" that ever trickled from my pen with that mingling "of sweet and bitter fancies" inseparable from a review of whatever is interesting in the Past?

DROP TWO.

It is impossible that a man can ever make a transcendant artist, that is, that he can excel in music, sculpture, painting, &c. unless he be endowed with a capacious understanding. Just principles with reference to the Fine Arts cannot, in my opinion, coexist with illiberal or erroneous notions upon general subjects. Persuade me who can that Nincompoop Higgle-

thwaites, Esquire, who knows neither the world nor himself—who has studied neither books nor men—can possess a genius for music! A genius for eliciting sounds of all degrees of intonation through the medium of certain machinery I readily grant him;—but how can he pretend to move the passions,—he who has himself no passions—who knows nothing about them—who regards them as superfluities—and the sum total of whose ambition is to become a correct copyist of the rules of his art? A musician, forsooth! Bah! He has about as much title to the name of musician as an ape has to that of man.

DROP THREE.

This earth may be characterised as the Great Emporium of the Possible, from whence contingencies are for ever issuing like exports from a warehouse. And Necessity is to the moral world what Fashion is to the social—the parent of perpetual fluctuations. The changes through which men and nations, and their feelings, manners, and destinies are passing and must pass, are not experimental merely; they are superinduced by irresistible, though to a philosophical eye obvious, agencies. When all the varieties of all those changes shall be exhausted, “then is the end nigh;” the Emporium will be thrown down as useless; and the Possible, taught a lesson by the Past, will thenceforth take refuge in spheres from which vicissitude and destruction shall be altogether excluded.

DROP FOUR.

Sir L. Bulwer’s last portrait—that prefixed to his *Leila*—I take to be a total failure—in fact, a regular

humbug. The look is precisely that of a man whom the apparition of a long-legged spider on the wall is about to send into strong hysterics. And such a look was called up for the nonce! Surely the author of Pelham must have lost all his sympathy with the ludicrous when he suffered this to be thrust under the public eye. The affectation was the more supererogatory as Bulwer is really a well-favoured gentleman, the everyday expression of his physiognomy being of quite as stare-arresting an order as he need wish to see transferred either to canvas or foolscap.

DROP FIVE.

If you desire to padlock a punster's lips never tell him that you loathe puns: he would then perpetrate his atrocities for the sake of annoying you. Choose another course: always affect to misunderstand him. When an excruciator has been inflicted on you, open wide your eyes and mouth for a minute, and then, closing them again abruptly, shake your head, and exclaim, "Very mysterious!" This kills him.

DROP SIX.

I should far and away prefer being a great necromancer to being a great writer or even a great fighter. My natural propensities lead me rather to seek out modes of astonishing mankind than of edifying them. Herein I and my propensities are clearly wrong; but somehow I find that almost every thing that is natural in me is wrong also.

DROP SEVEN.

The idea entertained by all girls under twenty of

literary men is, that they are *very clever*. Distinctions between one order of intellect and another they can never be brought to comprehend. With them the sonneteer and the epic poet are on a common level as to talent; the sonneteer, however, is usually the greater pet, as he has more small talk.

DROP EIGHT.

Apropos of sonnets, one of the choicest in our language is that addressed to Dr. Kitchener. I met with it many years ago in some obscure publication, which, I suppose, has since gone the way of all paper:

“Knight of the Kitchen—telescopic cook—
 Beef-slicing proser—pudding-building bard—
 Swallower of dripping—gulper-down of lard—
 Equally great in beaufet and in book!
 With a prophetic eye that seer did look
 Into Fate’s records who bestowed thy name,
 By which thou floatest down the tide of fame
 As floats the jackstraw down the gurgling brook.
 He saw thee destined, by the boiler’s side,
 With veal and mutton endless war to wage:
 Had he looked further he perchance had spied
 Thee ever scribbling, scribbling, page by page:
 Then to thy head his hand he’d have applied,
 And said,—‘This child will be a HUMBUG OF
 THE AGE.’”

DROP NINE.

The longing which men continually feel for *rest* while engaged in the struggles and stormy turmoils of Life, is an unconscious tending of the heart towards

its natural goal, the Grave.

DROP TEN.

My impression is that the Irish were not originally so warlike a nation at all as is popularly supposed. The Danes unquestionably beat them hollow in military ardour, as well as prowess and skill. *Imprimis*, the Danes were always the invaders, the aggressors,—the Irish standing only on the defensive, *pro aris et focis*. Secondly, the Irish bards usually designate the Danes as *an fionn-treabh sar-bhorb*,—“that fair-haired and most fierce tribe,” manifestly leaving it to be implied that they (the bards) were not accustomed to consider the Irish as equally fierce. In the third place, the Danes first taught the Irish the use of many battle-weapons, and, among others, of the curt-axe, so formidable afterwards in the hands of the galloglass. If the Irish had been by nature a very martial people, instinct would have directed them to the inventing of those implements of destruction for themselves. Fourthly, the successful result of the Battle of Clontarf, instead of being spoken of by Irish writers as a thing of course, is for the most part made a theme for wonder and extraordinary exultation; as if the Irish had been habituated to such drubbings by their enemies that a solitary victory on their own side was to be celebrated as scarcely less than miraculous. Besides, all are agreed that the aborigines of Ireland, the Firbolgs, meddled very little with cold iron, except when they took the scythe or spade in hand; and there is no satisfactory evidence that the Battle of Moy-Tuire drove them out of the island, or did more than disperse the great bulk of them over it. The northern portions of

the Irish tribes I do believe were fond enough of war, both in the way of business and pleasure; but the Hibernian Milesians appear to have thought that they had on occasions too much of a good thing. Upon native Irish valour no slur can ever be cast; but it certainly owes much of its renown nevertheless to the example set it by the Goths. It is remarkable in fact that the dark-haired races have ever been more prone to the cultivation of arts than arms. Three-fourths of all the eminent musicians and painters of Europe have been dark. On the other hand, disdain of the refinements of social life, impetuosity, and fierceness bordering on savageism appear to be the prominent natural characteristics of the light-haired. The happy—not the *golden*—medium is found in the auburn, who have more equanimity of disposition than either, as well as more genius for historical and metaphysical research, greater mental flexibility, and, generally speaking, superior capability of adapting themselves to any position that circumstances require them to occupy.

DROP ELEVEN.

Touching hair,—I never cared what the colour of a woman's was. My love laughs at locks as well as locksmiths. Still I have made my observations, in an unobtrusive way, and with the eye of a simpleton. Red-haired women, I have discovered, are usually the liveliest of their sex, but also the most changeable—(never, however, *double*)-minded. There is an absolute passion for coquetry in them: you can no more steady them to one object, *i. e.* yourself, of course, than you can fix a ball of quicksilver. A very vain man, if he have more regard for his soul's weal than his heart's,

will be particularly sweet on this class, for they never fail to teach him by many bitter lessons all the hollowness of the philosophy of self-love. The raven-black are not always, as people fancy, the most impassioned—unless they happen to be from Spain or Italy. Of the brown it is difficult to predict any thing in a general way, except that their perceptions are usually very acute;—their affections also are easily won and easily wounded; they are of the nervous temperament; and I apprehend that more broken hearts are found among these than among the others. I have noticed that as to both intellect and feeling much in all cases depends on the size of the brain, and more on its activity. I believe, but am not positive, that D'Israeli (the Younger) asserts that very great self-possession in women indicates want of heart. I disagree: in my opinion it merely shows a capacity for concentration of thought. But I perceive I am wandering from my text; and so, lest I lose myself altogether, I stop short without further apology.

DROP TWELVE.

The most opaque of all the masques that people assume to conceal their real characters is enthusiasm. In the eyes of women enthusiasm appears so amiable that they believe no impostor *could* counterfeit it: to men it seems so ridiculous that they are satisfied nobody *would*.

DROP THIRTEEN.

It is a singular fact, that the great majority of French authors, whatever the nature of their subject, write as if they were haranguing.

DROP FOURTEEN.

Poets call women light-footed. I do not know upon what ground. Sauntering one day along, rather at my ease, I passed forty-seven of them in succession between Carlisle Bridge and Granby Row. As to their dancing, it never satisfied me. There always appeared to me some mysterious hugger-muggery about the movements: it was their drapery that danced,—not they. Stage *danseuses* of course I make no account of here, as they are either “to the manner born,” or trained to it, and people stare at them as monstrosities.

DROP FIFTEEN.

If every individual were to develop his inmost dispositions to the world in writing, publishers would undoubtedly realize large fortunes by the novelties wherewith we should see the press teeming. What can be stranger, *par exemple*, than the fact that I, who, with all my sins, am not, I hope, wickedder than my neighbours, should be haunted by a continual longing to become a captain of robbers? Not that I should care much about the plunder. It is the idea of exercising influence, of controlling and coercing, that captivates my fancy. But why should I not wish rather to exercise the same influence over the mild and the amiable? It is, that an involuntary though fallacious association connects in my mind mildness and amiability with weakness, and invests force of even the rudest kind with an air of majesty and grandeur? I cannot tell; but the fact is as I record it. Let the metaphysicians explain it in their own way.

DROP SIXTEEN.

The modern English and Irish fashion adopted by women of wearing the hair all in a clump at the west of the head is most detestably execrable. My blood curdles when I think of it.

DROP SEVENTEEN.

There are some few women who will despise you for loving them, but none who will *hate* you without a much better reason.

DROP EIGHTEEN.

All the blank-versifying in Europe to the contrary notwithstanding, revenge of personal wrongs is a mean passion. It is the gratification of self-love in one of its most abominable forms. I am convinced that none besides grovelling minds are capable of harbouring it. Remark that hurricanes are most inclined to prostrate mud hovels: they can only rage impotently around the pyramid whose apex kisses heaven. So, the momentary sway of the fiercer passions over elevated minds leaves no perceptible trace behind: it is in base natures alone that it stimulates to havoc and destruction.

DROP NINETEEN.

From the moment that any man tells me that he cannot understand the humour of Rabelais, I never care to speak to him, or to hear him speak to me, on literary topics.

DROP TWENTY.

There is one phenomenon sometimes attendant on dreaming, at least on *my* dreaming, which, as far as I

can discover, no writer, not even Macnish, has ever noticed. I allude to the marvellous power which the mind possesses during sleep of *re-creating the same images over and over with no exercise of memory on the part of the dreamer*. To me this is a mystery altogether inexplicable, nor have I ever met with any one capable of clearing it up. As the meaning of my italics may not be exactly divined, I will condescend to details. I dream, for instance, that I am compelled to traverse four and twenty chambers in succession:—let me call them A, B, C, &c. Each of these chambers is characterised by some architectural or other peculiarity of its own—a pillar perhaps in the centre of it—a strange picture on the wall—a sphynx on a marble table, or some other distinguishing feature. I journey through the entire number from A to Z; and by the time I have reached Z I have lost all remembrance of the preceding three and twenty chambers. *I am conscious of the loss of the remembrance*. Very well. On reaching Z, I am compelled to return through the chambers back again to A. And here we have the mystery. For now, as I open each door and enter, my memory, dormant up to the moment of my entrance, *revives*, and I recognise at once, *in the correct order of their succession*, the objects I saw as I passed along first. Having arrived at A, I again resume my journey to Z, and the same series of anomalies takes place. When I am in B, I have not the faintest recollection of C, yet, on re-entering C, I recall it again distinctly and vividly. I have no notion, however, what D may contain, till, upon opening the door, I recognise everything. And so I progress to Z; and then travel back a second time to A, only to re-commence my involuntary pilgrimage, which is repeated perhaps thirty times over.

The grand puzzle here is, *How* the imagery of the chambers is created. *Primâ facie*, it would seem as though it existed altogether independent of *my* consent or that of any of my faculties. Of course it cannot so exist; but of one thing I am certain,—that what is called imagination has no share in creating it. Imagination is always conscious of exercising its own power. Moreover, unless there be a determinate effort for the purpose, the forms it produces are never twice the same. Now, in me, there is no such effort; there is no effort of any kind. My will is passive throughout. *I do not know what it is that I am about to see as I open the door.* Besides, what the will helps to fabricate the will can help to destroy; and I am painfully conscious that I cannot destroy the minutest portion of the scenery before me. The English Opium-Eater's dreams about the staircases of Piranesi will perhaps occur to the reader. Between those dreams and mine, however, there is scarcely one salient point of resemblance. I doubt even whether the Opium-Eater ever had such dreams as I have been endeavouring to describe: if he had, they would have appeared too remarkable to one of his metaphysical habits of thought to be passed over in silence. I may add, that I regret he should not have been visited by them; for I believe him to be one of the few men in England qualified to supply a theory in explanation of the phenomenon which they involve.

DROP TWENTY-ONE.

People never pardon an *avowed* want of sympathy with themselves, because it is want of respect. Xanthus was one day beginning in my presence with a rapt air Mrs. Hemans' poem, "I dream of all things free,"

when I drily edged in, "Freestone among the rest, I presume." This *mauvaise plaisanterie* cost me an acquaintance. Xanthus was hurt, not so much because I did not participate in his enthusiasm, as because I took no trouble to disguise my want of participation in it. It is the way of the world. Most of us prefer the dissimulation that flatters us to the sincerity that wounds.

DROP TWENTY-TWO.

Not that I would insist that we are always to blame for our preference. False politeness may in no case be a virtue, but unnecessary cruelty is at all times a vice. I must hate it, in whatever shape it comes. Quarrelling with the truth and, quarrelling with the motive that dictates the utterance of the truth, are two distinct things. It is lawful for me to grieve over the *malus animus* that levels a shaft against my self-love. I contract an aversion towards the archer, because he is barbarous in the abstract, not because he wounds *me*. My feelings would not be a jot less bitter if he had victimized my enemy instead.

DROP TWENTY-THREE.

The most exquisite pleasure of which we are susceptible is the state of feeling that follows a sudden cessation of intense pain. Reflection on this truth might make us melancholy, if we did not remember that our final agonies must be succeeded by repose.

DROP TWENTY-FOUR.

Want of gratitude hardly deserves to be branded as ingratitude. A mere negation of all sentiment should not be mistaken for the blackest of vices.

Favours are often slighted from constitutional insensibility; or they may be involuntarily forgotten. Where they are, wrongs are forgotten just as soon. He who serves others and is not thanked may find that he can injure them without being hated. Heaven forefend, however, that he should make the experiment for the sake of philosophising on the result!

DROP TWENTY-FIVE.

I have noticed that those men who give bad characters of women have usually worse characters themselves.

DROP TWENTY-SIX.

L. E. L. (poor L. E. L.!) remarks in her *Romance and Reality* that memory is the least egotistical of all the faculties, forasmuch as it rather recalls to us the individual we have conversed with or the book we have read than the feelings we have experienced. I am inclined to differ. Wherever the memory of our feelings is vague it must be because the feelings themselves were equally vague. For my own part I have always a much better recollection of the emotions that were excited in my mind by hearing a certain air or perusing a particular story than I have of the music or the volume itself.

DROP TWENTY-SEVEN.

None but exalted spirits, who can calmly look down upon human events and human frailties as from an eminence, are capable of unalterable friendship; for none but they can calculate beforehand the errors they shall have to pardon as well as the excellences they

can prize. Even those persons, however, though they may feel friendship, can rarely inspire it;— so much more difficult is it for mediocrity to appreciate nobleness than for nobleness to tolerate mediocrity!

DROP TWENTY-EIGHT.

Distrust nine girls in ten who instead of talking to you on a first introduction listen with apparent deference to all that your foolish tongue utters to them. Depend upon it that they are making a study of your character for their own purposes. I except the tenth girl because she is a *niaise*, and has really nothing to say. It may be supposed that some of the sex remain silent on these occasions from bashfulness. I think the supposition a mistake. I have met proud girls and cold girls, and silent girls and silly girls. So have others. But when and where has any body ever met with a bashful girl? Never and nowhere.

DROP TWENTY-NINE.

A friend once told me that Catiline was as great a man as Cæsar, but not so fortunate. I contested his assertion and maintained that the failure of Catiline's enterprises proved his mind to have been of an inferior order. I think so still. In my opinion wisdom and circumspection are indispensable essentials of greatness. A great man must not only be able to foresee what *ought* to succeed, but what *will* succeed. He must conquer all adverse circumstances. Napoleon's greatness consisted not in *being* Emperor of France, but in having made himself so. Neither was his defeat by Russia half so fatal to his reputation in the eyes of Europe as the folly he had evinced in tempting it.

DROP THIRTY.

While as yet we are young—while we are unhackneyed in the sodden ways of this world—our souls dwell in our eyes, and beauty is our only loadstar. Nothing has such charms for us as the society of a being who superadds grace and animation to her native loveliness. The sense of existence is deepened and quickened within us before her. A thousand newborn pulses of tremulous delight agitate our bosoms. We are tenants of a sphere apart. Fancy is intoxicated with the present and anticipates a future all triumph and transport. We stand spell-chained within the charmed circle of an enchantress. The depth of our devotion to beauty may be estimated by the aversion we feel at this time of life for its antipodes. Sex does not so much enter into our calculations as philosophers think. An ugly woman shocks us. She may be a De Stael; but what do we care at eighteen for metaphysics, from the lips of man or woman? She is ugly; and disgust and weariness constitute our paramount feelings. We are spiritless, melancholy, *lonely*. Time lags on his long path, and the burden of life presses us down towards the clay we half wish to mingle with for ever. The folding-doors of the imagination are flung to with a sound, sullen and hope-destroying, which reverberates through the innermost hollows of the heart. The desire of signalizing ourselves languishes. Fame appears as valueless as its common type, a bubble on the water. The world is robed in gloom. How mighty are even momentary influences in early youth! Well! a few years and all this sensibility passes away. Beauty and ugliness can move us no more. All that is left to us is the ability to ponder on our former feelings—to laugh at or weep

for our illusions, as our temperament inclines.

"But if we laugh at any mortal thing
'Tis that we may not weep; and if we weep
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy."

Are we the happier for the change? Certainly we are not the quieter. We create less agitation in the drawing-room, but more every-where else. Alas! we are scarcely the happier either. While we can neither adore nor abhor as of yore we are compelled to praise and scold much louder than ever. We care nothing for any thing, yet are forced to seem interested in every thing. One only hour remains to us in which we are privileged to throw off the mask and be ourselves,—and that is our death hour. Then, however, the world pays us little heed,—and we—small blame to us—return the compliment.

DROP THIRTY-ONE.

The African Magician in *Aladdin*, traversing Isfahan, and crying out for his own private purposes, *Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?* is an excellent vaticinatory hit at the *soi-disant* Illuminati of modern times.

DROP THIRTY-TWO.

Aladdin displayed infinite tact in leaving to the Sultan the honor of putting the finishing hand to the building of his palace. The Sultan was then in the position of a critic to whom a great poet submits an epic, and who adds a line to the end of it: the critic may boast that he has assisted in the composition of the work; and the Sultan might have said, I and Aladdin have constructed this palace. His vanity was

tickled; and his son-in-law rose at least five stories high in his opinion. Aladdin, however, afterwards spoiled all by his impatience. The Sultan was too slow a coach for him; and he had recourse to the lamp. Here was a want of *savoir faire*, for which he suffered accordingly. It is thus that the cleverest men perpetually make asses of themselves in the long run,—marring in a quarter of an hour by some piece of headstrong *gaucherie* all the advantages secured to them by previous years of prudence and industry.

DROP THIRTY-THREE.

This same palace of Aladdin, though reared in one night, had not its parallel for beauty,—and would have remained the most durable of earthly edifices—a wonder for all after-ages—if the genii that had constructed it had not of their own accord removed it:—they bore it away to an unknown land, and it returned no more. So, love at first sight, the birth of an instant, strikes nevertheless its roots far deeper in the heart than the affection which takes months in maturing,—and never could depart or die if they who excited it did not themselves contribute to abolish its existence. For they are fickle in their homage—or they were false from the beginning—or they betray a baseness of character long hidden—or time furrows their cheeks—and then the love evanishes for ever,—going down, with no hope of resurrection, into the deepest of all moral graves—the grave of indifference.

DROP THIRTY-FOUR.

Very crafty persons may be at once known by the great breadth between their eyes. I have remarked

that persons with this peculiarity of feature are also better qualified than others to judge of physical beauty and the harmonies of external proportion.

DROP THIRTY-FIVE.

When you pen a common-place you should always strain a point to redeem it by a *jeu-de-mot*. Yet perhaps I am unphilosophical in my advice, for most great truths are essentially common-place. So, for that matter, are all the dogmas and dictates of reason—the reason of many, *c'est à dire*, not of all, for what is high treason with the Old-clothesmen is high treason with the Purple-and-Fine-lineners.

DROP THIRTY-SIX.

Life is a game which perversely varies its character according to the age at which we play it: in youth, when much may be lost, it is a game of chance; in manhood, when little remains to be won, it is a game of skill.

DROP THIRTY-SEVEN.

Gay people commit more follies than gloomy; but gloomy people commit greater follies.

DROP THIRTY-EIGHT.

The intellect of poets feeds their vanity; that of philosophers counteracts theirs.

DROP THIRTY-NINE.

No neglect, no slight, no contumely from one of his own sex can mortify a man who has been much flattered

and courted by women. No matter from what source it may emanate, he will always and necessarily attribute it to envy.

DROP FORTY.

Perseverance has enabled me to find my way to XL. Whether it will ever enable me to find *the* way to excel, *reste à savoir*.

DROP FORTY-ONE.

Many persons have experienced a strange sensation of uneasiness and apprehension, as it were, of undefined evil, at hearing the knolling of a deep bell in a great city at noon, amid the bustle of life and business. The source of this sensation I take to lie, not so much in the mere sound of the bell as in the knowledge that its monitions, of whatever character they may be, are wholly undictated by human feelings. We are more or less jealous of the interference of our fellow-beings in our concerns, even where their motives are purely disinterested, because, in spite of us, we associate with it the idea of ostentation and intrusiveness. But, a solemn voice from a mass of inanimate metal, especially when the hum and turmoil of the world are around us, is like the tremendous appeal of a dead man's aspect; and its power over us becomes the greater because of its own total unconsciousness of the existence of that power.

DROP FORTY-TWO.

It is seldom that any one who is ingenious at finding arguments is ingenuous in stating them. A clear-headed man, for all that, may be a very candid one; and a great misfortune it is for him to be so.

Being always reasonable, he is of course, from the nature of society, always engaged in controverting some absurdity. Hence *tracasseries* with his friends, and all those other kinds of asseries before the world to which these usually lead.

DROP FORTY-THREE.

The world has less tolerance for novel theorists upon morals and metaphysics than for even *soi-disant* discoverers in the sciences. The reason is obvious. Almost every man confesses to himself his ignorance of all things relating to the mysteries of the external world; but it is difficult to persuade any man that he is not himself the best judge of what passes in his own mind.

DROP FORTY-FOUR.

If a combination of the Sublime and the Sarcastic be possible, I fancy I find it in two lines by Gleim:

Und Freidrich weint?
Gieb ihm die Herrschaft uber dich, O, Welt,
Weil er, ob auch ein Konig, weinen kann!

And Fredric weeps?
Give him dominion over thee, O, Earth!
For this, that he, albeit a king, can weep.

DROP FORTY-FIVE.

Victories, after the lapse of some years, ruin a country even more certainly than defeats. The money which governments raise from speculators for carrying on successful wars must be repaid to them with interest; and as it is the nature of wealth to go on producing wealth an enormous accumulation of the circulating medium must take place in the coffers of the few to the detriment of the many. The larger

party tending to pauperism in an inverse ratio with the augmenting prosperity of the smaller party, affairs daily grow more generally worse; until at last the very continuance in existence of the nation becomes a problem to be solved only by a revolution.

DROP FORTY-SIX.

Experience is a jewel picked up by a wrecked mariner on a desert coast—a picture-frame, purchased at a preposterous cost, when decay has done its duty on your finest Titian—a prosing lecturer who sermonises a sleeping congregation—a warden who alarms the citadel when the enemy has broken through the gates—a melancholy moon after a day of darkness and tempest—a sentinel who mounts guard over a pillaged house—a surveyor who takes the dimensions of the pit we have tumbled into—a monitor that, like Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, tells us that *Time is past*—a lantern brought to us after we have traversed a hundred morasses in the dark and are entering an illuminated village—a pinnacle on the strand found when the tide has ebbed away—a morning lamp lighted in our saloon when our guests have departed, revealing rueful ruin—or any thing else equally pertinent and impertinent. Why then do we panegyrisé it so constantly? Why do we take and make all opportunities to boast of our own? Because, wretched worms that we are! we are so proud of our despicable knowledge that we cannot afford to shroud from view even that portion of it which we have purchased at the price of our happiness. Parade and ostentation—ostentation and parade for ever!—"they are the air we breathe—without them we expire."

DROP FORTY-SEVEN.

"How populous—how vital is the grave!" cried Young. He was in the right in the sense he contemplated. He was in the right, too, in a separate sense. The grave is vital to the renown of those great men who had none during life. "Silent as the grave," say some:—bah! the grave is your only betrayer of secrets. It is the *camera obscura* which the student of human nature must enter to behold sights unrevealable by "garish day," and "amid the lum, the crowd, and shock of men." Stagnant waters picture the sky better than stormy:

"Nicht in truben Schlamm der Bache
Der von wilden Regengüssen schwillt,
Auf des stillen Baches eb'ner Fläche
Spiegelt sich das Sonnenbild *

"The day of a man's death is better than the day of his birth," saith Solomon. To the man of genius at least it proves so. If his friends do not embalm him like the Egyptians, or give him money like the Greeks, to pay Charon his fare, they do more—they write recommendatory letters to Posterity in his behalf. Yes: fame, like Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein, is a genuine production of the sepulchre. "The nightmare Life-in-Death is she." She springs up from the dust of him who seeks her no more, as the phoenix rises from its own ashes. "The grave-dews winnowing through the rotting clay" are distilled into an *elixir vitæ* which, unlike St. Leon's, turns out no burden to its possessor. The season of requittal is come, and the

* Never in the bosom of the stream,
Dulled and troubled by the flooding rains,
Rather on the stilly lake the beam
Of the mirrored sun remains.

SCHILLER.

crowd cry out, *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* What is the reason? How is the anomaly explained? Why all this hullabaloo, begotten on a sudden? Because the man *is* dead: because he is *out of the way*. He is "fallen from his high estate." He has ceased personally to excite the wonder and wrath and envy of others. His works are before the world, to be sure, and that is mortifying, but he, the worker, is behind the world, and that is fortifying. No fear of pleasing him now by flattery. He can no more "hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." Walls have ears, quoth the proverb, but those of the tomb are an exception. "Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust" to smile a reply to a compliment? Low in the arms of the Mighty Mother he lies, no more the unconscious stirrer-up of heart-burnings among those whom he overlooked, but hated not, and who hated him because they could not overlook him. Therefore let the shell and lute now resound with his praises! Ah! after all, human nature has been libelled. "We are not stocks and stones." We are glad of all opportunities to effect a compromise between our jealousy and our justice. And is not this much? Let him who thinks it little re-model society upon a plan that shall enable men to possess passions "as though they possessed them not," for otherwise he is scarce likely to be satisfied on this side of the Millennium.

DROP FORTY-EIGHT.

Horace Smith's shop-board with "Going, Stay-maker," is very good, and better still if true; but I certainly once saw over a gateway the notification, "John Reilly, Carpenter and *Timberyard*."

DROP FORTY-NINE.

The Irish Annalists sustain the literary character of their country famously. I like samples of style such as those *que voici*. "Mac-Giolla-Ruadh plunged into the river and swam to the shore, but was drowned before he landed." "The Kinel-Owen defeated the Kinel-Connell with terrible slaughter, for Niall Garbh O'Donnell lost one leg in the battle." "The Lord Lieutenant and Maurice Fitzgerald then returned to Ireland, both in good health, except that Maurice Fitzgerald caught a fever on the way, from which he did not recover." "Hugh Roe now sent word to the Italians to come and assist him, but this they were not then able to do, for they had all been killed some time before by," &c. Pope, it occurs to me, has an Irish line in his *Essay on Man*.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be ;
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.

And Schiller another in his *Robbers* :

"Death's kingdom—waked from its eternal sleep !

And Milton another in his *Paradise Lost* :

"And in the lowest deep a lower deep."

DROP FIFTY.

Poets are the least sympathising of breathing beings. They have few or none of the softer feelings. One cause of their deficiency in these is that they have already vented them in verse. Pour the wine out of a flask and you leave the flask void. A second and better reason for their insensibility is this, that two master-sentiments cannot coexist in one bosom. The imagination refuses to share its sovereignty with the heart. "One fire tires out another's burning," says Shake-

speare, who, I fancy, took a much deeper interest in the fate of his own dramas than in all the affairs of the world besides. The use of poetry to poets is that it preserves them from great crimes and gross vices. If it quenches every spark of sympathy in their breasts, on the other hand it absorbs them too much to allow them to seek a reputation by throat-cutting or city-burning. Negatively poetry is thus of use to mankind. With regard to its positive use to them, as this is an age of discoveries we may perhaps find it out by-and-bye.

DROP FIFTY-ONE.

A translator from Spanish, French, High Dutch, &c. should always improve on his original if he can. Most continental writers are dull plodders, and require spurring and furbishing. I see no harm in now and then giving them a lift and a shove. If I receive two or three dozen of sherry for a dinner-party, and by some chemical process can convert the sherry into champagne, my friends are all the merrier, and nobody is a loser. As to translations from the Oriental tongues, no one should attempt them, unless for the purpose of adducing them as documentary evidences in support of some antiquarian theory, about which the world does not care three halfpence. By the way, I submissively insist that Mr Lane's new version of the *Arabian Nights*, now coming out in numbers, is the most quackish jackassicality of latter days. Mr. Lane is a good writer and a shrewd observer, but he cannot—no man can—Europeanize Orientalism. One might as well think of introducing Harlequin's costume into the Court of Chancery.

DROP FIFTY-TWO.

Shelley was remarkable for very bright eyes; so was La Harpe; and so was Burns. Maturin's eyes were mild and meditative, but not particularly lustrous: when he raised them suddenly, however, the effect was startling. Byron's did not strike the observer as much as might have been expected, probably because of his ill health. As De Quincey correctly remarks, the state of the eyes greatly depends on that of the stomach. Carleton has a fine intelligent eye, filled with deep, speculative thought, "looking before and after." My idea, nevertheless, is, that in general too much stress is laid on the expression of the eyes. In many faces their supposed character is derived from the other features. What eye can be more beautiful and expressive than that of an infant, who has no passions, and whose mind is as yet a blank?

DROP FIFTY-THREE.

I disapprove of encouraging the working classes to read too much. One inevitable result of their knowledge must be, that their wants will become multiplied in a greater degree than their resources. For a successful and summary method, however, of enlightening the multitude by means of books, I refer readers to the history of the Caliph Omar and the Alexandrian Library.

DROP FIFTY-FOUR.

"Murder," says Shakespeare, "though it hath no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ." Here is evidence that the existence of the organ of Destruc-

tiveness was not unknown to our ancestors. Or perhaps "will speak" points to the nineteenth century, and the passage is a prophecy. I neither know nor care.

DROP FIFTY-FIVE.

Apropos of poetical prophecies, Shelley has recorded a remarkable prediction by Byron anent the mode of his (Shelley's) own death:—

——— "O, ho!
You talk as in times past,' said Maddalo.
'Tis strange men change not: you were ever still
Among Christ's flock a perilous infidel,—
A wolf for the meek lambs: if you can't swim,
Beware of Providence!' I looked at him,
But the gay smile had faded from his eye."
Shelley's Julian and Maddalo.

DROP FIFTY-SIX.

One word more upon Craniology. Whence, I should like to learn, springs the propensity to general ridicule? —to scout most things and people as humbugs? Spurzheim's theory makes it a product of deficient Veneration and great Destructiveness and Congruity, *i. e.* Wit or Humour. I largely doubt. Rabelais lacked Congruity; so did Swift. Curran's masque exhibits but a moderate share of it. In Godwin and Wordsworth it appears full; yet to both wit is an abhorrence. Voltaire had large Veneration. Sterne's head, it is true, answers to the required *laid ideal*, but making Sterne's head do duty for the head of every man who is the reverse of stern is something too bad. For myself I place faith in but four of the thirty-two organs: Self-esteem, Secretiveness, Firmness, and Hope; but this last I would call Castle-building; and I conceive that it and Ideality are the same faculty.

DROP FIFTY-SEVEN.

One of the finest passages in modern fiction is the meeting between Watson and Welbeck in Brockden Brown's *Arthur Mervyn*. The stern concentrated rage of the avenger—the more awful from its calmness—and the wordless resignation and despair of the wretched seducer are portrayed with a terrible faithfulness to nature. The introductory words of Watson—"It is well. The hour my vengeance has long thirsted for is arrived. Welbeck! that my first words could strike thee dead! They will so, if thou hast any claim to the name of man,"—prepare us for the harrowing disclosures that follow—the death of Watson's sister "from anguish and a broken heart," and the suicide of their lunatic father in consequence. And when Watson, having narrated the latter circumstance, draws a pistol from his breast, and, approaching Welbeck, places the muzzle against his forehead, saying with forced calmness—"This is the instrument with which the deed was performed," who, even of those that cannot *feel* the scene, but must acknowledge the graphic nature of the conception? The duel, also, across the table, with its unlooked for result in the death of Watson, and the whole of the subsequent narrative of the interment of the corpse in the cellar—how peculiarly, but how powerfully they are given! Our interest in the entire affair is heightened by the singular character of Welbeck, who, by the way, is not at all like the Falkland of *Caleb Williams*, though Dunlop, Brown's biographer, fancies he perceives a marked resemblance between them. Let us hope that *Arthur Mervyn* will find a place among the Standard Novels. It deserves the honor fully as much as *Edgar Huntly*.

DROP FIFTY-EIGHT.

Writing a poem for the sake of developing a metaphysical theory, is like kindling a fire for the sake of the smoke.

DROP FIFTY-NINE.

Love, even fortunate love, never leaves the heart as it found it. An angel once dwelled in the palace of Zohir, and his presence was the sun and soul of that edifice. But, after years, there came a devil, stronger than the angel; and the devil drove the angel from the palace and took up his own abode therein. And a woeful day was that for the palace, for the devil brake up the costly furniture and put all things at sixes and sevens, and the mark of his hoof was every where visible on the carpets. But when some time had passed, he too, went away; and now the palace was left a lonely wreck, for the angel never more would return to a dwelling that had been desecrated by a devil. So it continued to wax older and crazier, till at last one night a high wind came and swept it to the earth where it lay ever after in ruins. Many say, however, that the angel might have remained in it to this day had he combated the intruder with might and main in the beginning, but that he chose rather to hold parley with him, and even invited him to come under the roof.

DROP SIXTY.

Inscribed in the Chronicle of the Forty-four Mandarins is the record of the confessions of A-HA-HO-HUM, Man of Many Sciences, Son of the Dogstar, and Cousin to the Turkey-cock; and thus it runneth: I, A-HA-HO-HUM, HAVE TRAVERSED THE EARTH, AND THE HEARTS

OF MEN HAVE BEEN LAID BARE TO ME; AND LO! MY
TESTIMONY CONCERNING ALL THINGS IS THIS:—

No Wall is Dense, and no Well is Deep,
where a Mill is Daring.

* THE THREE HALF-CROWNS.

POETS would be the happiest order of bipeds under the sun but for a single drawback from their felicity—to which we shall advert presently. As circumstances are, we know of no sort of people who pass a pleasanter time of it wherever they may be, or succeed with greater ease in converting the pilgrimage of life into a triumphal march. We do not believe one word of the common literary gabble about their melancholy and hypochondriacism; and we take it that the sneer of Horace against the *genus irritabile vatum* must have been levelled altogether at that swarm of small versifiers that infested Rome during the Augustan age—poor creatures who seldom netted over fourpence a day by the exercise of their fingers, and were in consequence as fidgety and restless as hens on hot griddles. As for Dr. Currie's insinuation, *à propos* of poor Burns, that there is a something in the poetical temperament that renders its proprietor a burden to himself and a bore to others, we laugh at it and leave it unanswered. It is sheer twaddle, capital as filling-stuff at the fag-end of a piece of meagre biography, but in any other respect not worth one puff of tobacco smoke. The real fact of the matter is that poets are a gay, grinning, joking, jolly set of fellows, full of life, laughter and waggy. To this all Dublin can testify. We appeal

* I Tre Giull; O Sieno Sonetti di Niceto Abideno, P.A., sopra l'importunita d'un Creditor di Tre Giull. In Roma, 1762.

to the experience of every man, woman, and child between Rathmines and Drumcondra—between Beggars' Bush and the Fifteen Acres. Not one soul of them all, big or little, but must in honour admit that we stick like wax to the unvarnished truth.

Why it is that poets should be what we describe them is easily explained. Poets eat and drink without stint—and seldom at their own cost—for what man of mark or likelihood in the moneyed world is there, who is not eager to get their legs under his mahogany? Again, poets never fall in love—their sympathies are of too cosmopolitan an order for the exclusiveness demanded by the tender passion—they are universal philogynists as well as philanthropists—and hence they remain invulnerable, even when Cupid points his arrows at them through eyes almost (not quite) as dazzling as any they sing of in their own roundelays. All this goes for something. Still, this is not it exactly. The real secret of the happiness poets enjoy is to be sought in their Imagination. This is the faculty to which they owe the possession of almost every thing they have, and the absence of almost everything they ought not to have. It is this that elevates them, balloon-like, sky-high above the petty wants and cares that shorten the days of prosers. His imagination is to the poet what his Ring was to Gyges, or his Coat of Darkness to Jack the Giant-killer—by means of it he has the same power of withdrawing from “this visible diurnal sphere,” without putting himself to the trouble of an effort. It makes more than a monarch of him. It is his clue through the labyrinth of life—his tower of strength in peril—his guide, monitor, Mentor, oracle—his shield, cloak, truncheon, tabernacle, and house of refuge. It is, in a word, the mysterious curtain-cloud

that interposes between him and all matters mundane, and prevents him from being affected by any thing, except perhaps the occasional vision of a dish or decanter,

“ which shines so cool before his eyes.” *

Such is imagination, as monopolized by the Poet. We have said that he owes *almost* every thing to it. By so saying we have left it to be understood that he now and then owes a little in other quarters. This, unfortunately, is the fact; and the admission at once casts us upon the proper subject of our article. Here is the drawback we spoke of awhile ago. Being, by a curious chance, always (in Ireland at least) a gentleman, though at the same time “ lord of his lyre and of no land beside,” the poet of course must get his lawn and velvet somehow. But Necessity hath no lawn—hath nothing but sackcloth—and hence he is too often driven to borrow a shilling from any one who may be possessed of a capital of two-and-sixpence. By degrees he gets involved, and loses caste and temper—though sometimes he manages for a long while to “ keep never minding ” his difficulties; and it may happen that some striking and decisive turn-up of Fortune’s cards *à son égard* at length takes place, and makes either a man or a mouse of him. As long, however, as the annoyances arising out of debts and dunning continue, we may be certain that however smooth a face he puts on the matter, they must contribute a pretty considerably plentiful seasoning of wormwood to his wine-cup.

The case of Giam-Battista Casti, maker of the book under our thumb, is a melancholy one in point. If ever a man stood fair for becoming eminent, Casti was

* *Lalla Bookh.*

the individual. As a poet of great and varied powers he might have looked forward to an European celebrity. As a Roman citizen he was endowed with every requisite to assume a toploftical position in civil society. As a man of general genius, literary and scienstuffical, he distanced all his townspeople by a long chalk—shining among them like a dollar amid a bag of half-pence. But “all that’s bright must fade”—and so and soon did Casti’s prospects. In a luckless hour he cast away from him, not knowing its value, that “pearl richer than all his tribe”—his independence of mind. He went into debt for Three Giulii—a matter somewhat less than eighteenpence English—and dished himself for all the days of his years.

Poor Giam-Battista!—Ill-starred Casti! Yet there was more than one excuse for him. He had for some weeks before the fatal act been quite out at elbows, and his plans to raise the wind had failed like so many bankers. Like Leigh Hunt at Pisa, he “spent a gloomy time of it, walking about the stony alleys” in the suburbs of Rome, and meditating on the decided inferiority of two jugs of pump-water to one flask of Montefiascone. He had really no resource. He was in a “fix” with Fortune. It may be matter for grief, but is surely none for wonder, that he should have made the most of an opportunity one day thrown in his way by a *rencontre* with his Evil Genius, in the shape of an icemonger from the city, who came up to him, took him by a button, and began a conversation with him on the nature and properties of Tin. It was natural that, feeling himself unable to stand alone, he should have requested another to stand a loan for him. This was the whole “head and front of his offending.” He could not have dreamt at such a moment that, like

"the proud Count Palatine" in Byron's *Mazeppa*, he was destined "to dearly pay in after days" for his folly—to come down with heavy compound interest of tears and rhymes for the cash he had thus transferred from his friend's pocket to his own. Repentance, however, soon reared her snaky crest amid his roses. Hear how he began piping in a few weeks after the transaction :

[THE POET BEWAILETH HIS ILL LUCK IN HAVING CONTRACTED THE DEBT OF THE TRE GIULII.*]

"Io non petro dimenticar mai piu."

I weep as I recall the day my Dun
 Lent me those fatal *Three Half-Crowns* : he stood
 A full half-hour in shilly-shallying mood
 Poising them in his hand, and—one by one—
 Counting them o'er, as first he had begun.
 Even then I saw no human likelihood
 Of my repaying them—and I still see none.
 Small wonder, therefore, if I sometimes brood
 With bitter tears over my dismal fate,
 Besonnetizing and bewailing it,
 Loathing my food, which at such seasons I
 Exert myself in vain to masticate,
 And suffering in such style as makes me fit
 For nothing but to—go to bed, and—die!

Poor Casti, in fact, became thoroughly wretched—his only resource was to keep disburthening his conscience in sonnets, and of these he threw off two hundred, filled with the overflowings of a wounded spirit. You perceive as you read them that it is all up with him. He can't get the least ease. The weight

* In our translations we have taken the liberty of enlarging this debt to *Three Half-Crowns*. Things should always be made respectable. We applaud the taste of that painter, who, in representing "Belshazzar's Feast," decorated the wrist of the Hand on the Wall with ruffles and sleeve-buttons.

of the Tre Giulii Debt lies on him, as the weight of the National Debt lay on Cobbett. Turn whither he will, the chilling image of the dealer in ice is ever on his beat. It clings closelier to him than his very shadow—for (according to the German psychologists) a man's shadow doesn't accompany him into his dreams—whereas, even in his dreams, the poet still feels himself shuddering under the cold eye of the iceman. Nay, he thinks that if, like Dædalus or Icarus, he could make himself a pair of pinions and mount into the firmament, his tormentor would get another pair, and in the twinkling of a sixpence be at his shoulder. Thus he discusses this cloudy topic:—

[HE IS OF OPINION THAT HIS CREDITOR WOULD PURSUE
HIM UNTO THE ISLE OF SKY.]

"Se Dedalo ingegnoso, ai fianchi unì."

Yes!—doubtless 'twas delightful beyond measure
To Dædalus to sail, as in a skiff,
Through the blue seas of Æther, high o'er cliff
And tower! Worth more than all the golden treasure
Of earth too, must, methinks, have been the pleasure
Astolfo felt, when, on his hippogriff,
He went sky-scaling, to discover if
He might mount to the moon, and there make seizure
Of the poor Paladin's abstracted brains.*
And yet I wish not to be wingéd, or
Thus raised above Earth's petty pains and plains.
And why? Because I know that if I were,
The devil would dispatch my Creditor
Up after me, to dun me in the air!
He says in Sonnet X. that it is not of his Debt he

* In Orlando Furioso, Canto, xxxiv.

complains, but of his Creditor.

“E mentre pur queste doglianze io fo,
Non mi lagno del Debito, bensi
Di te lagnando, o Creditor mi vo!”

The Debt, I grant you, is a thing to rue;
Yet still 'tis not of that I think the worst,
O cruel Persecutor,—but of you!

In Sonnet XVIII., seeing an eagle soaring over his head, he thinks how happy it is for the birds that they can pass from one country to another without being arrested on their way by a demand for “Three Giulii.”

In the next a novel thought strikes him, and—

[HE PROPOSES A PLAN OF MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION TO HIS
CREDITOR.]

“Tu me chiedi danar ed io non gli ho.”

You bother me for coin, and I've got none,
And so, you see, my time and yours are lost:
Well, then! I'll here propose t'ye, free of cost,
A plan, fair both for Debitor and Dun.
Attend!—When one has got no money one
Can pay no money—that's as plain 's a post.
So, *you* shall cease to dun *me*, even in fun,
And I, *de l'autre côté*,—like a ghost—
Shall wait till *you* speak first. Thus, 'tis quite clear,
Peace will subsist between us,—and what more
Dare you desire? It is a horrid sin
Eternally to teaze and bait and bore
A poor Pilgarlic of a Sonneteer,
Whose only crime is that he has no Tin!

The advantage derivable from this plan, however, being, like the handle of a teapot, all on one side, the

Creditor, we suppose, objects to it; and so the Poet goes on lamenting and lampooning.

He says (in Sonnet XXIV.) that his Creditor's features are so stamped on his memory that he is afraid to marry, lest they should be reproduced in the faces of his children:—

“ Forse che allora, o Creditor, poiché
 L' effigie tua la fantasia m' empi,
 Ed impronta indelebile vi fe;
 I figliuoli farei simili a te,
 E per casa girar vedrei così
 Tanti Creditorelli intorno a me!”

Your image fills my mind so constantly,
 And I'm so badgered by your scandalous dunning,
 That I believe my children would resemble
 Not me, but you; and I should surely see
 A batch of little Creditorlings running
 About my house,—a thought that makes me tremble!
 In the twenty-seventh sonnet,

[HE WISHES THAT THE JEWISH JUBILEE COULD BE RE-
 PROMULGATED IN HIS TIME, THAT SO HE MIGHT
 GET SHUT OF HIS DEBT.]

“ Mi ricordo aver letto in un Rabbi.”

I mind me to have read in some old Rabbi,
 Touching past usages in Palestine,
 Of one among them which, as I opine,
 Was b'yond all doubt quite the reverse of shabby,
 And gloriously illustrated that fine
 Old liberal spirit, roomy as an abbey,
 For which those Early Easterns took the shine:

I speak, friends, of the Jewish Jubilee,
 When no one was permitted to wax gabby
 Upon the strength of debts incurred or owing.
 O, were such Jubilee proclaimed anew
 To-day for Debtors—as it ought to be—
 I guess there's no describing, and no knowing,
 How I would—hold my tongue, vile Dun, with
 you!

In Sonnet XLI. the Poet apostrophises the happy
 days of the Golden Age,—*quand la Reine Berthe filait.*

“*Felici tempi, in cui Berta filo!*”

O, primitive times, when good Queen Bertha span!

There were then, he says, no I. O. U.'s, sheriffs' officers, or Court-of-Conscience summonses; such a coin as a Guilio could not be met with, and above all, his Creditor was as yet a nonentity; so that the luxurious quiet enjoyed by people in those days must have been truly delightful.

In Sonnet XLVI. he discusses the question, Whether his Creditor be a greater scoundrel than an Algerine Pirate; and thinks that he is, because the Pirate is satisfied with robbing a man of what he has, whereas his Creditor wants to rob *him* of what he has not, and never can have, namely, Three Giulii.

He remarks (Sonnet L.) that earthquakes, hurricanes, &c., have been greatly on the increase of late years, and says that these and other signs of the times indicate that the end of the world is not far off. This being the case, he wonders that his Creditor hasn't something more serious to think about than dodging him all day for three paltry pieces of money.

A little further on—

[HE COMPARES HIS DEBT TO A SMALL PIMPLE, WHICH BY DEGREES GROWS TO THE MAGNITUDE OF A CABBAGE-TUMOUR.]

"Se su le gambe, su la faccia, o su."

Some fine May morn you 'wake, and find a small

Pimple established on your neck—or nose—

Thereof at first you think nothing at all,

But weeks pass, and your jolly pimple shows

Itself a tumour, the which grows and grows,

Till, waxing bigger than a cannon-ball,

Like that, it lays you on your back—nor goes

Till you go with it—under plumes and pall.

Thus 'twas and 'tis with Me in this case. When

I first incurred my Debt it seemed a trifle—

A nothing—a mere pimple, so to say :

Now 'tis a tumour—an enormous wen—

An incubus—a mountain—and will stifle

My very life and soul, I think, some day !

One morning (so he relates) he goes to see an Exhibition of Sculptures, but is horrified by meeting among them a statue bearing a marked resemblance to his Creditor; whereupon he rushes down stairs with a vow on his lips never to enter such a place again.

He says that his Creditor has so often asked him for the Three Giulii that, let him (the Poet) talk on what subject he will, his first answer to a question is always, "I really haven't got them."

Being once alone in a place where there is an echo, he is surprised to hear a demand made on him for Three Giulii. He look around, but seeing no one, he tries to recollect himself, and then finds that he has been unconsciously repeating aloud to himself the dunning-formulary of his Creditor.

He says that he finds bark a good specific in a fever, and that when he has caught cold he derives great benefit from a cup of tea. His Creditor alone is a disease incurable by any remedy.

The Ternary Number, he thinks, is a mysterious one. There were three Graces, three Furies, and three Fates; Cerebus had three heads; Apollo was distinguished by his Tripod, or three-legged stool; and Neptune by his Trident, or three-pronged fork. He wonders, therefore, whether any part of what he suffers be attributable to the circumstance of his owing Three Giulii, and not two or four.

He is astonished that the world can continue to subsist if there be Creditors everywhere; however, on second thoughts he supposes that the debtor-worrying system may be a peculiar characteristic of Rome, just as hymn-singing is of Stutgard, and beef-eating of London. Sonnet LVII., on this head, is particularly good.

[HE ASSIGNS A PHILOSOPHICAL REASON WHY HIS CREDITOR
SHOULD BE HARDER-HEARTED THAN ONE LIVING
ANY WHERE ELSE.]

"Che tengo certa indubitata fe."

One fact I'm very clear I may set down

As proved,—to wit, that—travel in what line

You please, you'll meet no creditor like mine,
Even though you ransack every land and town:

On which account I oftentimes opine

That if clime, skies, and temperature combine
To make some nations black and others brown,

This people fierce and t'other just as meek,
The Thracian proud and greedy of renown,
The Assyrian indolent, the Frenchman gay,

There may be in this Roman atmosphere

An influential something, so to speak,
Which renders Debtors averse to pay,
And Creditors remorselessly severe.

Sonnet LXIII. exhibits our Poet attempting that character of Conjuror in which so many a Great Man has failed. He tries his luck on the cards—and lo! the upshot is—as declared by those dumb oracles—that he is destined to groan for ever under the debt of the Three Giulii! This “raises his dander;” and in the next page

[HE COMES DOWN WITH HIS PETTY PENNY-HAMMER ON
THE ARMOUR OF THE CABALISTIC GIANTS.]

“Vano desio, folle pensier nutri.”

Rutilius, Picus, and that herd of thinkers,

Who spent their groping lives in cabalistic
Research, are puffed in hugely eulogistic
Prose by your old blackletter pen-and-inkers:
Your Poets, too, who love Mist and the Mystic,
Have pilloried the clique in many a distich
As mighty Thaumaturgists and deep drinkers
At Wisdom’s wells. Perhaps. To me, however,
They seem no better than a troop of tinkers,
Bungling and botching what they try to shape.

Talk of their Cabala! Bah!—Round my hat!

I wonder can they help me to escape

Being dunned for *Three Half-Crowns*. ’Tis that’s
the chat!

Let them do that, and then I’ll think they’re clever!

One thing puzzles Giam-Battista. He cannot comprehend why it is that whenever he steps out on the *pavé* for a little unfresh air, his Creditor should be

always walking up the same side of the street which he is proceeding to walk down. This phenomenon sets him a-pondering, and after some time

[HIS OPINION IS THAT HE ATTRACTS HIS CREDITOR TOWARDS HIM BY A SPECIES OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.]

"Dica chi vuol. l'Attrazzion si da."

Let Doctors dissertate about Attraction,
 And preach long lectures upon Gravitation,
 Indulging thereanent in speculation
 For which no human creature cares one fraction,
 'Tis all mere twaddle-talk and iteration:
 Of these mysterious modes of Nature's action
 There never yet was any explanation
 To anybody's perfect satisfaction.
 However, this I stubbornly believe,
 And for the proof thereof see no great need
 To take down Isaac Newton from the shelf—
 That, move whither I will—noon, morn, or eve,
 I manage to attract with awful speed
 My *Three Half-Crowns'* Tormentor tow'rds my-
 self!

Some people, who have no sympathy with suffering, may fancy they see something humorous in all this; and the worst of the matter is that we fear they are not quite in the wrong. As we get deeper into the poet's book we ourself begin to suspect that we have a wag to deal with. It is certainly very odd to find him pushing up every now and then to his creditor, and, after treating the poor man to such a punch in the ribs as makes him stagger, turning about with his face to the public, and roaring as if not he, but the other, had been the assailant—*Ex. gr.*

[HE FLOORS HIS CREDITOR IN AN ARGUMENT ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.]

"Non già per impugnar la verita.

My Creditor, who is upon the whole
 No shakes of a philosopher, one day
 Disputed with me—as an ass might bray—
 Anent the nature of the human soul.
 "I guess," quoth he, "it must at length decay
 And die: ten thousand centuries may roll,
 But what begins must end; and 'twould be droll
 If things born yesterday should live alway.
 Beginning, I repeat, implies an end."

Whereon I answered, with a deal of dignity,
 "That's all mine eye, my heterodoxish friend!
 You once began to dun me, yet *that* bore
 Ends not and will not end; your base malignity
 Feeds fat upon my torments evermore!"

[HE PROFESSES TO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ANY THING EXCEPT THE FACT THAT HE OWES THREE GIULII.]

"Spesso al mio creditor vien volonta."

Anon, he'll call again, and, when he finds
 I don't "come down," he'll talk, as 'twere, with wonder
 Of Nature's works—ask all about the winds,
 And clouds, and water-spouts—what causes thunder—
 How far the earth and moon may be asunder—
 And fifty other queries of such kinds:
 To all which I—aware that muddy minds
 Will stupidly misunderstand and blunder—
 Content myself with answering, "My good Creditor,
 On these points you had best consult the Editor
 Of the New Farthing-Rushlight Magazine.
 For my part, all I know is this, that I

Owe *Three Half-Crowns* to you, for which I've been
Dunned night and day, and shall be till I die."

For cool impudence this, we think, may be pronounced matchless. The following is not much more modest:—

[HE ACCUSES HIS CREDITOR OF BEING MORE INHUMAN
THAN EVEN HIPPOCRATES WOULD PERMIT A
PHYSICIAN TO BE.]

"Non poche volte ho inteso dir da chl."

I've often heard it said by persons who
Were deep in Galen and Hippocrates,
That there be days (and those by no means few)
On which, however threatening your disease,
The Doctor mustn't bleed you. This, if true,
Seems queer, considering what strange maladies
These crazy frames of ours are subject to;
But, letting you defend it, if you please,
I tell you this, in confidence—that *my*
Doctor makes no distinctions with regard
To me—but thinks that *every* day is good
For bleeding me—at least he labours hard
To drain my purse,—and that, you won't deny,
Is quite as bad as thirsting for my blood.

The sly rogue! It is plain that he is on the chousing tack after all. What is shameful is, that the more indulgence he receives, the more effrontery he exhibits. Being assured that no proceedings will ever be taken against him for the Three Giulii—

[HE BREAKS OUT INTO THE FOLLOWING SHOCKING ABUSE
OF HIS CREDITOR.]

"Se pur così non m'interPELLI, accio."

You don't, then, mean to prosecute me? Good!

But what are you afraid of? Never think,
 You hungry beggar, that I want to shrink
 From paying you! I'd shoot you if I could
 But 'tish't in my nature or my blood
 To humbug you. I trust I wouldn't sink
 My character so low! Get pen and ink,
 And tott up all for which I could be sued—
 What is it? *Three Half-Crowns!* A paltry nett
 Amount of ninety pence! Can you believe
 That I would bilk you for so very small
 A lobb? No, no; I don't deny the Debt,
 What I deny is this, as you perceive,
 That I've got funds to settle it withal.
 In a similar strain is the following, in which

[HE COMPARES HIS CASE WITH THAT OF JUVENAL'S "VIATOR
 VACUUS, QUI CORAM LATRONE CANTAT."]

"Passieggiar, che soletto inermè e a pie."

The tinless traveller, as he jogs along
 The highway on some fresh September morn,
 Strong in his pauperism, can laugh to scorn
 The rich man's fears of robbery and wrong:
 The footpad hears the rascal's merry song,
 And lets him pass in peace, as one forlorn.
 Yet you, O, pitiless wretch, with heart of horn,
 Ring ever in my ears the dong-ding-dong
 Of your vile *Three Half-Crowns*, albeit I hold
 My shrunken purse before you upside-down,
 And turn my smallclothes' pockets inside-out,
 And swear ten oaths that all my hopes of gold,
 Silver and copper, in the shape of crown,
 Pound, penny, or pistole, are down the spout!

We do not cotton to him, we confess, when he is in

those vituperative moods. Let us look at what he is about some twenty pages further on.

[HE SAYS THAT IF THE TRANSMUTATION OF METALS WERE POSSIBLE, HE WOULD CONTENT HIMSELF WITH COINING THREE GIULII.]

"D quanto scioccamente vaneggio."

Those old Alchymic Dreamers!—rest their bones,
 And be their souls eternally assoiled,
 The Lullys, Arnolds, Gabors, who so toiled
 To turn base metals into precious ones!
 Sleepless and worn, amid retorts and cones
 And crucibles, they fused and blew and boiled—
 Alas, in vain!—their sulphurs, salts and stones
 Exhaled in smoke—and they died fagged and foiled.
 Yet, after all, why might not Art and Labour
 Achieve the project? I don't know. Man's lore
 Is vast, and Science day by day increases;
 But this I know, that if, by following Gabor,
 I could coin *Three Half-Crowns*, I'd ask no more,
 But break my furnaces and pots to pieces.

We have hitherto been looking in vain for any evidence of actual dunning on the part of the honest man upon whom Giambattista is pleased to pour out the vials of his indignation. At length we do meet with just one sonnet somewhat less vague than the rest—and thus it runs:—

[HIS CREDITOR IS COMPARED TO A CAT, WHICH FIRST PLAYS WITH ITS VICTIM AND THEN SLITS ITS WINDPIPE.]

"Si mostra il creditor spesso con me."

My Dun occasionally condescends
 To chat with me on politics and such

Impertinent concerns: he wonders much
 What policy the Great Mogul intends
 To follow—whether Spain's condition mends—
 When Prussia shall have Hungary in her clutch—
 And whether England means to swamp the Dutch—
 Thus he begins, but regularly ends
 In the old, shy, shabby, creditorial style.
 “*Mais, à propos des bottes,*” he'll say, “pray, what
 About those *Three Half-Crowns* you got last
 season?”

The scoundrel!—he reminds one of the Cat.
 So, too, she mystifies the Mouse awhile,
 And plays with him, and then—then slits his
 weazon!

The poet complains that his Creditor has taken to
 learning French—for the sole purpose, as he believes,
 of being able to dun him in that language. This is a
 source of deep tribulation to him. He wishes he could
 have the horn of Astolfo, or the eloquence of Tully,
 that he might try the effect of them on his Creditor.
 Hear him in allusion to the great Roman Orator:

“*Hò inteso di di Ciceron, she fu.*”

They tell this most characteristic story
 Concerning Cicero, called also Tully,—
 That he, in virtue of his ora-tory,
 Would never pay a debt, however fully
 Made out,—but that, when badgered by a bore, he
 Would mount the Rostrum—talk about his glory —
 Protest that forking out the blunt would sully
 His honour bright—in short so coax and bully
 That even his Creditor walked off enchanted.
 O, happy Cicero!—thrice-favoured man,
 To whom this grand Gift of the Gab was granted!

Unlike to me, whose logic, for my sins,
Fails woefully,—for, twaddle all I can,
My Creditor—the blackguard!—only grins.

He consoles himself, however, by reflecting that the ancient, sententious knock-down phraseology of the Lacedemoniacs is, after all, the real thing; and

[HE THINKS HIS CREDITOR OUGHT TO ADMIRE EVEN A REFUSAL, IF GIVEN IN PROPER SPARTAN FASHION.]

"La soverchia in parlar prolissita."

Longwindedness in prose and eke in rhyme

I horribly abominate: that short

Sharp, *tranchant* style of speaking is my forte

In vogue through Sparta once upon a time.

Thus, when King Philip, thinking it no crime,

Requested from the proud Byzantine Court

A passage for his navy through their port,

Pour toute reponse they sent him one sublime,

Brief, thundering N O!* How far above all mean,

Small, sneaking, shuffling, diplomatic art

Such answers soars! Then, Creditor of mine

When we twain meet, and you commence a scene,

And ask, "Pray, can you pay me even a part?"

And I shout "NO!" count that intensely fine!

The poet has been so long wearying the general ear with himself and his Three Giulii, that old Father Tiber grows indignant, and rises from his oozy bed to rebuke him. The sonnet embodying this conception is in very poor taste:—

[HE NARRATES HOW FATHER TIBER TAKES THE SUBJECT OF HIS DITTIES IN DUDGEON.]

"Allorche questo il padre Tebro udl."

Dull Daddy Tiber doth not much admire

My songs: with manner any thing but bland
 Some days ago he foamed up towards the land,
 Shook his hoar locks at me, and spake in ire—
 “Ennius and Virgil trod this hallowed strand;
 Here burned the Mantuan and Venusian fire,
 In times when Rome knew how to prize the Lyre,
 And Valour and the Arts went hand-in-hand.
 To me high bards in every age have sung;
 Their themes were Kings, Chiefs, Dames, the Court
 and Camp,
 Love, War, Time's changes, this world's ups and
 downs:
 Why waggest thou, then, here that vulgar tongue?
 Begone, thou hangabone three-halfpenny scamp,
 And troll elsewhere they catch of *Three Half-
 Crowns*.

Nothing daunted, however, by being snubbed in
 such an unceremonious manner, Giam-Battista again
 falls to work. In this instance

[HE ANTICIPATES IN FANCY THE OCCURRENCE OF ONE OF
 THE ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.]

“La presso il Polo, nel piu corti di.”

It seems that at the Pole, in Winter-time,
 When days are shortest, any thing you say
 (It don't much matter whether prose or rhyme)
 Dies on the frozen air unheard away,
 Till Summer comes,—when, on the first fine day
 That visits that most hyperborean clime,
 Same air dissolves, and without more delay
 Out come the words of your past pantomime.
 Pondering on this, I've sometimes fancied, if
 My creditor and I were there together

Some Winter, and his talk were frozen stiff,
 How much it would astonish and astound
 The Polers when they'd hear, in warmer weather,
 Ten thousand calls for *Three Half-Crowns* all
 round!

Talking somewhat further on of natural prodigies,
 such as meteors, comets, &c.,

[HE SAYS THAT HIS CREDITOR IS A MORE TERRIBLE SIGHT
 THAN A COMET, BECAUSE HIS MOVEMENTS CANNOT
 BE CALCULATED ON BEFOREHAND.]

"Cometa, che pel Ciel cinta sen va."

The blood-red Comet, which, in fiery sweep,
 Burns round the welkin, threatening each beholder
 With War or Plague ere Time be greatly older,
 Bids, I protest, no deadlier terrors creep
 Through my pale veins, nor makes my chilled heart
 colder

Than doth my Dun when, with a sly, bo-peep
 Abord and aspect, stealthy as a sheep,
 He taps me, catch-pole fashion, on the shoulder.
 Such Comet is, no doubt, a terrible sight;

Still, staring at it from one's tenth-flat attic,
 One knows what time 'twill go, and come, and go;
 But where, or when, at morn, eve, noon, or night,
 My Comet will flare up I never know—
 His movements are so desperately erratic!

At last, gathering courage from despair itself,
 [HE TELLS HIS CREDITOR THAT THE MORE HE'S DUNNED,
 THE MORE HE WON'T PAY ONE STIVER!]

"Dunque mentre mi chiedi i giuli tre.

Since you've begun, O, teasingest of men,

To dun me every quarter of an hour,
 'Tis clear that in nine cases out of ten
 You act from habit—not Volition's power.
 Your words may rattle out of you, but when
 They do I hear them as one would a shower
 Of pop-gun pellets levelled at some tower,
 Whereof the guns know nothing there and then.
 I lately read in some old Magazine
 Or some Automaton of German breed
 That used to speak by means of tubes and springs;
 'Tis thus You speak to Me, you mere machine!
 So I'll not mind you further—and indeed
 At best your eloquence is no great things.

We have now, as we think, indifferently well fulfilled our duty as a *traduttore* by our friend Giam-Battista. One other Sonnet, in that noble Alexandrine metre in which all Sonnets ought to be written, and we close his book—yet not, we hope, for the last time.

[HE THREATENS FINALLY TO ESCAPE INTO SOME DESERT,
 TURN JACK-ASS, AND LIVE ON THISTLES.]

“O inutile travaglio! O vanità!”

O, *mentis vanitas*! O, assishness of Man!

What boots it me, alas! that with enormous toil
 I snore through Paracelsus, Plato, Bacon, Boyle,
 And other humdrum humbugs? Chasing the
 Of Knowledge, I have trudged from Bershebah to Dan,
 And all is barren!—I have spent my midnight oil
 For nought, and sown my seeds upon a stony soil,
 And now the Mills of Science yield me only bran!
 Therefore Philosopsy, I guess, is not the ticket;
 Therefore I'll cut and run from all my books, and
 seek

Some savage mountain-den or wild outlandish thicket,
And there keep cudgelling my brains from week to
week,
Till I discover how, despite Miss Fortune's frowns,
I may, by hook or crook, make prize of *Three Half-
Crowns*.

Giambattista Casti was born in 1721, and died in 1803. We find, on referring to the *Conversations-Lexicon*, that we were under a mistake in supposing him to have altogether dished himself by contracting the Giulii Debt; for in three years after the publication of his sonnets, he obtained the post of Court-poet to the Grand Duke of Florence, and was at a subsequent period patronised by Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, whose successor, Francis II., bestowed the Laureatship on him. Considering the length of his life, he cannot be called a very voluminous writer. His *chef-d'œuvre* is a political satire, entitled *Gli Animali Parlanti*, a portion of which has been lately translated into English by Mr. Rose. Casti appears to have lived on the best of terms with himself and everybody else: he died, however, in the odour of a somewhat doubtful reputation, occasioned by the publication of another celebrated work of his, the *Nouvelle Galanti*, with which, we trust, the common hangman's hands may some day or other form an acquaintance.

As for his *Tre Giulii*, those who owe money themselves will, of course, think it but a dull joke. The rest of the world must, perforce, laugh, in spite of all other misfortunes. Yet, whatever the author's object might have been, the book in reality subserves a better purpose than that of sneering at sonnets and sonnet-spinners. There will always be a vast deal of sober

prosaic truth in the homely apothegm, "Out of debt out of danger;" and it is pleasant to have Three Half-Crowns in one's pocket, and be at the same time able to look round the world without seeing anybody who has a more equitable claim to them than one's-self. As a capital old poet sings—

"Freedome [from Duns] yt ys a nobile thyng,

For yt makes men to have lykinge.

All solace unto men yt gives;

He lives at ease that freedie lives.

A nobile harte may have none ease,

Nor nocht else that may yt please,

If thys do faile yt, for free lykinge

Ys yarned above all other thyng.

O! he that hath ay livéd free

May not knowe welles the propertie,

The anger, nor the wretchit dome,

That ys coupléd unto thirldome;

But gif he had assayéd yt

Then all perqueir he myghte yt wit."*

* Barbour's poem of "Robert the Bruce."

A GERMAN POET. *

LUDWIG Tieck, man-milliner to the Muses, poet, metaphysician, dramatist, novelist, moralist, wanderer, weeper and wooer, a gentleman of extensive and varied endowments, is, notwithstanding, in one respect, a sad quack. Such rubbish, such trumpery, such a farrago of self-condemned senilities, so many mouthy nothings, altogether so much snoring stupidity, so much drowsiness, dreariness, drizzle, froth and fog as we have got in this his last importation from Cloudland, surely no one of woman born before ourself was ever doomed to deal with. We now, for the first time in our life, stumble on the discovery that there may be less creditable methods of recruiting one's finances than even those which are recorded with reprobation in the columns of the Newgate Calendar.

Our opinion of the literary merits of Tieck generally is, as Robert Owen would say, "a secret which has hitherto remained hidden from mankind." Be it then, on the 1st of March, 1837, made notorious to all whom it may concern, and also to all whom it may gladden, that for our German friend we cherish the highest imaginable veneration. As a critic we hold him perfect. as a *raconteur* pluperfect, as a philologist preterpluperfect. That is, he shines, we conceive, in syntax, in story-building, and in the art of twaddling on the belles-lettres. We confess we are proud, proud as a peacock, of being able to bear testimony in his favor thus far. Nothing could give us greater pleasure than

* "Poems and Songs," by Lewis Tieck, 2 vols, Leipzig, 1835.

the privilege of smoking the pipe of peace with him on all occasions whensoever; unless he would allow us to advance one step further and join him in grinning away his hypochondriacism, of which last article, or rather substantive, his inglorious constitution appears to have laid in a stock by no means as easily transferable as stock in general is.

But *Omnia vincit veritatis amor*, as Ferdinand Mendez Pinto observes in his Quarto; and candor compels us to repeat that our esteemed friend is, as a poet, an egregious quack. For two hours we have been tugging at these two volumes for two consecutive stanzas that might convey to our mind some shadow of a notion of what it was that the writer fancied himself about, and we are now commencing hour the third in a vain search after the same phantom. We scan the page and blink like an owl over it, our countenance preserving the while that steady expression of stupifiedness which the plodding through Cimmerian poetry is so apt to communicate to the august lineaments of the human face divine. Certes, either he is mysterious beyond the capacity of the children of men, or we are Impenetrability personified.

All that we can gather is that he is delectably miserable. He maintains almost from first to last one monotonous wail, as mournful and nearly as unvarying as the night-lament of the Whip-Poor-Will in the forests of South America. He simpers and whimpers; and yet, one cannot tell whether he would fain be thought glad or sad. He plays the poetical coquette between Fortune and Misfortune, and might adopt for his *devise* the plaint of Uberto, in Pergolesi's Opera, *La Serva Padrona*:

" O un certo che nel core,
 Che dir per me non so
 Se e odio e s'è amore ;
 Io sto fra il sì e il no,
 Fra il voglio e fra il non voglio,
 E sempre piu m' imbroglio."

Trifles and things of nothing also exercise prodigious power over him. It is easy to see that, if tempted to "make his quietus," it will be with nothing savager than "a bare bodkin," and that a yard of packthread will be quite sufficient to aid his efforts at exhibiting a case of suspended animation in his own person. Hotspur complains of being "pestered by a popinjay," but Tieck's patience, like that of Tristram Shandy's uncle, is put to the test by a blue-bottle fly. He is knocked down by a bulrush every half-minute in the day, and reverently kisses the face of his fatherland fourteen hundred and fourteen times in twelve hours. A dead leaf throws him into convulsions, and at the twittering of a swallow the heart of the poor man batters his ribs with such galvanic violence of percussion that at three yards' distance you suspect the existence of hypertrophy, and are half-disposed to summon a surgeon. Like Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians, he is the victim of a million of tiny tormentors, who slay him piecemeal, the ten-thousandth part of an inch at a time. The minuter his calamity, too, the more he suffers. He may exclaim, with the lover in Dryden's play, "My wound is great, because it is so small!" The colossal evils of life he passes over *sous silence*, as unworthy the notice of a sentimentalist. Like the bronze figure of Atlas, he can stand immovable with a World of Woes upon his shoulders; but a single disaster, particularly if it be very slight, is too tremendous for his equanimity. The last feather, it is said, breaks the horse's back; but

Tieck's back is broken by one feather. He is ready to oppose, as our friend Fergusson would say, an "iron-bound front," to the overwhelming allurements of an entire parterre, while a simple *bouquet* brings on an attack of *delirium tremens*. He can lounge through a flower-garden half-a-mile long, his hands in his pockets, a Peripatetic in appearance and a Stoic at heart; but "dies of *one* rose in aromatic pain."

Under such circumstances one should suppose that he was much to pity. The case is the contrary. His sufferings are the sole source of his pleasures. Reversing the saying of the frogs in the fable, what seems death to you is sport to him. Every emotion that tenants his heart must pay a rack-rent, or the income of his happiness is so far deficient. Like Sindbad in the Valley of Diamonds, the lower the gulf he descends into, the wealthier he becomes. If he be found in tears, it is a proof that he is lost in ecstasy. He not only agrees with the author of *Hudibras*, that "Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight, and sets them off to a more noble height," but goes further, and, like Zeno, makes pain and pleasure identical. To help him to an annoyance or two, therefore, is to confer a favour on him that awakens his most lugubrious gratitude. He is like Brother Jack in the *Tale of a Tub*, whose felicity consisted in planting himself at the corners of streets, and beseeching the passengers, for the love of Heaven, to give him a hearty drubbing. Or he reminds us of Zobeide's porter in the *Arabian Nights*, who, as each successive load was laid upon his aching shoulders, burst forth with the exclamation: "O fortunate day! O, day of good luck!" But why waste our ink in these vain illustrations? There is no saying what he resembles, or what he is or what he does, except that

he doubts and groans, and allows his latitudinarianism in the one volume to carry on the war so soporifically against his valetudinarianism in the other, that not Mercury himself, if he took either in hand, could avoid catching the lethargic infection, and dropping dead asleep over the page.

The apex of Tieck's cranium must, we should think, display a mountainous development of the organ of Self-esteem. It is quite manifest that whatever he chooses to pen becomes in his own conceit inerasable and inestimable. A piece of bizarre barbarism that Rabelais would have blotted out on a first reading is reckoned, as the production of Ludwig Tieck, worthy of being enshrined in gold and amber. With submission, nevertheless, to our esteemed, he here reckons without his host; that is, without his host of readers, and also without us, his knouter, who are a host in ourself. The world, we would beg to assure him, gains nothing but dead losses by such acquisitions to the staple stock of literature. Where a man's genius, indeed, is very *prononcé*, where "his soul is like a star and dwells apart," people have an excuse for attaching importance to his extravagances. But Tieck, if a star at all—and he is rather a starling than a star—is but one of a family constellation, whose number may hereafter, when Time shall have brushed away the dust from our moral telescopes, appear as augmented as their glory will appear diminished. If we hold up all we have got from him between our eyes and the light, we shall be rather at a loss to discover in what it is that he has transcended his neighbours. The grotesque make of an article, he ought to recollect, is but a so-so set-off against its inutility. Common sense judges of all things by their intrinsic worth. A pedlar scarcely

guarantees the admiration of a sensible purchaser by shewing him a pair of bamboo sandals from the shores of the Bhurrampooter, or a necklace of cherry-stones strung together by a child born without arms or legs. We want not that which is unique and singular, but that which is of paramount and permanent interest. The Roman Emperor who rewarded with a bushel of millet-seed the man whose highest ambition it was to cast a grain of that seed through the eye of a needle, set an example of contempt for mountebankism which we are at length beginning to copy. We do not now-a-days, like our ancestors, barter an estate for a Dutch tulip. Not exactly, Ludwig! Your thoughts, Ludwig, are not one gooseberry the more valuable to the public on the score that they are your thoughts exclusively. "I cannot be expected," says Goldsmith's Chinese, "to pick a pebble off the street, and call it a relic, because the king has walked over it in a procession." If the Useful should take precedence of the Ornamental, how far into the rear should it not hustle the Fantastic?

Poets generally reflect less to the purpose than other men, or they would have long ago found out that the world is weary of their impertinences, and that nothing satisfies in the long run but what was of sterling respectability from the beginning. A publican can think of nothing better for luring the thirsty crowd into his pot-house than a Hog in Armour, and a poet must elap some parallel monstrosity over the door of his own *sanctum sanctorum*, or he fears that he will not be left in a situation to quarrel with his company. But Nature, after all, does not often back the appeals of the Bedlamite. "The common growth of Mother Earth—her humblest tears, her humblest mirth," suffice for the generality. Few people catch mermaids in these

times and still fewer are caught by them. A phoenix is a nine days' wonder—a sight to be stared at and talked of during a season; but our affections are given to the goose, and she is honored from Michaelmas to Michaelmas. Let Tieck but bring us geese into the market and we shall be satisfied. We will not even object to go to the length of puffing off all his geese as swans. The sole stipulation we make with him is, that he shall close the gates of his Phoenix-Park.

Tieck is our particular friend. We have called him a quack. Our freedom of speech is a proof of our friendship. For the world we have little but hypocritic smiles and silver lies. Tieck deserves better, and we have favored him with a gentle trouncing. He must not droop, therefore, but contrariwise rejoice. He must pluck up heart. There is pith and stamina within him. We depend on him for yet giving us something rather less remarkable for platitude than his *Bluebeard* is. The Titian of *The Pictures*, the Prometheus of *The Old Man of the Mountain*—above all, the concoctor of *The Love-charm*, can never be destitute of the means of retrieving his poetical reputation. But the task is one that will exact the sacrifice of his entire cistern of tears. If he undertake it, it must be with nerves of iron and a brow of brass. It was not, he should remember, by enacting Jackpudding under the mask of a Howling Dervish, that Milton or Goethe grew to be an intellectual Colossus. Annual self-exhibitions at Leipsic Fair may be all very well for nondescripts and nobodies—the awkward squad of the literary army—the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the bookmaking multitude, who are glad to pocket sixpence by hook or crook, and will bawl and bray the whole day long for half a dollar, but Tieck ought to be above those degrading shifts and

antics. His mode of procedure is obvious and simple. He aspires to the title of a poet. Very good: let him give us conceptions we may make something out of; and sentiments that our flesh and blood hearts will respond with a thrill to. He need neither overleap the pale of the world, nor yet grovel in the low and swampy places of the world. Enough of work, we warrant him, will he find to do in the right spot. He can build himself a magnificent mansion, with "ample room and verge enough" in it to entertain the whole circle of his acquaintance, "yea, the great globe itself," if his architecture be not of the clumsiest. Embrace, O, Tieck, the Beautiful and True! Abandon the Factitious and the False! The bowers of Poetry, bestrewn with roses, and overarched with evershining laurel, shall no man visit but with Nature's passport! You cannot assimilate Kant and Shakespeare. Metaphysics and Poetry are by no manner of means nitrogen and oxygen. They dwell best asunder. Each should be kept at a distance from the other, as brandy should be kept at a distance from water. The *tertium quid* produced by the attempted amalgamation of both is a nauseous humbug. If any doubt of the truth of our assertion overcast your mind, peruse your own poems and doubt no longer.

A TREATISE ON A PAIR OF TONGS.

"Sure such a pair was never seen
So justly formed"—THE DUENNA.

"Why, man, it doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a colossus.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

I INTRODUCE my subject stylishly.

There is nowhere to be met with in this world a more interesting spectacle than a pair of tongs. Throughout Japan and the provinces of Tartary—from boundary to boundary of the Celestial Empire—among the Moguls even, not to speak of Van Dieman's Land, in Piccadilly, Philadelphia, Stamboul, Timbuctoo, and Bilboa,—I see nothing that I admit to be worthy of standing up by the side of a pair of tongs. It suggests a prolific universe of reflections, each the parent of an additional universe. Contemplate the subject as you will, handle it as you may, you are certain to discover, day after day, some new quality to blow your trumpet concerning. Small wonder—it is everlasting as the march of Eternity—inexhaustible as the depths of Infinity. Only consider, Public, what a pair of tongs really is. Its shape and figure—attitudes it unconsciously assumes—the material of which it is constructed—the purposes to which it is destined—are all topics apart, and should be the work of a succession of generations; to dilate upon the entire conjunctively we know to be a dead impracticability. The bare attempt in any man to do it in 3 vols. post octavo, sickens our stomachs; it is entirely too revolting—monstrous beyond measure. Any proposal, emanating

from New Burlington Street,* and addressed to me, insinuating that I should undertake the business, would prove to us all how slenderly the great European publisher has profited by the intellectual treasures piled behind his counter by Bulwer and Disraeli; Colburn's Lunacy would be at once established as a melancholy fact, and his solitary resource would be to plant himself *solus* on the pinnacle of the Temple of Humbug, and continue there to all eternity, occupying a position too deplorably conspicuous for human imagination, unaided by the Spirit of the Age, to be capable of conceiving.

I proceed now to point out to observers what a blessed thing it is for mankind that there is nothing like a pair of tongs.

A pair of tongs is an unique object. There is nothing exactly resembling it upon the surface of the earth. It is alone, a phoenix, a study for the amateurs of the singular. This is fortunate. If there were any other object, from the North Pole to the South, perfectly analogous to the tongs, the individuality of the tongs would be at an end; it would, in fact, be merged in the other object. Hence would result a startling question: By what process shall the learned societies of Europe be enabled to distinguish between the identity of the tongs and the identity of the other object? No discovery in physics hitherto accomplished could assist us in framing a satisfactory reply to this question. It is worse than a Chinese puzzle.

I enter into a mysterious question, to wit: when and by whom the first pair of tongs was built? Nobody can

* Referring to Colburn, the publisher, who was responsible for most of the books issued in London at the time.—D. J. O'D.

tell me, and thus the thing goes to the Devil!

The origin of tongs is involved in obscurity. The period of their introduction into Europe in particular, and among civilised nations in general, has never been clearly ascertained. It is to be deeply regretted that antiquarian research has, in so few instances, been directed to the development of the mystery that hangs over the invention of tongs. This indifference is not merely culpable, it is atrocious; it inculcates, however, a splendid moral lesson, by pointing out the melancholy consequences of neglect, and by establishing the necessity of diligence and perseverance with regard to what may be too toploftically termed the *minutiae* of life. Perhaps a conjecture of my own may be hazarded without presumption. I should imagine that tongs first came into use as soon as they began to be wanted. Any theory which assumes that they existed antecedent to the discovery of fire by Prometheus, in Kilkenny, 5,600 years ago, must be baseless, unless, Public, you and I take it for granted that they might have been applied to widely different purposes—*par exemple*, to the taking up of little pebbles of lump sugar and dropping them into the mouth of the punch jug; and considering that the average length and dimensions of tongs altogether unfit them for such an office, the hypothesis must be rejected as the reverie of a drunken dreamer.

I come down with heavy fist upon the sparetongs niggard.

Tongs are more frequently handled in the depth of winter than during the sweltering sultriness of the dog days; oftener in requisition where there is fire than where there happens to be none. The reason of this is obvious; it is because there is a greater occasion

for them. Tongs, however, are by no means invariably made use of even in a chamber where the occasion requires their exercise; and this circumstance is generally attributable either to inability or disinclination in the proprietor of the chamber. Possibly, he has no tongs—possibly, though he may have them, he declines using them. Putting case the first as true, he is destitute of the ability to procure a pair; in case the second he is, though possessed of a pair, evidently unwilling to devote them to the ends to which they were primarily appropriated. Both transactions are of the shabby and beggarly order; but moral jurisprudence will for ever erect a distinction between the pauper and the niggard; and a rational man will be always found ready to give the pauper more halfpence than kicks, and the niggard more kicks than halfpence.

I am fearfully erudite in descanting upon the guilty doings of Cartesius and his clique; because they have Burked the existence of tongs, therefore, I make an example of them.

Why should I blink it? The existence of tongs involves the destruction of a certain antiquated metaphysical dogma, ascertainable by a reference to the writings of Schelling, Gassendi, Reid, Malebranche, Wolfe, Descartes, Leibnitz, and many more. The fact is that, with the hypothetical exception of the Berkeleys, all philosophers have agreed in the truth of the theory which maintains that there are *in esse vel posse*, but two things, *i.e.*, body and spirit; this theory is a fallacy. What manner of thing is a pair of tongs? Clearly, it is neither body, nor yet spirit. It is all head, neck and legs; it possesses no body; it is inert and lifeless; therefore, it has no spirit. Hence, it is not body—it is not spirit; and not being body and

not being spirit, the inference follows that it is neither. How often have I, during the slowly-rolling winter nights, from midnight till day-dawn, in the solitude of my lamp-illuminated apartment, how frequently have I perused the works of those illustrious labourers whom I have named, and of others whom I might have named, if I had chosen to name them, but whom I have not chosen to name, and therefore have not named; and as I have perused them, how I have been paralysed with astonishment to observe the total omission of any allusion in those works to a pair of tongs! I have ransacked Reid's, Power's, Mill's Phenomena, and Brown's Philosophy in vain. "Give me," I have exclaimed, while fathoming, muddler in hand, the depth of my eleventh tumbler, "give me the remotest allusion, the faintest reference to the existence of tongs. I shall be satisfied with the shadowyest semblance of an acknowledgment." In vain, Public; no tongs—no allusion—nothing whatever. Damning evidence this, of something! Such has been my emphatical exclamation while fathoming with a muddler my fifteenth tumbler. The thing, Philander,* was hollow. Any admission of the existence of a pair of tongs would have been death to the systems of philosophy palmed upon us all. Good herrings! how afflicting it is to see men of extensive intellectual resources stooping to such dirty paltriness. The iniquity of suppression is more heinous than the iniquity of misquotation, because the misquoter merely garbles a fact, merely submits it to us in a garbled state; but he who suppresses it entirely omits it, in fact, altogether.

* Philander was John Sheehan, afterwards 'The Irish Whisky Drinker' of several well-known English Magazines, then one of the principal writers of the *Comet*.—D. J. O'D.

I show what Howdydowdy thought of all such scamps as snuff candles with tongs. Follows a lamentable howl for Howdydowdy.

A select friend of my own, the late Dr Howdydowdy, an Englishman of infinite research and surpassing powers of genius, of whose acquaintance, Philander, you would have been vain-glorious, never ceased expressing the highest veneration for tongs. To have listened to the indignant eloquence of that man upon the profanation undergone by a pair of tongs, when converted by the hand of vulgarian into a pair of snuffers! I was accustomed, deferentially, to hazard a few remarks, by way of palliating the enormity. "It's all gammon," he would reply, after having heard me out with the lofty patience that characterises elevated minds; "it's all gammon all that ere fudgification of yours, darn it! If a man ha'n't got fingers clean enough to trim a glimmer, let him cadge a pair of snuffers, and bedarned to un!" It is a pity that Howdydowdy should have died as he did, in a ditch. For six months previous to his death he had been subsisting exclusively upon whiskey, a practice that should never be recommended to a person of delicate constitution. He rests in Bully's Acre.

I argue the merits of the case as between tongs and poker. In what way the poker-champions are to be dealt with.

Claims have been authoritatively advanced by plodders and dawdlers in favour of the poker; and the superiority of the poker over the tongs has been warmly contended for by nincompoops and drivellers. The mode of treating these bores and boobies consists in tripping them up and treading them joyously in the gutter. What is a poker? A bare unit, a figure of 1,

a Brobdignagian pin, a striking implement, it is true, in the grip of a savage; but left to itself, abandoned to its own private resources, seen reclining in its ordinary attitude by the mantelpiece, *nihil*—nothing. What stupid humbuggers there are alive this day. Let no man henceforth syllable poker and tongs in the one sentence.

I dilate celestially upon the effects produced on me by the glimpse of a superb pair of tongs. I prove that nobody has a right to call me a robber.

The preservation of tongs in a state of purity and brilliancy constitutes one of the noblest objects to which human attention can be directed. If a bachelor be so unfortunate as to have neither cook nor housemaid, the concentrated energies of his own mind should be lavished upon the task of burnishing his tongs. When I stalk into a drawingroom and perceive a magnificent brace of tongs genteelly lounging by the fireside, I experience a glow of spirit and a flow of thought bordering on the archangelical. Standers-by are instantaneously stricken lifeless with astonishment at the golden tide of poetry which, in myriads of sunny streams and glittering rivulets, issues from my lips, poetry as far beyond what you, Public, are accustomed to get from me, as ambrosia is beyond hog-wash. With modest effrontery I take a chair, and if my quick eye detect the presence of anything in the shape of wine or punch on the table, I cheerfully abolish its existence. Impelled, as I am, on such occasions by an irresistible impulse, all apology is superfluous; but, to speak the truth, the mingled grace and gravity that accompany my performance of the manœuvre afford superabundant compensation to the company for the disappearance of the drinkables. I may add, that I re-establish the

spiritless bottle upon the table, instead of putting it into my pocket, as a robber would do, or shattering it into shivers upon the hearth-flag, as a ruffian would do. Why is this? Because, Public, I, Clarence, am neither a ruffian nor a robber.

Herein I develop the rueful consequences of lazily suffering a tongs to get rusty. It conquers me, and I display sentimentalism of a heavenly order

De l'autre côté, whenever a pair of tongs with a cloak of ignominious rust, strikes the eye of me, the heart-withering spectre paralyses the majority of my faculties in the twinkling of a bed-post. Darkest pictures arise melancholically and flit in lugubrious guise before my fancy. So pines, ejaculate I, a neglected genius in obscurity, his prospects shaded, his powers running to waste, destitute of a fair field for his talents, and looking forward to a dreary death and dismal burial in the vicinity of some dunghill. I see Trenck, in Magdeburgh; Tasso, in Ferrara; Galileo, in Florence, and you, Philander, in Kilmainham. Yet, you, Philander, are not rusted, albeit you have quitted one rusty city for another rusticity. You rather remind me just now of a parboiled egg than of a rusty pair of tongs. Why? Because you are under Dunn.* Then flow my tears like rain-water in winter. The immediate application of eau-de-Cologne or sal volatile to my temples becomes a matter of pressing necessity, and while this charitable duty is in progress of performance by thee, Eglantine, I, totally mastered by the romance interwoven with my nature, unconsciously kiss the fair hand that is thus employed, and bedew it again and again

* George Dunn was chief warder of the prison.—D. J. O'D.

with passionate tears, which gush less from the eyes than from the heart. I am, indeed, a being of incredible susceptibility. I wonder very much that it is not generally known among my acquaintances; but half the world seems to be battishly blind.

I start a poser that would have sorely puzzled Zeno. When I have got pretty deeply into it I am unfortunately called off to a bowl of brandy and gruel.

I now approach the analysis of an argument of intense interest. It is taken for granted that a pair of tongs has lost one of its grippers. A question to be mooted then results whether the remnant be a pair of tongs or not. A presumption in favour of an affirmative conclusion is started from the fact that although a man (whether a native of the Cannibal Islands, a Chinese, or a Tipperary man) may have lost a toe, he is not less the man on account of the loss of the toe. But to this it may be objected, that the reasoning is not of universal application, inasmuch as if you purchase a pennyworth of buttermilk for your breakfast, deduct the penny from twenty pounds, the residue is no longer twenty pounds. Let us conceive the hypothesis that I have a pot of porter on the table; I abstract a spoonful of porter from that pot. Query—is the unabstracted residuum of porter left in the quart a potful of porter or not? It will not be denied by the most determined doubter that the aggregation of a specific number of spoonfuls of porter is requisite to constitute a total pot of porter. Two spoonfuls will not do; three are a failure; four spoonfuls are a decided bam; five are no go; no man in town will make a potful of six; seven are a beggarly humbug. Query again, then—is what remains in the pot a potful of porter or not? If it be still a potful of porter, it must have been more than a

potful of porter antecedent to the abstraction of the spoonful of porter. If it be not a potful of porter, what is it? Is it a potful of froth—a bubble—a juggle on touch, taste, and sight. Here we are left to speculate in the dark. Doubt and obscurity surround us at every point of our starless pathway. At every step we make, we stick half a foot deeper in the bog. We are bewildered, labyrinthed, lost! I am free to admit, however, that taken in the abstract scarcely any perceptible analogy subsists between a pot of porter and a pair of tongs. The tongs are of steel or brass; the pot is of pewter. You swallow the porter; no man swallows tongs. The solitary link of brotherhood between porter and tongs is this: that the tongs has a head; and that porter has a head. Still I am satisfied with the general tone of my logic. I perceive that I have shed a wide illumination upon the subject. I have pickaxically pioneered my way to the original question, that of the grippers. Is it not, therefore, Public, deplorable, must it not be considered dismal, is it not an awful circumstance, that I should feel at present too dozy and drowsy to push along any farther? My visage is buried in a basin of brandy and gruel. As soon as I have cleared the basin off I toddle to bed.

Being now again on my pins, and feeling refreshed, like a giant after a long drink of whiskey, I go on in this way.

The miraculous resemblance between the shape of man and the shape of tongs cannot fail to make a profound impression upon the most soporiferous observer. To the moral philosopher it is a source of never-dying interest; the zoologist contemplates it in the light of a singular phenomenon; but, above all, it appeals with irresistible power to the sympathies of

the philanthropist. It has oftener than once occurred to me that Robert Owen might, with great advantage and propriety, commit the superintendence of his parallelograms to a pair of tongs. The Trades' Union might, in the absence of their president, show their independence of all precedents by moving:—

“That until Tom Steele do arrive the chair be taken by Steel Tongs.”

Tongs for ever! Tongs will yet triumph. At some future period, when Reason shall reign *solus*, when illuminism shall really prevail among men; when Brougham's Useless Knowledge books shall be carted waggon-load after waggon-load into the mud of Father Thames; when the human race shall have become rational, when monarchies shall have tumbled, and kings become nobodies, and—spiral climax!—when persons like myself, with intellect of the superhuman sort, shall drop in for an equitable portion of such snacks as may be going; then, at that time, in that day, about that period, shall Governments and Unions award a tardy tribute of veneration to tongs. Some better Browning, yet unswathed, will arise to celebrate the glory of tongs in all languages! Senators will legislate with tongs in their hands! Duels will be decided by appeals to tongs! Tongs will—as Warton superfinely expresses it—“be slowly swung with sweepy sway” from side to side by right arm of pedestrian—fair presumption for his dextrality! And poets will magnify tongs in all measures and out of all measure—anapestic, pyrrhic, trochaic, dactylic, alexandrine, iambic, and even hexameter—with which that illustrious member of societies and industrious member of society, Dr. Southey, has, in his latter days, with miserable want of gumption, endeavoured to see whether he could

have any chance in trying to make a barbarous attempt at. But I lament to add that in those distant times none of us, nineteenth-century men, shall be alive, because we shall be all dead. I speak of the year 7000.

Growing desperate as I proceed, I attack William Godwin, and threaten to slaughter him.

I guess it is Helvetius who, in his trumpery book, *De l'Esprit*, observes that a man vegetates like a tree, and that he (Helvetius) would be as willingly a tree as a man. Helvetius has totally omitted to inform us how much he would take to become a pair of tongs. The only mode left us of accounting for this culpable oversight is by presuming that Helvetius was as drunk as a piper while he was writing his book. Godwin, in his preface to *St. Leon*, categorically tells me that "it is better to be a human being than a stock or a stone." Upon my honour I cannot away with such an implied condemnation of tongs. Wm. Godwin, I contest it with you stiff, sir! I will do battle with you on that article. How dare you, W. G., erect yourself into a dogmatist on men, stocks, and stones? Come, Godwin—come, my man, whence is your experience? What is the extent of your dabblings in the stocks? Were you ever in the stocking trade; and, if so, how much was your stock-in-trade worth? Have you ever devoured a stockfish? Do you support a black stock? Come, never shrink from my attacks, man, as if I were a tax man; but answer me: How often do you play at jackstones? How far can you see into a millstone? Did you ever see a single stone of potatoes? I am a-stone-ished at your stock of assurance. You cub, what do you mean? Explain yourself, you varlet. Do you know, you sumph, to whom it is that you stand

opposed? Why, you greenhorn of a month's growth, is it possible that you forget that the knotted club of Clarence is already lifted up to prostrate you in your mother mud and that you are destined to kiss the bosom of your fatherland incontinent? Godwin, I venerate your forty-quill power as an author; and therefore, Godwin, I challenge you to a public disputation in my native city, Dublin, upon this subject; allowing you, as Crichton allowed the University of Paris, the choice of thirty languages, and six and thirty various kinds of verse. There now, *c'est là une affaire finie*; so you may take your change out of that, and small blame to you, my gay fellow, for doing so.

Why a man ought not to be tweaked by the nose with a pair of tongs merely on account of his politics.

Listen to me now, readers. If you have invited a gentleman to dinner, it is a piece of suburban vulgarianism to tweak him by the beak with a pair of tongs, merely because his political opinions are not in harmony with yours. Truth compels me to add that it betrays devilish impertinence in you, and affords a strong proof that neither your morals nor your manners were properly cultivated when you were a gaffer. Your guest may play the devil, but that is no reason you should presume to play Saint Dunstan. Your criminality assumes a deeper dye if you have taken no pains to ascertain whether or not his beak had been soaped before he came into the room, for whenever the beak has not been soaped, and that well, the tweaking is an expressibly painful operation to the tweaked party. In conclusion, I must observe, that I have never seen the act done, that I have never heard that any man did it, and that I do not believe any man capable of doing it; any man,

at least, who reflects that the beak is the leading article of a gentleman's countenance.

P.S.—Beak-tweaking is, indeed, very much out of fashion in general. Everyone *nose* that it is *beakause* of the Reform Bill.

I ask whether any man supposes that I am to write to all eternity upon tongs, and never get a drop of punch.

I want to put one question. I demand an answer in the face of congregated Europe, of the Comet Club, of the Allied Powers, and of the black-bearded, grey-headed,* and blue-devilled Ministry of England. Is there on the Globe, under the Sun, or in the Comet, a man with the *pia mater* of an ass's foal, who will tell me that I ought to go on writing upon a pair of tongs to all eternity, without once slipping down to the nearest public-house to moisten my whistler? Why, what a hoggish stupidity such a fellow must have inherited! How muzzy he feels at all times! "The world would" (as Shelley says), "laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter," to see him slowly trailed through some sludgy puddle of interminable longitude, while I standing alone, aloof from all, would look tearfully on, compassionating the sufferings of the unfortunate man from the depths of my soul, and swilling (from time to time), as I looked on, protracted draughts from a pitcher of punch to invigorate my nerves, and preserve me from hysterics. Let me reflect. It is now 2 a.m.; taverns are closed; not a minim of rum under my roof; I am waterless, sugarless, and spir—no, not spiritless! I go forth, Public, in terrible night, and flashing rain and howling tempest, to storm the city for a beaker, though but of small beer.

* Lord Grey was then the head of the Government.—D. J. O'D.

I dive into the ocean of wit for a stray pearl and fetch up a casket of gems.

We are now to consider what species of scene socialised life would exhibit, in case tongs were a nullity—that is, if the space they fill presented to the eye of the gazer—that is, if there were no tongs. Imagine, then, Philander—think. Public, to what extremities we should be reduced! Stars and Garters, Public, figure yourself Francis Blackburne, Esq., Grey's Attorney-General of Ireland, poking his fingers among the cinders and semi-calcined coals, and dropping them into the fire! Picture to yourself William Conyngham Plunket, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, descending to such a degradation as this is—raking in his old days! getting smutty in our eyes; lowering himself to the level of the Bar; disturbing the ashes of the grate; shaking hands with the most brazen of fenders, showing that he is a good warrant at “posting the coal,” and a better on the turf! Instead of hastening away to Coke on Lyttleton, wasting away his little ton of coke. In place of poring over *Blackstone's Commentaries*, fingering coals, which are merely black stones (common tories, Phil!) and possibly bringing a Black-burn on his hands (no joke, Phil. The blood, as he stoops, gushes cataract-like to his cranium, turning topsy-turvy the mighty kingdom of ideas in the brain of Plunket, and sending the king himself adrift, Heaven knows whither, like the Dey of Algiers or the ex-Rex Charles X. Look at his forehead, and suppress your tears! It has come bump into contact with that smutty bar, now a trifle the brighter for loss of the smut. Did you ever lay eyes on such a dark-browed Chancellor? Only conceive what sums must, in consequence, be disbursed by Plunkett for cleansing lotions—for Pomade divine,

for ambrosial soap, otto of rose soap, soap of almonds, cocoa-nut oil soap, etc., etc., etc. And yet, his is but one instance in many—but, *ex uno disce omnes*. Let us, therefore, Public, who possess tongs, who enjoy unlimited use of them, who have received the capability of turning them to account as often as we like, let us, I say, be careful how we undervalue so distinguished a blessing.

I adduce Jewish testimony on behalf of the antiquity of tongs.

Since I commenced this essay, my excellent friend, Moses Cohen, of Dame Street, a philosophical Hebrew (whose cigars I warmly recommend to the "lip-homage" of all devout cloud-blowers), has directed my attention to the following passage in the fifth book of the Jewish Ethics, compiled by Levi:—

Ten things were created on the eve of Sabbath in the twilight, and these are they: the mouth of the Sabbath, the mouth of the ass (of Balaam), and the mouth of the spring; the rainbow, manna, the rod of Moses, the shameer, characters, writing, and the tables; and some say also the Daemons, and the grave of our legislator, Moses, the ram, and our father Abraham, and also the prepared instrument of a tongs.

A passage worth the whole of the Talmud. I shall leave it to speak for itself.

Public and I have a tussle.

If we dispassionately investigate the nature of our conceptions with regard to the abstract idea of a pair of tongs, we shall discover that it is by no means what the Aristotelians denominate an *ens rationis*, but rather—Public (with outrageous impatience)—O curse you and your tongs, and your *ens rationis* to boot! Is there no end to this trumpery? You bore me to death's door.

But, bless my soul! is it possible? He is positively dead asleep. (Approaches and shakes me). I (yawning and rubbing my orbs): You have disturbed me, old woman, in the enjoyment of as hazily-beautiful a doldrum as ever soul of poet revelled in. You have cruelly broken my talisman, for which I feel cruelly disposed to break your neck. My occupation is gone: asleep, I wrought wonders; awake, my brain-case is a base-built pumpkin.

She: But what, in the name of all that is odd, induced you to select such a subject. I: Why, old woman, if I am no original genius, if nature has gifted me with certain toploftical powers.—She (interrupting me in an unmannerly manner): Toploftical! pah! Do you think I will tolerate such rebel English; like your prohibition, forsooth, against syllabbling poker and tongs in one day. I: What! antiquated dame, have you never heard of Shakespeare's

“——Airy tongs that syllable men's names
In desert wildernesses.”

It is clear that you have never been to the Tonga Islands, or eaten (and drunk, too) your share of a hog's head in company with King Tongataboo. She: Well, sir, *pour couper court*, if you wish me to patronise—I mean, matronise you, you will desist from a subject only calculated for the meridian of an ironmonger's shop; I lay my injunction on you. I (with an air): An injunction that the Chancellor shall never dissolve. I yield to the fair—though it is hard. With Schiller I exclaim:

“Das Jahrhundert
Ist meinen Ideal nicht reif—Ich lebe
Erin Bürger derer weiche kommen werden.”

MY BUGLE, AND HOW I BLOW IT.

BY THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.

Ein Alphorn hör ich schallen
Das mich von hinnen ruft,
Tönt es aus wald'gen hallen
Tönt es aus blauer luft?
Tönt es von bergeshöhen
Aus blumenreichen thal
Wo ich nur steh'und gehe
Hör ich's in süßser qual.

Bei spiel und frohen reigen,
Einsam mit mir allein,
Tönt's ohne je zu schweigen
Tönt tief in's herz hinein.
Noch nie hab' ich gefunden
Den Ort, woher es schallt,
Und nimmer, wird gefunden
Dies herz, bis es verhallt.

A mystical bugle calls o'er
The earth to me everywhere—
Peals it from forest halls or
The crypts of the azure air?
From the snow-enrobed mountains yonder?
From the flower-strewn vales below?
O! whithersoever I wander
I hear it with sweetest woe!

Alone in the woods, or present
Where mingle the song and dance,
That summoning sound incessant
Is piercing my heart like a lance.
"Till now hath my search been ceaseless,
And its place I have nowhere found,
But my spirit must ever be peaceless
Till that Bugle shall cease to sound

IF the German poet speak truth in the last two lines he had better set sail for England without delay, and assassinate ME, for I am the Bugle-player! I plunge at once, like an Epic versifier, *in medias res*, you perceive, Reader, and "give my worst of thoughts the worst of

words." Yes; *I* am the Bugle-blower; and, like Sam Slick's cloud-blower, I am willing to blow away and "take the responsibility." And who, you ask, is the poet? That will I tell you instanter. The original grubber-up of the gem that I have set in gold, silver, or pewter, as the metal may turn out to the touch-stone, is, be it known to you, Justinus Kerner, man of many accomplishments—poet, physician, metaphysician, hobgoblin-hunter, widower, and weeper. He is by birth a Swabian, or, perhaps I should say a swab; just as we call a native of Poland a Pole. The word "swab," moreover, has the advantage of "swabian" in being shorter by three letters; and I have seen three letters take up six newspaper columns. Little did Kerner imagine the first evening the bugle smote his ears that the Man in the Cloak, whom he saw climbing the hill to the right, was his electrifier! Up went his dexter ogler along the rocks, and there encountered—a goat: him the poet did not for a moment suspect of practising on either of his own horns; and so down went his sinister peeper to the flood below, where, however, it was at once rebuked by a corpulent codfish, whose interrogative eye appeared fixed on "the first demonogolist in Europe," with a library of wandering questions in the pupil thereof. I, my cloak, and my bugle, meantime, had vanished for the night. Pretty considerably bewildered, my swab toddled homeward to his attic, and over a second tankard of heavy wet, composed the stanzas I have quoted.

I confess, nevertheless, it has always appeared to me singular—I would say shameful—that neither during the concert of that nor of any subsequent evening did Kerner seem to recognise me as the musician. True it is that I wore a cloak a quarter

of a hundred weight, with expensive wings at the sides, and a hood that hung down from the head, obscuring the light of my countenance; and bugle-players are generally less cumbrously clad. But still it is difficult for me to acquit him of hoggish stupidity if I suppose that his suspicions were not at intervals directed towards me. Indeed, the very circumstance of a man's walking about and perspiring under such a peculiar cloak, ought, alone, to have been sufficient to convince him (the swab) that there was a mystery of some sort connected with the perspirer; and had he only trundled up to me and put the interrogatory—"Man in the Cloak, art thou he?" I would have responded to his sagacity by nobly, and without all disguise, flapping my side-wings in his physiognomy and treating him to a blast that would have shaken him to the centre of his system.

I was one day—very recently, indeed—recounting this adventure, with slight additions, to my friend, the King of the Sicilies, when an Englishman near me, who had just been admitted to the horrors of an audience, turned round, *à la Jacques Corveau*, and stared at my cloak from hood to hem in the rudest manner through his *lorgnette*.

"Pray, sir," he asked, "are you celebrated for anything besides wearing a cloak?"

Every hair in my moustache quivered at the ruffianism of the fellow; but on account of the king's proximity I restrained myself from sneering, or even sneezing.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "for playing on my bugle. Have you not heard my anecdote, you sump of the muddiest water?"

"Come, come," interrupted the king, "no person-

alities; this gentleman is a Corn-law Repealer." (This he said, evidently not knowing the signification of his words).

"Aye," said the Englishman, "I *am* a Corn-law Repealer!"

"And I," cried I, flapping my pinions, "I—I am a Unicorn-law Repealer!"

"A Unicorn-law Repealer!" and the Manchesterian grinned; "what may that be?"

"A Repealer in virtue of that law of my being which compels me to play on the Horn," said I, holding up my bugle.

"How a Repealer?" he asked.

"Thus," quoth I: "a Pealer, when I peal; a Repealer, when I peal again. Do you understand, trapp?"

"Pardon me," said the Englisher, waving his hand; "I do not carry a flash vocabulary about me."

Here the king should thrust himself in. "What does he mean by a flash vocabulary?" said he to me in an under voice.

"A horn of sulphur, your majesty," I answered, in the same tone. "I take it as a direct insult to you, your recent political squabble with Great Britain considered."

Up flared the king, like a rocket from Mount Vesuvius.

"Who talks of sulphur at this time of day?" he cried.

"What on earth is he after?" asked the Corn-law Repealer of me, *sotto voce*.

"He wants your opinion of the Sulphur Question," whispered I.

"I shall be happy to give it," said the Englishman. "The sulphur monopoly, your majesty, I conceive to

be totally——”

“I wish the devil had the sulphur monopoly from the beginning!” roared the king.

“I think the devil *has* had the sulphur monopoly from the beginning,” observed the Corn-law Proser. “I was just about to remark that he is the legitimate monopolist of the article.”

“You were, were you?” cried the king—then turning to me—“did any man ever see such a silly fellow?”

“I fancy,” said I, folding my cloak about me like an emperor, “that your majesty’s subjects are pretty much in the habit of seeing fellows quite as silly.”

“Indeed! Why so?”

“Because,” said I, “you are the King of the See-sillies.”

This tickled the monarch so much that his good humour returned like fine weather on an April day, and he ordered in coffee, cigars, and a steaming bowl of bishop, in return for my share of which I executed an unapproachable solo on my bugle, which dissolved the entire court in an ecstasy of tears, and made the king, strong as his nerves were, instantaneously mix an additional tumbler, to save himself from fainting.

Then I was at Naples—now I am in London. From sulphur to coal-gas; out of the frying-pan into the fryer. “A bitter change—severer to severe,” as the poet Young—now, alas! grown old in dusty obscurity—sings. I have imported myself hither free of duty—free of all duties, at least, save one, that of blowing my bugle; and here I am, in “the great Metropolis,” though I have got no *Grant** (either from Government or otherwise) to place me there; my bugle on the table

* James Grant was the author of a work on London called “The Great Metropolis.”—D. J. O’D.

of my inn, and my cloak, "fold over fold, inveterately convolved," around my majestic person. A thousand troubles menace me—*Cælum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt*; yet I care not. Come what may my cloak will stick to me, my bugle depend from my baldric. My cloak and my bugle I must always retain, until my last hour shall see the one rended into shreds and the other divested of its identity, melted into air, transmuted into ethereality, as viewless and intangible as one of its own melodies.

Here, however, and before I advance a sentence further, I know that some noodles will be disposed to take me very short. Bah! the jackasses will bray; you over-rate your pretensions to notice. How are you a greater man than Plato, Brougham, or Bombastes Paracelsus? You have a bugle and you wear a cloak; well, and what of all that? In what way can all those extraneous appendages of the man confer intellectual pre-eminence on the mind? Were I for answering those green-horns seriously, I should certainly drub them until they dropped. Do the twaddlers not know that the whole thing is æsthetical? That it involves the abstrusest metaphysical views of all? That philosophy beholds an admirable harmony in connection between the interior and exterior of man, not only in the abstract but in the individual, and moreover, recognises the eternal truth, not to be controverted by scepticism, not to be shaken by twaddle, that every individual is himself, and that he cannot become another as long as he remains himself, for the simple reason that if he were to become another he would cease to be himself? No, the ganders, they don't, because they know nothing upon any subject connected with anything that has ever at all existed anywhere

whatever. Let the dunderheads for once show themselves tractable, and attend to what I am going to spout. Public, do you listen; you are elevated to the high honour of being my confidante. I am about to confer an incredible mark of my favour on you, Public. Know, then, the following things:—

Firstly.—That I am not *a Man in a Cloak*, But *the Man in the Cloak*. My personal identity is here at stake, and I cannot consent to sacrifice it. Let me sacrifice it, and what becomes of me? “The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,” and I am henceforth one of them. I lose my cloak and my consciousness both in the twinkling of a pair of tongs; I become what the philosophy of Kant (in opposition to the Cant of Philosophy) denominates a *Nicht-ich*, a Not-I, a *Non-ego*. Pardon me, my Public, if I calmly but firmly express my determination to shed the last drop of my ink before I concede the possibility of such a paltry, sneaking, shabby, swindling, strip-and-pillage-me species of contingency.

Secondly.—That I am the *Man* in the Cloak, viz.: I am not an “Old Woman,” as Mrs. Trollope complains that the Yankees would call her, despite her best bonnets, satin frocks and flounces, and corsets *à l'enfant*. Neither am I a lump of moonshine all out. Stigmatise me, if you will, as a Hottentot, as a Troglodyte, as a hang-a-bone jail-bird; still, you cannot put your hand on your heart and assert that I am a make-believe, a bag of feathers, a *non-ens*, a bull-beggar, a hobgoblin, a humbug, a lath-and-pulley get-up, like Punch. Not at all. I do not say that you *dare* not, but I clap my wings, like a bantam on a barn-roof, and I crow aloud in triumph that you cannot, Public. It is outside the sphere of your power, my Public! I am

the *Man* in the Cloak. *Mettez cela dans votre pipe, et fumez-le, mon public!*

Thirdly.—That I am the *Man* in the Cloak. In other words, I am by no manner of means the *Man* of the Cloak, or the *Man* under the Cloak. The Germans call me *Der Mensch mit dem Mantel*, the *Man* with the Cloak. This is a deplorable error in the nomenclature of that otherwise intelligent people; and I am speechless with astonishment that they should have fallen into it. Why? Because my cloak is not part and parcel of myself. The cloak is outside, and the man is inside, as Goldsmith said of the *World* and the *Prisoner*; but each is a distinct entity; of that I am satisfied; on that point I, as the Persians would say, tighten the girdle of assurance round the waist of my understanding, though, perhaps, there is no waste of my understanding whatever. I admit that you may say, “The *Man* with the Greasy Countenance,” or “The *Chap* with the Swivel Eye;” thus, also, *Slawkenbergins* (*vide* *Tristram Shandy*) calls his hero “The *Stranger* with the Nose,” and reasonably enough; for, although it was at one period conjectured that the nose in question might extend to five hundred and seventy-five geometrical feet in longitude, not even the most incredulous amongst the Faculty of Strasburgh were found to advance an opinion that the nose was not an integral portion of the individual. With me the case is a horse of another colour. I do not put my cloak on and off, I grant, but I can do so when I please by a mere exercise of volition and muscle; and therefore it is obvious to the meanest capacity (I like original *tours de phrase*) that I am just the *Man* in the Cloak, and no mistake. If any cavillers feel inclined to dispute the proposition with me further, they may await my arrival in Dublin

at the Fifteen Acres.

Finally.—That I am the Mán in the *Cloak*. Other men tabernacle their corporeality in broadcloth, Peter-shams, Redingotes, Surtouts, Macintoshes, Overalls, Wraprascals, Kangaroos, Traceys, Dreadnoughts. Every blunderer to his faucy or the fashion. I quarrel with nobody for his taste or want of taste. I do not approach any mooncalf in the public street with an up-lifted crowbar, poker, pike, pitchfork, or pickaxe in my grasp, because his toggery is of a different order from my own. I could not do so. Independent of my intuitive benevolence of disposition, I have what Harriet Martineau would call “a powerful preventive check” in my sense of what is due to the *bienseances* of society. On the other hand, however, I yield not up a whit of my own liberty. I am aware that in Africa and Asia people wear “cotton, muslin, and other stuffs with which I won’t stay puzzling;” that in parts of America the run is upon blankets; that in the West Indies nan-keens are all the go; that in Egypt the men sometimes carry their duds under their arms. But am I, therefore, to ape their example—to become an African, an American, a West Indian, an Egyptian? I see not the decillionth part of a reason for doing so. I call Europe to witness that I shall never do so as long as I have my cloak. In a case like this I laugh at coercion and despise the prospect of torture. What did I buy my cloak for? Why did I pay fifteen shillings and sixpence, besides boot, for it to a Jew hawker of old rags, but that I might don it, and never doff it, I should be glad to know?

After all, I am the most rational of mankind, including Robert Owen himself, and I will show him that I am. Notwithstanding all I have so eloquently said.

there may still remain some persons reluctant to concede my qualifications for amusing or illuminating them, because I carry a bugle and wear a cloak. Suppose, then, that in compassion to the hide-bound prejudices of those poor creatures, I gallantly waive all ground of superiority derivable from my bugle and my cloak. What if I cast away, as far as I possibly can—much further than they could cast a bull by *his* horns—both the one and the other? Will my magnanimity be appreciated? Surely, it may, can, might, could, would, or should be, only really the world is such a settled dolt! Let me not be misunderstood. I cannot avoid blowing my bugle and showing my cloak. What I mean to state is, that I shall refrain from claiming any especial merit in possessing either. I shall not glorify myself because I split the ears of groundlings, nor shall I give my self any extra-mundane airs, though my wings *do* occasionally flap like winglings in the eyes of the lieges, children of dust—dusts themselves—as they are. In the very fulness and churchflower of my triumph I shall talk “with bated breath and whispering humbleness” of what I have done, am doing, and mean to do; so that spectators shall say of me, as I said t’other day of my friend, Barney Higgins, the vintner, while he was trying to coax the Bench into (or out of) a renewal of his spirit license—

“How like a fawning Publican he looks!”

With which specimen of my *Wit and Wisdom* (N.B.—I am not the father of *all* the jests in the book that goes by that title) good Reader, I bid you farewell for the present.

P.S.—There is much talk here of “embarking capital.” I wish the talkers could embark *the* capital itself, for

never did city need an aquatory excursion so much—"all the town's a fog, and all the men and women merely fograms." I shall steam over to the Green Isle shortly; and, once there, I mean to apply to some Vindicator of Talent in my own behalf and that of my cloak and bugle, and supplicate his patronage for six weeks. Beyond that period, alas! I may not remain an abider within any town. Your surprise, Reader, is, doubtless, excited—ah! you know not what a vagabond I am! Perhaps I may communicate my history to the Irish people, and if I should I have no hesitation in assuring them that they will pronounce it without a parallel in the Annals of the Marvellous and Mournful. Only see the result!—for me there is no stopping place in city or county. An unrelenting doom condemns me to the incessant exercise of my pedestrian capabilities. It is an awful thing to behold me at each completion of my term scampering off like Van Woedenblock of the Magic Leg—galloping along roads—clearing ditches—dispersing the affrighted poultry in farm-yards as effectually as a forty-eight pounder could. Other men sojourn for life in the country of their choice; there is a prospect of ultimate repose for most things; even the March of Intellect must one day halt; already we see that pens, ink, and paper are—stationary. But for me there is no hope; at home or abroad I tarry not. Like Schubart's *Wandering Jew*, I am "scourged by unrest through many climes." Like Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, "I pass like Night, from land to land." No matter who or what becomes paralytic and refuses to budge, I must progress. "Tramp, tramp along the land; splash, splash across the sea," is my maledictory motto. A fearful voice, to all but me inaudible, for ever thunders in mine ear, "Pack up thy

duds!—push along!—keep moving!” I see no prospect before me but an eternity of peripateticalism—

“ The race of Life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness—on the sea
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
But there are wanderers o'er eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be.”

Once again, Reader, farewell, but forget not—**THE
MAN IN THE CLOAK.**

AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE IN THE SHADES.

THE day of the week was Sunday, of the month, the first; the month itself was April, the year 1832. Sunday, first of April, 1832—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but I really must say that thou wert, in very truth, a beautiful, a bland, and a balmy day. I remember thee particularly well. Ah! which of the days that the departed year gave birth to do I not remember? The history of each and of all is chronicled in the volume of my brain—written into it as with a pen of iron, in characters of ineffaceable fire! It is pretty generally admitted by the learned that an attempt to recall the past is labour in vain, else should I, for one, purchase back the bygone year with diadems and thrones (supposing that I had the diadems and thrones to barter). Under present circumstances my only feasible proceeding is to march onward rectilinearly, cheek-by-jowl, with the spirit of the age, to abandon the bower of Fancy for the road-beaten pathway of Reason—renounce Byron for Bentham, and resign the brilliant and burning imagery of the past for the frozen realities of the present and the future. Be it so. Whatever may become of me, my lips are sealed—a padlocked article. *Tout est perdu, mes amis*; and when the case stands thus, the unfortunate victim had much better keep his breath to cool his porridge withal; for he may stake his last cigar upon it, that anything more supremely ridiculous than his efforts to soliloquize his friends into

a sympathetic feeling will never come under the cognizance of the public.

The foregoing paragraph is exclusively "personal to myself." I am now going to relate what will be generally interesting.

For the evening of the 1st of April, '32, I had an appointment with an acquaintance whom I had almost begun to look on as a friend. The place of rendezvous was in College Green, at the Shades Tavern*—a classic spot, known to a few select persons about town. At half-past six o'clock I accordingly repaired thither. As yet my acquaintance, whom I had almost begun to regard as a friend, had not made his appearance. Taking possession of a vacant box, I ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of port and two glasses. He obeyed. Mechanically I began to sip the wine, awaiting, with some anxiety, the arrival of my acquaintance, whom I had almost begun to regard as a friend; but half-an-hour elapsed, and he came not. Now I grew fidgety and thoughtful, and began to form a variety of conjectures. At length, for very weariness, I gave this up. Suddenly I heard some one cough slightly. I raised my head and looked forth at the door. Seated at an opposite table I beheld a gentleman of tall stature and commanding aspect, striking, indeed, to a degree, in his physiognomy. He was reading a newspaper, and was apparently deeply absorbed in its contents. How was it that I had hitherto neglected to notice this man? I could not forbear wondering. I was unable to account for the circumstance, except by referring to my previous abstraction, the preoccupied nature of my thoughts, and the agitation which the anticipation of the meeting

* The site is now occupied by the National Bank.—D. J. O'D

with my acquaintance, whom I had almost begun to regard as a friend, had necessarily tended to produce, in a person of my delicately nervous temperament. Now, however, I was resolved to compensate for my previous absence of mind. I examined the stranger opposite me minutely. I criticised him without saying a syllable, from hat-crown (he wore his beaver) to shoe-tie (he sported pumps). His cravat, waistcoat, frock, unutterables—all underwent a rigid analysis by my searching eye. I scrutinized all, first collectively and then consecutively; and I owe it to truth and justice to protest, that, upon my honour, the result was decidedly satisfactory; all was perfect, lofty, gentleman-like. Viewed as a whole, his countenance was, as I have remarked, peculiarly particular. I was, however, determined to institute an examination into it, *Stückweisse*,* as they say at Vienna, and I reviewed every feature distinctively and apart. Had I been a Quarterly Reviewer, or Professor Wilson† himself, I could not have discovered the slightest groundwork to erect a superstructure of censure on. Had similar perfection ever until that hour been encountered by any? Never and nowhere. I knew not what to imagine; my faculties were bewildered. The thing was too miraculous, it was over magnificent, extraordinary, super-inexplicable. Who was this man? I had always been a considerable peripatetic; but I could not recollect that in town or country he had ever until now encountered my inspection. Such a figure and such a face I could not, had I but once beheld them, possibly forget; they would have been enrolled among the archives of my memory, as treasures to be drawn largely

* Bit by bit.

† Otherwise "Christopher North" of "Blackwood's Magazine."—D. J. O'D.

and lavishly upon on some future night, when the current of my ideas should run darkly and low, among underwood and over brambly places, and the warehouse of my imagination be ransacked in vain for a fresh assortment of imagery, and the punchless jug stand solitary upon the dimly-lighted table, and not a human voice be heard to set that table in a roar. I had never before seen this man; of course, then, it was obvious I now saw him for the first time. As this reflection, which I conceive to be a strictly logical one, occurred, I filled my glass a fifth time, and sipped as usual. The stranger continued to peruse his paper. His attitude was half recumbent and wholly motionless. It was a reasonable inference from this, that he must be an individual of steady habits and unchangeable principles, whom it might be exceedingly difficult to detach from a favourite pursuit, or draw aside from the path of prudence or duty. Rectitude of conduct is a quality that commands my esteem. If I had before admired the stranger, this consideration annexed to my admiration a feeling of respect. Yes; he was evidently a cautious and forethoughtful character—perhaps a little too inflexible in his determinations; but, then, has not inflexibility ever been the invariable concomitant of vast powers? Whether, however, this interrogatory were answered negatively or affirmatively, it was certain that adequate testimony of the positive inflexibility of this man's disposition was as yet wanting; and I should perpetrate an enormous act of injustice in condemning him, unless I had been antecedently placed in possession of every fact and circumstance exercising the remotest influence upon the question. It is essential to the passing of an upright sentence that crude and precipitate opinions be discarded; and should I, by over

hastily following the dictates of a rash judgment, irrevocably commit myself in the eyes of philosophy, and eternally damn my own character as an impartial observer of the human family at large? Would it be reasonable? Would it be even polite? Should I not, in fact, deserve to be hooted down wherever I exhibited myself, and driven, like Ahasuerus the wanderer, from post to pillar; seeking refuge now in a cavern and now in a pot-house, and finding rest nowhere—a houseless wretch—a spectacle to society, and a melancholy memorial to after ages of the ruinous results of that self-conceit which prompts to a headstrong perseverance in opinions of a ridiculous order? What a doom! I shuddered as I silently contemplated the abstract possibility of such a contingency; and then filling a sixth glass went on sipping. Still my acquaintance, who was not yet a friend, had not blessed me with the light of his countenance; and my only resource was to watch, with an attentive eye, the proceedings, if any should take place, of the being at the opposite table. I felt my interest in the unknown augment moment by moment. Questionlessly, thought I, the Platonical theory is not wholly visionary—not altogether a bam. I must have known this man in some preadamite world; and the extraordinary sensations I experience are explicable only by reference to an antenatal state of existence. He and I have been ancient companions—fraternized members of the aboriginal Tuzenbund—the Orestes and Pylades of a purer and loftier sphere. Perhaps I died upon the block for him! Who shall expound me the enigma of the sympathetical feelings reciprocated between master minds, when upon earth each meets the other for the first time, unless by pointing to the electrical chain which runs dimly back

through the long gallery of time, ascending from generation to generation, until it has reached the known beginning of all things, and then stretches out anew, far, far beyond that wide-a-way into the measureless deep of primary creation, the unknown, the unimaginable infinite! There is nothing incredible if we believe life to be a reality; for, to a psychologist the very consciousness that he exists at all is a mystery unfathomable in this world. An ass will attempt to illuminate us on the subject, and may produce, with an air of consequential cognoscency, a schedule of what he is pleased to call reasons; but it is all hollow humbug. So stands a leaden-visaged geologist who, up to his knees in the centre of a quagmire, and silently and sedulously pokes at the mud with his walking stick, fancying himself the while a second Cuvier; though the half-dozen clowns who act as spectators, and whom he takes for assembled Europe, perceive that the poor creature does nothing but turn up sludge eternally. As to the illuminating ass, only suffer him to proceed, and he will undertake to probe infinity with a bodkin, and measure the universe with a yard of pack thread. There are two distinguished plans for the extinction of such an annoyance—first, to cough him down; second, to empty a pot of porter against his countenance. I have tried both experiments, and can vouch that the most successful results will follow.

The stranger, as I continued to gaze, elevated his hand to his head, and slightly varied the position of his hat. Here was a remarkable event—a landmark in the desert—an epoch in the history of the evening, affording scope for unbounded conjecture. I resolved, however, by no means to allow imagination to obtain the mastery of judgment on this occasion. The unknown

had altered the position of his hat. What was the inference spontaneously deducible from the occurrence of such a circumstance? Firstly, that anterior to the motion which preceded the change, the unknown had conceived that his hat did not sit properly on his head; secondly, that he must be gifted with the organ of order in a high degree. Individuals in whom that organ is prominently developed, rarely, if ever, are imaginative or poetical; hence it was to be inferred, that the energies of the unknown were exclusively devoted to the advancement of prosaical interests. But here again rose cause to bewilder and embarrass. I could see by a glance that the unknown was conning a column of poetry; and that his expressive countenance, as he went on, became palely illumined by a quenchless lamp from the sanctuary within. How did this harmonise with my former conclusion? I surmounted the difficulty, however, by reflecting that it is, after all, possible for a man to be at once illimitably imaginative and profoundly philosophical, as we find, said I, mentally in the instance of Dr. Bowring! Ah, stupidity! thy name is Clarence. That until this moment the truth should never have struck thee! That only now shouldst thou have been made aware that Bowring himself was before thee! A thrill of joy pervaded my frame, as I reclined my brow upon my hand, and internally exclaimed: yes, it is, indeed Bowring! It must be he, because it can be no other.

As I had always been ardently desirous of an introduction to that illustrious man, whom I justly regard as one of the leading genii of Modern Europe, I shall leave the public to imagine the overpowering nature of my feelings upon discovering that the golden opportunity had at length been vouchsafed, and that I was

now free to enter into oral communication with a master-spirit of the age. I paused to deliberate upon the description of address I should put forth, as well as the tone of voice which it would be most appropriate to assume; whether aristocratical or sentimental, free and easy or broken-hearted; and also upon the style of expression properest for my adoption, and best calculated to impress the mind of Bowring with a conviction that whatever my defects may prove to be in detail, I was—take me all in all—a young man of magnificent intellect and dazzling originality, and possessed a comprehensiveness of capacity discoverable in nobody else within the bills of mortality. Whether I should compress my sentiments within two bulky sentences or subdivide them into fifteen little ones was, likewise, matter of serious importance. So acute an observer of mankind and syntax as Bowring is, will infallibly, said I, detect the slenderest inaccuracy in my phraseology. To betray any philological inability would be a short method of getting myself damned in his eyes, and I should go down to the latest posterity as a bungler and a bumpkin. Mannerism is a grand thing. Let me, therefore, review this question minutely and microscopically under all the various lights and shades in which it can be presented to the mind before I pass the Rubicon irremediably.

Mannerism is a grand thing, pursued I, following the current of my reflections. It is the real heavy bullion, the genuine ore, the ingot itself; every other thing is jelly and soapsuds. You shall tramp the earth in vain for a more pitiable object than a man with genius, with nothing else to back it with. He was born to amalgamate with the mud we walk upon, and will, whenever he appears in public, be trodden over

like that. Transfuse into this man a due portion of mannerism; the metamorphosis is marvellous. Erect he stands and blows his trumpet, the sounds whereof echo unto the uttermost confines of our magnificent world. Senates listen; Empires tremble; Thrones tumble down before him! He possesses the wand of Prospero, the lamp of Aladdin, the violin of Paganini, the assurance of the devil! What has conferred all the advantages upon him? Mannerism! destitute of which we are, so to speak, walking humbugs; destitute of which the long odds are, that the very best individual among us, after a life spent on the treadmill system, dies dismally in a sack.

For myself, concluded I, I tilt at Charlatanism in all its branches; but it is, nevertheless, essential that I show off with Bowring; I am nothing if not striking. It is imperative on me, therefore, to strike. Six hours of unremitting study a few weeks previously enabled me to concoct a very superior joke about the March of Intellect's becoming a Dead March on the first of April. This had never appeared. Should I suffer the diamond to sparkle? It was a debatable question whether Dr. B. would not internally condemn me as an unprincipled ruffian for sneering at my own party. I know not, said I. I am buried in Egyptian darkness on this point; but, *primâ facie*, I should be inclined to suppose Bowring a moral cosmopolite, who could indifferently floor friends and enemies, *con amore*. To humbug the world in the gloss is certainly a herculean achievement; but the conquest of impossibilities is the glory of genius. Both Bowring and I are living in a miraculous era—the second quarter of the 19th century, and shall I deny to him the capability of appreciating one of the loftiest efforts of the human mind?

Perish the notion!

I had nearly arrived at a permanent decision when the progress of my meditation was abruptly arrested by the intervention of a new and startling consideration. Bowring was a universal linguist, a master of dead and living languages to any extent. Admirably well did he know—none better—the intrinsic nothingness of the English tongue. Its periods and phrases were, in truth, very small beer to him. Suppose that I were to accost him in the majestic cadences of the Spanish. A passage from Calderon might form a felicitous introduction; or in the French? I could draw upon Corneille, Malherbe, Voltaire, etc. to any amount; or in the German? Here, again, I was at home. To spout Opitz, Canitz, Ugo Wieland, and oh! above all, Richter—*meines herz Richter, (ach wenn Ich ein herz habe)* was as easy as to mix as a fifth tumbler. Of Latin and Greek I made no account; Timbuctoese I was slightly deficient in. As to the Hungarian and Polish they were not hastily to be sneezed at. The unknown tongues merited some attention, on account of the coal-black locks of the Rev. Ned Irving. In short, the satisfactory adjustment of this point was to be sedulously looked to. After some further deliberation I at length concluded upon doing nothing hurriedly. First ideas, said I, should be allowed time to cool into shape. A grammatical error would play the devil with me. The great Utilitarian would dub me quack, and the forthcoming number of the Westminster would nail me to the wall as a hollow-skulled pretender to encyclopediacal knowledge, a character which I am much more anxious that Oliver Yorke* should fasten upon

* Oliver Yorke was the pseudonym of Francis Mahon in his "Reliques of Father Prout." It was also used by Dr. Maginn

Lardner than Roland Bowring upon me.

As, however, I languidly sipped my ninth glass a heart-chilling and soul-sinking reminiscence came over me. I remembered to have somewhere read that Bowring was a Cassius-like looking philosopher. 'Now the stranger before me was rather plump than spare: certainly more *embonpoint* than corresponded with the portrait given of the Doctor. Thus was my basket of glass instantaneously shattered to fragments, while I, like another Alnascher, stood weeping over the brittle ruin. This, then, was not Bowring! The tide of life ran coldly to my heart; and I felt myself at that moment a conscious nonentity!

What was to be done? Hastily to discuss the remainder of my wine, to order a fresh bottle, and to drink six or eight glasses in rapid succession, was the operation of a few minutes. And oh, what a change! Cleverly, indeed, had I calculated upon a glorious reaction. Words I have none to reveal the quiescence of spirit that succeeded the interior balminess that steeped my faculty in blessed sweetness; I felt renovated, created anew! I had undergone an apotheosis; I wore the cumbrous habiliments of flesh and blood no longer; the shell, hitherto the circumscriber of my soul, was shivered; I stood out in front of the universe a visible and tangible intellect, and beheld, with giant grasp, the key that had power to unlock the deep prison which enclosed the secrets of antiquity and futurity!

The solitary thing that excited my surprise and embarrassment was the anomalous appearance which the nose of the stranger had assumed. But a few brief minutes before it had exhibited a symmetry the most perfect, and dimensions of an everyday character; now it might have formed a respectable rival to the Tower

of Lebanon. As I concentrated the scattered energies of mind, and brought them soberly to bear upon the examination of this enormous feature, I learned from an intimate perception of too incommunicable a nature to admit of development, that the stranger was no other than a revivification of Maugraby, the celebrated oriental necromancer, whose dreaded name the romances of my childhood had rendered familiar to me, and who had lately arrived in Dublin for the purpose of consummating some hell-born deed of darkness, of the particulars of which I was, in all probability, destined to remain eternally ignorant. That there is, as some German metaphysicians maintain, idiosyncrasy in some individuals, endowing them with the possession of a sixth sense or faculty to which nomenclature has as yet affixed no distinct idea (for our ideas are in fewer instances derivable from things than from names) is a position which I will never suffer any man, woman, or child, to contest. Had I myself ever at any former period been disturbed by the intrusion of doubts upon the subject, here was evidence more than sufficient to dissipate them all. Here was evidence too weighty to be kicked downstairs in a fine *de haut en bas* fashion; for, although I had never until the present evening, come into contact with Maugraby, this sixth faculty, this fine, vague, spiritual, unintelligible, lightning-like instinct had sufficed to assure me of his presence and proximity. It was even so; certainty is the sepulchre of scepticism; scepticism is the executioner of certainty. As the believer, when he begins to doubt, ceases to believe; so the doubter, when he begins to believe, ceases to doubt. These may be entitled eternal, moral axioms, philosophical aphorisms, infinitely superior to

the aphorisms of Sir Morgan O'Dogherty* touching the relative merits of soap and bear's grease, black pudding, *manches a gigot*, cravats, cold fish, and similar bagatelles; and I may as well take this opportunity of observing that Sir M. O'D. has by such discussions inflicted incalculable injury upon the cause of philosophy, which mankind should be perpetually instructed to look up to as the very soul of seriousness and centre of gravity.

That he whom I surveyed was identically and *bond fide* Maugraby, it would have betrayed symptoms of extravagant lunacy in me to deny; because the capability of producing so remarkable an effect, as the preternatural growth of nose which I witnessed, was one which, so far as my lucubration enabled me to judge, had always been exclusively monopolized by Maugraby. It was by no manner of means material whether what came under my inspection were a tangible reality or an optical illusion; that was Maugraby's business, not mine; and if he had juggled my senses into a persuasion of the fidelity of that appearance which confounded me, when, in point of fact, the entire thing, if uncurtained to the world, would turn out to be a lie—a shabby piece of “Lock-and-gankel-work,” a naked bamboozlement; if he had done this, upon his own head be the deep guilt, the odium, the infamy attachable to the transaction. It would be hard if I were compelled to incur any responsibility for the iniquitous vagaries of an East Indian sorcerer. To the day of my death I would protest against such injustice. The impression transmitted along the cord of the visual

* One of Dr. Maginn's numerous pen-names. “The maxims of Sir Morgan O'Dogherty” was first printed in “Blackwood's Magazine,” and afterwards published separately.—D. J. O'D.

nerve to the external chambers of the brain, and thence conveyed by easy stages into the inner domicile of the soul, is all, quoth I, that I have to do with. Of such an impression I am the life-long slave. Whether there be other physical objects on the face of this globe as well as myself—whether there be the material of a globe at all—whether matter be an entity or an abstraction—whether it have substratum or not—and whether there be anything anywhere having any existence of any description, is a problem for Berkeleyans; but if there be any reasoning essences here below independent of myself, in circumstances parallel with my own, their opinions will corroborate mine; our feelings will be found to coalesce, our decisions to coincide. In any event, however, no argument arising from the metaphysics of the question can annihilate the identity of Maugraby. Were I to have been hanged for it in the course of the evening, at the first convenient lamp-post, I could not suppress a sentiment of envy at the superiority over his fellow-creatures which characterised the Indian juggler. Elevate me, said I, to the uppermost step of the ladder, establish me on the apex of the mountain, and what, after all, is my pre-eminence? Low is the highest! Contemptibly dwarfish the loftiest altitude! Admit my powers to be multifarious and unique; yet, am I, by comparison with this intelligence, sunk “deeper than ever plummet sounded.” Lord of this earth, Maugraby; his breath exhales pestilence; his hand lavishes treasures! He possesses invisibility, ubiquity, tact, genius, wealth, exhaustless power undreamed of. Such is Maugraby; such is he on whom I gaze. He is worthy to be champion of England or to write the leading articles for the Thunderer.

Gradually the current of my thoughts took another course, and my mind yielded to suggestions and speculations that were anything but tranquillizing and agreeable. I am not prone to be lightly affected; legerdemain and playhouse thunder move me never; it might be even found a task to brain me with a lady's fan; and hence the mere size of Maugraby's nose, though I admitted it to be a novelty of the season, was insufficient to excite any emotion of terror within me. Viewed in the abstract, it was unquestionably no more than an additory, a bugbear to the uninitiated of the suburbs; a staggering deviation from the appearances that everyday life presents us with; and if this were the Alpha and Omega of the affair, Maugraby was a bottle of smoke. But this was not all; it was to be recollected that the nose increased each moment in longitude and latitude; here was the rub. The magnitude of a man's nose is not, *per se*, an object of public solicitude; the balance of power is not interfered with by it, and its effects upon the social system are comparatively slight; but if a progressive increase in that magnitude be discernible, such an increase becomes a subject of interest to the community with whom the owner of the nose associates, and will, in course of time, absorb the undivided attention of mankind. [See Slawkenbergius, vol. ix., chap. xxxii., p. 658, Art. Nosology]. It was apparent that in Maugraby's case dismal damage would accrue to the proprietor of the Shades. His (Maugraby's) nose would speedily become too vast for the area of the apartment; it would soon constitute a barricade, it would offer a formidable obstacle to the ingress of visitors; eventually the entrance to the tavern would be blocked up; all intercourse would be thus impracticable; business would

come to a dead standstill, and an evil, whose ramifications no penetration could reach, would thus be generated.

But experience alone could testify to the absolute amount of injury that would be inflicted through the agency of this mountainous feature. Extending itself through College Green, through Dame Street, Westmoreland Street, and Grafton Street, it would by regular degrees, occupy every square foot of vacant space in this mighty metropolis. Then would ensue the prostration of commerce, the reign of universal terror, the precipitated departure of the citizens of all ranks into the interior, and Dublin would, in its melancholy destiny, be assimilated by the historian of a future age, with Persepolis, Palmyra, and Nineveh! As the phantasmagoria of all this ruin arose in shadowy horror upon my anticipations, is it wonderful that I shook as if affected with palsy, and that my heart sank into my bosom to a depth of several inches? I fell at once into a train of soliloquy.

Too intimately, Maugraby, am I acquainted with thine iron character to doubt for an instant thy rocky immovability of purpose. What thou wilt that executest thou. Expostulation and remonstrance, oratory and poetry are to thee so much rigmarole; even my tears will be thy laughing stock. I have not the ghost of a chance against thee.

Maugraby! thou damned incubus! what liberty is this thou darest to take with me? Supposest thou that I will perish, as perishes the culprit at the gallows, bandaged, night-capped, hoodwinked, humbugged. Is thy horn after all so soft? I am, it is true, weaponless, unless we consider this glass decanter in my fist a weapon; but all the weapons with which nature has

endowed me shall be exercised against thee. Still, and at the best, "my final hope is flat despair." I stand alone; like Anacharsis Clootz, I am deserted by the human race; I am driven into a box, there I am cooped up; a beggarly bottle of wine is allotted to me; *pour toute compagnie*, I am placed in juxtaposition with a hellhound, and then I am left to perish ignobly.

That I should at this moment have neither pike, poker, pitchfork, nor pickaxe, will be viewed in the light of a metropolitan calamity by the future annalist of Dublin, when he shall have occasion to chronicle the circumstance. The absence of a vat of tallow from this establishment is of the greatest detriment to me, for in such a vat it might be practicable to suffocate this demi-dæmon. There being no such vat it becomes obvious he can never be suffocated in it. How, then, good Heavens, can any man be so senseless, betray so much of the Hottentot, show himself so far sunk in stupidity, as to expect that I should find one at my elbow? How deplorably he needs the schoolmaster! How requisite it is that some friend to human perfectibility should advance him one halfpenny each Saturday, wherewith to procure a halfpenny magazine. He is this night the concentrated extract of absurdity; the force of assay can no further go. I protest with all the solemnity of my awful position that if there be a chandler's vat under this roof the fact is the most extraordinary that history records. Its existence is not to be accounted for on any commercial principle. No man can tell how it was conveyed hither, or at whose expense it was established. An impenetrable veil of mystery shrouds the proceeding; the whole thing is dark; it is an enigma, a phenomenon of great importance. I had better leave it where I found it.

My regards were now painfully fascinated by the great magician of the Dom-Daniel. To look in any direction but the one I felt to be totally impracticable. He had spell-bound me doubtlessly; his accursed jugglery had been at work while I, with the innocent unsuspectingness which forms my distinguishing characteristic, had been occupied in draining the decanter. Was ever an inhabitant of any city in Europe so horribly predicamented? It was manifest that he had already singled me out as his first victim. I foreknew the destiny whereinto I was reserved. I saw the black marble dome, the interminable suites of chambers, the wizard scrolls, the shafts and arrows, and in dim but dreadful perspective, the bloody cage, in which, incarcerated under the figure of a bat, I should be doomed to flap my leathern wings dolefully through the sunless day.

Mere human fortitude was inadequate to the longer endurance of such agonising emotions as accompanied the portrayal of these horrors upon my intellectual retina. Nature was for once victor over necromancy. I started up, I shrieked, I shouted, I rushed forward headlong. I remember tumbling down in a state of frenzy, but nothing beyond.

The morn was up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb.

But I could not enjoy it, for I was in bed, and my temples throbbed violently. I understood that I had been conveyed from the Shades in a carriage. Dr. Stokes was at my bedside; I inquired of him whether he had seen Maugraby hovering in the vicinity of the house. As the only reply to this was a shake of the

head I at once and briefly gave him an account of my adventure.

Well, said he, I can satisfy you of the individuality of your unknown. He is neither Maugraby nor Bowring, but BRASSPEN,* of the *Comet* Club. I saw him there last night myself. *Tout est mystere dans ce monde-ci*, thought I, *Je ne sais trop qu'en croire*.

* Joseph L'Estrange, one of the writers for the *Comet* newspaper, in which he used the pseudonym of "Brasspen."

THE THREE RINGS.

IN the reign of the Sultan Sal-ad-Deen there lived in the city of Damascus a Jew called Nathaniel, who was pre-eminently distinguished among his fellow-citizens for his wisdom, his liberality of mind, the goodness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners, so that he had acquired the esteem even of those among the Mooslemin who were accounted the strictest adherents to the exclusive tenets of the Mahommedan creed. From being generally talked of by the common people, he came gradually to attract the notice of the higher classes, until the Sultan himself, hearing so much of the man, became curious to learn how it was so excellent and intelligent a person could reconcile it with his conscience to live and die in the errors of Judaism. With the view of satisfying himself on the subject, he at length resolved on condescending to a personal interview with the Jew, and accordingly one day ordered him to be summoned before him.

The Jew, in obedience to the imperial mandate, presented himself at the palace gates, and was forthwith ushered, amid guards and slaves innumerable, into the presence of the august Sal-ad-Deen, Light of the World, Protector of the Universe, and keeper of the Portals of Paradise; who, however, being graciously determined that the lightning of his glances should not annihilate the Israelite, had caused his face to be covered on the occasion with a magnificent veil, through the golden gauze-work of which he could carry on at his ease his own examination of his visitor's features.

"Men talk highly of thee, Nathaniel," said the

Sultan, after he had commanded the Jew to seat himself on the carpet; "they praise thy virtue, thy integrity, thy understanding, beyond those of the sons of Adam. Yet thou professest a false religion, and showest no sign of a disposition to embrace the true one. How is this obstinacy of thine reconcilable with the wisdom and moderation for which the true believers give thee credit?"

"If I profess a false religion, your highness," returned the Jew modestly, "it is because I have never been able to distinguish infallibly between false religions and true. I adhere to the faith of my fathers."

"The idolaters do so no less than thou," said Sal-ad-Deen, "but their blindness is wilful, and so is thine. Dost thou mean to say that all religions are upon the same level in the sight of the God of Truth?"

"Not so, assuredly," answered Nathaniel: "Truth is but one; and there can be but one true religion. That is a simple and obvious axiom, the correctness of which I have never sought to controvert."

"Spoken like a wise man!" cried the Sultan;—"that is," he added, "if the religion to which thou alludest be Islamism, as it must be of course. Come: I know thou art favourably inclined towards the truth; thou hast an honest countenance: declare openly the conviction at which thou must have long since arrived, that they who believe in the Koran are the sole inheritors of Paradise. Is not that thy unhesitating persuasion?"

"Will your highness pardon me," said the Jew, "if, instead of answering you directly, I narrate to you a parable bearing upon this subject, and leave you to draw from it such inferences as may please you?"

"I am satisfied to hear thee," said the Sultan after a pause; "only let there be no sophistry in the argument of thy narrative. Make the story short also, for I hate long tales about nothing."

The Jew, thus licensed, began:—"May it please your highness," said he, "there lived in Assyria, in one of the ages of old, a certain man who had received from a venerated hand a beautiful and valuable ring, the stone of which was an opal, and sparkled in the sunlight with ever-varying hues. This ring, moreover, was a talisman, and had the secret power of rendering him who wore it with a sincere desire of benefiting by it, acceptable and amiable in the eyes of both God and man. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the owner continually wore it during his lifetime, never taking it off his finger for an instant, or that, when dying, he should adopt precautions to secure it to his lineal descendants for ever. He bequeathed it accordingly first to the most beloved of his sons, ordaining that by him it should be again bequeathed to the dearest of *his* offspring, and so down from generation to generation, no one having a claim in right of priority of birth, but preference being given to the favourite son, who, by virtue of the ring, should rule unconstrained as lord of the house and head of the family. Your highness listens?"

"I listen: I understand: proceed," said the Sultan.

The Jew resumed:—"Well: from son to son this ring at length descended to a father who had three sons, all of them alike remarkable for their goodness of disposition, all equally prompt in anticipating his wishes, all equally loving and virtuous, and between whom, therefore, he found it difficult to make any

distinction in the paternal affection he bore them. Sometimes he thought the eldest the most deserving; anon his predilections varied in favour of the second; and by and by his heart was drawn towards the youngest:—in short, he could make no choice. What added to his embarrassment was, that, yielding to a good-natured weakness, he had privately promised each of the youths to leave the ring to him, and him only; and how to keep his promise, he did not know. Matters, however, went on smoothly enough for a season; but at length death approached, and the worthy father became painfully perplexed. What was to be done? Loving his sons, as he did, all alike, could he inflict so bitter a disappointment upon two of them as the loss of the ring would certainly prove to them? He was unable to bear the reflection. After long pondering, a plan occurred to him, the anticipated good effects of which would, he trusted, more than compensate for the deceit connected with it. He sent secretly for a clever jeweller; and, showing him the ring, he desired him to make two other rings on the same model, and to spare neither pains nor cost to render the three exactly alike. The jeweller promised, and kept his promise; the rings were finished, and in so perfect a manner that even the father's eye could not distinguish between them as far as mere external appearance went. Overjoyed beyond expression at this unlooked-for consummation of his wishes, he summoned his three sons in succession into his presence, and from his death-bed bestowed upon each, apart from the other two, his last blessing and one of the rings; after which, being at his own desire left once more alone, he resigned his spirit tranquilly into the hands of its eternal Author. Is your highness attentive?"

"I am," said Sal-ad-Deen, "but to very little purpose, it would seem. Make an end of thy story quickly, that I may see the drift of it."

"It is soon ended, most powerful Sultan," said Nathaniel, "for all that remains to be said is what doubtless your highness already half conjectures—the result, namely, of his good-natured conception. Scarcely was the old man laid in his grave, when each of the sons produced his ring, and claimed the right of being sole master and lord of the house. Questions, wranglings, complaints, accusations, succeeded—all to no end, however; for the difficulty of discovering which was the true ring was as great then as that of discovering which is the true faith now."

"How!" interrupted the Sultan indignantly, "this to me? Dost thou tell me that the faith of the Mooslem is not acknowledged by all right-thinking persons to be the true one?"

"May it please your highness," said the Jew, calmly, "I am here at your own command, and I answer your questions accordingly to the best of my poor ability. If the allegory I relate be objectionable, it is for the Sultan to find fault with it alone, and not with the reflections which it must necessarily suggest."

"And dost thou mean, then, that thy paltry tale shall serve as a full answer to my query?" demanded Sal-ad-Deen.

"No, your highness," said Nathaniel, "but I would have it serve as my apology for not giving such an answer. The father of these youths caused the three rings to be made expressly that no examination might be able to detect any dissimilarity between them; and I will venture to assert, that not even the Sublimest of Mankind, the Sultan Sal-ad-Deen himself, could, unless

by accident, have placed his hand on the true one."

"Thou triflest with me, Nathaniel," said the Sultan; "a ring is not a religion. There are, it is true, many modes of worship on the earth: but has not Islamism remained a distinct system of faith from the false creeds? Look at its dogmas, its ceremonies, the modes of prayer, the habits, yea, the very food and raiment of its professors! What sayest thou of these?"

"Simply," returned the Jew, "that none of them are proofs of the truth of Islamism. Nay, be not wroth with me, your highness, for what I say of your religion I say equally of all others. There is one true religion, as there was one true ring in my parable; but you must have perceived that all men are not alike capable of discovering the truth by their own unassisted efforts, and that a certain degree of trust in the good faith of others as teachers is therefore essential to the reception of religious belief at all. In whom, then, I would ask, is it most natural for us to place our trust? Surely in our own people—in those of whose blood we are—who have been about us from our childhood, and given us unnumbered proofs of love—and who have never been guilty of intentionally practising deception upon us. How can I ask of you to abandon the prepossessions of your fathers before you, and in which, true or false, you have been nurtured? Or how can you expect, that, in order to yield to your teachers the praise belonging solely to the truth, I should virtually declare my ancestors fools or hypocrites?"

"Sophistical declamation!" said the Sultan, "which will avail thee little on the Judgment Day. Is thy parable ended?"

"In point of instruction it is," replied Nathaniel, "but I shall briefly relate the conclusion to which the

disputes among the brothers conducted. When they found agreement impossible they mutually cited one another before the tribunal of the law. Each of them solemnly swore that he had received a ring immediately from his father's hand—as was the fact—after having obtained his father's promise to bestow it on him, as was also the fact. Each of them indignantly repudiated the supposition that such a father could have deceived him; and each declared, that, unwilling as he was to think uncharitably of his own brethren, he had no alternative left but that of branding them as impostors, forgers, and swindlers."

"And what said the judge?" demanded Sal-ad-Deen; "I presume the final decision of the question hung upon his arbitration?"

"Your highness is correct: the judge at once pronounced his award, which was definitive. 'You want,' said he, 'a satisfactory adjudication on this question, which you have contested among yourselves so long and so fruitlessly. Summon then your father before me: call him from the dead and let him speak; it is otherwise impracticable for me to come at the knowledge of his intentions. Do you think that I sit here for the purpose of expounding riddles and reconciling contradictions? Or do you, perhaps, expect that the true ring will by some miracle be compelled to bear oral testimony here in court to its own genuineness? But hold: I understand that the ring is endowed with the occult power of rendering its wearer amiable and faultless in the eyes of men. By that test I am willing to try it, and so to pronounce judgment. Which of you three, then, is the greatest object of love to the other two? You are silent. What! does this ring, which should awaken love in all, act with an inward influence

only, not an outward? Does each of you love only himself? Oh, go! you are all alike deceivers or deceived: none of your rings is the true one. The true ring is probably lost; and to supply its place your father ordered three spurious ones for common use among you. If you will abide by a piece of advice instead of a formal decision, here is my counsel to you: leave the matter where it stands. If each of you has had a ring presented to him by his father, let each believe his own to be the real ring. Possibly your father might have grown disinclined to tolerate any longer the exclusiveness implied in the possession of a single ring by one member of a family; and, certainly, as he loved you all with the same affection, it could not gratify him to appear the oppressor of two by favouring one in particular. Let each of you therefore feel honoured by this all-embracing generosity of your parent; let each of you endeavour to outshine his brothers in the cultivation of every virtue which the ring is presumed to confer—assisting the mysterious influence supposed to reside in it by habits of gentleness, benevolence, and mutual tolerance, and by resignation in all things to the will of God; and if the virtues of the ring continue to manifest themselves in your children, and your children's children, and their descendants to the hundredth generation, then, after the lapse of thousands of years, appear again and for the last time before this judgment seat! A Greater than I will then occupy it, and He will decide this controversy for ever.' So spake the upright judge, and broke up the court. Your highness now, I trust, thoroughly comprehends my reason for not answering your question in a direct manner?"

"Is that the end of thy story?" asked Sal-ad-Deen.

"If it please your highness," said the Jew, who had by this time arisen, and was gradually, though respectfully, proceeding to accomplish his retreat.

"By my beard," said the Sultan, after a considerable pause, "it is an ingenious apologue that of thine, and there may be something in it too; but still it does not persuade me that thou art excusable in thy pertinacious rejection of Islamism. I own I tremble for thee after all. Go thy ways, however, for the present, with this purse of *tomauns*, by way of premium for thy mother-wit; but I shall shortly send for thee again; and as I do not much fancy remaining in any man's debt, thou shalt then, as a wholesome counterpoise to thy sophistry, obtain from me in reply either a parable of my own, or one from the Koran, upon which I will argue with thee to thy signal confusion!"

THE STORY OF THE OLD WOLF.

I.

SIR ISEGRIM, the wolf, was grown old. The years that had passed over his head, too, had brought with them changes hardly to be expected in a wolf at any season of life. All his fierceness and ferocity were gone; he was no longer the slayer of sheep and terror of shepherd-herds: no; he had lost his teeth, and was now a philosopher. To superficial observers, perhaps, the alteration in his character might not have been very obvious; but he himself knew that he was no more what he had been—that his lupuline prowess had departed from him. He resolved accordingly on showing mankind what a reformation had overtaken him. “One of my brethren,” said he, “once assumed the garb of a lamb, but he was still a wolf at heart. I reverse the fable; I seem outwardly a wolf, but at heart I am a lamb. Appearances are deceptive; whatever prejudices may be excited against me by my exterior, with which I was born, and for which I am not accountable, I have that within which passeth show. I trust that I feel an exemplary horror for the blood-thirstiness of my juvenile instincts, and the savage revellings of my maturer years. I am determined, therefore, to accommodate my way of life in future to the usages of society—to march with the spirit of the age—to cut no more throats—to become in short quite civilised—and set an example which may have the effect of eventually

bringing all the wolves of the forest into the same reputable position as my own."

Full of these thoughts, and possibly some others, which he kept to himself, he set out upon a journey to the hut of the nearest shepherd, which he soon reached.

"Shepherd," said he, "I have come to talk over a little matter with you, personal to myself. You have been long the object of my esteem; I entertain a special regard for you; but you requite my esteem and regard with suspicion and hatred. You think me a lawless and sanguinary robber. My friend, you labour under a deplorable prejudice. What have I done, at least for many years back, worse than others? The head and front of my offending is that I eat sheep. Suppose so: must not every animal eat some other animal? I have the misfortune to be subject, like all quadrupeds (as well as bipeds), to hunger. Only guarantee me from the attacks of hunger, and upon my honour, Shepherd, I will never even dream of pillaging your fold. Give me enough to eat, and you may turn your dogs loose, and sleep in security. Ah! Shepherd, believe me, you do not know what a gentle, meek, sleek-tempered animal I can become when I have got what I think enough."

"When you have got what you think enough!" retorted the Shepherd, who had listened to this harangue with visible impatience; "ay, but when did you ever get what you thought enough? Did Avarice ever think it had got enough? No: you would cram your maw as the miser would his chest, and when both were gorged to repletion, the cry would still be, More! More! Go your way; you are getting into years; but I am even older than you; and your cajolery is wasted. Try

somebody else, old Isegrim!"

II.

I see that I must, thought the Wolf; and prosecuting his journey farther, he came to the habitation of a second shepherd.

"Come, Shepherd!" he began stoutly, "I have a proposal to make to you. You know me, who I am, and how I live. You know that if I choose to exert my energies, I can dine and sup upon the heart's blood of every sheep and lamb under your care. Very well: now mark me; if you bestow on me half a dozen sheep every twelvemonth, I pledge you my word that I will look for no more. And only think what a fine thing it will be for you to purchase the safety of your flock at the beggarly price of half a dozen of sheep!"

"Half a dozen sheep!" cried the Shepherd, bursting into a derisive laugh; "why that's equal to a whole flock!"

"Well, well, I am reasonable," said the Wolf; "give me five."

"Surely you are joking," said the Shepherd. "Why, if I were in the habit of sacrificing to Pan, I don't think I should offer him more than five sheep the whole year round."

"Four, then, my dear friend," urged the Wolf, coaxingly; "you won't think four too many?"

"Ah," returned the Shepherd, with a sly glance from the corner of his eye, "don't you wish you may get them?"

The selfish scoundrel, how he mocks me! thought the Wolf. "Will you promise me three, or even two?"

"Not even one—not the ghost of one!" replied the Shepherd emphatically. "A pretty protector of my

flock I should prove myself, truly, to surrender it piecemeal into the claws of my inveterate enemy! Take yourself off, my fine fellow, before you chance to vex me!"

III.

The third attempt generally creates or dissipates the charm, cogitated Isegrim. May it be so in this present instance. As he mentally uttered this ejaculation, he found himself in the presence of a third shepherd.

"Ah! my worthy, my excellent friend," cried he, "I have been looking for you the whole day. I want to communicate a piece of news to you. You must know that I have been struggling desperately of late to regenerate my character. The enormity of my past career, haunted as it is with phantoms of blood and massacre, is for ever before my eyes, and humbles me—oh, dear! how much nobody can guess. I have grown very penitent, and very, very soft-hearted altogether, Shepherd." Here Isegrim hung his head, overcome for a moment by his emotions. "Still, Shepherd, still—and this is what I want you to understand—I find I can make after all but slight progress by myself. I go on smack smooth enough for a while, and then my zeal flags. I require encouragement and sympathy, and the companionship of the good and the gentle, who could give me advice, and point out to me the path of rectitude continually. In short, you see, if—if you would be but generous enough to allow a sheep or two of enlightened principles to take a walk out with me occasionally, in the cool of the evening, along some sequestered valley, sacred to philosophic musings, I feel that it would prove of the greatest advantage to me, in a moral and intellectual point of view. But ah! I

perceive you are laughing at me: may I ask whether there is any thing in my request that strikes you as ridiculous?"

"Permit me to answer your question by another," said the Shepherd, with a sneer. "Pray, Master Wolf, how old are you?"

"Old enough to be fierce enough," exclaimed Isegrim, with something of the ferocity of old days in his tone and eye; "let me tell you that, Master Shepherd."

"And, like all the rest you have been telling me, it is a lie," was the Shepherd's response. "You would be fierce if you could; but, to your mortification, you are grown imbecile—you have the will, but want the power. Your mouth betrays you, if your tongue don't, old deceiver! Yet, though you can bite no longer, you are still, I dare say, able to mumble; and on the whole, I shouldn't fancy being a sheep's head and shoulders in your way just now. What's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, says the proverb; and I believe you are one of the last animals one could expect to falsify it. I'll take right good care to keep you at crook's length, my crafty neighbour; make yourself certain of that!"

IV.

The wrath of the Wolf was excessive, but after some time it began to subside. Mankind, it was evident—at least the pastoral portion of them—did not appreciate as they ought the dawn of intelligence among the lupuline race—the first faint efforts of the brute intellect to attain emancipation from ignorance and savageism. However, he would try again. Perseverance might conquer destiny. The Great, thought he, are not always thus unfortunate. Certainly it

should not be so in my case. Ha! here we are at the door of another shepherd, and methinks a man of a thoughtful and benevolent aspect. Let us see how we shall get along with his new crookship.

So he began: "How is this, my dear friend?" he asked; "you seem rather depressed in spirits. Nothing unpleasant, I hope?—no domestic fracas, or thing of that sort—eh?"

"No," returned the Shepherd, sighing, "but I have lost my faithful dog—an animal I have had for years—and I shall never be able to supply his place. I have just been thinking what a noble creature he was."

"Gadso! that's good news!" cried the Wolf—"I mean for myself—ay, and on second thoughts, let me add for you too, Shepherd. You have me exactly in the nick of time. It's just the nicest thing that could have happened!"

"What do you mean?" cried the Shepherd. "Nicest thing that could have happened! I don't understand you."

"I'll enlighten you, my worthy," cried Isegrim in high spirits. "What would you think? I have just had the bloodiest battle you can imagine with my brethren in the forest; they and I quarrelled upon a point of etiquette; so I tore a dozen and a half of them to pieces, and made awful examples of all the rest. The consequence is, that the whole of the brute world is up in arms against me; I can no longer herd with my kind; for safety sake I must make my dwelling among the children of men. Now, as you have lost your dog, what can you do better than hire me to fill his place? Depend upon it, I shall have such a constant eye to your sheep! And, as to expense, I shall cost you nothing; for as employment, and not emolu-

ment, is my object, I shall manage to live on a mere idea—in fact, I don't care whether I eat or drink; I'll feed upon air, if you only take me into your service!"

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Shepherd, "that you would protect my flock against the invasion of your own brethren, the wolves?"

"Mean to say it! I'll swear it," cried Isegrim. "I'll keep them at such a distance that no eye in the village shall see them; that their very existence shall become at length matter of tradition only; so that the people shall think there is only one Wolf—that's myself—in the world!"

"And pray," asked the Shepherd, "while you protect my sheep from other wolves, who will protect them against you? Am I to suppose that though you hold the place of a dog, you can ever forget that you inherit the nature of a wolf? And if I cannot suppose so, should I not be a madman to employ you? What! introduce a thief into my house, that he may forestall, by his own individual industry, the assaults of other thieves on my property? Upon my word, that's not so bad! I wonder in what school you learned such precious logic, Master Isegrim?"

"You be hanged!" cried the Wolf in a rage, as he took his departure; "a pretty fellow you are to talk to me about schools, you who were never even at a hedge-school!"

V.

"What a bore it is to be superannuated!" soliloquized the Wolf. "I should get on famously but for these unfurnished jaws of mine;" and he gnashed his gums together with as much apparent fervour as if he

had got a mouthful of collops between them. "However, I must cut my coat according to my cloth." "'Tis not in mortals to command success.'" With which quotation from an English poet, Sir Isegrim made a halt before the cottage of a fifth shepherd.

"Good morrow, Corydon," was his courteous greeting.

The accosted party cast his eyes upon Isegrim, but made no reply.

"Do you know me, Shepherd?" asked the Wolf.

"Perhaps not you as an individual," said the Shepherd, "but at least I know the like of you."

"I should think not, though," suggested Isegrim. "I should think you cannot. I should think you never saw the like of *me*, Corydon."

"Indeed!" cried Corydon, opening his eyes; "and why not, pray?"

"Because, Corydon," answered Isegrim, "I am a singular sort of wolf altogether—marvellous, unique, like to myself alone. I am one of those rare specimens of brute intellectuality that visit the earth once perhaps in three thousand years. My sensibilities, physical and moral, are of a most exquisite order. To give you an illustration—I never could bear to kill a sheep; the sight of the blood would be too much for my nerves; and hence, if I ever partake of animal food, it can be where life has been for some time extinct in the natural way. I wait until a sheep expires at a venerable old age, and then I cook him in a civilized manner. But why do I mention all this to you? I'll tell you frankly, my admirable friend. My refined susceptibilities have totally disqualified me for living in the forest, and I want a home under your hospitable roof. I know that after what I have said you cannot refuse me one, for

even you yourself eat dead sheep; and I protest most solemnly that I will dine at your table."

"And I protest most solemnly that you shall do no such thing," returned the Shepherd. "You eat dead sheep, do you? Let me tell you that a wolf whose appetite is partial to dead sheep, may be now and then persuaded by hunger to mistake sick sheep for dead, and healthy sheep for sick. Trot off with your susceptibilities elsewhere, if you please. There's a hatchet in the next room."

VI.

Have I left a single stone unturned to carry my point? demanded the Wolf of himself. Yes, there is a chance for me yet. I have it! And full of hope he come to the cottage of the sixth shepherd.

"Look at me, Shepherd!" he cried. "Am I not a splendid quadruped for my years? What's your opinion of my skin?"

"Very handsome and glossy indeed," said the Shepherd. "You don't seem to have been much worried by the dogs."

"No, Shepherd, no," replied Isegrim, "I have not been much worried by dogs, but I have been and am worried, awfully worried, Shepherd, by hunger. Now, the case being so, as you admire my skin, you and I shall strike a bargain. I am grown old, and cannot live many days longer; feed me then to death, cram me to the gullet, Shepherd, and I'll bequeath you my beautiful skin!"

"Upon my word," exclaimed the Shepherd. "You come to the person of all on earth most interested in compassing your death, and you demand of him the means to enable you to live. How modest of you!"

No, no, my good fellow, your skin would cost me in the end seven times its worth. If you really wish to make me a present of it, give it to me now. Here's a knife, and I'll warrant you I'll disembarass you of it before you can say Trapstick."

But the Wolf had already scampered off.

VII.

"Oh, the bloody-minded wretches!" he exclaimed, "give them fair words or foul, their sole retort to you is still the hatchet! the cleaver! the tomahawk! Shall I endure this treatment? Never! I'll return on my trail this moment, and be revenged on the whole of the iniquitous generation."

So saying he furiously dashed back the way he had come, rushed into the shepherd's huts, sprang upon and tore the eyes out of several of their children, and was only finally subdued and killed after a hard struggle, during which he managed to inflict a number of rather ugly wounds upon his captors.

It was then that a venerable shepherd of five score years and ten, the patriarch of the village, spoke to them as follows:—

"How much better, my friends, would it have been for us if we had acceded at first to the terms proposed by this reckless destroyer! Whether he was sincere or not, we could have easily established so vigilant a system of discipline with respect to him, that he should not have had it in his power to injure us. Now, too late, we may deplore the evil that we cannot remedy. Ah, believe me my friends, it is an unwise policy to drive the vicious to desperation: the hand of the outcast from society becomes at last armed against all mankind; he ceases after a season to distinguish be-

tween friends and enemies. Few, perhaps, none, are so bad as to be utterly irreclaimable; and he who discourages the first voluntary efforts of the guilty towards reforming themselves, on the pretence that they are hypocritical, arrogates to himself that discrimination into motives which belongs alone to the Supreme Judge of all hearts, and becomes in a degree responsible for the ruinous consequences that are almost certain to result from his conduct."

NOTES.

- ✓ **THE THIRTY FLASKS.**—Appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, 1838, running through two numbers, and bearing the signature of "The Out-and-Outer."

- ✓ **THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.**—This also appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1838, and was signed "Barn."

THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT.—Was published anonymously in the *Irish Penny Journal*, Oct. 24th, 1840. John O'Daly, in his "Self-Instruction in Irish," states that "Mangan was the author of the translation." In quoting the original Irish, he says: "A translation of the following curious tale . . . by the late Clarence Mangan, will be found in No. 17 of Gunn & Cameron's *Irish Penny Journal*, to which we refer the reader."

- ✓ **CHAPTERS ON GHOSTCRAFT.**—From the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1841.

- ✓ **A SIXTY-ONE DROP DOSE OF LAUDANUM.**—From the *Dublin University Magazine* of March, 1839. It is signed "The Out-and-Outer."

- ✓ **THE THREE HALF-CROWNS.**—From the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1842.

- ✓ **A GERMAN POET.**—From an article on "Tieck and the Song-Singers of Germany" in the same Magazine for 1837.

- A TREATISE ON A PAIR OF TONGS.**—From the *Comet* of Feb. 17th, March 10th, and March 17th, 1833.

MY BUGLE, AND HOW I BLOW IT.—Originally written for the *Belfast Vindicator* (hence the reference towards the close to a "Vindicator of Talent"), where it appeared on March 27th, 1841. It was subsequently reprinted in the *Nation*, November, 1844

AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE IN THE SHADES.—From the *Comet* of Jan. 20th and 27th, 1833. The Dr. Bowring referred to was the well-known translator of that day. "Maugraby" was the famous magician of "The Arabian Nights."

THE THREE RINGS.—From the *Irish Penny Journal*, July 25th, 1840.

THE STORY OF THE OLD WOLF.—From the *Irish Penny Journal*, Sept. 5th, 1840.

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