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TORONTO

SELECTED TALES

FROM

TALES OF A TRAVELLER

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING

EDITED BY

JENNIE F. CHASE

TEACHER OF ENGLISH IN THE WILLIAM MCKINLEY
HIGH SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1909

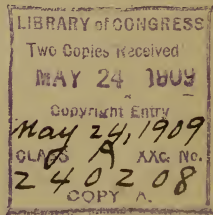
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PREFACE

THE purpose of the "Pocket Classics" is so well known that it seems scarcely necessary to say more of this one than that this purpose has been held in mind as steadfastly as was possible to the writer. Elucidation of the text, presentation of the influences which moulded the author's character, as well as the principles which guided his work, in connection with the details of his biography, and some few suggestions as to feasible methods of using the *Tales* as a basis for the technical study of good expression, were the main considerations.

Hearty thanks are due from the readers as well as from the writer for the cordial permission of the Houghton Mifflin Company to use Charles Dudley Warner's *Irving*. It has been the basis of all biographical detail, and many critical estimates, to such an extent that apologies may be necessary for resemblances in expression where the thought has taken on its coloring, though the quotation marks were impossible.

J. F. C.

“ Life, behind its accidents, stands strong and self-sustaining,
The human fact transcending all the losing and the gaining.”

— WHITTIER.

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INTRODUCTION

IRVING'S LIFE AND WORKS

MANY interests combine to make the charm of reading, but no other one compares in intensity with the keen desire of a normal human being to know the experiences of others. With an instinctive effort to know ourselves better, we love to follow the struggles and successes, the emotions and peculiar characteristics, of interesting people with whom we can come into touch only through the sympathy and comprehension of the mind, as well as of those whom we can grasp by the hand. It is life that holds us all — life of the slums, of the bush, of the palace; life overseas or at our own hearthstones. And the author who makes his appeal to humanity vivid is sure of a hearing, though the character of his audience will be determined by the skill with which he makes his appeal as well as by its nature.

Irving lives in literature to-day primarily because he felt a keen interest in the lives with which he came into contact. The intensity of this feeling, together with his early interest in reading and the social nature which inclined him to share everything, led him to embody his impressions freely, adding, liberally, to the original facts, exuberant fancies which enriched and diversified them, transforming with the magic touch of his humor whatever incongruous elements appeared, and making all wholesome with the deft scalpel of his irony.

Quite close to this prime interest in people is the

understanding of natural surroundings. It was pre-eminent in Irving. The lad who wandered about the farms of Manhattan heard the croaking of the frogs, the tap of the woodpeckers, and the scoffing laugh of the crows, as well as the tales of the goodwives. As he stood at the pier heads on the Battery, or watched the swirling waters of Hell Gate, his dreams were not idle, for he was unconsciously storing up those treasures which always accrue from genuine and active interest. The youth who was the first to depict the loveliness of the Hudson found original expression, also, for the attractions of places "old in story," when he looked upon them with untired eyes trained to beauty and rejoicing in its manifestations. In this genuine, warm-hearted love of life of all kinds lay Irving's genius.

In America there had been no voice to tell in ringing tones of the new life there till Irving spoke. There had been religious works and magnificently clear, forceful writing in defence of colonial rights and on other political themes. We had even produced a novelist. Charles Brockden Brown had written stories — too much like his European patterns of the eighteenth century, it is true, and not genuinely American in tone. Charles Dudley Warner says, "The figures who are moved in them seem to be transported from the pages of foreign fiction to the New World, not as it was, but as it existed in the minds of European sentimentalists." He was, however, the first American who "made literature a profession and attempted to live on its fruits."

There had been no original use of all the varied material of life under American conditions, with the atmosphere of the New World about it. Irving saw things which aroused his admiration, his curiosity, his sense of

the ludicrous. The inspiration seems to have come from the contrast between his own people and family life, and the conditions he found in the Dutch homes where he visited; for though the lives of the English and Dutch settlers seem to have been quite distinct in social matters, Irving's family were on good terms with the best of both, and his personal charm no doubt gained him ready admission everywhere then — as it did throughout his life. It would be most inappreciative of Irving's nature to think him capable of inhospitably using his friends as "material" for literature. It was not so. The contrasts apparent in different ways of living opened the way, in his observant mind, for sketches of people, places, and situations which later in his life set all the reading world to laughing or touched them with the tenderness of his own manly sympathy.

Washington Irving was born on the 3d of April, 1783, in the city of New York. His father, William, was of an old and respected Scotch family, whose fortunes, however, had declined. He had left his home in the Orkney Islands when a boy, and was a subordinate officer on a ship plying between Falmouth and New York when he met Sarah Sanders, the granddaughter of an English curate. They married in 1761, and two years later went to New York, where he entered into trade instead of following the sea.

Washington, the youngest of eleven children and the eighth son, was born in what is now one of New York's busiest districts, in William Street between Fulton and John. In a quaint Dutch house across the street from there, he grew up in the midst of a happy family life where the father's rule in the spirit of the old Scotch Covenanters, though stern and evincing little sympathy

with youthful recreations and gayety, was righteous and not lacking in essential tenderness; and where the gentleness and fine intellect of the more demonstrative mother won her children's lifelong devotion. Washington was full of vivacity, drollery, and innocent mischief. His sportiveness and disinclination to religious seriousness caused his mother some anxiety. She is quoted as saying, "Oh, Washington, if you were only good!" He was fond of music and the theatre, and did not always respect his father's stern injunctions against the latter.

Irving's routine studies were carried on in a desultory fashion throughout his youth because, perhaps, of his delicate health; but the exceptional nature and abilities of the tender-hearted, truthful, susceptible boy enabled him to accomplish without them much that was usually attained with difficulty. All vacations were spent in roaming about the neighboring country: a summer holiday passed in Westchester County when he was fifteen furnished the basis for the charming description of Sleepy Hollow with its dreamy, spectre-haunted atmosphere. At seventeen he visited a married sister in the Mohawk Valley, and on his way there in a sailing vessel "discovered for literature the beauty of the Hudson."

In 1802 he became a clerk in the law office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, where he was, according to the usual method of those days, to prepare himself for practising law. Mr. Hoffman's family was of a refined character especially congenial to Irving, and the intimacy with them lasted throughout Irving's life. With them he took a rough and romantic journey into the wilderness of northern New York, where Mr. Hoffman was interested in lands.

In the next few years Irving spent much time in visits

and excursions to various places from which he sent numerous interesting letters, the writing of which no doubt served well in the development of his style. He seems to have had no definite literary ambition at this time, his tendency being toward the idle life of a man of society.

His first literary work published was a series of letters, signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," to the *Morning Chronicle*, his brother Peter's new paper. They were daring satires, based mainly on the theatre, its audiences, and actors; and though in direct imitation of the *Spectator*, they show the author's own quiet humor, his sensibility, and that chivalrous devotion to woman which always characterized him, — a chivalry which led him — the boy of nineteen — to protest against the careless and unmanly habit prevailing at the time of jesting about "old maids," and to recognize their possible right to admiration, tenderness, and protection.

At twenty-one Irving's health remained so delicate that his brothers sent him to Europe. The sea voyage revived him greatly, and the literary world is richer for the failure of the captain's well-known prophecy, — "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across!" Five weeks of sailing brought him to the mouth of the Garonne, and after six weeks at Bordeaux, where he learned the language, and a leisurely trip through France, he reached Genoa five months after he left New York. This was in 1804. France showed the effects of the Revolution, and travel was impeded by the suspicion of his being an English spy. At Avignon, Irving was sadly disappointed at finding that the tomb of Laura, one of the literary shrines at which he had hoped to pay the tribute of his poetic imagination, had been destroyed; but on the whole he lived in the spirit of his

own words, "When I cannot get a dinner to suit my taste, I endeavor to get a taste to suit my dinner." Friends were made everywhere amongst the best and most distinguished people. They received him in their homes at Genoa with cordiality, and gave him letters to eminent people in Florence, Rome, and Naples.

From Genoa he went to Sicily, and had an experience on the journey which no doubt colored some of his later writings. The boat fell into the hands of pirates of the most approved style, with cutlasses in their hands, and stiletos and pistols stuck in their waistbands — pirates with a sense of humor, too, for on leaving they gave the captain a receipt for what they had taken and an order on the British consul at Messina to pay for the same! Two months in Sicily were full of interesting explorations and agreeable idling at the ports, where the officers of American ships were most appreciative of his "boundless capacity for good fellowship."

After a visit in Naples, he went to Rome, where for the first time he could enjoy freely masterpieces of music and of art. A friendship with Washington Allston, the American artist, made him dream for a time of remaining in Italy to study art. At Rome a certain banker was most assiduous in his attentions to Irving, and only when Irving was leaving, was it discovered that he had supposed him to be a relative of George Washington. This suggests another one of many anecdotes concerning his name. It was years later, when he had some literary fame, that an English lady rebuked the ignorance of her daughter who had asked information about the original of a bust marked "George Washington," by saying, "Why, my dear, don't you know? He wrote *The Sketch Book!*"

At the end of a year Irving was in Paris, where for four months he enjoyed the fascinating life of the French capital, and then went by way of the Netherlands to London. Here, as everywhere, he met famous people and made valuable friends. He rejoiced in attendance at the theatre and opera, loitered about historic scenes, and played an agreeable part in brilliant salons and at dinners where his hosts could appreciate the charm of his manner and his ingenuous nature.

The eighteen months spent in this desultory fashion were an important factor in Irving's literary equipment, not alone in the material they furnished, but in the languages he learned and the cultivation resulting from wide experience amongst refined people of various nationalities. But so far in his life there was little actual performance upon which to base any prediction of literary success.

Irving returned to New York in 1806, resumed his study of law, and was admitted to the bar, though neither he nor his examiners probably had a very high opinion of the amount of his legal knowledge. He entered again upon the active enjoyment of social life in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and Albany, as well as in New York, everywhere welcomed for his sunny, lively disposition, his agreeable manners and vivacious conversation — perhaps also for his comely appearance. A drawing which was made in Paris in 1805 shows a most distinguished and attractive-looking face.

Salmagundi was published at this period of Irving's life, in conjunction with his eldest brother, William, and his lifelong friend, James K. Paulding. It was a small periodical which appeared twice a month for about ten months. Though the idea was, again, as in "Jonathan

Oldstyle's" letters, borrowed from Addison's *Spectator*, its wit and humor were largely original, and "its amusing audacity and complacent superiority, the mystery hanging about its writers, its affectation of indifference to praise or profit, its fearless criticism, lively wit, and irresponsible humor, piqued, puzzled, and delighted the town." It was read widely in other places, and was immensely successful. Here we have the real beginning of his literary career.

Irving did not follow up his literary success immediately, and after a half-hearted attempt to enter upon a political career, he gave that up, "disgusted by the servility and duplicity and rascality witnessed among the swarm of scrub politicians."

A History of New York, by *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, his first important work, resulted from a plan formed some time later with his brother Peter to satirize a publication about New York which had just appeared. It was to be a burlesque upon pedantry and erudition. Peter having been called abroad by business, Irving finished it alone in a way altogether different from the original intention, after condensing what they had written together into five chapters. Some critics seem to think it would have been better to condense those five into one, and then throw it away!

During the progress of this work Irving suffered a great sorrow in the illness and death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had expected to marry. The loss affected his entire life, for though he seems to have admired women of his acquaintance very much, and though some of his letters indicate that he was contemplating at least the probability of his marrying, he never did so. He recovered his serenity and much of his gay humor,

but there seemed always present a tender and sacred memory.

The History of New York was most cleverly advertised by notices in the newspapers, first of the disappearance of "a small, elderly gentleman dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker," and afterwards by paragraphs stating that an old gentleman answering to the description had been seen traveling north on an Albany stage; and that Knickerbocker went away owing his landlord and leaving behind a "curious kind of written book," which would be sold to pay his bills if he did not return. Finally the announcement of the publication was made, and ever after the magic words "by Diedrich Knickerbocker" were sufficient to secure attention from the reading public. "This was the germ of the whole Knickerbocker legend," says Warner, "a fantastic creation which in a manner took the place of history and stamped upon the commercial metropolis of the New World the Knickerbocker name and character." The hidden humor of its advertisement and dedication to the New York Historical Society was not always discerned, and for a time Irving was under a cloud of social condemnation in certain circles for holding the old Dutch inhabitants up to ridicule; but "even the Dutch critics were disarmed before long by the absence of all malice in the gigantic humor of the composition." The work came to be considered a masterpiece of humorous writing. Sir Walter Scott, among the first to recognize its power, compared its style to Swift's; and though it may not be always pleasing to modern taste, it has an assured place in literature.

Again success failed to spur Irving on to new literary efforts. In social life and some connection with his

brothers' hardware business the years passed. He became interested in the war with England, and was made aide and military secretary to the governor of New York. He was on his way to Washington to apply for a commission in the regular army when the war was ended.

In May, 1815, Irving went to England for a short visit to a brother living there. The illness of this brother, the bad condition of their mercantile affairs — which ended in failure — and then Irving's literary work, kept him seventeen years abroad. Before the failure, there were trips in Wales and England, which contributed to the store of interesting material which grew into later works. Afterwards, in 1818, Irving went to London determined to devote himself to literature. He was successful, and thereafter repaid in the most loving and delicate manner the care and devotion which had been lavished upon him as the genius of the family. Warner says, "I know of nothing more admirable than the life-long relations of this talented and sincere family."

The Sketch Book was sent to America for publication in May, 1819. It was immensely successful, "The Wife" and "Rip Van Winkle" being the best of the sketches. Reprints were made in England without authority, so it was thought best to publish there also; and soon Irving was received in the highest literary circles with enthusiasm. The "Literary Dinner" in this volume of *The Tales of a Traveller* had a personal foundation in experiences of these times, "whimsical and conventional" though it seems. "Irving's satire of both authors and publishers has always the old-time Grub Street flavor, or at least the *reminiscent tone*, which is, by the way, quite characteristic of nearly everything that he wrote about England." I insert these words of Warner's as

keenly appreciative of Irving's literary attitude. It seemed generally, without losing originality or individual charm, to be that of an observer, and an observer who has read.

Irving went to Paris in the summer of 1820. His works increased in popularity — a fact which is more significant of their worth when we remember that both Scott and Byron were at that time the "idols of the English-reading world."

The next year *Bracebridge Hall* was published, a sort of sketch book of English life in which was "Dolph Heyliger," one of his best Dutch characterizations. Irving had returned to England, and had been staying with a sister in Birmingham. He had become something of an invalid on account of an eruptive disease which affected his ankles and troubled him more or less all the rest of his life. Trips were taken to different "cures," on one of which he met the Foster family, who became intimate friends and added much to the interest of this part of his life. After this he made a long visit in Paris again, where he was closely associated with Thomas Moore and his wife.

The Tales of a Traveller appeared in 1824. They were tales of English, French, and Italian life, based on his own experiences and stories told by the way. In his own opinion, and in that of his best critics, it contained some of his best writing and had a charming spontaneity of expression. Nevertheless it was not so popular as former writings, and perhaps this was one reason why Irving turned his attention to more serious themes. He thought of writing his *Life of Washington* at that time; but in 1826 he settled in Madrid, his sole object at first being to make translations of some historical documents then appearing. But the fascination of the old chronicles

and legends kindled the fires of his genius and resulted in *The Life of Columbus*, *The Alhambra*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, and *The Companions of Columbus*. The books of "mingled fables, sentiment, fact, and humor are after all the most enduring fruits of his residence in Spain," says Warner.

The Life of Columbus appeared in 1828, and was immediately successful. "It is open to the charge of too much rhetorical color here and there, and it is at times too diffuse; but its substantial accuracy is not questioned, and the glow of the narrative springs legitimately from the romance of the theme." The sympathy and poetic imagination with which he entered into the character of Columbus shows that he appreciated what Carlyle has so emphasized, the importance of vivid portraiture in historical narrative.

In 1829 Irving was appointed Secretary of Legation to the Court of Saint James, and though he was much interested in his literary projects at the time, he was persuaded by the urgency of his friends to accept, and evinced in the duties of the position that genuine patriotism which always distinguished him, — though ignorant doubts and questionings concerning it have sometimes arisen because of his long stay abroad and his interest in other places.

Though he played an active part in the best social and literary life of England, Irving was anxious to return home. In May of 1832 he came back to America.

The reception accorded the "Dutch Herodotus, Diedrich Knickerbocker," as he was called in an after-dinner speech, proved the love and admiration of his countrymen, not only in New York, but wherever civilization had extended its influence in America.

His astonishment at the wonderful changes wrought in his absence led Irving to travel a great deal. *A Tour on the Prairies*, which is a fine description of hunting adventure, was partly the result of a journey into the Pawnee country on the Arkansas River. *Astoria* and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville* are based on American travel also.

Although Irving had received large sums for his books, unremunerative investments and the fact that he was responsible for the support of two of his brothers and several nieces, made it necessary for him to write industriously. Then, too, he longed for a rural home, for the purchase and support of which he was willing to give much. "Sunnyside," a farm close to Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow, and with a little stone cottage about a hundred years old on it, was purchased as a result of this ambition for a "Roost," as he called it. The stone cottage was enlarged in such a way as to preserve its Dutch characteristics and keep it worthy of the memory of the Van Tassells, who had once inhabited it. The old weathercock from Holland was a delight always to Irving, and whichever way it turned, Sunnyside was always the centre of life and interest to a group of relatives who gave him tender care and appreciation, it seems, in the loving spirit with which he gave hospitality. It was a beautiful home where guests — many celebrated ones — were welcomed, and to which his thoughts always turned from every scene of distinction.

Irving was not only eminent as a man of letters, but as one of the first citizens of the Republic. He declined such offers as the candidacy for mayor of New York and for member of Congress, and the honor of a seat in the President's Cabinet, on account of his dislike for

political life. His interest in an international copyright law was influential in its passage — to the great advantage of young American authors, though it affected him little personally.

During the ten years after his return, he published, besides the books mentioned, *Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*, *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, and the papers in *Wolfert's Roost*. He also contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and worked upon books which appeared later.

One act of this period of his life throws light upon the simple nobility of his nature. Irving had always cherished the idea of writing the history of the conquest of Mexico. He had collected material for it, and was actually composing the opening chapters when some one interested in Mr. Prescott told him that the latter was contemplating the work. Though Irving's work was quite advanced and Prescott had not yet begun, the former "renounced the glorious theme in such a manner that Prescott never suspected the pain and loss it cost him, nor the full extent of his own obligation."

In 1842, at the instigation of Daniel Webster and with the most cordial approval of the President and the Senate, Irving was made ambassador to Spain. The nomination was a surprise to him, and not altogether an agreeable one. He accepted, as Warner says, because of "the intended honor to his profession, the gratifying manner in which it came to him, his desire to please his friends, and the belief, which was a delusion, that diplomatic life in Madrid would offer no serious interruption to his *Life of Washington*, in which he had just become engaged."

Those were times of panic and excitement in Spain,

and Irving was influential in his diplomatic relations. He was called to London for consultation about the Oregon Boundary dispute, and rendered valuable service there also.

Irving, now more than sixty years old, longed for the simple life of his Sunnyside home, and in 1846 he returned. *The Biography of Goldsmith, Mahomet and his Successors*, and *The Life of Washington* were the principal fruits of the thirteen years after his return. *The Goldsmith* is a work of wonderful sympathy and interpretation of character, *Mahomet* had all the charm of his attractive style, and *The Life of Washington* is a dignified portrait which is faithful to the character, and presents it as a real man of flesh and blood. Before his life ended, Irving had time to revise all his works and publish the complete set, from which he received over eighty-eight thousand dollars.

Soon after the publication of the *Washington*, and yet not until he had received the approval of those literary men whose knowledge of the Revolution gave them the best right to judge of the value of his work, Irving's serene life came to an end at Sunnyside on the 28th of November, 1859.

When Irving appeared before the doctors at Oxford in 1830 to take the degree of D.C.L., the undergraduates greeted him with shouts of "Diedrich Knickerbocker!" "Ichabod Crane!" "Rip Van Winkle!" He would not, in all likelihood, have been called to receive the degree conferred that day had he not written some grave, serious work of scholarship such as *The Life of Columbus*; and yet those names shouted at him by the young enthusiasts are perhaps the real touchstones of his fame,—

stones whose brilliancy, if we may change the figure, has been enhanced and made more effective by the setting provided by a mind which could prove its more serious powers. As Warner says, however, "All the learning of Oxford and Cambridge together would not enable a man to draw the whimsical portrait of Ichabod Crane, or to outline the fascinating legend of Rip Van Winkle: while Europe was full of scholars of more learning than Irving, and writers of equal skill in narrative, who might have told the story of Columbus as well." His great gift was a whimsical sense of humor, modified and complemented by sentiment. He used the material of life about him so as to raise the whole into a realm of the imagination with the rosy light of sentiment all about it.

And the form into which Irving cast his most characteristic work was almost a new literary form. Narrative essays or short stories of humor and pathos became quite the fashion. The Knickerbocker legend was the greatest achievement of Irving; and the stories of *The Money Diggers*, of *Wolfert Webber*, and *Kidd the Pirate* are phases of that legend which form, perhaps, the most interesting part of *The Tales of a Traveller*, though such narratives as *The Adventure of my Uncle*, the interesting tales of the banditti, and the vivid pictures of life in *Buckthorne* make one hesitate at comparison.

Irving's reputation rests upon his purely literary skill; for out of that the genius of his humor and sentiment created its fitting body. That he found "charm in the prosaic and materialistic conditions of the New World as well as in the tradition-laden atmosphere of the Old, is evidence that he possessed genius of a refined and subtle quality, if not of the most robust order." We do

not find in Irving evidences of the greatest intellectual force such as is shown, for instance, in the writings of Emerson and Carlyle. He seems to be writing from the calm position of an observer, and in something of a retrospective mood, rather than as one who is in the thick of the battle of life.

His method was sympathetic, and one felt, rather than thought out analytically, the effect he desired to produce. Tone and color were given by light touches of comparison and suggestion, — often a most illuminating flash in a single appropriate allusion: or a humorous suggestion by using a word in some unusual sense, which is nevertheless quite justified by its derivation or strict meaning.

One always finds Irving in full sympathy with the theme of his writing, whether it be of Spanish, English, Italian, or American life. The local color is invariably true, and yet it is always pervaded by the literary charm which was distinctively Irving's style — a style clear and melodious as well as forceful, elegant, and finished, and always characterized by sense of literary form and remarkable felicity of metaphor. It is simple in structure, but most exacting in the demand it makes upon linguistic appreciation. Few authors require for their complete appreciation a more accurate knowledge of word values.

There is a moral soundness in Irving — a winning strain of goodness — which gains the love of his readers as he gained the love of his family and many friends, such friends as Moore, Thackeray, Byron, and Scott, as well as less distinguished people. It was an element of his art which seemed to spring directly from a sound nature.

“We know well enough,” says Warner, “that the

great author of *The Newcomes* and the great author of *The Heart of Midlothian* recognized the abiding value in literature of integrity, sincerity, purity, charity, faith. These are beneficences, and Irving's literature is a beneficent literature. The author loved good women and little children and a pure life; he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy with the lowest, without any subservience to the highest; he retained a belief in the possibility of chivalrous actions, and did not care to envelop them in a cynical suspicion. He was an author still capable of an enthusiasm. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, of humor without any sting, of amusement without any stain; and their more solid qualities are marred by neither pedantry nor pretension."

If this quotation might lure its readers to the fascinating pages of Warner's *Irving* in the *American Men of Letters*, where one finds the nature of Irving and all of his activities set in accurate relations with his time, his contemporaries, and the social conditions of the countries in which he lived, it would be indeed a fitting close for this sketch.

TO TEACHERS

FEW teachers to-day need suggestions as to profitable ways of dealing with such literature as they present to their classes, and yet most of us, perhaps, welcome the knowledge and opinions of their fellow-workers as to the value of this or that material for certain purposes.

The aims of English teaching are so many, its opportunities for culture so broad, that one must endeavor to keep well in hand a leash of varied purposes, and to see that they run with some conformable reference to each other. Yet all these purposes must have the same double end in view, — to arouse clear thoughts and to cultivate the ability to express them. That is the English teacher's business. But what a world of difference it may make to the ethical and social being of a young soul if the thoughts which are presented to him for that imitation which philosophers from Plato to Professor Royce have deemed necessary, are such as will raise and enrich the tone of his living! That is every teacher's business.

Clear and forceful thinking springs from appreciation of clear and forceful thoughts. In new conditions for thinking we adapt and use known methods of thought, — not slavishly or dully following a model, not even conscious of any, but using vitally a vital force discovered in appreciation of the thoughts of others just as truly

and naturally as the power of thought is developed by reactions to the more ordinary forces of life. Accurate oral reading, questions and discussions based on the thought in the text but leading a little beyond it through comparisons, combinations, etc., will strengthen the ability to think.

Clear and fitting expression is the result of knowledge of word values, of phrasings, and of sentence relations, — of the idiom of a language. That knowledge may be acquired to a certain extent unconsciously, perhaps it is well for the pupil to be largely unconscious of the process — but the teacher cannot afford to be so. He should aid the process of acquiring a forceful vocabulary by providing suitable opportunities to use new stores of language, so that they may become fixed in the memory. What wonderful life may be given to his power of expression if that which he reads is couched in vivid and convincing phrase!

These tales are instinct with life. Thoughts bearing directly on instinctive acts of honor and courage, for instance, can be emphasized in a dozen ways. Questions about the aims and purposes of the banditti and of the Englishmen may lead to interesting talks in which vital principles of life, as well as of oral and written expression, may be emphasized. The half-humorous appreciation of the dainty Italian bride Irving couches in quite different terms from the description of the lovable, absorbed antiquary, and their acquisition may become spontaneously the pupil's own without interfering with his pleasure in the images, if he can be brought to speak or write of them after his interest has been aroused.

Besides the direct training in thinking and expression, then, which is brought about by discussion, questions,

comparisons, etc., and which is the technical duty of the English teacher, there is the indirect ethical and broadly religious influence without which teaching is like a statue — without a soul. *The Tales of a Traveller* are full of opportunities for developments in all three of these directions. It would be neither wise nor attractive to study all sketches in the same manner — nor all parts of one. In some cases the impression should be left entirely without comment except such as is given by expressive oral reading. In others analysis is profitable. The methods of developing thought by full appreciation of thoughts can scarcely be outlined, since they must be spontaneous, sympathetic, and like a kindling flame, which consumes or smelts or warms into life, as the occasion may demand.

The following suggestions are not offered as novelties, but as useful exercises suited to *The Tales*.

Analyze some scene, such as Buckthorne's battle with Harlequin, into the elements of action, description, and explanation which make it effective.

Dramatize some story, "The Adventure of the Englishman," for example.

Write a description of a character whose traits have been portrayed largely by actions.

Contrast two characters, Wolfert Webber and the "High German Doctor," for instance.

Exercise the imagination by filling out the picture of a character which is only slightly suggested, like that of the "inquisitive gentleman."

Study some short sketch, such as "Notoriety," for structural characteristics — unity, coherence, paragraphing, etc.

Collect as many statements as possible about some place, and combine them into a connected description.

Comment on humorous suggestions in names, in words used in an unusual manner, and in such double meanings as are in Wolfert Webber's motto, "Alles Kopf."

Follow out carefully extended metaphors, such as the one which presents Wolfert's digging in his garden as if it were a war on the cabbages, and note the *words* which give the effect.

Select the most significant words in an image-making sentence or in a narrative one.

Observe all old and unusual forms of words, such as "digged."

Pupils who study Latin may select words derived from that language and comment on their effectiveness.

Comment on the appropriateness of Saxon words used so freely in scenes of strong passion and in homely incidents, after the pupils know something of the sources of our language.

Make lists of unusual and effective adjectives and adverbs as they occur.

Note all effective comparisons.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER

TO THE READER

WORTHY AND DEAR READER!—Hast thou ever been waylaid in the midst of a pleasant tour by some treacherous malady; thy heels tripped up,^o and thou left to count the tedious minutes as they passed, in the solitude of an inn-chamber? If thou hast, thou wilt be ⁵ able to pity me. Behold me, interrupted in the course of my journeying up the fair banks of the Rhine, and laid up by indisposition in this old frontier town of Mentz.^o I have worn out every source of amusement. I know the sound of every clock that strikes, and bell that rings, ¹⁰ in the place. I know to a second when to listen for the first tap of the Prussian drum, as it summons the garrison to parade, or at what hour to expect the distant sound of the Austrian military band. All these have grown wearisome to me; and even the well-known step of my doctor, ¹⁵ as he slowly paces the corridor, with healing in the creak of his shoes,^o no longer affords an agreeable interruption to the monotony of my apartment.

For a time I attempted to beguile the weary hours by studying German under the tuition of mine host's ²⁰ pretty little daughter, Katrine; but I soon found even German had not power to charm a languid ear, and that the conjugating of *ich liebe* might be powerless, however rosy the lips which uttered it.

I tried to read, but my mind would not fix itself. I ²⁵ turned over volume after volume, but threw them by with

distaste. "Well, then," said I at length, in despair, "if I cannot read a book, I will write one." Never was there a more lucky idea; it at once gave me occupation and amusement. The writing of a book was considered in old times as an enterprise of toil and difficulty, insomuch that the most trifling lucubration^o was denominated a "work," and the world talked with awe and reverence of "the labors of the learned." These matters are better understood nowadays.

10 Thanks to the improvements in all kinds of manufactures, the art of book-making has been made familiar to the meanest capacity. Everybody is an author. The scribbling of a quarto^o is the mere pastime of the idle; the young gentleman throws off his brace of duodecimos
15 in the intervals of the sporting season, and the young lady produces her set of volumes with the same facility that her great-grandmother worked a set of chair-bottoms.

The idea having struck me, therefore, to write a book, the reader will easily perceive that the execution of it
20 was no difficult matter. I rummaged my portfolio, and cast about, in my recollection, for those floating materials which a man naturally collects in travelling; and here I have arranged them in this little work.

As I know this to be a story-telling and a story-reading
25 age, and that the world is fond of being taught by apolo-
logue,^o I have digested the instruction I would convey into a number of tales. They may not possess the power of amusement which the tales told by many of my contemporaries possess; but then I value myself on the sound
30 moral which each of them contains. This may not be apparent at first, but the reader will be sure to find it out in the end. I am for curing the world by gentle alteratives,^o not by violent doses; indeed, the patient should

never be conscious that he is taking a dose. I have learnt this much from experience under the hands of the worthy Hippocrates^o of Mentz.

I am not, therefore, for those barefaced tales which carry their moral on the surface, staring one in the face; 5 they are enough to deter the squeamish reader. On the contrary, I have often hid my moral from sight, and disguised it as much as possible by sweets and spices, so that while the simple reader is listening with open mouth to a ghost or a love story, he may have a bolus of sound 10 morality popped down his throat, and be never the wiser for the fraud.

As the public is apt to be curious about the sources whence an author draws his stories, doubtless that it may know how far to put faith in them, I would observe, that 15 the Adventure of the German Student, or rather the latter part of it, is founded on an anecdote related to me as existing somewhere in French; and, indeed, I have been told, since writing it, that an ingenious tale has been founded on it by an English writer; but I have never met 20 with either the former or the latter in print. Some of the circumstances in the Adventure of the Mysterious Picture, and in the Story of the Young Italian, are vague recollections of anecdotes related to me some years since; but from what source derived, I do not know. The Ad- 25 venture of the Young Painter among the banditti is taken almost entirely from an authentic narrative in manuscript.

As to the other tales contained in this work, and indeed to my tales generally, I can make but one observation: I am an old traveller; I have read somewhat, heard and 30 seen more, and dreamt more than all. My brain is filled therefore, with all kinds of odds and ends. In travelling, these heterogeneous matters have become shaken

up in my mind, as the articles are apt to be in an ill-packed travelling-trunk; so that when I attempt to draw forth a fact, I cannot determine whether I have read, heard, or dreamt it; and I am always at a loss to know how
5 much to believe of my own stories.

These matters being premised, fall to, worthy reader, with good appetite; and, above all, with good humor, to what is here set before thee. If the tales I have furnished should prove to be bad, they will at least be found short;
10 so that no one will be wearied long on the same theme. "Variety is charming," as some poet observes.

There is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse! As I have often found in travelling in a stage-coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's
15 position, and be bruised in a new place.

Ever thine,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.°

*Dated from the HOTEL DE DARMSTADT,
ci-devant° HOTEL DE PARIS,
MENTZ, otherwise called MAYENCE.*

PART FIRST

STRANGE STORIES

BY A NERVOUS GENTLEMAN^o

I'll tell you more, there was a fish taken,
A monstrous fish, with a sword by's side, a long sword,
A pike in's neck, and a gun in's nose, a huge gun,
And letters of mart^o in's^o mouth from the Duke of Florence.

Cleanthes. — This is a monstrous lie.

Tony. —

I do confess it.

Do you think I'd tell you truths?

— FLETCHER'S *Wife for a Month.*

PART FIRST

STRANGE STORIES

THE GREAT UNKNOWN°

THE following adventures were related to me by the same nervous gentleman who told me the romantic tale of the Stout Gentleman, published in *Bracebridge Hall*. It is very singular, that although I expressly stated that story to have been told to me, and described the very 5 person who told it, still it has been received as an adventure that happened to myself. Now I protest I never met with any adventure of the kind. I should not have grieved at this, had it not been intimated by the author of *Waverley*, in an introduction to his novel of *Peve- 10 of the Peak*, that he was himself the stout gentleman alluded to. I have ever since been importuned by questions and letters from gentlemen, and particularly from ladies without number, touching what I had seen of the Great Unknown. 15

Now all this is extremely tantalizing. It is like being congratulated on the high prize when one has drawn a blank; for I have just as great a desire as any one of the public to penetrate the mystery of that very singular personage, whose voice fills every corner of the world, 20 without any one being able to tell whence it comes.

My friend, the nervous gentleman, also, who is a man

of very shy, retired habits, complains that he has been excessively annoyed in consequence of its getting about in his neighborhood that he is the fortunate personage. Insomuch, that he has become a character of considerable
5 notoriety in two or three country towns, and has been repeatedly teased to exhibit himself at blue-stocking parties,^o for no other reason than that of being "the gentleman who has had a glimpse of the author of *Waverley*."

Indeed the poor man has grown ten times as nervous
10 as ever since he has discovered, on such good authority, who the stout gentleman was; and will never forgive himself for not having made a more resolute effort to get a full sight of him. He has anxiously endeavored to call up a recollection of what he saw of that portly per-
15 sonage; and has ever since kept a curious eye on all gentlemen of more than ordinary dimensions, whom he has seen getting into stage-coaches. All in vain! The features he had caught a glimpse of seem common to the whole race of stout gentlemen, and the Great Unknown
20 remains as great an unknown as ever.

Having premised these circumstances, I will now let the nervous gentleman proceed with his stories.

THE HUNTING-DINNER

I WAS once at a hunting-dinner, given by a worthy fox-hunting old Baronet, who kept bachelor's hall in jovial style in an ancient rook-haunted family-mansion, in one of the middle counties. He had been a devoted admirer of the fair sex in his younger days; but, having 5 travelled much, studied the sex in various countries with distinguished success, and returned home profoundly instructed, as he supposed, in the ways of woman, and a perfect master of the art of pleasing, had the mortification of being jilted by a little boarding-school girl, who 10 was scarcely versed in the accidence^o of love.

The Baronet was completely overcome by such an incredible defeat; retired from the world in disgust; put himself under the government of his housekeeper; and took to fox-hunting like a perfect Nimrod.^o What- 15 ever poets may say to the contrary, a man will grow out of love as he grows old; and a pack of fox-hounds may chase out of his heart even the memory of a boarding-school goddess. The Baronet was, when I saw him, as merry and mellow an old bachelor as ever followed a 20 hound; and the love he had once felt for one woman had spread itself over the whole sex, so that there was not a pretty face in the whole country round but came in for a share.

The dinner was prolonged till a late hour; for our host 25

having no ladies in his household to summon us to the drawing-room, the bottle maintained its true bachelor sway, unrivalled by its potent enemy, the tea-kettle.° The old hall in which we dined echoed to bursts of ro-
5 bustious° fox-hunting merriment, that made the ancient antlers° shake on the walls. By degrees, however, the wine and the wassail of mine host began to operate upon bodies already a little jaded by the chase. The choice spirits which flashed up at the beginning of the dinner,
10 sparkled for a time, then gradually went out one after another, or only emitted now and then a faint gleam from the socket. Some of the briskest talkers, who had given tongue so bravely at the first burst, fell fast asleep; and none kept on their way but certain of those long-winded prozers,
15 who, like short-legged hounds, worry on unnoticed at the bottom of conversation, but are sure to be in at the death.° Even these at length subsided into silence; and scarcely any thing was heard but the nasal communications of two or three veteran masticators, who having
20 been silent while awake, were indemnifying the company in their sleep.

At length the announcement of tea and coffee in the cedar-parlor roused all hands from this temporary torpor. Every one awoke marvellously renovated, and while
25 sipping the refreshing beverage out of the Baronet's old-fashioned hereditary china,° began to think of departing for their several homes. But here a sudden difficulty arose. While we had been prolonging our repast, a heavy winter storm had set in, with snow, rain, and sleet, driven
30 by such bitter blasts of wind, that they threatened to penetrate to the very bone.

"It's all in vain," said our hospitable host, "to think of putting one's head out of doors in such weather. So,

gentlemen, I hold you my guests for this night at least, and will have your quarters prepared accordingly."

The unruly weather, which became more and more tempestuous, rendered the hospitable suggestion unanswerable. The only question was, whether such an unexpected accession of company to an already crowded house would not put the housekeeper to her trumps^o to accommodate them.

"Pshaw," cried mine host; "did you ever know a bachelor's hall that was not elastic, and able to accommodate twice as many as it could hold?" So, out of a good-humored pique, the housekeeper was summoned to a consultation before us all. The old lady appeared in her gala suit of faded brocade,^o which rustled with flurry and agitation; for, in spite of our host's bravado, she was a little perplexed. But in a bachelor's house, and with bachelor guests, these matters are readily managed. There is no lady of the house to stand upon squeamish points about lodging gentlemen in odd holes and corners, and exposing the shabby parts of the establishment. A bachelor's housekeeper is used to shifts and emergencies; so, after much worrying to and fro, and divers consultations about the red-room, and the blue-room, and the chintz-room,^o and the damask-room, and the little room with the bow-window, the matter was finally arranged.

When all this was done we were once more summoned to the standing rural amusement of eating. The time that had been consumed in dozing after dinner, and in the refreshment and consultation of the cedar-parlor,^o was sufficient, in the opinion of the rosy-faced butler, to engender a reasonable appetite for supper. A slight repast had, therefore, been tricked up from the residue of dinner, consisting of a cold sirloin of beef, hashed venison, a

devilled leg of a turkey or so, and a few other of those light articles taken by country gentlemen to ensure sound sleep and heavy snoring.°

The nap after dinner had brightened up every one's wit; and a great deal of excellent humor was expended upon the perplexities of mine host and his housekeeper, by certain married gentlemen of the company, who considered themselves privileged in joking with a bachelor's establishment. From this the banter turned as to what quarters each would find, on being thus suddenly billeted in so antiquated a mansion.

"By my soul," said an Irish captain of dragoons, one of the most merry and boisterous of the party, "by my soul, but I should not be surprised if some of those good-looking gentle-folks that hang along the walls should walk about the rooms of this stormy night; or, if I should find the ghosts of one of those long-waisted ladies turning into my bed in mistake for her grave in the churchyard."

"Do you believe in ghosts, then?" said a thin, hatchet-faced gentleman, with projecting eyes like a lobster.°

I had remarked this last personage during dinner-time for one of those incessant questioners, who have a craving, unhealthy appetite in conversation. He never seemed satisfied with the whole of a story; never laughed when others laughed; but always put the joke to the question. He never could enjoy the kernel of the nut, but pestered himself to get more out of the shell. "Do you believe in ghosts, then?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"Faith, but I do," replied the jovial Irishman. "I was brought up in the fear and belief of them. We had a Benshee° in our own family, honey."

"A Benshee, and what's that?" cried the questioner.

"Why, an old lady ghost that tends upon your real

Milesian^o families, and waits at their window to let them know when some of them are to die.”

“A mighty pleasant piece of information!” cried an elderly gentleman with a knowing look, and with a flexible nose, to which he could give a whimsical twist when he wished to be waggish.

“By my soul, but I’d have you to know it’s a piece of distinction to be waited on by a Benshee. It’s a proof that one has pure blood in one’s veins. But i’ faith, now we are talking of ghosts, there never was a house or a night better fitted for a ghost adventure. Pray, Sir John, haven’t you such a thing as a haunted chamber to put a guest in?”

“Perhaps,” said the Baronet, smiling, “I might accommodate you even on that point.”

“Oh, I should like it of all things, my jewel. Some dark oaken room, with ugly woe-begone portraits, that stare dismally at one; and about which the housekeeper has a power of delightful stories of love and murder. And then, a dim lamp, a table with a rusty sword across it, and a spectre all in white, to draw aside one’s curtains at midnight ——”

“In truth,” said an old gentleman at one end of the table, “you put me in mind of an anecdote ——”

“Oh, a ghost story! a ghost story!” was vociferated round the board, every one edging his chair a little nearer.

The attention of the whole company was now turned upon the speaker. He was an old gentleman, one side of whose face was no match for the other. The eyelid drooped and hung down like an unhinged window-shutter. Indeed, the whole side of his head was dilapidated, and seemed like the wing of a house shut up and haunted. I’ll warrant that side was well stuffed with ghost stories.

There was a universal demand for the tale.

“Nay,” said the old gentleman, “it’s a mere anecdote, and a very commonplace one; but such as it is you shall have it. It is a story that I once heard my uncle tell as
5 having happened to himself. He was a man very apt to meet with strange adventures. I have heard him tell of others much more singular.”

“What kind of a man was your uncle?” said the questioning gentleman.

10 “Why, he was rather a dry, shrewd kind of body; a great traveller, and fond of telling his adventures.”

“Pray, how old might he have been when that happened?”

15 “When what happened?” cried the gentleman with the flexible nose, impatiently. “Egad, you have not given any thing a chance to happen. Come, never mind our uncle’s age; let us have his adventures.”

The inquisitive gentleman being for the moment silenced, the old gentleman with the haunted head^o proceeded.

THE ADVENTURE OF MY UNCLE

MANY years since, some time before the French Revolution,° my uncle passed several months at Paris. The English and French were on better terms in those days than at present, and mingled cordially in society. The English went abroad to spend money then, and the 5 French were always ready to help them: they go abroad to save money at present,° and that they can do without French assistance. Perhaps the travelling English were fewer and choicer than at present, when the whole nation has broke loose and inundated the continent. At any 10 rate, they circulated more readily and currently in foreign society, and my uncle, during his residence in Paris, made many very intimate acquaintances among the French noblesse.°

Some time afterwards, he was making a journey in 15 the winter time in that part of Normandy called the Pays de Caux,° when, as evening was closing in, he perceived the turrets of an ancient chateau° rising out of the trees of its walled park; each turret with its high conical roof of gray slate, like a candle with an extin- 20 guisher on it.

“To whom does that chateau belong, friend?” cried my uncle to a meagre but fiery postilion,° who, with tremendous jack-boots and cocked hat, was floundering on before him.

“To Monseigneur the Marquis de ——,” said the postilion, touching his hat, partly out of respect to my uncle, and partly out of reverence to the noble name pronounced.

5 My uncle recollected the Marquis for a particular friend in Paris, who had often expressed a wish to see him at his paternal chateau. My uncle was an old traveller, one who knew well how to turn things to account. He revolved for a few moments in his mind, how agreeable
10 it would be to his friend the Marquis to be surprised in this sociable way by a pop visit^o; and how much more agreeable to himself to get into snug quarters in a chateau, and have a relish of the Marquis’ well-known kitchen, and a smack^o of his superior champagne and burgundy,
15 rather than put up with the miserable lodgment and miserable fare of a provincial inn. In a few minutes, therefore, the meagre postilion was cracking his whip like a very devil, or like a true Frenchman, up the long, straight avenue that led to the chateau.

20 You have no doubt all seen French chateaux, as everybody travels in France nowadays. This was one of the oldest; standing naked and alone in the midst of a desert of gravel walks and cold stone terraces; with a cold-looking, formal garden, cut into angles and rhomboids;
25 and a cold, leafless park, divided geometrically by straight alleys; and two or three cold-looking noiseless statues; and fountains^o spouting cold water enough to make one’s teeth chatter. At least such was the feeling they imparted on the wintry day of my uncle’s visit; though, in
30 hot summer weather, I’ll warrant there was glare enough to scorch one’s eyes out.

The smacking of the postilion’s whip, which grew more and more intense the nearer they approached, fright-

ened a flight of pigeons out of a dove-cot, and rooks out of the roofs, and finally a crew of servants out of the chateau, with the Marquis at their head. He was enchanted to see my uncle, for his chateau, like the house of our worthy host,^o had not many more guests at the 5 time than it could accommodate. So he kissed my uncle on the cheek, after the French fashion, and ushered him into the castle.

The Marquis did the honors of the house with the urbanity of his country. In fact, he was proud of his 10 old family chateau, for part of it was extremely old. There was a tower and chapel which had been built almost before the memory of man; but the rest was more modern, the castle having been nearly demolished during the wars of the league.^o The Marquis dwelt upon 15 this event with great satisfaction, and seemed really to entertain a grateful feeling towards Henry the Fourth,^o for having thought his paternal mansion worth battering down. He had many stories to tell of the prowess of his ancestors; and several skullcaps, helmets, and cross- 20 bows,^o and divers huge boots and buff jerkins, to show, which had been worn by the leaguers. Above all, there was a two-handed sword, which he could hardly wield, but which he displayed, as a proof that there had been giants in his family. 25

In truth, he was but a small descendant from such great warriors. When you looked at their bluff visages and brawny limbs, as depicted in their portraits, and then at the little Marquis, with his spindle-shanks, and his sallow lantern visage, flanked with a pair of powdered 30 ear-locks,^o or *aîles de pigeon*, that seemed ready to fly away with it, you could hardly believe him to be of the same race. But when you looked at the eyes that sparkled

out like a beetle's from each side of his hooked nose, you saw at once that he inherited all the fiery spirit of his forefathers. In fact, a Frenchman's spirit never exhales, however his body may dwindle. It rather rarefies, and grows more inflammable, as the earthly particles diminish; and I have seen valor enough in a little fiery-hearted French dwarf to have furnished out a tolerable giant.°

When once the Marquis, as was his wont, put on one of the old helmets stuck up in his hall, though his head no more filled it than a dry pea its peascod, yet his eyes flashed from the bottom of the iron cavern with the brilliancy of carbuncles°; and when he poised the ponderous two-handed sword of his ancestors, you would have thought you saw the doughty little David wielding the sword of Goliath, which was unto him like a weaver's beam.°

However, gentlemen,° I am dwelling too long on this description of the Marquis and his chateau, but you must excuse me; he was an old friend of my uncle; and whenever my uncle told the story, he was always fond of talking a great deal about his host. Poor little Marquis! He was one of that handful of gallant courtiers who made such a devoted but hopeless stand in the cause of their sovereign, in the chateau of the Tuileries,° against the irruption° of the mob on the sad tenth of August.° He displayed the valor of a *preux* French chevalier° to the last, flourishing feebly his little court-sword with a *ça-ça*°! in face of a whole legion of *sans-culottes*°; but was pinned to the wall like a butterfly, by the pike of a *poissarde*,° and his heroic soul was borne up to heaven on his *aîles de pigeon*.°

But all this has nothing to do with my story. To the point, then. When the hour arrived for retiring for the night, my uncle was shown to his room in a veritable old

tower. It was the oldest part of the chateau, and had in ancient times been the donjon^o or strong-hold; of course the chamber was none of the best. The Marquis had put him there, however, because he knew him to be a traveller of taste, and fond of antiquities; and also because the better apartments were already occupied. Indeed, he perfectly reconciled my uncle to his quarters by mentioning the great personages who had once inhabited them, all of whom were, in some way or other, connected with the family. If you would take his word for it, John¹⁰ Baliol,^o or as he called him, Jean de Bailleul, had died of chagrin in this very chamber, on hearing of the success of his rival, Robert de Bruce, at the battle of Bannockburn.^o And when he added that the Duke de Guise^o had slept in it, my uncle was fain to felicitate himself on¹⁵ being honored with such distinguished quarters.

The night was shrewd and windy, and the chamber none of the warmest. An old long-faced, long-bodied servant, in quaint livery, who attended upon my uncle, threw down an armful of wood beside the fireplace, gave²⁰ a queer look about the room, and then wished him *bon repos* with a grimace and a shrug that would have been suspicious from any other than an old French servant.

The chamber had indeed a wild, crazy look, enough to strike any one who had read romances with apprehension²⁵ and foreboding. The windows were high and narrow, and had once been loop-holes, but had been rudely enlarged, as well as the extreme thickness of the walls would permit; and the ill-fitted casements rattled to every breeze. You would have thought, on a windy night,³⁰ some of the old leaguers were tramping and clanking about the apartment in their huge boots and rattling spurs. A door which stood ajar, and, like a true French

door, would stand ajar in spite of every reason and effort to the contrary, opened upon a long dark corridor, that led the Lord knows whither, and seemed just made for ghosts to air themselves in, when they turned out of their
5 graves at midnight. The wind would spring up into a hoarse murmur through this passage, and creak the door to and fro, as if some dubious ghost were balancing in its mind whether to come in or not. In a word, it was precisely the kind of comfortless apartment that a ghost, if
10 ghost there were in the chateau, would single out for its favorite lounge.

My uncle, however, though a man accustomed to meet with strange adventures, apprehended none at the time. He made several attempts to shut the door, but in vain.
15 Not that he apprehended any thing, for he was too old a traveller to be daunted by a wild-looking apartment; but the night, as I have said, was cold and gusty, and the wind howled about the old turret pretty much as it does round this old mansion at this moment,^o and the breeze
20 from the long dark corridor came in as damp and chilly as if from a dungeon. My uncle, therefore, since he could not close the door, threw a quantity of wood on the fire, which soon sent up a flame in the great wide-mouthed chimney that illumined the whole chamber, and made
25 the shadow of the tongs on the opposite wall look like a long-legged giant. My uncle now clambered on the top of the half-score of mattresses which form a French bed, and which stood in a deep recess; then tucking himself snugly in, and burying himself up to the chin in the bed-
30 clothes, he lay looking into the fire, and listening to the wind, and thinking how knowingly he had come over his friend the Marquis for a night's lodging — and so he fell asleep.

He had not taken above half of his first nap when he was awakened by the clock of the chateau, in the turret over his chamber, which struck midnight. It was just such an old clock as ghosts are fond of. It had a deep, dismal tone, and struck so slowly and tediously that my 5 uncle thought it would never have done. He counted and counted till he was confident he counted thirteen, and then it stopped.

The fire had burnt low, and the blaze of the last fagot^o was almost expiring, burning in small blue flames, which 10 now and then lengthened up into little white gleams. My uncle lay with his eyes half closed, and his nightcap drawn almost down to his nose. His fancy was already wandering, and began to mingle up the present scene with the crater of Vesuvius, the French Opera, the Coli- 15 seum at Rome, Dolly's chop-house in London, and all the farrago^o of noted places with which the brain of a traveller is crammed, — in a word, he was just falling asleep.

Suddenly he was roused by the sound of footsteps, 20 slowly pacing along the corridor. My uncle, as I have often heard him say himself, was a man not easily frightened. So he lay quiet, supposing this some other guest, or some servant on his way to bed. The footsteps, how- 25 ever, approached the door; the door gently opened, — whether of its own accord, or whether pushed open, my uncle could not distinguish; a figure all in white glided in. It was a female, tall and stately, and of a commanding air. Her dress was of an ancient fashion, ample in volume, and sweeping the floor. She walked up to the fireplace, 30 without regarding my uncle, who raised his nightcap^o with one hand, and stared earnestly at her. She remained for some time standing by the fire, which, flashing up at

intervals, cast blue and white gleams of light, that enabled my uncle to remark her appearance minutely.

Her face was ghastly pale, and perhaps rendered still more so by the bluish light of the fire. It possessed beauty, but its beauty was saddened by care and anxiety. There was the look of one accustomed to trouble, but of one whom trouble could not cast down nor subdue; for there was still the predominating air of proud, unconquerable resolution. Such at least was the opinion formed by my
10 uncle, and he considered himself a great physiognomist.

The figure remained, as I said for some time by the fire, putting out first one hand, then the other; then each foot alternately, as if warming itself; for your ghosts, if ghost it really was, are apt to be cold. My uncle,
15 furthermore remarked that it wore high-heeled shoes, after an ancient fashion, with paste or diamond buckles, that sparkled as though they were alive. At length the figure turned gently round, casting a glassy look about the apartment, which, as it passed over my uncle, made
20 his blood run cold, and chilled the very marrow in his bones. It then stretched its arms towards heaven, clasped its hands, and wringing them in a supplicating manner, glided slowly out of the room.

My uncle lay for some time meditating on this visitation, for (as he remarked when he told me the story)
25 though a man of firmness, he was also a man of reflection, and did not reject a thing because it was out of the regular course of events. However, being, as I have before said, a great traveller, and accustomed to strange adventures,
30 he drew his nightcap resolutely over his eyes, turned his back to the door, hoisted the bedclothes high over his shoulders, and gradually fell asleep.

How long he slept he could not say, when he was awak-

ened by the voice of some one at his bedside. He turned round, and beheld the old French servant, with his earlocks in tight buckles on each side of a long lantern face, on which habit had deeply wrinkled an everlasting smile. He made a thousand grimaces, and asked a thousand pardons for disturbing Monsieur, but the morning was considerably advanced. While my uncle was dressing he called vaguely to mind the visitor of the preceding night. He asked the ancient domestic what lady was in the habit of rambling about this part of the chateau at night. The old valet shrugged his shoulders as high as his head, laid one hand on his bosom, threw open the other with every finger extended, made a most whimsical grimace which he meant to be complimentary, and replied that it was not for him to know any thing of *les bonnes fortunes* of Monsieur.

My uncle saw there was nothing satisfactory to be learned in this quarter. After breakfast he was walking with the Marquis through the modern apartments of the chateau, sliding over the well-waxed floors of silken saloons, amidst furniture rich in gilding and brocade, until they came to a long picture-gallery, containing many portraits, some in oil and some in chalks.

Here was an ample field for the eloquence of his host, who had all the pride of a nobleman of the *ancien régime*. There was not a grand name in Normandy, and hardly one in France, which was not, in some way or other, connected with his house. My uncle stood listening with inward impatience, resting sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, as the little Marquis descanted, with his usual fire and vivacity, on the achievements of his ancestors, whose portraits hung along the wall; from the martial deeds of the stern warriors in steel, to the gallantries and

intrigues of the blue-eyed gentlemen, with fair smiling faces, powdered ear-locks, laced ruffles, and pink and blue silk coats and breeches;—not forgetting the conquests of the lovely shepherdesses, with hooped petticoats, and 5 waists no thicker than an hour-glass, who appeared ruling over their sheep and their swains, with dainty crooks decorated with fluttering ribbons.

In the midst of his friend's discourse, my uncle was startled on beholding a full-length portrait, the very 10 counterpart of his visitor of the preceding night.

"Methinks," said he, pointing to it, "I have seen the original of this portrait."

"*Pardonnez moi,*" ° replied the Marquis politely, "that can hardly be, as the lady has been dead more than a hundred years. That was the beautiful Duchess de Longueville, who figured during the minority of Louis the 15 Fourteenth."

"And was there any thing remarkable in her history?"

Never was question more unlucky. The little Marquis 20 immediately threw himself into the attitude of a man about to tell a long story. In fact, my uncle had pulled upon himself the whole history of the civil war of the Fronde, ° in which the beautiful Duchess had played so distinguished a part. Turenne, ° Coligni, ° Mazarin, ° 25 were called up from their graves to grace his narration; nor were the affairs of the Barricades, ° nor the chivalry of the Port Cochères forgotten. My uncle began to wish himself a thousand leagues off from the Marquis and his merciless memory, when suddenly the little man's rec- 30 ollections took a more interesting turn. He was relating the imprisonment of the Duke de Longueville ° with the Princes Condé ° and Conti ° in the chateau of Vincennes, ° and the ineffectual efforts of the Duchess to

rouse the sturdy Normans to their rescue. He had come to that part where she was invested by the royal forces in the Castle of Dieppe.°

“The spirit of the Duchess,” proceeded the Marquis, “rose from her trials. It was astonishing to see so delicate and beautiful a being buffet so resolutely with hardships. She determined on a desperate means of escape. You may have seen the chateau in which she was mewed up, — an old ragged wart of an edifice, standing on the knuckle of a hill, just above the rusty little town of Dieppe. One dark unruly night she issued secretly out of a small postern° gate of the castle, which the enemy had neglected to guard. The postern gate is there to this very day; opening upon a narrow bridge over a deep fosse° between the castle and the brow of the hill. She was followed by her female attendants, a few domestics, and some gallant cavaliers, who still remained faithful to her fortunes. Her object was to gain a small port about two leagues distant, where she had previously provided a vessel for her escape in case of emergency.

“The little band of fugitives were obliged to perform the distance on foot. When they arrived at the port the wind was high and stormy, the tide contrary, the vessel anchored far off in the road, and no means of getting on board but by a fishing-shallop which lay tossing like a cockle-shell on the edge of the surf. The Duchess determined to risk the attempt. The seamen endeavored to dissuade her, but the imminence of her danger on shore, and the magnanimity of her spirit, urged her on. She had to be borne to the shallop in the arms of a mariner. Such was the violence of the wind and waves that he faltered, lost his foothold, and let his precious burden fall into the sea.

“The Duchess was nearly drowned, but partly through her own struggles, partly by the exertions of the seamen, she got to land. As soon as she had a little recovered strength, she insisted on renewing the attempt. The storm, however, had by this time become so violent as to set all efforts at defiance. To delay, was to be discovered and taken prisoner. As the only resource left, she procured horses, mounted with her female attendants, *en croupe*,^o behind the gallant gentlemen who accompanied her, and scoured the country to seek some temporary asylum.

“While the Duchess,” continued the Marquis, laying his forefinger on my uncle’s breast to arouse his flagging attention, — “while the Duchess, poor lady, was wandering amid the tempest in this disconsolate manner, she arrived at this chateau. Her approach caused some uneasiness; for the clattering of a troop of horse at dead of night up the avenue of a lonely chateau, in those unsettled times, and in a troubled part of the country, was enough to occasion alarm.

“A tall, broad-shouldered *chasseur*,^o armed to the teeth, galloped ahead, and announced the name of the visitor. All uneasiness was dispelled. The household turned out with *flambeaux*^o to receive her, and never did torches gleam on a more weather-beaten, travel-stained band than came tramping into the court. Such pale, careworn faces, such bedraggled dresses, as the poor Duchess and her females presented, each seated behind a cavalier; while the half-drenched, half-drowsy pages and attendants seemed ready to fall from their horses with sleep and fatigue.

“The Duchess was received with a hearty welcome by my ancestor. She was ushered into the hall of the cha-

teau, and the fires soon crackled and blazed to cheer herself and her train; and every spit^o and stew-pan was put in requisition to prepare ample refreshment for the wayfarers.

"She had a right to our hospitalities," continued the Marquis, drawing himself up with a slight degree of state-⁵ liness, "for she was related to our family. I'll tell you how it was. Her father, Henry de Bourbon, Prince of Condé ——"

"But did the Duchess pass the night in the chateau?" said my uncle rather abruptly, terrified at the idea of ¹⁰ getting involved in one of the Marquis' genealogical discussions.

"Oh, as to the Duchess, she was put into the very apartment you occupied last night, which at that time was a kind of state-apartment. Her followers were quartered ¹⁵ in the chambers opening upon the neighboring corridor, and her favorite page slept in an adjoining closet. Up and down the corridor walked the great chasseur who had announced her arrival, and who acted as a kind of sentinel or guard. He was a dark, stern, powerful-looking fellow; ²⁰ and as the light of a lamp in the corridor fell upon his deeply-marked face and sinewy form, he seemed capable of defending the castle with his single arm.

"It was a rough, rude night; about this time of the year — apropos! — now I think of it, last night was the an-²⁵ niversary of her visit. I may well remember the precise date, for it was a night not to be forgotten by our house. There is a singular tradition concerning it in our family." Here the Marquis hesitated, and a cloud seemed to gather about his bushy eyebrows. "There is a tradition — ³⁰ that a strange occurrence took place that night. A strange, mysterious, inexplicable occurrence —" Here he checked himself, and paused.

“Did it relate to that lady?” inquired my uncle, eagerly.

“It was past the hour of midnight,” resumed the Marquis, — “when the whole chateau ——” Here he paused again. My uncle made a movement of anxious curiosity.

5 “Excuse me,” said the Marquis, a slight blush streaking his sallow visage. “There are some circumstances connected with our family history which I do not like to relate. That was a rude period. A time of great crimes among great men: for you know high blood, when it runs
10 wrong, will not run tamely, like blood of the *canaille*° — poor lady! — But I have a little family pride, that — excuse me — we will change the subject, if you please ——”

My uncle’s curiosity was piqued. The pompous and magnificent introduction had led him to expect something
15 wonderful in the story to which it served as a kind of avenue. He had no idea of being cheated out of it by a sudden fit of unreasonable squeamishness. Besides, being a traveller in quest of information, he considered it his duty to inquire into every thing.

20 The Marquis, however, evaded every question.

“Well,” said my uncle, a little petulantly, “whatever you may think of it, I saw that lady last night.”

The Marquis stepped back and gazed at him with surprise.

25 “She paid me a visit in my bedchamber.”

The Marquis pulled out his snuff-box with a shrug and a smile; taking this no doubt for an awkward piece of English pleasantry, which politeness required him to be charmed with.

30 My uncle went on gravely, however, and related the whole circumstance. The Marquis heard him through with profound attention, holding his snuff-box unopened in his hand. When the story was finished, he tapped on

the lid of his box deliberately, took a long, sonorous pinch of snuff —

“Bah!” said the Marquis, and walked towards the other end of the gallery. —

Here the narrator paused. The company waited for some time for him to resume his narration; but he continued silent.

“Well,” said the inquisitive gentleman, — “and what did your uncle say then?”

“Nothing,” replied the other.

10

“And what did the Marquis say farther?”

“Nothing.”

“And is that all?”

“That is all,” ° said the narrator, filling a glass of wine.

“I surmise,” said the shrewd old gentleman with the waggish nose, — “I surmise the ghost must have been the old housekeeper, walking her rounds to see that all was right.”

15

“Bah!” said the narrator. “My uncle was too much accustomed to strange sights not to know a ghost from a housekeeper.”

20

There was a murmur round the table, half of merriment, half of disappointment. I was inclined to think the old gentleman had really an after-part of his story in reserve; but he sipped his wine and said nothing more; and there was an odd expression about his dilapidated countenance which left me in doubt whether he were in drollery or earnest.

25

“Egad,” ° said the knowing gentleman, with the flexible nose, “this story of your uncle puts me in mind of one that used to be told of an aunt of mine, by the mother’s side; though I don’t know that it will bear a comparison, as the good lady was not so prone to meet with strange adventures. But at any rate you shall have it.”

30

THE ADVENTURE OF MY AUNT

My aunt was a lady of large frame, strong mind, and great resolution; she was what might be termed a very manly woman. My uncle was a thin, puny little man, very meek and acquiescent,^o and no match for my aunt. 5 It was observed that he dwindled and dwindled gradually away, from the day of his marriage. His wife's powerful mind was too much for him; it wore him out. My aunt, however, took all possible care of him; had half the doctors in town to prescribe for him; made 10 him take all their prescriptions, and dosed him with physic enough to cure a whole hospital. All was in vain.^o My uncle grew worse and worse the more dosing and nursing he underwent, until in the end he added another to the long list of matrimonial victims who have been 15 killed with kindness.

“And was it his ghost that appeared to her?” asked the inquisitive gentleman, who had questioned the former story-teller.

“You shall hear,” replied the narrator. “My aunt 20 took on mightily for the death of her poor dear husband. Perhaps she felt some compunction at having given him so much physic, and nursed him into the grave. At any rate, she did all that a widow could do to honor his memory. She spared no expense in either the quantity 25 or quality of her mourning weeds; wore a miniature^o

of him about her neck as large as a little sundial, and had a full-length portrait of him always hanging in her bed-chamber. All the world extolled her conduct to the skies; and it was determined that a woman who behaved so well to the memory of one husband deserved soon to 5 get another.

It was not long after this that she went to take up her residence in an old country-seat in Derbyshire,^o which had long been in the care of merely a steward and a house-keeper. She took most of her servants with her, intending 10 to make it her principal abode. The house stood in a lonely, wild part of the country, among the gray Derbyshire hills, with a murderer hanging in chains on a bleak height in full view.

The servants from town were half frightened out of 15 their wits at the idea of living in such a dismal, pagan-looking place; especially when they got together in the servants' hall in the evening, and compared notes on all the hobgoblin stories picked up in the course of the day. They were afraid to venture alone about the gloomy, 20 black-looking chambers. My lady's maid, who was troubled with nerves, declared she could never sleep alone in such a 'gashly rummaging old building'; and the footman, who was a kind-hearted young fellow, did all in his power to cheer her up. 25

My aunt was struck with the lonely appearance of the house. Before going to bed, therefore, she examined well the fastenings of the doors and windows; locked up the plate with her own hands, and carried the keys, together with a little box of money and jewels, to her own room; 30 for she was a notable woman, and always saw to all things herself. Having put the keys under her pillow, and dismissed her maid, she sat by her toilet arranging her hair;

for being, in spite of her grief for my uncle, rather a buxom widow, she was somewhat particular about her person. She sat for a little while looking at her face in the glass, first on one side, then on the other, as ladies are apt to do when they would ascertain whether they have been in good looks; for a roistering country squire of the neighborhood, with whom she had flirted when a girl, had called that day to welcome her to the country.

All of a sudden she thought she heard something move behind her. She looked hastily round, but there was nothing to be seen, — nothing but the grimly painted portrait of her poor dear man, hanging against the wall.

She gave a heavy sigh to his memory, as she was accustomed to do whenever she spoke of him in company, and then went on adjusting her night-dress, and thinking of the squire. Her sigh was re-echoed, or answered by a long-drawn breath. She looked round again, but no one was to be seen. She ascribed these sounds to the wind oozing through the rat-holes of the old mansion, and proceeded leisurely to put her hair in papers, when, all at once, she thought she perceived one of the eyes of the portrait move.”

“The back of her head being towards it!” said the story-teller with the ruined head, — “good!”

“Yes, sir!” replied dryly the narrator, “her back being towards the portrait, but her eyes fixed on its reflection in the glass. Well, as I was saying, she perceived one of the eyes of the portrait move. So strange a circumstance, as you may well suppose, gave her a sudden shock. To assure herself of the fact, she put one hand to her forehead as if rubbing it; peeped through the fingers, and moved the candle with the other hand. The light of the taper gleamed on the eye, and was reflected from it.

She was sure it moved. Nay, more, it seemed to give her a wink, as she had sometimes known her husband to do when living! It struck a momentary chill to her heart; for she was a lone woman, and felt herself fearfully situated.

The chill was but transient. My aunt, who was almost 5 as resolute a personage as your uncle, sir (turning to the old story-teller), became instantly calm and collected. She went on adjusting her dress. She even hummed an air, and did not make even a single false note. She casually overturned a dressing-box; took a candle and picked 10 up the articles one by one from the floor; pursued a rolling pin-cushion that was making the best of its way under the bed; then opened the door; looked for an instant into the corridor, as if in doubt whether to go; and then walked quietly out. 15

She hastened down stairs, ordered the servants to arm themselves with the weapons first at hand, placed herself at their head, and returned almost immediately.

Her hastily levied army presented a formidable force. The steward had a rusty blunder-buss,^o the coachman a 20 loaded whip, the footman a pair of horse-pistols, the cook a huge chopping-knife, and the butler a bottle in each hand. My aunt led the van with a red-hot poker, and in my opinion she was the most formidable of the party. The waiting-maid, who dreaded to stay alone in the ser- 25 vants' hall, brought up the rear, smelling at a broken bottle of volatile salts, and expressing her terror of the ghostesses. 'Ghosts!' said my aunt, resolutely. 'I'll singe their whiskers for them!'

They entered the chamber. All was still and undis- 30 turbed as when she had left it. They approached the portrait of my uncle.

'Pull down that picture!' cried my aunt. A heavy

groan, and a sound like the chattering of teeth, issued from the portrait. The servants shrunk back; the maid uttered a faint shriek, and clung to the footman for support.

5 'Instantly!' added my aunt, with a stamp of the foot.

The picture was pulled down, and from a recess behind it, in which had formerly stood a clock, they hauled forth a round-shouldered, black-bearded varlet,^o with a knife as long as my arm, but trembling all over like an aspen
10 leaf."

"Well, and who was he? No 'ghost, I suppose," said the inquisitive gentleman.

"A Knight of the Post,"^o replied the narrator, "who had been smitten with the worth of the wealthy widow; or rather a marauding Tarquin, who had stolen into her
15 chamber to violate her purse, and rifle her strong box, when all the house should be asleep. In plain terms," continued he, "the vagabond was a loose idle fellow of the neighborhood, who had once been a servant in the house, and had
20 been employed to assist in arranging it for the reception of its mistress. He confessed that he had contrived this hiding-place for his nefarious purpose, and had borrowed an eye from the portrait by way of a reconnoitring-hole."

"And what did they do with him? — did they hang
25 him?" resumed the questioner.

"Hang him! — how could they?" exclaimed a beetle-browed barrister, with a hawk's nose. "The offence was not capital. No robbery, no assault had been committed. No forcible entry or breaking into the premises ——"

30 "My aunt," said the narrator, "was a woman of spirit, and apt to take the law in her own hands. She had her own notions of cleanliness also. She ordered the fellow to be drawn through the horse-pond, to cleanse away all

offences, and then to be well rubbed down with an oaken towel." °

"And what became of him afterwards?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"I do not exactly know. I believe he was sent on a voyage of improvement to Botany Bay. °"

"And your aunt," said the inquisitive gentleman; "I'll warrant she took care to make her maid sleep in the room with her after that."

"No, sir, she did better; she gave her hand shortly after to the roistering squire; for she used to observe that it was a dismal thing for a woman to sleep alone in the country."

"She was right," observed the inquisitive gentleman, nodding sagaciously; "but I am sorry they did not hang that fellow."

It was agreed on all hands that the last narrator had brought his tale to the most satisfactory conclusion, though a country clergyman present regretted that the uncle and aunt, who figured in the different stories, had not been married together; they certainly would have been well matched.

PART SECOND

BUCKTHORNE AND HIS FRIENDS

This world is the best that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known.

— *Lines from an Inn Window.*

PART SECOND

BUCKTHORNE AND HIS FRIENDS

LITERARY LIFE

AMONG other subjects of a traveller's curiosity, I had at one time a great craving after anecdotes of literary life; and being at London, one of the most noted places for the production of books, I was excessively anxious to know something of the animals which produced them. Chance 5 fortunately threw me in the way of a literary man by the name of Buckthorne, an eccentric personage, who had lived much in the metropolis, and could give me the natural history of every odd animal to be met with in that wilderness of men. He readily imparted to me some 10 useful hints upon the subject of my inquiry.

"The literary world," said he, "is made up of little confederacies, each looking upon its own members as the lights of the universe, and considering all others as mere transient meteors, doomed soon to fall and be forgotten, 15 while its own luminaries^o are to shine steadily on to immortality."

"And pray," said I, "how is a man to get a peep into those confederacies you speak of? I presume an intercourse with authors is a kind of intellectual exchange, 20 where one must bring his commodities to barter, and always give a *quid pro quo*.^o"

“Pooh, pooh! how you mistake,” said Buckthorne, smiling; “you must never think to become popular among wits by shining. They go into society to shine themselves, not to admire the brilliancy of others. I
5 once thought as you do, and never went into literary society without studying my part beforehand; the consequence was, that I soon got the name of an intolerable proser, and should in a little while have been completely excommunicated,^o had I not changed my plan of opera-
10 tions. No, sir, no character succeeds so well among wits as that of a good listener; or if ever you are eloquent, let it be when tête-à-tête^o with an author, and then in praise of his own works, or, what is nearly as acceptable, in disparagement of the works of his contemporaries. If
15 ever he speaks favorably of the productions of a particular friend, dissent boldly from him; pronounce his friend to be a blockhead; never fear his being vexed. Much as people speak of the irritability of authors, I never found one to take offence at such contradictions.
20 No, no, sir, authors are particularly candid in admitting the faults of their friends.^o

“Indeed, I would advise you to be exceedingly sparing of remarks on all modern works, except to make sarcastic observations on the most distinguished writers of the
25 day.”

“Faith,” said I, “I’ll praise none that have not been dead for at least half a century.”

“Even then,” observed Mr. Buckthorne, “I would advise you to be rather cautious; for you must know that
30 many old writers have been enlisted under the banners of different sects, and their merits have become as completely topics of party discussion as the merits of living statesmen and politicians. Nay, there have been whole

periods of literature absolutely taboo'd,° to use a South Sea phrase. It is, for example, as much as a man's critical reputation is worth in some circles, to say a word in praise of any of the writers of the reign of Charles the Second,° or even of Queen Anne,° they being all declared French- 5 men in disguise."

"And pray," said I, "when am I then to know that I am on safe grounds, being totally unacquainted with the literary landmarks,° and the boundary line of fashionable taste." 10

"Oh!" replied he, "there is fortunately one tract of literature which forms a kind of neutral ground, on which all the literary meet amicably, and run riot in the excess of their good-humor; and this is in the reigns of Elizabeth° and James. Here you may praise away at 15 random. Here it is 'cut and come again'°; and the more obscure the author, and the more quaint and crabbed his style, the more your admiration will smack of the real relish of the connoisseur; whose taste, like that of an epicure, is always for game that has an antiquated flavor. 20

"But," continued he, "as you seem anxious to know something of literary society, I will take the opportunity to introduce you to some coterie,° where the talents of the day are assembled. I cannot promise you, however, that they will all be of the first order. Somehow or 25 other, our great geniuses are not gregarious;° they do not go in flocks, but fly singly in general society. They prefer mingling like common men with the multitude, and are apt to carry nothing of the author about them but the reputation. It is only the inferior orders that herd to- 30 gether, acquire strength and importance by their confederacies, and bear all the distinctive characteristics of their species."

A LITERARY DINNER

A FEW days after this conversation with Mr. Buckthorne, he called upon me, and took me with him to a regular literary dinner. It was given by a great bookseller,^o or rather a company of booksellers, whose firm
5 surpassed in length that of Shadrach, Meschech, and Abednego.^o

I was surprised to find between twenty and thirty guests assembled, most of whom I had never seen before. Mr. Buckthorne explained this to me, by informing me
10 that this was a business-dinner, or kind of field-day^o which the house gave about twice a year to its authors. It is true they did occasionally give snug dinners to three or four literary men at a time; but then these were generally select authors, favorites of the public, such as had
15 arrived at their sixth or seventh editions. "There are," said he, "certain geographical boundaries in the land of literature, and you may judge tolerably well of an author's popularity by the wine his bookseller gives him. An author crosses the port line about the third edition, and
20 gets into claret; and when he has reached the sixth or seventh, he may revel in champagne or burgundy."^o

"And pray," said I, "how far may these gentlemen have reached that I see around me? are any of these claret drinkers?"

25 "Not exactly, not exactly. You find at these great dinners the common steady run of authors, one or two edition men; or if any others are invited, they

are aware that it is a kind of republican meeting — you understand me, — a meeting of the republic of letters; and that they must expect nothing but plain, substantial fare.”

These hints enabled me to comprehend more fully the ⁵ arrangement of the table. The two ends were occupied by two partners of the house; and the host seemed to have adopted Addison's idea as to the literary precedence of his guests. A popular poet had the post of honor; opposite to whom was a hot-pressed^o traveller in quarto^o ¹⁰ with plates. A grave-looking antiquarian, who had produced several solid works, that were much quoted and little read, was treated with great respect, and seated next to a neat, dressy gentleman in black, who had written a thin, genteel, hot-pressed octavo on political economy, ¹⁵ that was getting into fashion. Several three-volumed duodecimo men,^o of fair currency, were placed about the centre of the table; while the lower end was taken up with small poets, translators, and authors who had not as yet risen into much notoriety. ²⁰

The conversation during dinner was by fits and starts; breaking out here and there in various parts of the table in small flashes, and ending in smoke. The poet, who had the confidence of a man on good terms with the world, and independent of his bookseller, was very gay and ²⁵ brilliant, and said many clever things which set the partner next him in a roar, and delighted all the company. The other partner, however, maintained his sedateness, and kept carving on, with the air of a thorough man of business, intent upon the occupation of the moment. ³⁰ His gravity was explained to me by my friend Buckthorne. He informed me that the concerns of the house were admirably distributed among the partners. “Thus.

for instance," said he, "the grave gentleman is the carving partner, who attends to the joints; and the other is the laughing partner, who attends to the jokes."

The general conversation was chiefly carried on at the upper end of the table, as the authors there seemed to possess the greatest courage of the tongue. As to the crew at the lower end, if they did not make much figure in talking, they did in eating. Never was there a more determined, inveterate, thoroughly sustained attack on the trencher^o than by this phalanx of masticators. When the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate, they grew very merry and jocose among themselves. Their jokes, however, if by chance any of them reached the upper end of the table, seldom produced much effect. Even the laughing partner did not think it necessary to honor them with a smile; which my neighbor Buckthorne accounted for by informing me that there was a certain degree of popularity to be obtained before a bookseller could afford to laugh at an author's jokes.

Among this crew of questionable gentlemen thus seated below the salt,^o my eye singled out one in particular. He was rather shabbily dressed; though he had evidently made the most of a rusty black coat, and wore his shirt-frill plaited and puffed out voluminously at the bosom. His face was dusky, but florid, perhaps a little too florid, particularly about the nose; though the rosy hue gave the greater lustre to a twinkling black eye. He had a little the look of a boon companion, with that dash of the poor devil in it which gives an inexpressible mellow tone to a man's humor. I had seldom seen a face of richer promise; but never was promise so ill kept. He said nothing, ate and drank with the keen appetite of a garret-^oeer,^o and scarcely stopped to laugh, even at the good jokes

from the upper end of the table. I inquired who he was. Buckthorne looked at him attentively: "Gad," said he, "I have seen that face before, but where I cannot recollect. He cannot be an author of any note. I suppose some writer of sermons, or grinder of foreign travels." 5

After dinner we retired to another room to take tea and coffee, where we were reinforced by a cloud of inferior guests — authors of small volumes in boards, and pamphlets stitched in blue paper. These had not as yet arrived to the importance of a dinner-invitation, but were 10 invited occasionally to pass the evening in a friendly way. They were very respectful to the partners, and, indeed, seemed to stand a little in awe of them; but they paid devoted court to the lady of the house, and were extravagantly fond of the children. Some few, who did not feel 15 confidence enough to make such advances, stood shyly off in corners, talking to one another; or turned over the portfolios of prints which they had not seen above five thousand times, or moused over the music on the forte-piano.°

The poet and the thin octavo gentleman were the per- 20 sons most current and at their ease in the drawing-room; being men evidently of circulation in the West End.° They got on each side of the lady of the house, and paid her a thousand compliments and civilities, at some of which I thought she would have expired with delight. 25 Every thing they said and did had the odor of fashionable life. I looked round in vain for the poor-devil author in the rusty black coat; he had disappeared immediately after leaving the table, having a dread, no doubt, of the glaring light of a drawing-room. Finding nothing further 30 to interest my attention, I took my departure soon after coffee had been served, leaving the poet, and the thin, genteel, hot-pressed octavo gentleman, masters of the field.

THE CLUB OF QUEER FELLOWS

I THINK it was the very next evening that, in coming out of Covent Garden Theatre with my eccentric friend Buckthorne, he proposed to give me another peep at life and character. Finding me willing for any research of
5 the kind, he took me through a variety of the narrow courts and lanes about Covent Garden,^o until we stopped before a tavern, from which we heard the bursts of merriment of a jovial party. There would be a loud peal of laughter, then an interval, then another peal, as if a
10 prime wag were telling a story. After a little while there was a song, and at the close of each stanza a hearty roar, and a vehement thumping on the table.

"This is the place," whispered Buckthorne; "it is the club of queer fellows, a great resort of the small wits,
15 third-rate actors, and newspaper critics of the theatres. Any one can go in on paying a sixpence at the bar for the use of the club."

We entered, therefore, without ceremony, and took our seats at a lone table, in a dusky corner of the room.
20 The club was assembled round a table, on which stood beverages of various kinds, according to the tastes of the individuals. The members were a set of queer fellows indeed; but what was my surprise on recognizing, in the prime wit of the meeting, the poor-devil author whom I
25 had remarked at the booksellers' dinner for his promising

face and his complete taciturnity. Matters, however, were entirely changed with him. There he was a mere cipher; here he was lord of the ascendant, the choice spirit, the dominant genius. He sat at the head of the table with his hat on, and an eye beaming even more 5 luminously than his nose. He had a quip and a fillip^o for every one, and a good thing on every occasion. Nothing could be said or done without eliciting a spark from him: and I solemnly declare I have heard much worse wit even from noblemen. His jokes, it must be confessed, 10 were rather wet, but they suited the circle over which he presided. The company were in that maudlin mood, when a little wit goes a great way. Every time he opened his lips there was sure to be a roar; and even sometimes before he had time to speak. 15

We were fortunate enough to enter in time for a glee composed by him expressly for the club, and which he sung with two boon companions, who would have been worthy subjects for Hogarth's^o pencil. As they were each provided with a written copy, I was enabled to procure 20 the reading of it.

Merrily, merrily push round the glass,
 And merrily troll the glee,
 For he who won't drink till he wink, is an ass,
 So, neighbor, I drink to thee. 25

Merrily, merrily fuddle thy nose,
 Until it right rosy shall be;
 For a jolly red nose, I speak under the rose,
 Is a sign of good company.

We waited until the party broke up, and no one but the 30 wit remained. He sat at the table with his legs stretched under it, and wide apart; his hands in his breeches-

pockets; his head drooped upon his breast; and gazing with lack-lustre countenance on an empty tankard. His gayety was gone, his fire completely quenched.

My companion approached, and startled him from his fit of brown study, introducing himself on the strength of their having dined together at the booksellers'.

"By the way," said he, "it seems to me I have seen you before; your face is surely that of an old acquaintance, though for the life of me I cannot tell where I have
10 known you."

"Very likely," replied he, with a smile; "many of my old friends have forgotten me. Though, to tell the truth, my memory in this instance is as bad as your own. If, however, it will assist your recollection in any way, my
15 name is Thomas Dribble, at your service."

"What! Tom Dribble, who was at old Birchell's school in Warwickshire?"

"The same," said the other, coolly.

"Why, then, we are old school-mates, though it's no
20 wonder you don't recollect me. I was your junior by several years; don't you recollect little Jack Buckthorne?"

Here there ensued a scene of school-fellow recognition, and a world of talk about old school times and school pranks. Mr. Dribble ended by observing, with a heavy
25 sigh, "that times were sadly changed since those days."

"Faith, Mr. Dribble," said I, "you seem quite a different man here from what you were at dinner. I had no idea that you had so much stuff in you. There you were all silence, but here you absolutely keep the table in a
30 roar."

"Ah! my dear sir," replied he, with a shake of his head, and a shrug of the shoulder, "I am a mere glowworm. I never shine by daylight. Besides, it's a hard thing for a

poor devil of an author to shine at the table of a rich bookseller. Who do you think would laugh at any thing I could say, when I had some of the current wits of the day about me? But here, though a poor devil, I am among still poorer devils than myself; men who look up to me as a man of letters, and a *belle-esprit*,^o and all my jokes pass as sterling gold from the mint.”

“You surely do yourself injustice, sir,” said I; “I have certainly heard more good things from you this evening than from any of those *beaux-esprits*, by whom you appear to have been so daunted.”

“Ah, sir! but they have luck on their side; they are in the fashion — there’s nothing like being in fashion. A man that has once got his character up for a wit is always sure of a laugh, say what he may. He may utter as much nonsense as he pleases, and all will pass current. No one stops to question the coin of a rich man; but a poor devil cannot pass off either a joke or a guinea without its being examined on both sides. Wit and coin are always doubted with a threadbare coat.”

“For my part,” continued he, giving his hat a twitch a little more on one side, — “for my part, I hate your fine dinners; there’s nothing, sir, like the freedom of a chop-house. I’d rather, any time, have my steak and tankard^o among my own set, than drink claret and eat venison with your cursed civil, elegant company, who never laugh at a good joke from a poor devil for fear of its being vulgar. A good joke grows in a wet soil; it flourishes in low places, but withers on your d——d high, dry grounds. I once kept high company, sir, until I nearly ruined myself; I grew so dull, and vapid, and genteel. Nothing saved me but being arrested by my landlady, and thrown into prison, where a course of catch-clubs, eight-

penny ale, and poor-devil company manured my mind and brought it back to itself again."

As it was now growing late, we parted for the evening, though I felt anxious to know more of this practical
5 philosopher. I was glad, therefore, when Buckthorne proposed to have another meeting, to talk over old school times, and inquired his school-mate's address. The latter seemed at first a little shy of naming his lodgings; but suddenly, assuming an air of hardihood — "Green-
10 arbor Court,° sir," exclaimed he — "Number — in Green-arbor Court. You must know the place. Classic ground, sir, classic ground! It was there Goldsmith wrote his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' — I always like to live in literary haunts."

15 I was amused with this whimsical apology for shabby quarters. On our way homeward, Buckthorne assured me that this Dribble had been the prime wit and great wag of the school in their boyish days, and one of those unlucky urchins denominated bright geniuses. As he
20 perceived me curious respecting his old school-mate, he promised to take me with him in his proposed visit to Green-arbor Court.

A few mornings afterward he called upon me, and we set forth on our expedition. He led me through a variety
25 of singular alleys, and courts, and blind passages; for he appeared to be perfectly versed in all the intricate geography of the metropolis. At length we came out upon Fleet Market,° and traversing it, turned up a narrow street to the bottom of a long steep flight of stone steps, called
30 Breakneck Stairs. These, he told me, led up to Green-arbor Court, and that down them poor Goldsmith might many a time have risked his neck. When we entered the court, I could not but smile to think in what out-of-the-

way corners genius produces her bantlings! And the muses,^o those capricious dames, who, forsooth, so often refuse to visit palaces, and deny a single smile to votaries in splendid studies, and gilded drawing-rooms, — what holes and burrows will they frequent to lavish their 5 favors on some ragged disciple!

This Green-arbor Court I found to be a small square, surrounded by tall and miserable houses, the very intestines of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery fluttering from every window. It 10 appeared to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry.

Just as we entered the square, a scuffle took place between two viragoes^o about a disputed right to a wash- 15 tub, and immediately the whole community was in a hub-bub. Heads in mob caps popped out of every window, and such a clamor of tongues ensued that I was fain to stop my ears. Every Amazon^o took part with one or other of the disputants, and brandished her arms, dripping with 20 soap-suds, and fired away from her window as from the embrasure of a fortress; while the swarms of children nestled and cradled in every procreant chamber of this hive, waking with the noise, set up their shrill pipes to swell the general concert. 25

Poor Goldsmith! what a time he must have had of it, with his quiet disposition and nervous habits, penned up in this den of noise and vulgarity! How strange that, while every sight and sound was sufficient to embitter the heart, and fill it with misanthropy, his pen should be 30 dropping the honey of Hybla^o! Yet it is more than probable that he drew many of his inimitable pictures of low life from the scenes which surrounded him in this

abode. The circumstance of Mrs. Tibbs being obliged to wash her husband's two shirts in a neighbor's house, who refused to lend her wash-tub, may have been no sport of fancy, but a fact passing under his own eye. His land-
5 lady may have sat for the picture, and Beau Tibbs' scanty wardrobe have been a *fac-simile* of his own.

It was with some difficulty that we found our way to Dribble's lodgings. They were up two pair of stairs, in a room that looked upon the court; and when we entered,
10 he was seated on the edge of his bed, writing at a broken table. He received us, however, with a free, open, poor-devil air, that was irresistible. It is true he did at first appear slightly confused; buttoned up his waistcoat a little higher, and tucked in a stray frill of linen. But he
15 recollected himself in an instant; gave a half swagger, half leer, as he stepped forth to receive us; drew a three-legged stool for Mr. Buckthorne; pointed me to a lumbering old damask chair, that looked like a dethroned monarch in exile; and bade us welcome to his garret.

20 We soon got engaged in conversation. Buckthorne and he had much to say about early school scenes; and as nothing opens a man's heart more than recollections of the kind, we soon drew from him a brief outline of his literary career.

THE POOR-DEVIL AUTHOR

I BEGAN life unluckily by being the wag and bright fellow at school; and I had the further misfortune of becoming the great genius of my native village. My father was a country attorney, and intended I should succeed him in business; but I had too much genius to study, 5 and he was too fond of my genius to force it into the traces; so I fell into bad company, and took to bad habits. Do not mistake me. I mean that I fell into the company of village literati,^o and village blues, and took to writing village poetry. 10

It was quite the fashion in the village to be literary. There was a little knot of choice spirits of us, who assembled frequently together, formed ourselves into a Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical Society, and fancied ourselves the most learned Philos^o in existence. Every 15 one had a great character assigned him, suggested by some casual habit or affectation. One heavy fellow drank an enormous quantity of tea, rolled in his arm-chair, talked sententiously, pronounced dogmatically, and was considered a second Dr. Johnson, another, who happened 20 to be a curate, uttered coarse jokes, wrote doggerel rhymes, and was the Swift of our association. Thus we had also our Popes, and Goldsmiths, and Addisons; and a blue-stocking lady, whose drawing-room we frequented, who corresponded about nothing with all the world, and 25

wrote letters with the stiffness and formality of a printed book, was cried up as another Mrs. Montagu. I was, by common consent, the juvenile prodigy, the poetical youth, the great genius, the pride and hope of the village, 5 through whom it was to become one day as celebrated as Stratford-on-Avon.°

My father died, and left me his blessing and his business. His blessing brought no money into my pocket; and as to his business, it soon deserted me; for I was busy 10 writing poetry, and could not attend to law, and my clients, though they had great respect for my talents, had no faith in a poetical attorney.

I lost my business, therefore, spent my money, and finished my poem. It was "The Pleasures of Melancholy," 15 and was cried up to the skies by the whole circle. "The Pleasures of Imagination," "The Pleasures of Hope," and "The Pleasures of Memory," though each had placed its author in the first ranks of poets, were blank prose in comparison. Our Mrs. Montagu would cry over it from 20 beginning to end. It was pronounced by all the members of the Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical Society the greatest poem of the age, and all anticipated the noise it would make in the great world. There was not a doubt but the London booksellers would be mad after it; and 25 the only fear of my friends was, that I would make a sacrifice by selling it too cheap. Every time they talked the matter over, they increased the price. They reckoned up the great sums given for the poems of certain popular writers, and determined that mine was worth more than 30 all put together, and ought to be paid for accordingly. For my part, I was modest in my expectations, and determined that I would be satisfied with a thousand guineas. So I put my poem in my pocket, and set off for London.

My journey was joyous. My heart was light as my purse, and my head full of anticipations of fame and fortune. With what swelling pride did I cast my eyes upon old London from the heights of Highgate °! I was like a general, looking down upon a place he expects to 5 conquer. The great metropolis lay stretched before me, buried under a home-made cloud of murky smoke, that wrapped it from the brightness of a sunny day, and formed for it a kind of artificial bad weather. At the outskirts of the city, away to the west, the smoke gradually decreased 10 until all was clear and sunny, and the view stretched uninterrupted to the blue line of the Kentish hills.

My eye turned fondly to where the mighty cupola of St. Paul's ° swelled dimly through this misty chaos, and I pictured to myself the solemn realm of learning that 15 lies about its base. How soon should "The Pleasures of Melancholy" throw this world of booksellers and printers into a bustle of business and delight! How soon should I hear my name repeated by printers' devils throughout Paternoster Row, ° and Angel Court, and Ave-Maria Lane, 20 until Amen Corner ° should echo back the sound!

Arrived in town, I repaired at once to the most fashionable publisher. Every new author patronizes him of course. In fact, it had been determined in the village circle that he should be the fortunate man. I cannot tell 25 you how vaingloriously I walked the streets. My head was in the clouds. I felt the airs of heaven playing about it, and fancied it already encircled by a halo ° of literary glory. As I passed by the windows of book-shops, I anticipated the time when my work would be shining 30 among the hot-pressed wonders of the day; and my face, scratched on copper, or cut on wood, figuring in fellowship with those of Scott, and Byron, and Moore. °

When I applied at the publisher's house, there was something in the loftiness of my air, and the dinginess of my dress, that struck the clerks with reverence. They doubtless took me for some person of consequence; probably a digger of Greek roots,^o or a penetrater of pyramids. A proud man in a dirty shirt is always an imposing character in the world of letters; one must feel intellectually secure before he can venture to dress shabbily; none but a great genius, or a great scholar, dares to be
10 dirty; so I was ushered at once to the *sanctum sanctorum*^o of this high-priest of Minerva.^o

The publishing of books is a very different affair nowadays from what it was in the time of Bernard Lintot.^o I found the publisher a fashionably-dressed man, in an
15 elegant drawing-room, furnished with sofas, and portraits of celebrated authors, and cases of splendidly bound books. He was writing letters at an elegant table. This was transacting business in style. The place seemed suited to the magnificent publications that issued from it. I
20 rejoiced at the choice I had made of a publisher, for I always liked to encourage men of taste and spirit.

I stepped up to the table with the lofty poetical port I had been accustomed to maintain in our village circle; though I threw in it something of a patronizing air, such
25 as one feels when about to make a man's fortune. The publisher paused with his pen in hand, and seemed waiting in mute suspense to know what was to be announced by so singular an apparition.

I put him at his ease in a moment, for I felt that
30 I had but to come, see, and conquer. I made known my name, and the name of my poem; produced my precious roll of blotted manuscript; laid it on the table with an emphasis; and told him at once, to save

time and come directly to the point, the price was one thousand guineas.

I had given him no time to speak, nor did he seem so inclined. He continued looking at me for a moment with an air of whimsical perplexity; scanned me from head to 5 foot; looked down at the manuscript, then up again at me, then pointed to a chair; and whistling softly to himself, went on writing his letter.

I sat for some time waiting his reply, supposing he was making up his mind; but he only paused occasionally to 10 take a fresh dip of ink, to stroke his chin, or the tip of his nose, and then resumed his writing. It was evident his mind was intently occupied upon some other subject; but I had no idea that any other subject could be attended to, and my poem lie unnoticed on the table. I had sup- 15 posed that every thing would make way for "The Pleasures of Melancholy."

My gorge at length rose within me. I took up my manuscript, thrust it into my pocket, and walked out of the room, making some noise as I went out to let my 20 departure be heard. The publisher, however, was too much buried in minor concerns to notice it. I was suffered to walk down stairs without being called back. I sallied forth into the street, but no clerk was sent after me; nor did the publisher call after me from the drawing-room 25 window. I have been told since that he considered me either a madman or a fool. I leave you to judge how much he was in the wrong in his opinion.°

When I turned the corner, my crest fell.° I cooled down in my pride and my expectations, and reduced my 30 terms with the next bookseller to whom I applied. I had no better success; nor with a third, nor with a fourth. I then desired the booksellers to make an offer themselves;

but the deuce an offer would they make. They told me poetry was a mere drug; everybody wrote poetry; the market was overstocked with it. And then they said the title of my poem was not taking; that pleasures of all kinds were worn threadbare; nothing but horrors did nowadays, and even those were almost worn out. Tales of pirates, robbers, and bloody Turks might answer tolerably well; but then they must come from some established, well-known name, or the public would not look at them.

10 At last I offered to leave my poem with a bookseller to read it, and judge for himself. "Well, really, my dear Mr. — a — a — I forget your name," said he, casting his eye at my rusty coat and shabby gaiters, "really, sir, we are so pressed with business just now, and have so
15 many manuscripts on hand to read, that we have not time to look at any new productions; but if you can call again in a week or two, or say the middle of next month, we may be able to look over your writings, and give you an answer. Don't forget, the month after next; good morn-
20 ing, sir; happy to see you any time you are passing this way." So saying, he bowed me out in the civilest way imaginable. In short, sir, instead of an eager competition to secure my poem, I could not even get it read! In the
25 meantime I was harassed by letters from my friends, wanting to know when the work was to appear; who was to be my publisher; and above all things, warning me not to let it go too cheap.

There was but one alternative left. I determined to publish the poem myself; and to have my triumph over
30 the booksellers when it should become the fashion of the day. I accordingly published "The Pleasures of Melancholy," — and ruined myself. Excepting the copies sent to the reviews, and to my friends in the country,

not one, I believe, ever left the bookseller's warehouse. The printer's bill drained my purse; and the only notice that was taken of my work was contained in the advertisements paid for by myself.

I could have borne all this, and have attributed it, as ⁵ usual, to the mismanagement of the publisher, or the want of taste in the public; and could have made the usual appeal to posterity; but my village friends would not let me rest in quiet. They were picturing me to themselves feasting with the great, communing with the ¹⁰ literary, and in the high career of fortune and renown. Every little while, some one would call on me with a letter of introduction from the village circle, recommending him to my attentions, and requesting that I would make him known in society; with a hint, that an introduc- ¹⁵ tion to a celebrated literary nobleman would be extremely agreeable. I determined, therefore, to change my lodgings, drop my correspondence, and disappear altogether from the view of my village admirers. Besides, I was ²⁰ anxious to make one more poetic attempt. I was by no means disheartened by the failure of my first. My poem was evidently too didactic. The public was wise enough. It no longer read for instruction. "They want horrors, do they?" said I: "I' faith! then they shall have enough of them." So I looked out for some quiet, retired place, ²⁵ where I might be out of the reach of my friends, and have leisure to cook up some delectable dish of poetical "hell-broth."

I had some difficulty in finding a place to my mind, when chance threw me in the way of Canonbury Castle. ³⁰ It is an ancient brick tower, hard by "merry Islington"; the remains of a hunting-seat of Queen Elizabeth, where she took the pleasure of the country when the neighbor-

hood was all woodland. What gave it particular interest in my eyes was the circumstance that it had been the residence of a poet.

It was here Goldsmith resided when he wrote his
5 "Deserted Village." I was shown the very apartment. It was a relic of the original style of the castle, with panelled wainscots and Gothic^o windows. I was pleased with its air of antiquity, and with its having been the residence of poor Goldy.^o

10 "Goldsmith was a pretty poet," said I to myself, "a very pretty poet, though rather of the old school. He did not think and feel so strongly as is the fashion nowadays; but had he lived in these times of hot hearts and hot heads, he would no doubt have written quite differ-
15 ently."

In a few days I was quietly established in my new quarters; my books all arranged; my writing-desk placed by a window looking out into the fields; and I felt as snug as Robinson Crusoe, when he had finished his
20 bower. For several days I enjoyed all the novelty of the change and charms which grace new lodgings, before one has found out their defects. I rambled about the fields where I fancied Goldsmith had rambled. I explored merry Islington; ate my solitary dinner at the Black
25 Bull, which, according to tradition, was a country-seat of Sir Walter Raleigh; and would sit and sip my wine, and muse on old times, in a quaint old room, where many a council had been held.

All this did very well for a few days. I was stimulated
30 by novelty; inspired by the associations awakened in my mind by these curious haunts; and began to think I felt the spirit of composition stirring within me. But Sunday came, and with it the whole city world, swarm-

ing about Canonbury Castle. I could not open my window but I was stunned with shouts and noises from the cricket-ground^o; the late quiet road beneath my window was alive with the tread of feet and clack of tongues; and, to complete my misery, I found that my quiet retreat was absolutely a "show-house," the tower and its contents being shown to strangers at sixpence a head.

There was a perpetual tramping up stairs of citizens and their families, to look about the country from the top of the tower, and to take a peep at the city through the telescope, to try if they could discern their own chimneys.^o And then, in the midst of a vein of thought, or a moment of inspiration, I was interrupted, and all my ideas put to flight, by my intolerable landlady's tapping at the door, and asking me if I would "just please to let a lady and gentleman come in, to take a look at Mr. Goldsmith's room." If you know any thing of what an author's study is, and what an author is himself, you must know that there was no standing this. I put positive interdict on my room's being exhibited; but then it was shown when I was absent, and my papers put in confusion; and, on returning home one day, I absolutely found a cursed tradesman and his daughters gaping over my manuscripts, and my landlady in a panic at my appearance. I tried to make out a little longer, by taking the key in my pocket; but it would not do. I overheard mine hostess one day telling some of her customers on the stairs, that the room was occupied by an author, who was always in a tantrum if interrupted; and I immediately perceived, by a slight noise at the door, that they were peeping at me through the key-hole. By the head of Apollo,^o but this was quite too much! With all my eagerness for fame, and my ambition of the stare of the million, I had no idea

of being exhibited by retail, at sixpence a head, and that through a key-hole. So I bid adieu to Canonbury Castle, merry Islington, and the haunts of poor Goldsmith, without having advanced a single line in my labors.

5 My next quarters were at a small, whitewashed cottage, which stands not far from Hampstead, just on the brow of a hill; looking over Chalk Farm and Camden Town, remarkable for the rival houses of Mother Red Cap^o and Mother Black Cap; and so across Crackskull
10 Common to the distant city.

The cottage was in nowise remarkable in itself; but I regarded it with reverence, for it had been the asylum of a persecuted author. Hither poor Steele^o had retreated, and laid perdu,^o when persecuted by creditors and bailiffs
15 — those immemorial plagues of authors and free-spirited gentlemen; and here he had written many numbers of the "Spectator."^o It was hence, too, that he had dispatched those little notes to his lady, so full of affection and whimsicality, in which the fond husband, the careless gentle-
20 man, and the shifting spendthrift were so oddly blended. I thought, as I first eyed the window of his apartment, that I could sit within it and write volumes.

No such thing! It was haymaking season, and, as ill luck would have it, immediately opposite the cottage was
25 a little ale-house, with the sign of the Load of Hay. Whether it was there in Steele's time, I cannot say; but it set all attempts at conception or inspiration at defiance. It was the resort of all the Irish haymakers who mow the broad fields in the neighborhood; and of drovers and
30 teamsters who travel that road. Here they would gather in the endless summer twilight, or by the light of the harvest moon, and sit around a table at the door; and tipple, and laugh, and quarrel, and fight, and sing drowsy songs,

and dawdle away the hours, until the deep solemn notes of St. Paul's clock would warn the varlets home.

In the daytime I was less able to write. It was broad summer. The haymakers were at work in the fields, and the perfume of the new-mown hay brought with it the rec- 5 ollection of my native fields. So instead of remaining in my room to write, I went wandering about Primrose Hill, and Hampstead Heights, and Shepherd's Fields, and all those Arcadian° scenes so celebrated by London bards. I cannot tell you how many delicious hours I have passed, 10 lying on the cocks of the new-mown hay, on the pleasant slopes of some of those hills, inhaling the fragrance of the fields, while the summer-fly buzzed about me, or the grasshopper leaped into my bosom; and how I have gazed with half-shut eye upon the smoky mass of London, and 15 listened to the distant sound of its population, and pitied the poor sons of earth, toiling in its bowels, like gnomes in the "dark gold-mines."

People may say what they please about cockney pastorals,° but after all there is a vast deal of rural beauty 20 about the western vicinity of London; and any one that has looked down upon the valley of the West End with its soft bosom of green pasturage lying open to the south and dotted with cattle, the steeple of Hampstead rising among rich groves on the brow of the hill, and the learned height 25 of Harrow° in the distance, will confess that never has he seen a more absolutely rural landscape in the vicinity of a great metropolis.

Still, however, I found myself not a whit the better off for my frequent change of lodgings; and I began to dis- 30 cover that, in literature as in trade, the old proverb holds good — "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

The tranquil beauty of the country played the very

vengeance with me. I could not mount my fancy into the termagant^o vein. I could not conceive, amidst the smiling landscape, a scene of blood and murder; and the smug citizens in breeches and gaiters put all ideas of heroes
5 and bandits out of my brain. I could think of nothing but dulcet subjects: "The Pleasures of Spring"; "The Pleasures of Solitude"; "The Pleasures of Tranquillity"; "The Pleasures of Sentiment"; nothing but pleasures; and I had the painful experience of "The Pleasures of
10 Melancholy" too strongly in my recollection to be beguiled by them.

Chance at length befriended me. I had frequently, in my ramblings, loitered about Hampstead Hill, which is a kind of Parnassus^o of the metropolis. At such times
15 I occasionally took my dinner at Jack Straw's Castle. It is a country inn so named; the very spot where that notorious rebel and his followers held their council of war. It is a favorite resort of citizens when rurally inclined, as it commands fine fresh air and a good view of the city.
20 I sat one day in the public room of this inn, ruminating over a beefsteak and a pint of porter, when my imagination kindled up with ancient and heroic images. I had long wanted a theme and a hero; both suddenly broke upon my mind. I determined to write a poem on the history of
25 Jack Straw.^o I was so full of the subject that I was fearful of being anticipated. I wondered that none of the poets of the day in their search after ruffian heroes had never thought of Jack Straw. I went to work pellmell, blotted several sheets of paper with choice floating
30 thoughts, and battles, and descriptions, to be ready at a moment's warning. In a few days' time I sketched out the skeleton of my poem, and nothing was wanting but to give it flesh and blood. I used to take my manuscript

and stroll about Caen Wood, and read aloud; and would dine at the Castle, by way of keeping up the vein of thought.

I was there one day, at rather a late hour, in the public room. There was no other company but one man, who sat enjoying his pint of porter at the window, and noticing the passers-by. He was dressed in a green shooting coat. His countenance was strongly marked: he had a hooked nose; a romantic eye, excepting that it had something of a squint; and altogether, as I thought, a poetical style of head. I was quite taken with the man, for you must know I am a little of a physiognomist; I set him down at once for either a poet or a philosopher.

As I like to make new acquaintances, considering every man a volume of human nature,^o I soon fell into conversation with the stranger, who, I was pleased to find, was by no means difficult of access. After I had dined, I joined him at the window, and we became so sociable that I proposed a bottle of wine together, to which he most cheerfully assented.

I was too full of my poem to keep long quiet on the subject, and began to talk about the origin of the tavern, and the history of Jack Straw. I found my new acquaintance to be perfectly at home on the topic, and to jump^o exactly with my humor in every respect. I became elevated by the wine and the conversation. In the fulness of an author's feelings, I told him of my projected poem, and repeated some passages, and he was in raptures. He was evidently of a strong poetical turn.

"Sir," said he, filling my glass at the same time, "our poets don't look at home. I don't see why we need go out of old England for robbers and rebels to write about. I like your Jack Straw, sir — he's a home-made hero. I

like him, sir — I like him exceedingly. He's English to the backbone — damme — Give me honest old England after all! Them's my sentiments, sir."

"I honor your sentiment," cried I, zealously; "it is 5 exactly my own. An English ruffian is as good a ruffian for poetry as any in Italy, or Germany, or the Archipelago°; but it is hard to make our poets think so."

"More shame for them!" replied the man in green. "What a plague would they have? What have we to do 10 with their Archipelagos of Italy and Germany? Haven't we heaths and commons and highways on our own little island — ay, and stout fellows to pad the hoof° over them too? Stick to home, I say, — them's my sentiments. — Come, sir, my service to you — I agree with 15 you perfectly."

"Poets, in old times, had right notions on this subject," continued I; "witness the fine old ballads about Robin Hood,° Allan a'Dale, and other stanch blades of yore."

"Right, sir, right," interrupted he; "Robin Hood! 20 he was the lad to cry Stand! to a man, and never to flinch."

"Ah, sir," said I; "they had famous bands of robbers in the good old times; those were glorious poetical days. The merry crew of Sherwood Forest, who led such a roving picturesque life, 'under the greenwood tree.' I 25 have often wished to visit their haunts, and tread the scenes of the exploits of Friar Tuck, and Clymm of the Clough, and Sir William of Cloudeslie."

"Nay, sir," said the gentleman in green, "we have had several very pretty gangs since that day. Those gallant 30 dogs that kept about the great heaths in the neighborhood of London, about Bagshot, and Hounslow, and Blackheath, for instance. Come, sir, my service to you. You don't drink."

"I suppose," cried I, emptying my glass, "I suppose you have heard of the famous Turpin, who was born in this very village of Hampstead, and who used to lurk with his gang in Epping Forest° about a hundred years since."

5

"Have I?" cried he; "to be sure I have! A hearty old blade that. Sound as pitch. Old Turpentine! as we used to call him. A famous fine fellow, sir."

"Well, sir," continued I, "I have visited Waltham Abbey° and Chingford Church° merely from the stories 10 I heard when a boy of his exploits there, and I have searched Epping Forest for the cavern where he used to conceal himself. You must know," added I, "that I am a sort of amateur of highwaymen. They were dashing, daring fellows; the best apologies that we had for the 15 knights-errant of yore. Ah, sir! the country has been sinking gradually into tameness and commonplace. We are losing the old English spirit. The bold Knights of the Post have all dwindled down into lurking foot-pads, and sneaking pickpockets; there's no such thing as 20 a dashing, gentleman-like robbery committed nowadays on the king's highway. A man may roll from one end of England to the other in a drowsy coach, or jingling post-chaise, without any other adventure than that of being occasionally overturned, sleeping in damp sheets, 25 or having an ill-cooked dinner. We hear no more of public coaches being stopped and robbed by a well-mounted gang of resolute fellows, with pistols in their hands and crapes over their faces. What a pretty poetical incident was it, for example, in domestic life, for a family carriage, 30 on its way to a country-seat, to be attacked about dark; the old gentleman eased of his purse and watch, the ladies of their necklaces and ear-rings, by a politely-spoken high-

wayman on a blood-mare, who afterwards leaped the hedge and galloped across the country, to the admiration of Miss Caroline, the daughter, who would write a long and romantic account of the adventure to her friend, Miss Juliana, in town. Ah, sir! we meet with nothing of such incidents nowadays."

"That, sir," said my companion, taking advantage of a pause, when I stopped to recover breath, and to take a glass of wine which he had just poured out, "that, sir, craving your pardon, is not owing to any want of old English pluck. It is the effect of this cursed system of banking. People do not travel with bags of gold as they did formerly. They have post-notes and drafts on bankers. To rob a coach is like catching a crow, where you have nothing but carrion flesh and feathers for your pains. But a coach in old times, sir, was as rich as a Spanish galleon.^o It turned out the yellow boys^o bravely. And a private carriage was a cool hundred or two at least."

I cannot express how much I was delighted with the sallies of my new acquaintance. He told me that he often frequented the Castle, and would be glad to know more of me; and I proposed myself many a pleasant afternoon with him, when I should read him my poem as it proceeded, and benefit by his remarks; for it was evident he had the true poetical feeling.

"Come, sir," said he, pushing the bottle; "damme, I like you! you're a man after my own heart. I'm cursed slow in making new acquaintances. One must be on the reserve, you know. But when I meet with a man of your kidney, damme, my heart jumps at once to him. Them's my sentiments, sir. Come, sir, here's Jack Straw's health! I presume one can drink it nowadays without treason."

"With all my heart," said I, gayly, "and Dick Turpin's into the bargain!"

"Ah, sir," said the man in green, "those are the kind of men for poetry. The Newgate Calendar,° sir! the Newgate Calendar is your only reading! There's the 5 place to look for bold deeds and dashing fellows."

We were so much pleased with each other that we sat until a late hour. I insisted on paying the bill, for both my purse and my heart were full, and I agreed that he should pay the score at our next meeting. As the coaches had 10 all gone that run between Hampstead and London, we had to return on foot. He was so delighted with the idea of my poem that he could talk of nothing else. He made me repeat such passages as I could remember; and though I did it in a very mangled manner, having a wretched 15 memory, yet he was in raptures.

Every now and then he would break out with some scrap which he would misquote most terribly, would rub his hands and exclaim: "By Jupiter, that's fine, that's noble! Damme, sir, if I can conceive how you hit 20 upon such ideas!"

I must confess I did not always relish his misquotations, which sometimes made absolute nonsense of the passages; but what author stands upon trifles when he is praised?

Never had I spent a more delightful evening. I did 25 not perceive how the time flew. I could not bear to separate, but continued walking on, arm in arm, with him, past my lodgings, through Camden Town, and across Crackskull Common, talking the whole way about my poem.

When we were half-way across the common, he inter- 30 rupted me in the midst of a quotation, by telling me that this had been a famous place for footpads, and was still occasionally infested by them; and that a man had

recently been shot there in attempting to defend himself. — “The more fool he!” cried I; “a man is an idiot to risk life, or even limb, to save a paltry purse of money. It’s quite a different case from that of a duel, where one’s honor is concerned. For my part,” added I, “I should never think of making resistance against one of those desperadoes.”

“Say you so?” cried my friend in green, turning suddenly upon me, and putting a pistol to my breast; “why, then, have at you, my lad! — come — disburse! empty! unsack!”

In a word, I found that the muse had played me another of her tricks,^o and had betrayed me into the hands of a footpad. There was no time to parley; he made me turn my pockets inside out; and hearing the sound of distant footsteps, he made one fell swoop upon purse, watch, and all; gave me a thwack on my unlucky pate that laid me sprawling on the ground, and scampered away with his booty.

I saw no more of my friend in green until a year or two afterwards; when I caught sight of his poetical countenance among a crew of scapegraces heavily ironed, who were on the way for transportation, He recognized me at once, tipped me an impudent wink, and asked me how I came on with the history of Jack Straw’s Castle.

The catastrophe at Crackskull Common put an end to my summer’s campaign. I was cured of my poetical enthusiasm for rebels, robbers, and highwaymen. I was put out of conceit of my subject, and, what was worse, I was lightened of my purse, in which was almost every farthing I had in the world. So I abandoned Sir Richard Steele’s cottage in despair, and crept into less celebrated, though no less poetical and airy lodgings in a garret in town.

I now determined to cultivate the society of the literary, and to enroll myself in the fraternity of authorship. It is by the constant collision of mind, thought I, that authors strike out the sparks of genius, and kindle up with glorious conceptions. Poetry is evidently a contagious complaint. 5 I will keep company with poets; who knows but I may catch it as others have done?

I found no difficulty in making a circle of literary acquaintances, not having the sin of success lying at my door: indeed the failure of my poem was a kind of recom- 10 mendation to their favor. It is true my new friends were not of the most brilliant names in literature; but then, if you would take their words for it, they were like the prophets of old, men of whom the world was not worthy; and who were to live in future ages, when the 15 ephemeral favorites of the day should be forgotten.

I soon discovered, however, that the more I mingled in literary society, the less I felt capable of writing; that poetry was not so catching as I imagined; and that in familiar life there was often nothing less poetical than a 20 poet. Besides, I wanted the *esprit du corps*° to turn these literary fellowships to any account. I could not bring myself to enlist in any particular sect. I saw something to like in them all, but found that would never do, for that the tacit condition on which a man enters into one of these 25 sects is, that he abuses all the rest.

I perceived that there were little knots of authors who lived with, and for, and by one another. They considered themselves the salt of the earth. They fostered and kept up a conventional vein of thinking and talking, 30 and joking on all subjects; and they cried each other up to the skies. Each sect had its particular creed; and set up certain authors as divinities, and fell down and wor-

shipped them; and considered every one who did not worship them, or who worshipped any other, as a heretic and an infidel.

In quoting the writers of the day, I generally found
5 them extolling names of which I had scarcely heard, and talking slightingly of others who were the favorites of the public. If I mentioned any recent work from the pen of a first-rate author, they had not read it; they had not time to read all that was spawned from the press; he
10 wrote too much to write well;—and then they would break out into raptures about some Mr. Timson, or Thomson, or Jackson, whose works were neglected at the present day, but who was to be the wonder and delight of posterity! Alas! what heavy debts is this neglectful
15 world daily accumulating on the shoulders of poor posterity!

But, above all, it was edifying to hear with what contempt they would talk of the great. Ye gods! how immeasurably the great are despised by the small fry of
20 literature! It is true, an exception was now and then made of some nobleman, with whom, perhaps, they had casually shaken hands at an election, or hob or nobbed at a public dinner, and was pronounced a “devilish good fellow,” and “no humbug”; but, in general, it was enough
25 for a man to have a title, to be the object of their sovereign disdain; you have no idea how poetically and philosophically they would talk of nobility.

For my part, this affected me but little; for though I had no bitterness against the great, and did not think
30 the worse of a man for having innocently been born to a title, yet I did not feel myself at present called upon to resent the indignities poured upon them by the little. But the hostility to the great writers of the day went sore

against the grain with me. I could not enter into such feuds, nor participate in such animosities. I had not become author sufficiently to hate other authors. I could still find pleasure in the novelties of the press, and could find it in my heart to praise a contemporary, even though 5 he were successful. Indeed I was miscellaneous in my taste, and could not confine it to any age or growth of writers. I could turn with delight from the glowing pages of Byron to the cool and polished raillery of Pope; and after wandering among the sacred groves of "Para- 10 dise Lost," I could give myself up to voluptuous abandonment in the enchanted bowers of "Lalla Rookh."

"I would have my authors," said I, "as various as my wines, and, in relishing the strong and the racy, would never decry the sparkling and exhilarating. Port and 15 sherry are excellent stand-bys, and so is madeira; but claret and burgundy may be drunk now and then without disparagement to one's palate, and champagne is a beverage by no means to be despised."

Such was the tirade I uttered one day when a little 20 flushed with ale at a literary club. I uttered it, too, with something of a flourish, for I thought my simile a clever one. Unluckily, my auditors were men who drank beer and hated Pope; so my figure about wines went for nothing, and my critical toleration was looked upon as 25 downright heterodoxy. In a word, I soon became like a freethinker in religion, an outlaw from every sect, and fair game for all. Such are the melancholy consequences of not hating in literature.

I see you are growing weary, so I will be brief with the 30 residue of my literary career. I will not detain you with a detail of my various attempts to get astride of Pegasus^o; of the poems I have written which were never printed, the

plays I have presented which were never performed, and the tracts I have published which were never purchased. It seemed as if booksellers, managers, and the very public, had entered into a conspiracy to starve me. Still I could
5 not prevail upon myself to give up the trial, nor abandon those dreams of renown in which I had indulged. How should I be able to look the literary circle of my native village in the face, if I were so completely to falsify their predictions? For some time longer, therefore, I continued
10 to write for fame, and was, of course, the most miserable dog in existence, besides being in continual risk of starvation. I accumulated loads of literary treasure on my shelves — loads which were to be treasures to posterity; but, alas! they put not a penny into my purse. What
15 was all this wealth to my present necessities? I could not patch my elbows with an ode^o; nor satisfy my hunger with blank verse. “Shall a man fill his belly with the east wind?” says the proverb. He may as well do so as with poetry.

20 I have many a time strolled sorrowfully along, with a sad heart and an empty stomach, about five o'clock, and looked wistfully down the areas in the west end of the town, and seen through the kitchen-windows the fires gleaming, and the joints of meat turning on the spits
25 and dripping with gravy, and the cook-maids beating up puddings, or trussing turkeys, and felt for the moment that if I could but have the run of one of those kitchens, Apollo and the Muses might have the hungry heights of Parnassus for me. Oh, sir! talk of meditations among
30 the tombs, — they are nothing so melancholy as the meditations of a poor devil without penny in pouch, along a line of kitchen-windows toward dinner-time.

At length, when almost reduced to famine and despair,

the idea all at once entered my head, that perhaps I was not so clever a fellow as the village and myself had supposed. It was the salvation of me. The moment the idea popped into my brain it brought conviction and comfort with it. I awoke as from a dream; I gave up immortal fame to those who could live on air; took to writing for mere bread; and have ever since had a very tolerable life of it. There is no man of letters so much at his ease, sir, as he who has no character to gain or lose. I had to train myself to it a little, and to clip my wings short at first, or they would have carried me up into poetry in spite of myself. So I determined to begin by the opposite extreme, and abandoning the higher regions of the craft, I came plump down to the lowest, and turned creeper.

“Creeper! and pray what is that?” said I. 15

“Oh, sir, I see you are ignorant of the language of the craft; a creeper is one who furnishes the newspapers with paragraphs at so much a line; and who goes about in quest of misfortunes; attends the Bow Street office,° the courts of justice, and every other den of mischief and iniquity. We are paid at the rate of a penny a line, and as we can sell the same paragraph to almost every paper, we sometimes pick up a very decent day’s work. Now and then the muse is unkind, or the day uncommonly quiet, and then we rather starve; and sometimes the unconscionable editors will clip our paragraphs when they are a little too rhetorical, and snip off twopence or threepence at a go. I have many a time had my pot of porter snipped off my dinner in this way, and have had to dine with dry lips. However, I cannot complain. I rose gradually in the lower ranks of the craft, and am now, I think, in the most comfortable region of literature.” 30

“And pray,” said I, “what may you be at present?”

“At present,” said he, “I am a regular job-writer, and turn my hand to any thing. I work up the writings of others at so much a sheet; turn off translations; write second-rate articles to fill up reviews and magazines; 5 compile travels and voyages, and furnish theatrical criticisms for the newspapers. All this authorship, you perceive, is anonymous; it gives me no reputation except among the trade; where I am considered an author of all work, and am always sure of employ. That’s the 10 only reputation I want. I sleep soundly, without dread of duns or critics, and leave immortal fame to those that choose to fret and fight about it. Take my word for it, the only happy author in this world is he who is below the care of reputation.”

NOTORIETY °

WHEN we had emerged from the literary nest of honest Dribble, and had passed safely through the dangers of Breakneck Stairs, and the labyrinths° of Fleet Market, Buckthorne indulged in many comments upon the peep into literary life which he had furnished me. 5

I expressed my surprise at finding it so different a world from what I had imagined. "It is always so," said he, "with strangers. The land of literature is a fairy-land to those who view it at a distance, but, like all other landscapes, the charm fades on a nearer approach, and the 10 thorns and briars become visible. The republic of letters is the most factious and discordant of all republics, ancient or modern."

"Yet," said I, smiling, "you would not have me take honest Dribble's experience as a view of the land. He is 15 but a mousing owl; a mere groundling. We should have quite a different strain from one of those fortunate authors whom we see sporting about the empyreal heights of fashion, like swallows in the blue sky of a summer's day."

"Perhaps we might," replied he, "but I doubt it. I 20 doubt whether, if any one, even of the most successful, were to tell his actual feelings, you would not find the truth of friend Dribble's philosophy with respect to reputation.° One you would find carrying a gay face to the world, while some vulture critic was preying upon his 25

very liver. Another, who was simple enough to mistake fashion for fame, you would find watching countenances, and cultivating invitations, more ambitious to figure in the *beau monde* than the world of letters, and apt to be rendered wretched by the neglect of an illiterate peer, or a dissipated duchess. Those who were rising to fame you would find tormented with anxiety to get higher; and those who had gained the summit, in constant apprehension of a decline.

10 "Even those who are indifferent to the buzz of notoriety, and the farce of fashion, are not much better off, being incessantly harassed by intrusions on their leisure, and interruptions of their pursuits; for, whatever may be his feelings, when once an author is launched into notoriety,
15 he must go the rounds until the idle curiosity of the day is satisfied, and he is thrown aside to make way for some new caprice. Upon the whole, I do not know but he is most fortunate who engages in the whirl through ambition, however tormenting; as it is doubly irksome to be
20 obliged to join in the game without being interested in the stake.

"There is a constant demand in the fashionable world for novelty; every nine days must have its wonder, no matter of what kind. At one time it is an author; at
25 another, a fire-eater; at another, a composer, an Indian juggler, or an Indian chief; a man from the North Pole or the Pyramids;—each figures through his brief term of notoriety, and then makes way for the succeeding wonder. You must know that we have oddity fanciers
30 among our ladies of rank, who collect about them all kinds of remarkable beings: fiddlers, statesmen, singers, warriors, artists, philosophers, actors, and poets; every kind of personage, in short, who is noted for something

peculiar, so that their routs^o are like fancy-balls, where every one comes 'in character.'

"I have had infinite amusement at these parties in noticing how industriously every one was playing a part, and acting out of his natural line. There is not a more 5 complete game at cross-purposes than the intercourse of the literary and the great. The fine gentleman is always anxious to be thought a wit, and the wit a fine gentleman.

"I have noticed a lord endeavoring to look wise and 10 talk learnedly with a man of letters, who was aiming at a fashionable air, and the tone of a man who had lived about town. The peer quoted a score or two learned authors, with whom he would fain be thought intimate, while the author talked of Sir John this, and Sir Harry that, and 15 extolled the burgundy he had drunk at Lord Such-a-one's. Each seemed to forget that he could only be interesting to the other in his proper character. Had the peer been merely a man of erudition, the author would never have listened to his prosing; and had the author known all 20 the nobility in the Court Calendar,^o it would have given him no interest in the eyes of the peer.

"In the same way I have seen a fine lady, remarkable for beauty, weary a philosopher with flimsy metaphysics, while the philosopher put on an awkward air of gallantry, 25 played with her fan, and prattled about the opera. I have heard a sentimental poet talk very stupidly with a statesman about the national debt; and on joining a knot of scientific old gentlemen conversing in a corner, expecting to hear the discussion of some valuable discovery, I found 30 they were only amusing themselves with a fat story."

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER

THE anecdotes I had heard of Buckthorne's early school-mate, together with a variety of peculiarities which I had remarked in himself, gave me a strong curiosity to know something of his own history. I am a traveller of the good
5 old school, and am fond of the custom laid down in books, according to which, whenever travellers met, they sat down forthwith, and gave a history of themselves and their adventures. This Buckthorne, too, was a man much to my taste; he had seen the world, and mingled with society,
10 yet retained the strong eccentricities of a man who had lived much alone. There was a careless dash of good-humor about him, which pleased me exceedingly; and at times an odd tinge of melancholy mingled with his humor, and gave it an additional zest. He was apt to
15 run into long speculations upon society and manners, and to indulge in whimsical views of human nature; yet there was nothing ill-tempered in his satire. It ran more upon the follies than the vices of mankind; and even the follies of his fellow-man were treated with the leniency of one
20 who felt himself to be but frail. He had evidently been a little chilled and buffeted by fortune, without being soured thereby: as some fruits become mellow and more generous in their flavor from having been bruised and frost-bitten.^o

25 I have always had a great relish for the conversation

of practical philosophers of this stamp, who have profited by the "sweet uses" of adversity without imbibing its bitterness; who have learnt to estimate the world rightly, yet good-humoredly; and who, while they perceive the truth of the saying, that "all is vanity," are yet able to do so without vexation of spirit.

Such a man was Buckthorne.^o In general a laughing philosopher; and if at any time a shade of sadness stole across his brow, it was but transient, — like a summer cloud, which soon goes by, and freshens and revives the fields over which it passes.

I was walking with him one day in Kensington Gardens, — for he was a knowing epicure^o in all the cheap pleasures and rural haunts within reach of the metropolis. It was a delightful warm morning in spring; and he was in the happy mood of a pastoral citizen, when just turned loose into grass and sunshine. He had been watching a lark which, rising from a bed of daisies and yellow-cups, had sung his way up to a bright snowy cloud floating in the deep blue sky.^o

"Of all birds," said he, "I should like to be a lark. He revels in the brightest time of the day, in the happiest season of the year, among fresh meadows and opening flowers; and when he has sated himself with the sweetness of earth, he wings his flight up to heaven as if he would drink in the melody of the morning stars. Hark to that note! How it comes thrilling down upon the ear! What a stream of music, note falling over note in delicious cadence! Who would trouble his head about operas and concerts when he could walk in the fields and hear such music for nothing? These are the enjoyments which set riches at scorn, and make even a poor man independent:

“I care not, Fortune, what you do deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature’s grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora^o shows her bright’ning face;
5 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve——’

“Sir, there are homilies^o in nature’s work worth all
the wisdom of the schools, if we could but read them
rightly, and one of the pleasantest lessons I ever received
10 in time of trouble, was from hearing the notes of the lark.”

PART THIRD
THE ITALIAN BANDITTI

PART THIRD

THE ITALIAN BANDITTI

THE INN AT TERRACINA°

CRACK! crack! crack! crack! crack!

“Here comes the estafette° from Naples,” said mine host of the inn at Terracina; “bring out the relay.°”

The estafette came galloping up the road according to custom, brandishing over his head a short-handled 5 whip, with a long, knotted lash, every smack of which made a report like a pistol. He was a tight, square-set young fellow, in the usual uniform: a smart blue coat, ornamented with facings and gold lace, but so short behind as to reach scarcely below his waistband, and cocked 10 up not unlike the tail of a wren; a cocked hat edged with gold lace; a pair of stiff riding boots; but, instead of the usual leathern breeches, he had a fragment of a pair of drawers, that scarcely furnished an apology for modesty 15 to hide behind.

The estafette galloped up to the door, and jumped from his horse.

“A glass of rosolio,° a fresh horse, and a pair of breeches,” said he, “and quickly, *per l'amor di Dio*,° I am behind my time, and must be off!” 20

“San Gennaro,” replied the host; “why, where hast thou left thy garment?”

“Among the robbers between this and Fondi.°”

“What, rob an estafette! I never heard of such folly.
5 What could they hope to get from thee?”

“My leather breeches!” replied the estafette. “They were brand-new, and shone like gold, and hit the fancy of the captain.”

“Well, these fellows grow worse and worse. To
10 meddle with an estafette! and that merely for the sake of a pair of leather breeches!”

The robbing of the government messenger seemed to strike the host with more astonishment than any other enormity that had taken place on the road; and, indeed,
15 it was the first time so wanton an outrage had been committed; the robbers generally taking care not to meddle with any thing belonging to government.

The estafette was by this time equipped, for he had not lost an instant in making his preparations while
20 talking. The relay was ready; the rosolio tossed off; he grasped the reins and the stirrup.

“Were there many robbers in the band?” said a handsome, dark young man, stepping forward from the door of the inn.

25 “As formidable a band as ever I saw,” said the estafette, springing into the saddle.

“Are they cruel to travellers?” said a beautiful young Venetian lady, who had been hanging on the gentleman’s arm.

30 “Cruel, signora°!” echoed the estafette, giving a glance at the lady as he put spurs to his horse. “*Corpo di Bacco!*° They stiletto all the men; and, as to women —” Crack! crack! crack! crack! crack! The last

words were drowned in the smacking of the whip, and away galloped the estafette along the road to the Pontine marshes.

“Holy Virgin!” ejaculated the fair Venetian, “what will become of us!”

5

The inn of which we are speaking stands just outside of the walls of Terracina, under a vast precipitous height of rocks, crowned with the ruins of the castle of Theodric the Goth.^o The situation of Terracina is remarkable. It is a little, ancient, lazy Italian town, on the frontiers of 10 the Roman territory. There seems to be an idle pause in every thing about the place. The Mediterranean spreads before it — that sea without flux or reflux. The port is without a sail, excepting that once in a while a solitary felucca^o may be seen disgorging its holy cargo 15 of baccala, or codfish, the meagre provision for the quaresima, or Lent. The inhabitants are apparently a listless, heedless race, as people of soft sunny climates are apt to be; but under this passive, indolent exterior are said to lurk dangerous qualities. They are supposed by 20 many to be little better than the banditti of the neighboring mountains, and indeed to hold a secret correspondence with them. The solitary watch-towers, erected here and there, along the coast, speak of pirates and corsairs that hover about these shores; while the low 25 huts, as stations for soldiers, which dot the distant road, as it winds up through an olive grove, intimate that in the ascent there is danger for the traveller, and facility for the bandit. Indeed, it is between this town and Fondi that the road to Naples^o is most infested by ban- 30 ditti. It has several windings and solitary places, where the robbers are enabled to see the traveller from a distance, from the brows of hills or impending preci-

pices, and to lie in wait for him at lonely and difficult passes.

The Italian robbers are a desperate class of men, that have almost formed themselves into an order of society. 5 They wear a kind of uniform, or rather costume, which openly designates their profession. This is probably done to diminish its skulking, lawless character, and to give it something of a military air in the eyes of the common people; or, perhaps, to catch by outward show and 10 finery the fancies of the young men of the villages, and thus to gain recruits. Their dresses are often very rich and picturesque. They wear jackets and breeches of bright colors, sometimes gayly embroidered; their breasts are covered with medals and relics; their hats are broad- 15 brimmed, with conical crowns, decorated with feathers, or variously-colored ribands; their hair is sometimes gathered in silk nets; they wear a kind of sandal of cloth or leather, bound round the legs with thongs, and extremely flexible, to enable them to scramble with ease 20 and celerity among the mountain precipices; a broad belt of cloth, or a sash of silk net, is stuck full of pistols and stilettos^o; a carbine^o is slung at the back; while about them is generally thrown, in a negligent manner, a great dingy mantle, which serves as a protection in 25 storms, or a bed in their bivouacs among the mountains.

They range over a great extent of wild country, along the chain of Apennines, bordering on different states; they know all the difficult passes, the short cuts for retreat, and the impracticable forests of the mountain sum- 30 mits, where no force dare follow them. They are secure of the good-will of the inhabitants of those regions, a poor and semi-barbarous race, whom they never disturb and often enrich. Indeed, they are considered as a sort

of illegitimate heroes among the mountain villages, and in certain frontier towns where they dispose of their plunder. Thus countenanced and sheltered, and secure in the fastnesses of their mountains, the robbers have set the weak police of the Italian states at defiance. It is in vain that their names and descriptions are posted on the doors of country churches, and rewards offered for them alive or dead; the villagers are either too much awed by the terrible instances of vengeance inflicted by the brigands,^o or have too good an understanding with them to be their betrayers. It is true they are now and then hunted and shot down like beasts of prey by the *gens-d'armes*,^o their heads put in iron cages, and stuck upon posts by the roadside, or their limbs hung up to blacken in the trees near the places where they have committed their atrocities; but these ghastly spectacles only serve to make some dreary pass of the road still more dreary, and to dismay the traveller, without deterring the bandit.

At the time that the estafette made his sudden appearance almost *in cuerpo*, as has been mentioned, the audacity of the robbers had risen to an unparalleled height. They had laid villas under contribution; they had sent messages into country towns, to tradesmen and rich burghers, demanding supplies of money, of clothing, or even of luxuries, with menaces of vengeance in case of refusal. They had their spies and emissaries in every town, village, and inn, along the principal roads, to give them notice of the movements and quality of travellers. They had plundered carriages, carried people of rank and fortune into the mountains, and obliged them to write for heavy ransoms, and had committed outrages on females who had fallen into their hands.

Such was briefly the state of the robbers, or rather such was the account of the rumors prevalent concerning them, when the scene took place at the inn of Terracina. The dark, handsome young man and the Venetian lady, incidentally mentioned, had arrived early that afternoon in a private carriage drawn by mules, and attended by a single servant. They had been recently married, were spending the honeymoon in travelling through these delicious countries, and were on their way to visit a rich aunt of the bride at Naples.

The lady was young, and tender, and timid. The stories she had heard along the road had filled her with apprehension, not more for herself than for her husband; for though she had been married almost a month, she still loved him almost to idolatry. When she reached Terracina, the rumors of the road had increased to an alarming magnitude; and the sight of two robbers' skulls, grinning in iron cages, on each side of the old gateway of the town, brought her to a pause. Her husband had tried in vain to reassure her; they had lingered all the afternoon at the inn, until it was too late to think of starting that evening, and the parting words of the estafette completed her affright.

"Let us return to Rome," said she, putting her arm within her husband's, and drawing towards him as if for protection. "Let us return to Rome, and give up this visit to Naples."

"And give up the visit to your aunt, too?" said the husband.

"Nay — what is my aunt in comparison with your safety?" said she, looking up tenderly in his face.

There was something in her tone and manner that showed she really was thinking more of her husband's

safety at the moment than of her own; and being so recently married, and a match of pure affection, too, it is very possible that she was; at least her husband thought so. Indeed, any one who has heard the sweet musical tone of a Venetian voice, and the melting tenderness of a Venetian phrase, and felt the soft witchery of a Venetian eye, would not wonder at the husband's believing whatever they professed. He clasped the white hand that had been laid within his, put his arm round her slender waist, and drawing her fondly to his bosom, "This night, at least," said he, "we will pass at Terracina."

Crack! crack! crack! crack! crack! Another apparition of the road attracted the attention of mine host and his guests. From the direction of the Pontine marshes, a carriage, drawn by half a dozen horses, came driving at a furious rate; the postilions smacking their whips like mad, as is the case when conscious of the greatness or of the munificence of their fare. It was a landaulet with a servant mounted on the dickey. The compact, highly finished, yet proudly simple construction of the carriage; the quantity of neat, well-arranged trunks and conveniences; the loads of box-coats on the dickey; the fresh, burly, bluff-looking face of the master at the window; and the ruddy, round-headed servant, in close-cropped hair, short coat, drab breeches, and long gaiters, all proclaimed at once that this was the equipage of an Englishman.

"Horses to Fondi," said the Englishman, as the landlord came bowing to the carriage-door.

"Would not his Eccellenza alight, and take some refreshments?"

"No — he did not mean to eat until he got to Fondi."

"But the horses will be some time in getting ready."

“Ah! that’s always the way; nothing but delay in this cursed country!”

“If his Excellenza^o would only walk into the house —”

“No, no, no! — I tell you no! — I want nothing but 5 horses, and as quick as possible. John, see that the horses are got ready, and don’t let us be kept here an hour or two. Tell him if we’re delayed over the time, I’ll lodge a complaint with the postmaster.”

John touched his hat, and set off to obey his master’s 10 orders with the taciturn obedience of an English servant.

In the meantime the Englishman^o got out of the carriage, and walked up and down before the inn, with his hands in his pockets, taking no notice of the crowd of idlers who were gazing at him and his equipage. He 15 was tall, stout, and well made; dressed with neatness and precision; wore a travelling cap of the color of gingerbread; and had rather an unhappy expression about the corners of his mouth; partly from not having yet made his dinner, and partly from not having been able to get 20 on at a greater rate than seven miles an hour. Not that he had any other cause for haste than an Englishman’s usual hurry to get to the end of a journey; or, to use the regular phrase, “to get on.” Perhaps, too, he was a little sore from having been fleeced at every stage.

25 After some time, the servant returned from the stable with a look of some perplexity.

“Are the horses ready, John?”

“No, sir — I never saw such a place. There’s no getting any thing done. I think your honor had better step 30 into the house and get something to eat; it will be a long while before we get to Fundy.”

“D——n the house. It’s a mere trick — I’ll not eat any thing, just to spite them,” said the Englishman, still

more crusty at the prospect of being so long without his dinner.

"They say your honor's very wrong," said John, "to set off at this late hour. The road's full of highwaymen."

"Mere tales to get custom."

5

"The estafette which passed us was stopped by a whole gang," said John, increasing his emphasis with each additional piece of information.

"I don't believe a word of it."

"They robbed him of his breeches," said John, giving 10 at the same time a hitch to his own waistband.

"All humbug!"

Here the dark, handsome young man stepped forward, and addressing the Englishman very politely, in broken English, invited him to partake of a repast he was about 15 to make.

"Thank'ee," said the Englishman, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets, and casting a slight side-glance of suspicion at the young man, as if he thought, from his civility, he must have a design upon his purse. 20

"We shall be most happy, if you will do us the favor," said the lady, in her soft Venetian dialect. There was a sweetness in her accents that was most persuasive. The Englishman cast a look upon her countenance; her beauty was still more eloquent. His features instantly 25 relaxed. He made a polite bow. "With great pleasure, Signora," said he.

In short, the eagerness to "get on" was suddenly slackened; the determination to famish himself as far as Fondi, by way of punishing the landlord, was abandoned; 30 John chose an apartment at the inn for his master's reception, and preparations were made to remain there until morning.

The carriage was unpacked of such of its contents as were indispensable for the night. There was the usual parade of trunks and writing-desks, and portfolios and dressing-boxes, and those other oppressive conveniences which burden a comfortable man. The observant loiterers about the inn-door, wrapped up in great dirt-colored cloaks, with only a hawk's-eye uncovered, made many remarks to each other on this quantity of luggage, that seemed enough for an army. The domestics of the inn talked with wonder of the splendid dressing-case, with its gold and silver furniture, that was spread out on the toilet-table, and the bag of gold that chinked as it was taken out of the trunk. The strange *Milor's* wealth, and the treasures he carried about him, were the talk, that evening, over all Terracina.

The Englishman took some time to make his ablutions and arrange his dress for table; and, after considerable labor and effort in putting himself at his ease, made his appearance, with stiff white cravat, his clothes free from the least speck of dust, and adjusted with precision. He made a civil bow on entering in the unprofessing English way, which the fair Venetian, accustomed to the complimentary salutations of the Continent, considered extremely cold.

The supper, as it was termed by the Italian, or dinner, as the Englishman called it, was now served: heaven and earth, and the waters under the earth, had been moved to furnish it; for there were birds of the air, and beasts of the field, and fish of the sea. The Englishman's servant, too, had turned the kitchen topsy-turvy in his zeal to cook his master a beefsteak; and made his appearance loaded with ketchup, and soy, and cayenne pepper, and Harvey sauce, and a bottle of port wine, from that

warehouse, the carriage, in which his master seemed desirous of carrying England about the world with him. Indeed, the repast was one of those Italian farragoes which require a little qualifying. The tureen of soup was a black sea, with livers, and limbs, and fragments 5 of all kinds of birds and beasts floating like wrecks about it. A meagre-winged animal, which mine host called a delicate chicken, had evidently died of a consumption. The macaroni was smoked. The beefsteak was tough buffalo's flesh. There was what appeared to be a dish 10 of stewed eels, of which the Englishman ate with great relish; but had nearly refunded them when told that they were vipers, caught among the rocks of Terracina, and esteemed a great delicacy.

Nothing, however, conquers a traveller's spleen sooner 15 than eating, whatever may be the cookery; and nothing brings him into good-humor with his company sooner than eating together; the Englishman, therefore, had not half finished his repast and his bottle before he began to think the Venetian a very tolerable fellow for a for- 20 eigner, and his wife almost handsome enough to be an Englishwoman.

In the course of the repast the usual topics of travellers were discussed, and among others the reports of robbers which harassed the mind of the fair Venetian. The land- 25 lord and waiter dipped into the conversation with that familiarity permitted on the Continent, and served up so many bloody tales as they served up the dishes, that they almost frightened away the poor lady's appetite. The Englishman, who had a national antipathy to every 30 thing technically called "humbug," listened to them all with a certain screw of the mouth, expressive of incredulity. There was the well-known story of the school

of Terracina, captured by the robbers; and one of the scholars cruelly massacred in order to bring the parents to terms for the ransom of the rest. And another of a gentleman of Rome, who received his son's ear in a letter, 5 with information that his son would be remitted to him in this way, by instalments, until he paid the required ransom.

The fair Venetian shuddered as she heard these tales, and the landlord, like a true narrator of the terrible, 10 doubled the dose when he saw how it operated. He was just proceeding to relate the misfortunes of a great English lord and his family, when the Englishman, tired of his volubility, interrupted him, and pronounced these accounts to be mere travellers' tales, or the exaggerations 15 of ignorant peasants and designing innkeepers. The landlord was indignant at the doubt levelled at his stories, and the innuendo^o levelled at his cloth^o; he cited, in corroboration, half a dozen tales still more terrible.

"I don't believe a word of them," said the Englishman. 20 "But the robbers have been tried and executed!"

"All a farce!"

"But their heads are stuck up along the road!"

"Old skulls accumulated during a century."

The landlord muttered to himself as he went out at 25 the door: "*San Gennaro! quanto sono singolari questi Inglesi!*"

A fresh hubbub outside of the inn announced the arrival of more travellers; and, from the variety of voices, or rather of clamors, the clattering of hoofs, the 30 rattling of wheels, and the general uproar both within and without, the arrival seemed to be numerous.

It was, in fact, the *procaccio*^o and its convoy — a kind of caravan which sets out on certain days for the trans-

portation of merchandise, with an escort of soldiery to protect it from the robbers. Travellers avail themselves of its protection, and a long file of carriages generally accompany it.

A considerable time elapsed before either landlord or waiter returned, being hurried hither and thither by that tempest of noise and bustle which takes place in an Italian inn on the arrival of any considerable accession of custom. When mine host reappeared there was a smile of triumph on his countenance. 10

“Perhaps,” said he, as he cleared the table, “perhaps the signor has not heard of what has happened?”

“What?” said the Englishman, dryly.

“Why, the procaccio has brought accounts of fresh exploits of the robbers.” 15

“Pish!”

“There’s more news of the English Milor and his family,” said the host, exultingly.

“An English lord? What English lord?”

“Milor Popkin.” 20

“Lord Popkins? I never heard of such a title!”

“O sicuro! a great nobleman, who passed through here lately with mi ladi and her daughters. A magnifico, one of the grand counsellors of London, an almanno!”

“Almanno — almanno? — tut — he means alderman.” 25

“Sicuro — Aldermanno Popkin, and the Principessa Popkin, and the Signorine Popkin!” said mine host, triumphantly.

He now put himself into an attitude, and would have launched into a full detail, had he not been thwarted by the Englishman, who seemed determined neither to credit nor indulge him in his stories, but dryly motioned for him to clear away the table.

An Italian tongue, however, is not easily checked; that of mine host continued to wag with increasing volubility, as he conveyed the relics of the repast out of the room; and the last that could be distinguished of his voice, as it died away along the corridor, was the iteration of the favorite word, Popkin — Popkin — Popkin — pop — pop — pop.

The arrival of the procaccio had, indeed, filled the house with stories, as it had with guests. The Englishman and his companions walked after supper up and down the large hall, or common room of the inn, which ran through the centre of the building. It was spacious and somewhat dirty, with tables placed in various parts, at which groups of travellers were seated; while others strolled about, waiting, in famished impatience, for their evening's meal.

It was a heterogeneous assemblage of people of all ranks and countries, who had arrived in all kinds of vehicles. Though distinct knots of travellers, yet the travelling together, under one common escort, had jumbled them into a certain degree of companionship on the road; besides, on the Continent travellers are always familiar, and nothing is more motley than the groups which gather casually together in sociable conversation in the public rooms of inns.

The formidable numbers, and formidable guard of the procaccio had prevented any molestation from banditti; but every party of travellers had its tale of wonder, and one carriage vied with another in its budget of assertions and surmises. Fierce, whiskered faces had been seen peering over the rocks; carbines and stiletos gleaming from among the bushes; suspicious-looking fellows, with flapped hats and scowling eyes, had occasionally recon-

noitred a straggling carriage, but had disappeared on seeing the guard.

The fair Venetian listened to all these stories with that avidity with which we always pamper any feeling of alarm; even the Englishman began to feel interested 5 in the common topic, desirous of getting more correct information than mere flying reports. Conquering, therefore, that shyness which is prone to keep an Englishman solitary in crowds, he approached one of the talking groups, the oracle of which was a tall, thin Italian, with 10 long aquiline^o nose, a high forehead, and lively prominent eye, beaming from under a green velvet travelling-cap, with gold tassel. He was of Rome, a surgeon by profession, a poet by choice, and something of an improvisatore.^o

In the present instance, however, he was talking in 15 plain prose, but holding forth with the fluency of one who talks well, and likes to exert his talent. A question or two from the Englishman drew copious replies, for an Englishman sociable among strangers is regarded as a phenomenon on the Continent, and always treated with 20 attention for the rarity's sake. The improvisatore gave much the same account of the banditti that I have already furnished.

“But why does not the police exert itself, and root them out?” demanded the Englishman. 25

“Because the police is too weak, and the banditti are too strong,” replied the other. “To root them out would be a more difficult task than you imagine. They are connected and almost identified with the mountain peasantry and the people of the villages. The numerous 30 bands have an understanding with each other, and with the country round. A gendarme cannot stir without their being aware of it. They have their scouts every-

where, who lurk about towns, villages, and inns, mingle in every crowd, and pervade every place of resort. I should not be surprised if some one should be supervising us at this moment.” °

5 The fair Venetian looked round fearfully, and turned pale.

Here the improvisatore was interrupted by a lively Neapolitan lawyer.

“By the way,” said he, “I recollect a little adventure of a learned doctor, a friend of mine, which happened 10 in this very neighborhood, not far from the ruins of Theodric’s Castle, which are on the top of those great rocky heights above the town.”

A wish was, of course, expressed to hear the adventure of the doctor, by all excepting the improvisatore, who, 15 being fond of talking and of hearing himself talk, and accustomed, moreover, to harangue without interruption, looked rather annoyed at being checked when in full career. ° The Neapolitan, however, took no notice of his chagrin, but related the following anecdote.

ADVENTURE OF THE LITTLE ANTIQUARY

My friend, the Doctor, was a thorough antiquary^o; a little rusty, musty old fellow, always groping among ruins. He relished a building as you Englishmen relish a cheese, — the more mouldy and crumbling it was, the more it suited his taste. A shell of an old nameless 5 temple, or the cracked walls of a broken-down amphitheatre, would throw him into raptures; and he took more delight in these crusts and cheese-parings of antiquity than in the best-conditioned modern palaces.

He was a curious collector of coins also, and had just 10 gained an accession of wealth that almost turned his brain. He had picked up, for instance, several Roman Consulars,^o half a Roman As,^o two Punic,^o which had doubtless belonged to the soldiers of Hannibal,^o having been found on the very spot where they had encamped 15 among the Apennines. He had, moreover, one Samnite,^o struck after the Social War, and a Philistis,^o a queen that never existed; but above all, he valued himself upon a coin, indescribable to any but the initiated in these matters, bearing a cross on one side and a pegasus 20 on the other, and which, by some antiquarian logic, the little man adduced as an historical document, illustrating the progress of Christianity.

All these precious coins he carried about him in a leathern purse, buried deep in a pocket of his little black 25 breeches.

The last maggot he had taken into his brain was to hunt after the ancient cities of the Pelasgi,^o which are said to exist to this day among the mountains of the Abruzzi,^o but about which a singular degree of obscurity prevails.¹ He had made many discoveries concerning

¹ Among the many fond speculations of antiquaries is that of the existence of traces of the ancient Pelasgian cities in the Apennines; and many a wistful eye is cast by the traveller, versed in antiquarian lore, at the richly wooded mountains of the Abruzzi, as a forbidden fairyland of research. These spots, so beautiful, yet so inaccessible, from the rudeness of their inhabitants and the hordes of banditti which infest them, are a region of fable to the learned. Sometimes a wealthy virtuoso, whose purse and whose consequence could command a military escort, has penetrated to some individual point among the mountains; and sometimes a wandering artist or student, under protection of poverty or insignificance, has brought away some vague account, only calculated to give a keener edge to curiosity and conjecture.

By those who maintain the existence of the Pelasgian cities, it is affirmed that the formation of the different kingdoms in the Peloponnesus^o gradually caused the expulsion thence of the Pelasgi; but that their great migration may be dated from the finishing the wall around the Acropolis,^o and that at this period they came to Italy. To these, in the spirit of theory, they would ascribe the introduction of the elegant arts into the country. It is evident, however, that, as barbarians flying before the first dawn of civilization, they could bring little with them superior to the inventions of the aborigines, and nothing that would have survived to the antiquarian through such a lapse of ages. It would appear more probable that these cities, improperly termed Pelasgian, were coeval with many that have been discovered. The romantic Aricia,^o built by Hippolytus before the siege of Troy,^o and the poetic Tibur,^o Æsculate, and Proenes, built by Telegonus^o after the dispersion of the Greeks; — these, lying contiguous to inhabited and cultivated spots, have been discovered. There are others, too, on the ruins of which the later and more civilized Grecian colonists have ingrafted themselves, and which have become known by their merits or their medals. But that there are many still undiscovered, imbedded in the Abruzzi, it is the delight of the antiquarians to fancy. Strange that such a virgin soil for research, such an unknown realm of knowledge, should at this day remain in the very centre of hacked Italy!

them, and had recorded a great many valuable notes and memorandums on the subject, in a voluminous book, which he always carried about with him, either for the purpose of frequent reference or through fear lest the precious document should fall into the hands of brother 5 antiquaries. He had, therefore, a large pocket in the skirt of his coat, where he bore about this inestimable tome,° banging against his rear as he walked.

Thus heavily laden with the spoils of antiquity,° the good little man, during a sojourn at Terracina, mounted 10 one day the rocky cliffs which overhang the town, to visit the castle of Theodric. He was groping about the ruins towards the hour of sunset, buried in his reflections, his wits no doubt wool-gathering among the Goths and Romans, when he heard footsteps behind him. 15

He turned, and beheld five or six young fellows, of rough, saucy demeanor, clad in a singular manner, half peasant, half huntsman, with carbines in their hands. Their whole appearance and carriage left him no doubt into what company he had fallen. 20

The Doctor was a feeble little man, poor in look, and poorer in purse. He had but little gold or silver to be robbed of; but then he had his curious ancient coin in his breeches-pocket. He had, moreover, certain other valuables, such as an old silver watch, thick as a turnip, 25 with figures on it large enough for a clock; and a set of seals at the end of a steel chain, dangling half-way down to his knees. All these were of precious esteem, being family relics. He had also a seal-ring, a veritable antique intaglio,° that covered half his knuckle. It was a Venus, 30 which the old man almost worshipped with the zeal of a voluptuary. But what he most valued was his inestimable collection of hints relative to the Pelasgian cities,

which he would gladly have given all the money in his pocket to have had safe at the bottom of his trunk in Terracina.

However, he plucked up a stout heart, at least as stout
5 a heart as he could, seeing that he was but a puny little man at the best of times. So he wished the hunters a "*buon giorno.*"^o They returned his salutation, giving the old gentleman a sociable slap on the back that made his heart leap into his throat.

10 They fell into conversation, and walked for some time together among the heights, the Doctor wishing them all the while at the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius. At length they came to a small osteria^o on the mountain, where they proposed to enter and have a cup of wine
15 together; the Doctor consented, though he would as soon have been invited to drink hemlock.^o

One of the gang remained sentinel at the door; the others swaggered into the house, stood their guns in the corner of the room, and each drawing a pistol or stiletto
20 out of his belt, laid it upon the table. They now drew benches round the board, called lustily for wine, and hailing the Doctor as though he had been a boon companion of long standing, insisted upon his sitting down and making merry.

25 The worthy man complied with forced grimace, but with fear and trembling; sitting uneasily on the edge of his chair; eying ruefully the black-muzzled pistols, and cold, naked stilettos; and supping down heartburn with every drop of liquor. His new comrades, however, pushed
30 the bottle bravely, and plied him vigorously. They sang, they laughed; told excellent stories of their robberies and combat, mingled with many ruffian jokes; and the little Doctor was fain to laugh at all their cut-

throat pleasantries, though his heart was dying away at the very bottom of his bosom.

By their own account, they were young men from the villages, who had recently taken up this line of life out of the wild caprice of youth. They talked of their murderous exploits as a sportsman talks of his amusements: to shoot down a traveller seemed of little more consequence to them than to shoot a hare. They spoke with rapture of the glorious roving life they led, free as birds; here to-day, gone to-morrow; ranging the forests, climbing the rocks, scouring the valleys; the world their own wherever they could lay hold of it; full purses — merry companions — pretty women. The little antiquary got fuddled with their talk and their wine, for they did not spare bumpers. He half forgot his fears, his seal-ring, and his family watch^o; even the treatise on the Pelasgian cities, which was warming under him, for a time faded from his memory in the glowing picture that they drew. He declares that he no longer wonders at the prevalence of this robber mania among the mountains; for he felt at the time, that, had he been a young man, and a strong man, and had there been no danger of the galleys^o in the background, he should have been half tempted himself to turn bandit.

At length the hour of separating arrived. The Doctor was suddenly called to himself and his fears by seeing the robbers resume their weapons. He now quaked for his valuables, and, above all, for his antiquarian treatise.^o He endeavored, however, to look cool and unconcerned; and drew from out his deep pocket, a long, lank, leathern purse, far gone in consumption, at the bottom of which a few coin chinked with the trembling of his hand.

The chief of the party observed his movement, and laying his hand upon the antiquary's shoulder, "Harkee!

Signor Dottore!" said he, "we have drunk together as friends and comrades; let us part as such. We understand you. We know who and what you are, for we know who everybody is that sleeps at Terracina, or that
5 puts foot upon the road. You are a rich man, but you carry all your wealth in your head; we cannot get at it, and we should not know what to do with it if we could. I see you are uneasy about your ring; but don't worry yourself, it is not worth taking; you think it an antique,
10 but it's a counterfeit — a mere sham."

Here the ire of the antiquary rose: the Doctor forgot himself in his zeal for the character of his ring. Heaven and earth! his Venus a sham! Had they pronounced the wife of his bosom "no better than she should be,"
15 he could not have been more indignant. He fired up in vindication of his intaglio.

"Nay, nay," continued the robber, "we have no time to dispute about it; value it as you please. Come, you're a brave little old signor — one more cup of wine, and
20 we'll pay the reckoning. No compliments — you shall not pay a grain — you are our guest — I insist upon it. So — now make the best of your way back to Terracina; it's growing late. *Buono viaggio!*° And harkee! take care how you wander among these mountains, — you may
25 not always fall into such good company."

They shouldered their guns, sprang gayly up the rocks, and the little Doctor hobbled back to Terracina, rejoicing that the robbers had left his watch, his coins, and his treatise unmolested; but still indignant that they should
30 have pronounced his Venus an impostor.

The improvisatore had shown many symptoms of impatience during this recital. He saw his theme in dan-

ger of being taken out of his hands, which to an able talker is always a grievance, but to an improvisatore is an absolute calamity; and then for it to be taken away by a Neapolitan was still more vexatious, — the inhabitants of the different Italian states having an implacable 5 jealousy of each other in all things, great and small. He took advantage of the first pause of the Neapolitan to catch hold again of the thread of the conversation.

“As I observed before,” said he, “the prowlings of the banditti are so extensive; they are so much in league 10 with one another, and so interwoven with various ranks of society ——”

“For that matter,” said the Neapolitan, “I have heard that your government has had some understanding with those gentry; or, at least, has winked at their 15 misdeeds.”

“My government?” said the Roman, impatiently.

“Ay, they say that Cardinal Gonsalvi^o ——”

“Hush!” said the Roman, holding up his finger, and rolling his large eyes about the room. 20

“Nay, I only repeat what I heard commonly rumored in Rome,” replied the Neapolitan, sturdily. “It was openly said that the Cardinal had been up to the mountains, and had an interview with some of the chiefs. And I have been told, moreover, that, while honest people 25 have been kicking their heels in the Cardinal’s antechamber, waiting by the hour for admittance, one of those stiletto-looking fellows has elbowed his way through the crowd, and entered without ceremony into the Cardinal’s presence.” 30

“I know,” observed the improvisatore, “that there have been such reports, and it is not impossible that government may have made use of these men at particu-

lar periods: such as at the time of your late abortive revolution, when your carbonari^o were so busy with their machinations all over the country. The information which such men could collect, who were familiar, not
5 merely with the recesses and secret places of the mountains, but also with the dark and dangerous recesses of society; who knew every suspicious character, and all his movements and all his lurkings; in a word, who knew all that was plotting in a world of mischief;— the
10 utility of such men as instruments in the hands of government was too obvious to be overlooked; and Cardinal Gonsalvi, as a politic statesman, may, perhaps, have made use of them. Besides, he knew that, with all their atrocities, the robbers were always respectful towards the
15 Church, and devout in their religion.”

“Religion! religion!” echoed the Englishman.

“Yes, religion,” repeated the Roman. “They have each their patron saint. They will cross themselves and say their prayers, whenever, in their mountain haunts,
20 they hear the matin or the Ave-Maria bells sounding from the valleys; and will often descend from their retreats, and run imminent risks to visit some favorite shrine. I recollect an instance in point.

“I was one evening in the village of Frascati,^o which
25 stands on the beautiful brow of a hill rising from the Campagna,^o just below the Abruzzi Mountains. The people, as is usual in fine evenings in our Italian towns and villages, were recreating themselves in the open air, and chatting in groups in the public square. While I
30 was conversing with a knot of friends, I noticed a tall fellow, wrapped in a great mantle, passing across the square, but skulking along in the dusk, as if anxious to avoid observation. The people drew back as he passed.

It was whispered to me that he was a notorious bandit."

"But why was he not immediately seized?" said the Englishman.

"Because it was nobody's business; because nobody 5 wished to incur the vengeance of his comrades; because there were not sufficient gendarmes near to insure security against the number of desperadoes he might have at hand; because the gendarmes might not have received particular instructions with respect to him, and might not 10 feel disposed to engage in a hazardous conflict without compulsion. In short, I might give you a thousand reasons rising out of the state of our government and manners, not one of which after all might appear satisfactory." 15

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders with an air of contempt.

"I have been told," added the Roman, rather quickly, "that even in your metropolis of London, notorious 20 thieves, well known to the police as such, walk the streets at noonday in search of their prey, and are not molested unless caught in the very act of robbery."

The Englishman gave another shrug, but with a different expression.

"Well, sir, I fixed my eye on this daring wolf, thus 25 prowling through the fold, and saw him enter a church. I was curious to witness his devotion. You know our spacious, magnificent churches. The one in which he entered was vast, and shrouded in the dusk of evening. At the extremity of the long aisles a couple of tapers 30 feebly glimmered on the grand altar. In one of the side chapels was a votive candle placed before the image of a saint. Before this image the robber had prostrated

himself. His mantle partly falling off from his shoulders as he knelt, revealed a form of Herculean^o strength; a stiletto and pistol glittered in his belt; and the light falling on his countenance, showed features not unhand-
5 some, but strongly and fiercely characterized. As he prayed, he became vehemently agitated; his lips quivered; sighs and murmurs, almost groans, burst from him; he beat his breast with violence; then clasped his hands and wrung them convulsively, as he extended them
10 towards the image. Never had I seen such a terrific picture of remorse. I felt fearful of being discovered watching him, and withdrew. Shortly afterwards I saw him issue from the church wrapped in his mantle. He recrossed the square, and no doubt returned to the
15 mountains with a disburdened conscience, ready to incur a fresh arrear of crime."

Here the Neapolitan was about to get hold of the conversation, and had just precluded with the ominous remark, "That puts me in mind of a circumstance,"
20 when the improvisatore, too adroit to suffer himself to be again superseded, went on, pretending not to hear the interruption.^o

"Among the many circumstances connected with the banditti, which serve to render the traveller uneasy and
25 insecure, is the understanding which they sometimes have with innkeepers. Many an isolated inn among the lonely parts of the Roman territories, and especially about the mountains, are of a dangerous and perfidious character. They are places where the banditti gather
30 information, and where the unwary traveller, remote from hearing or assistance, is betrayed to the midnight dagger. The robberies committed at such inns are often accompanied by the most atrocious murders; for it is

only by the complete extermination of their victims that the assassins can escape detection. I recollect an adventure," added he, "which occurred at one of these solitary mountain inns, which, as you all seem in a mood for robber anecdotes, may not be uninteresting." 5

Having secured the attention and awakened the curiosity of the by-standers, he paused for a moment, rolled up his large eyes as improvisatori are apt to do when they would recollect an impromptu,^o and then related with great dramatic effect the following story, which had, 10 doubtless, been well prepared and digested beforehand.

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS

It was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Apennines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched
5 on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain foliage. The carriage was of ancient and ponderous construction. Its faded embellishments spoke of former splendor, but its crazy springs and axle-trees creaked^o
10 out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentleman, in a kind of military travelling-dress, and a foraging-cap^o trimmed with fur, though the gray locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale, beauti-
15 ful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty-looking fellow, with a scar across his face, an orange-tawny *schnurbart*, or pair of moustaches, bristling from under his nose, and altogether the air of
20 an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish nobleman; a wreck of one of those princely families once of almost oriental magnificence, but broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The count, like many other
25 generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of

patriotism, and was, in a manner, an exile from his country. He had resided for some time in the first cities of Italy, for the education of his daughter, in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplish-
5 ments gained her many admirers; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is more than probable many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health became delicate and drooping; her gayety fled with the roses of her
10 cheek, and she sank into silence and debility. The old count saw the change with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he; and in a few days the old family-carriage was rumbling among the Apennines.

15 Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes: had fought by his side; had stood over him when fallen in battle; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which
20 added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum.° The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress. She had grown up under his eye, he had led her by the hand when she was a child, and
25 he now looked upon her with the fondness of a parent. Nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity at seeing her gazed at and admired.

30 The evening was thickening; they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edges of a tumbling stream. The scenery was

lonely and savage. The rocks often beetled over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brinks, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two and three leagues yet to go before they could reach
5 any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tippling old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place, with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent
10 entreaties of the count and maledictions of Caspar.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses along the mountains, shrouding their summits from view. The air was damp and chilly. The count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He
15 leaned from the carriage, and called to old Pietro in an angry tone.

"Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn."

"Yonder it is, Signor," said the muleteer.

20 "Where?" demanded the count.

"Yonder," said Pietro, pointing to a desolate pile about a quarter of a league distant.

"That the place? — why, it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night
25 at a comfortable village."

Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous exclamations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! and such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn, and
30 leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his Excellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castella — a palazza — and such people! — and such a larder!

— and such beds! — His Excellenza might fare as sumptuously, and sleep as soundly there as a prince!”

The count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air; so in a little while the old carriage rattled and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palace; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style; with a great quantity of waste room. It had ¹⁰ in fact been, in former times, a hunting-seat of one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and out-buildings to have accommodated a little army. A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves ¹⁵ on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt, and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping, into the gateway. 20

The hostess of the inn waited, herself, on the count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across ²⁵ them. Every thing, however, had a wretched, squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and blackened out of all distinction.

They chose two bedrooms, one within another; the ³⁰ inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and misshapen; but on examining the beds so vaunted by old Pietro, they found them stuffed with fibres of

hemp knotted in great lumps. The count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no choice left.

The chilliness of the apartments crept to their bones; and they were glad to return to a common chamber or
5 kind of hall, where was a fire burning in a huge cavern, miscalled a chimney. A quantity of green wood, just thrown on, puffed out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was paved and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the
10 centre, immovable from its size and weight. The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a slattern^o of course; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great
15 value on her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty, yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion.
20 She was officious and obsequious in her attentions, and both the count and his daughter felt relieved, when she consigned them to the care of the dark, sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

25 Caspar was indignant at the muleteer for having, either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters; and vowed by his moustaches to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept
30 up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expression with which she regarded the travellers, from under her strong dark eyebrows.

As to the count, he was a good-humored, passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which make prosperous men miserable. He drew a large broken armchair to the fireside for his daughter, 5 and another for himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs, endeavored to rearrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look 10 upon his delicate daughter, then upon the cheerless, squalid apartment, and, shrugging his shoulders, would give a fresh stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance; the good count 15 for some time bore the smoke in silence rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier firewood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of fagots, her foot slipped; she fell, and strik- 20 ing her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely.

The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the count's daughter administering to her wound, and binding it up 25 with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as any woman of ordinary feeling would have yielded, but perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, unused to 30 be administered to by such hands. Certain it is, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise,° and pressed it fervently to her lips.

“May San Francesco watch over you, Signora!” exclaimed she.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn; it was a Spanish princess with a numerous retinue. The courtyard was in an uproar, the house in a bustle. The landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests, and the poor count and his daughter, and their supper, were for a moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear, but
10 it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window just as the new-comers had alighted. A
15 young cavalier sprang out of the carriage and handed out the princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment and sparkling black eyes; she was richly and gayly dressed, and walked with the assistance of a golden-headed cane as high as herself.
20 The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The count's daughter shrank back at the sight of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it
25 was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the princess and the crazy rheumatic-looking old vehicle of her father, which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair, — a slight shivering passed over
30 her delicate frame; she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair, rested her pale cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire.

The count thought she appeared paler than usual.

“Does any thing ail thee, my child?” said he.

“Nothing, dear father!” replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned away her head. 5

“The air of the window has chilled thee,” said the count, fondly, “but a good night’s rest will make all well again.”

The supper-table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her 10 usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the newcomers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it. She had scarcely made the apology when the princess entered, leaning on the arm of the elegant young man. 15

The count immediately recognized her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society, both at Rome and Naples, and at whose conversazione,^o in fact, he had been constantly invited. The cavalier, too, was her 20 nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles, both for his merits and prospects, and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself at the villa of a nobleman near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both the count and the 25 princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme; the princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and liked to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter, and began 30 something of a complimentary observation, but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur; while the daughter bowed without

looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sank again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance.

5 This singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sup together; and as the princess travelled with her own cook, a very tolerable supper soon
10 smoked upon the board. This, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liquors, and delicious confitures^o brought from one of her carriages, for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of
15 who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto^o to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes^o by a rich offering at the holy shrine. She was, to be sure, rather a luxurious penitent, and a contrast to the primitive pilgrims,
20 with scrip and staff and cockle-shell^o; but then it would be unreasonable to expect such self-denial from people of fashion, and there was not a doubt of the ample efficacy of the rich crucifixes, and golden vessels, and jewelled ornaments, which she was bearing to the treasury of the
25 blessed Virgin.

The princess and the count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves; the young people were silent
30 and constrained. The daughter ate nothing in spite of the politeness of the princess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The count shook his head.

“She is not well this evening,” said he. “I thought she would have fainted just now as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival.”

A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the daughter; but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over they drew their chairs about the great fireplace. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the count's carriage, leaned against the wall; the princess perceived it. “Can we not have a little music before parting for the night?” demanded she.

The count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar, presented it, though in an embarrassed manner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so; indeed, she was so nervous and agitated that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and, after preluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, but chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice, and the delicacy of the touch, were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little princess nodded her head and tapped her hand to the music, though exceedingly out of time; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall.

“And now,” said the count, patting her cheek fondly,

“one more favor. Let the princess hear that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can’t think,” added he, “what a proficiency she has made in your language; though she has been a sad girl, and neglected
5 it of late.”

The color flushed the pale cheek of the daughter. She hesitated, murmured something; but with sudden effort collected herself, struck the guitar boldly, and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and
10 melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous, melting tones of her voice went to the heart; but her articulation failed, her lips quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears.

The count folded her tenderly in his arms. “Thou
15 art not well, my child,” said he, “and I am tasking thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee!” She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room.

The count shook his head as the door closed. “Some-
20 thing is the matter with that child,” said he, “which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father’s foolishness,” continued he, “but I have seen much trouble in my family; and
25 this poor girl is all that is now left to me; and she used to be so lively ——”

“Maybe she’s in love!” said the little princess, with a shrewd nod of the head.

“Impossible!” replied the good count, artlessly.
30 “She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me.”

How little did the worthy gentleman dream of the thousand cares, and griefs, and mighty love concerns

which agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid girl scarcely breathes unto herself.

The nephew of the princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, the feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, broke forth with violence. She opened the casement that the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled with her emotions; though her gentle nature did not seem calculated to harbor any such angry inmate.

“He saw me weep!” said she, with a sudden mantling of the cheek, and a swelling of the throat, — “but no matter! — no matter!”

And so saying, she threw her white arms across the window-frame, buried her face in them, and abandoned herself to an agony of tears. She remained lost in a revery, until the sound of her father’s and Casper’s voices in the adjoining room gave token that the party had retired for the night. The lights gleaming from window to window showed that they were conducting the princess to her apartments, which were in the opposite wing of the inn; and she distinctly saw the figure of the nephew as he passed one of the casements.

She heaved a deep, hard-drawn sigh, and was about to close the lattice, when her attention was caught by words spoken below her window by two persons who had just turned an angle of the building.

“But what will become of the poor young lady?” said a voice, which she recognized for that of the servant-woman.

“Pooh! she must take her chance,” was the reply from old Pietro.

“But cannot she be spared?” asked the other, entreatingly; “she’s so kind-hearted!”

“Cospetto! what has got into thee?” replied the other, petulantly; “would you mar the whole business for the sake of a silly girl?” By this time they had got so far from the window that the Polonaise could hear nothing further. There was something in this fragment of conversation calculated to alarm. Did it relate to herself? — and if so, what was this impending danger from which it was entreated that she might be spared? She was several times on the point of tapping at her father’s door, to tell him what she had heard, but she might have been mistaken; she might have heard indistinctly; the conversation might have alluded to some one else; at any rate, it was too indefinite to lead to any conclusion. While in this state of irresolution, she was startled by a low knock against the wainscot^o in a remote part of her gloomy chamber. On holding up the light, she beheld a small door there, which she had not before remarked. It was bolted on the inside. She advanced, and demanded who knocked, and was answered in the voice of the female domestic.^o On opening the door, the woman stood before it pale and agitated. She entered softly, laying her finger on her lips in sign of caution and secrecy.

“Fly!” said she: “leave this house instantly, or you are lost!”

The young lady, trembling with alarm, demanded an explanation.

“I have no time,” replied the woman, “I dare not — I shall be missed if I linger here — but fly instantly, or you are lost.”

“And leave my father?”

“Where is he?”

“In the adjoining chamber.”

“Call him, then, but lose no time.”

The young lady knocked at her father's door. He was not yet retired to bed. She hurried into his room, and told him of the fearful warnings she had received. The count returned with her into the chamber, followed by Caspar. His questions soon drew the truth out of the embarrassed answers of the woman. The inn was beset by robbers. They were to be introduced after midnight, when the attendants of the princess and the rest of the travellers were sleeping, and would be an easy prey.

“But we can barricade the inn, we can defend ourselves,” said the count.

“What! when the people of the inn are in league with the banditti?”

“How then are we to escape? Can we not order out the carriage and depart?”

“San Francesco! for what? to give the alarm that the plot is discovered? That would make the robbers desperate, and bring them on you at once. They have had notice of the rich booty in the inn, and will not easily let it escape them.”

“But how else are we to get off?”

“There is a horse behind the inn,” said the woman, “from which the man has just dismounted who has been to summon the aid of part of the band at a distance.”

“One horse; and there are three of us!” said the count.

“And the Spanish princess!” cried the daughter, anxiously. “How can she be extricated from the danger?”

“Diavolo! what is she to me?” said the woman, in

sudden passion. "It is *you* I come to save, and you will betray me, and we shall all be lost! Hark!" continued she, "I am called — I shall be discovered — one word more. This door leads by a staircase to the courtyard. Under the shed, in the rear of the yard, is a small door leading out to the fields. You will find a horse there; mount it; make a circuit under the shadow of a ridge of rocks that you will see; proceed cautiously and quietly until you cross a brook, and find yourself on the road just where there are three white crosses nailed against a tree; then put your horse to his speed, and make the best of your way to the village — but recollect, my life is in your hands — say nothing of what you have heard or seen, whatever may happen at this inn."

The woman hurried away. A short and agitated consultation took place between the count, his daughter, and the veteran Caspar. The young lady seemed to have lost all apprehension for herself in her solicitude for the safety of the princess. "To fly in selfish silence, and leave her to be massacred!" — A shuddering seized her at the very thought. The gallantry of the count, too, revolted at the idea. He could not consent to turn his back upon a party of helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them.

"But what is to become of the young lady," said Caspar, "if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown in a tumult? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affray?"

Here the feelings of the father were aroused; he looked upon his lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians.

The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself. "The princess! the princess! — only let the princess

know her danger." She was willing to share it with her.

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faithful old servant. No time was to be lost — the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. "Mount the horse," said he to the count, "take her behind you, and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid."

The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the princess —

"For what!" said old Caspar, bluntly. "You could do no good — you would be in the way; — we should have to take care of you instead of ourselves."

There was no answering these objections; the count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation — "There is a young cavalier with the princess — her nephew — perhaps he may —"

"I understand you, Mademoiselle," replied old Caspar, with a significant nod; "not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it."

The young lady blushed deeper than ever; she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant.

"That is not what I mean," said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation, but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the courtyard to the

small postern gate where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction which the woman had pointed out. Many
5 a fearful and anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile; the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusky casements were one by one disappearing, a sign that the inmates were gradually
10 sinking to repose; and she trembled with impatience, lest succor should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted.

They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place
15 where three white crosses nailed against a tree told of some murder that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy defile among the rocks.

20 "Who goes there?" exclaimed a voice. The count put spurs to his horse, but one of the men sprang forward and seized the bridle. The horse started back, and reared; and had not the young lady clung to her father, she would have been thrown off. The count
25 leaned forward, put a pistol to the very head of the ruffian, and fired. The latter fell dead. The horse sprang forward. Two or three shots were fired, which whistled by the fugitives, but only served to augment their speed. They reached the village in safety.

30 The whole place was soon roused; but such was the awe in which the banditti were held, that the inhabitants shrunk at the idea of encountering them. A desperate band had for some time infested that pass through the

mountains, and the inn had long been suspected of being one of those horrible places where the unsuspecting wayfarer is entrapped and silently disposed of. The rich ornaments worn by the slattern hostess of the inn had excited heavy suspicions. Several instances had occurred 5 of small parties of travellers disappearing mysteriously on that road, who, it was supposed at first, had been carried off by the robbers for the purpose of ransom, but who had never been heard of more. Such were the tales buzzed° in the ears of the count by the villagers, 10 as he endeavored to rouse them to the rescue of the princess and her train from their perilous situation. The daughter seconded the exertions of her father with all the eloquence of prayers, and tears, and beauty. Every moment that elapsed increased her anxiety, until it be- 15 came agonizing. Fortunately there was a body of gendarmes resting at the village. A number of the young villagers volunteered to accompany them, and the little army was put in motion. The count having deposited his daughter in a place of safety, was too much of the 20 old soldier not to hasten to the scene of danger. It would be difficult to paint the anxious agitation of the young lady while awaiting the result.

The party arrived at the inn just in time. The robbers, finding their plans discovered, and the travellers 25 prepared for their reception, had become open and furious in their attack. The princess's party had barricaded themselves in one suite of apartments, and repulsed the robbers from the doors and windows. Caspar had shown the generalship° of a veteran, and the nephew of the 30 princess the dashing valor of a young soldier. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted, and they would have found it difficult to hold out much longer,

when a discharge from the musketry of the gendarmes gave them the joyful tidings of succor.

A fierce fight ensued, for part of the robbers were surprised in the inn, and had to stand siege in their turn; while their comrades made desperate attempts to relieve them from under cover of the neighboring rocks and thickets.

I cannot pretend to give a minute account of the fight, as I have heard it related in a variety of ways. Suffice it to say, the robbers were defeated, several of them killed, and several taken prisoners, which last, together with the people of the inn, were either executed or sent to the galleys.

I picked up these particulars in the course of a journey which I made some time after the event had taken place. I passed by the very inn. It was then dismantled, excepting one wing, in which a body of gendarmes was stationed. They pointed out to me the shot-holes in the window-frames, the walls, and the panels of the doors. There were a number of withered limbs dangling from the branches of a neighboring tree, and blackening in the air, which I was told were the limbs of the robbers who had been slain, and the culprits who had been executed. The whole place had a dismal, wild, forlorn look. "Were any of the princess's party killed?" inquired the Englishman.

"As far as I can recollect, there were two or three."

"Not the nephew, I trust?" said the fair Venetian.

"Oh no; he hastened with the count to relieve the anxiety of the daughter by the assurances of victory. The young lady had been sustained through the interval of suspense by the very intensity of her feelings. The moment she saw her father returning in safety, accom-

panied by the nephew of the princess, she uttered a cry of rapture, and fainted. Happily, however, she soon recovered, and what is more, was married shortly afterwards to the young cavalier; and the whole party accompanied the old princess in her pilgrimage to Loretto, where 5 her votive^o offerings may still be seen in the treasury of the Santa Casa.”^o

It would be tedious to follow the devious course of the conversation as it wound through a maze of stories of the kind, until it was taken up by two other travellers 10 who had come under convoy of the procaccio: Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Dobbs, a linen-draper and a green-grocer, just returning from a hasty tour in Greece and the Holy Land. They were full of the story of Alderman Popkins. They were astonished that the robbers should dare to 15 molest a man of his importance^o on 'Change, he being an eminent dry-salter of Throgmorton Street, and a magistrate to boot.

In fact, the story of the Popkins family was but too true. It was attested by too many present to be for a 20 moment doubted; and from the contradictory and concordant testimony of half a score, all eager to relate it, and all talking at the same time, the Englishman was enabled to gather the following particulars.

ADVENTURE OF THE POPKINS FAMILY

It was but a few days before, that the carriage of Alderman Popkins had driven up to the inn of Terracina. Those who have seen an English family-carriage on the Continent must have remarked the sensation it produces. 5 It is an epitome of England; a little morsel of the old island rolling about the world. Every thing about it compact, snug, finished, and fitting. The wheels turning on patent axles without rattling; the body, hanging so well on its springs, yielding to every motion, yet protecting from 10 every shock; the ruddy faces gaping from the windows, — sometimes of a portly old citizen, sometimes of a voluminous dowager, and sometimes of a fine fresh hoyden just from boarding-school. And then the dickeys loaded with well-dressed servants, beef-fed and bluff, 15 looking down from their heights with contempt on all the world around; profoundly ignorant of the country and the people, and devoutly certain that every thing not English must be wrong.

Such was the carriage of Alderman Popkins as it made 20 its appearance at Terracina. The courier who had preceded it to order horses, and who was a Neapolitan, had given a magnificent account of the richness and greatness of his master; blundering with an Italian's splendor of imagination about the Alderman's titles and dignities. 25 The host had added his usual share of exaggeration°; so

that by the time the Alderman drove up to the door, he was a Milor — Magnifico — Principe — the Lord knows what!

The Alderman was advised to take an escort to Fondi and Itri, but he refused. It was as much as a man's life was worth, he said, to stop him on the king's highway: he would complain of it to the ambassador at Naples; he would make a national affair of it. The Principessa Popkins, a fresh, motherly dame, seemed perfectly secure in the protection of her husband, so omnipotent a man in the city. The Signorines Popkins, two fine bouncing girls, looked to their brother Tom who had taken lessons in boxing; and as to the dandy himself, he swore no scaramouch^o of an Italian robber would dare to meddle with an Englishman. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, and turned out the palms of his hands with a true Italian grimace, and the carriage of Milor Popkins rolled on.

They passed through several very suspicious places without any molestation. The Misses Popkins, who were very romantic, and had learnt to draw in water-colors, were enchanted with the savage scenery around; it was so like what they had read in Mrs. Radcliff's romances; they should like, of all things, to make sketches. At length the carriage arrived at a place where the road wound up a long hill. Mrs. Popkins had sunk into a sleep; the young ladies were lost in the "Loves of the Angels"; and the dandy was hectoring^o the postilions from the coach-box. The Alderman got out, as he said, to stretch his legs up the hill. It was a long, winding ascent, and obliged him every now and then to stop and blow and wipe his forehead, with many a pish! and phew! being rather pursy and short of wind. As the carriage, however, was far behind him, and moved slowly

under the weight of so many well-stuffed trunks, and well-stuffed° travellers, he had plenty of time to walk at leisure.

On a jutting point of a rock that overhung the road, 5 nearly at the summit of the hill, just where the road began again to descend, he saw a solitary man seated, who appeared to be tending goats. Alderman Popkins was one of your shrewd travellers who always like to be picking up small information along the road; so he 10 thought he'd just scramble up to the honest man, and have a little talk with him by way of learning the news and getting a lesson in Italian. As he drew near to the peasant, he did not half like his looks. He was partly reclining on the rocks, wrapped in the usual long mantle, 15 which, with his slouched hat, only left a part of a swarthy visage, with a keen black eye, a beetle brow, and a fierce moustache to be seen. He had whistled several times to his dog, which was roving about the side of the hill. As the Alderman approached, he arose and greeted him. 20 When standing erect, he seemed almost gigantic, at least in the eyes of Alderman Popkins, who, however, being a short man, might be deceived.

The latter would gladly now have been back in the carriage, or even on 'Change in London; for he was by 25 no means well pleased with his company. However, he determined to put the best face on matters, and was beginning a conversation about the state of the weather, the baddishness of the crops, and the price of goats in that part of the country, when he heard a violent scream- 30 ing. He ran to the edge of the rock, and looking over, beheld his carriage surrounded by robbers. One held down the fat footman, another had the dandy by his starched cravat, with a pistol to his head; one was rum-

maging a portmanteau,° another rummaging the Princessa's pockets; while the two Misses Popkins were screaming from each window of the carriage, and their waiting-maid squalling° from the dickey.

Alderman Popkins felt all the ire of the parent and 5 the magistrate roused within him. He grasped his cane, and was on the point of scrambling down the rocks either to assault the robbers or read the riot act,° when he was suddenly seized by the arm. It was by his friend the goatherd, whose cloak falling open discovered a belt 10 stuck full of pistols and stiletos. In short, he found himself in the clutches of the captain of the band, who had stationed himself on the rock to look out for travellers and to give notice to his men.

A sad ransacking took place. Trunks were turned 15 inside out, and all the finery and frippery of the Popkins family scattered about the road. Such a chaos of Venice beads and Roman mosaics, and Paris bonnets of the young ladies, mingled with the Alderman's nightcaps and lambs' wool stockings, and the dandy's hair-brushes, 20 stays, and starched cravats.

The gentlemen were eased of° their purses and their watches, the ladies of their jewels; and the whole party were on the point of being carried up into the mountain, when fortunately the appearance of soldiers at a short 25 distance obliged the robbers to make off with the spoils they had secured, and leave the Popkins family to gather together the remnants of their effects, and make the best of their way to Fondi.

When safe arrived, the Alderman made a terrible 30 blustering at the inn; threatened to complain to the ambassador at Naples, and was ready to shake his cane at the whole country. The dandy had many stories to

tell of his scuffles with the brigands, who overpowered him merely by numbers. As to the Misses Popkins, they were quite delighted with the adventure, and were occupied the whole evening in writing it in their journals.

5 They declared the captain of the band to be a most romantic-looking man, they dared to say some unfortunate lover or exiled nobleman; and several of the band to be very handsome young men — “quite picturesque°!”

10 “In verity,” said mine host of Terracina, “they say the captain of the band is *un gallant uomo*.”

“A gallant man!” said the Englishman, indignantly: “I’d have your gallant man hanged like a dog!”

15 “To dare to meddle with Englishmen!” said Mr. Hobbs.

“And such a family as the Popkinses!” said Mr. Dobbs.

“They ought to come upon the country for damages!” said Mr. Hobbs.

20 “Our ambassador should make a complaint to the government of Naples,” said Mr. Dobbs.

“They should be obliged to drive these rascals out of the country,” said Hobbs.

25 “And if they did not, we should declare war against them,” said Dobbs.

“Pish! — humbug!” muttered the Englishman to himself, and walked away.°

The Englishman had been a little wearied by this story, and by the ultra zeal of his countrymen, and was 30 glad when a summons to their supper relieved him from the crowd of travellers. He walked out with his Venetian friends and a young Frenchman of an interesting

demeanor, who had become sociable with them in the course of the conversation. They directed their steps towards the sea, which was lit up by the rising moon.

As they strolled along the beach they came to where a party of soldiers were stationed in a circle. They were 5 guarding a number of galley slaves, who were permitted to refresh themselves in the evening breeze, and sport and roll upon the sand.

The Frenchman paused, and pointed to the group of wretches at their sports. "It is difficult," said he, "to 10 conceive a more frightful mass of crime than is here collected. Many of these have probably been robbers, such as you have heard described. Such is, too often, the career of crime in this country. The parricide, the fratricide, the infanticide, the miscreant of every kind, first 15 flies from justice and turns mountain bandit; and then, when wearied of a life of danger, becomes traitor to his brother desperadoes; betrays them to punishment, and thus buys a commutation of his own sentence from death to the galleys; happy in the privilege of wallowing° on 20 the shore an hour a day, in this mere state of animal enjoyment."

The fair Venetian shuddered as she cast a look at the horde of wretches at their evening amusement. "They seemed," she said, "like so many serpents writhing to- 25 gether." And yet the idea that some of them had been robbers, those formidable beings that haunted her imagination, made her still cast another fearful glance, as we contemplate some terrible beast of prey, with a degree of awe and horror, even though caged and chained. 30

The conversation reverted to the tales of banditti which they had heard at the inn. The Englishman condemned some of them as fabrications, others as exag-

generations.° As to the story of the improvisatore, he pronounced it a mere piece of romance, originating in the heated brain of the narrator.

“And yet,” said the Frenchman, “there is so much
5 romance about the real life of those beings, and about the singular country they infest, that it is hard to tell what to reject on the ground of improbability. I have had an adventure happen to myself which gave me an opportunity of getting some insight into their manners
10 and habits, which I found altogether out of the common run of existence.”

There was an air of mingled frankness and modesty about the Frenchman which had gained the good-will of the whole party, not even excepting the Englishman.
15 They all eagerly inquired after the particulars of the circumstances he alluded to, and as they strolled slowly up and down the sea-shore he related the following adventure.°

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENGLISHMAN

IN the morning all was bustle in the inn at Terracina. The procaccio had departed at daybreak on its route towards Rome, but the Englishman was yet to start, and the departure of an English equipage is always enough to keep an inn in a bustle. On this occasion 5 there was more than usual stir, for the Englishman, having much property about him, and having been convinced of the real danger of the road, had applied to the police, and obtained, by dint of liberal pay, an escort of eight dragoons° and twelve foot-soldiers, as far as Fondi. 10

Perhaps, too, there might have been a little ostentation at bottom, though to say the truth, he had nothing of it in his manner. He moved about, taciturn and reserved as usual, among the gaping crowd; gave laconic orders to John, as he packed away the thousand and one indis- 15 pensable conveniences of the night; double loaded his pistols with great *sang-froid*,° and deposited them in the pockets of the carriage — taking no notice of a pair of keen eyes gazing on him from among the herd of loitering idlers. 20

The fair Venetian now came up with a request, made in her dulcet tones, that he would permit their carriage to proceed under protection of his escort. The Englishman, who was busy loading another pair of pistols for his servant, and held the ramrod between his teeth 25

nodded assent, as a matter of course, but without lifting up his eyes. The fair Venetian was a little piqued at what she supposed indifference:—“*O Dio!*” ejaculated she softly as she retired; “*Quanto sono insensibili questi*
5 *Ingesi.*”^o

At length, off they set in gallant style. The eight dragoons prancing in front, the twelve foot-soldiers marching in rear, and the carriage moving slowly in the centre, to enable the infantry to keep pace with them.
10 They had proceeded but a few hundred yards, when it was discovered that some indispensable article had been left behind. In fact, the Englishman’s purse was missing, and John was dispatched to the inn to search for it. This occasioned a little delay, and the carriage of the
15 Venetians drove slowly on. John came back out of breath and out of humor. The purse was not to be found. His master was irritated; he recollected the very place where it lay; he had not a doubt the Italian servant had pocketed it. John was again sent back.
20 He returned once more without the purse, but with the landlord and the whole household at his heels. A thousand ejaculations and protestations, accompanied by all sorts of grimaces and contortions — “No purse had been seen — his *Excellenza* must be mistaken.”

25 “No — his *Excellenza* was not mistaken — the purse lay on the marble table, under the mirror; a green purse, half full of gold and silver.” Again a thousand grimaces and contortions, and vows by *San Gennaro*, that no purse of the kind had been seen.

30 The Englishman became furious. “The waiter had pocketed it — the landlord was a knave — the inn a den of thieves — it was a vile country — he had been cheated and plundered from one end of it to the

other — but he'd have satisfaction — he'd drive right off to the police."

He was on the point of ordering the postilions to turn back, when, on rising, he displaced the cushion of the carriage, and the purse of money fell clinking to the 5 floor.

All the blood in his body seemed to rush into his face. "Curse the purse," said he, as he snatched it up. He dashed a handful of money on the ground before the pale cringing waiter, — "There, be off!" cried he. "John, 10 order the postilions to drive on."

About half an hour had been exhausted in this altercation. The Venetian carriage had loitered along; its passengers looking out from time to time, and expecting the escort every moment to follow. They had gradually 15 turned an angle of the road that shut them out of sight. The little army was again in motion, and made a very picturesque appearance as it wound along at the bottom of the rocks; the morning sunshine beaming upon the weapons of the soldiery. 20

The Englishman lolled back in his carriage, vexed with himself at what had passed, and consequently out of humor with all the world. As this, however, is no uncommon case with gentlemen who travel for their pleasure, it is hardly worthy of remark. They had wound up 25 from the coast among the hills, and came to a part of the road that admitted of some prospect ahead.

"I see nothing of the lady's carriage, sir," said John, leaning down from the coach-box.

"Pish!" said the Englishman, testily; "don't plague 30 me about the lady's carriage; must I be continually pestered with the concerns of strangers?" John said not another word, for he understood his master's mood.

The road grew more wild and gloomy; they were slowly proceeding on° a foot-pace up a hill; the dragoons were some distance ahead, and had just reached the summit of the hill, when they uttered an exclamation, 5 or rather shout, and galloped forward. The Englishman was roused from his sulky reverie. He stretched his head from the carriage, which had attained the brow of the hill. Before him extended a long hollow defile, com- 10 manded on one side by rugged precipitous heights, covered with bushes of scanty forest. At some distance he beheld the carriage of the Venetians overturned. A numerous gang of desperadoes° were rifling it; the young man and his servant were overpowered, and partly 15 stripped; and the lady was in the hands of two of the ruffians. The Englishman seized his pistols, sprang from the carriage, and called upon John to follow him.

In the meantime, as the dragoons came forward, the robbers, who were busy with the carriage, quitted their spoil, formed themselves in the middle of the road, and 20 taking a deliberate aim, fired. One of the dragoons fell, another was wounded, and the whole were for a moment checked and thrown into confusion. The robbers loaded again in an instant. The dragoons discharged their 25 carbines, but without apparent effect. They received another volley, which, though none fell, threw them again into confusion. The robbers were loading a second time when they saw the foot-soldiers at hand. "*Scampa via!*"° was the word: they abandoned their prey, and retreated up the rocks, the soldiers after them. They 30 fought from cliff to cliff, and bush to bush, the robbers turning every now and then to fire upon their pursuers; the soldiers scrambling after them, and discharging their muskets whenever they could get a chance. Sometimes a

soldier or a robber was shot down, and came tumbling among the cliffs. The dragoons kept firing from below, whenever a robber came in sight.

The Englishman had hastened to the scene of action, and the balls discharged at the dragoons had whistled 5 past him as he advanced. One object, however, engrossed his attention. It was the beautiful Venetian lady in the hands of two of the robbers, who, during the confusion of the fight, carried her shrieking up the mountain. He saw her dress gleaming among the bushes, and 10 he sprang up the rocks to intercept the robbers, as they bore off their prey. The ruggedness of the steep, and the entanglement of the bushes, delayed and impeded him. He lost sight of the lady, but was still guided by her cries, which grew fainter and fainter. They were off 15 to the left, while the reports of muskets showed that the battle was raging to the right. At length he came upon what appeared to be a rugged foot-path, faintly worn in a gully° of the rocks, and beheld the ruffians at some distance hurrying the lady up the defile. One of them 20 hearing his approach, let go his prey, advanced towards him, and levelling the carbine which had been slung on his back, fired. The ball whizzed through the Englishman's hat, and carried with it some of his hair. He returned the fire with one of his pistols, and the robber 25 fell. The other brigand now dropped the lady, and drawing a long pistol from his belt, fired on his adversary with deliberate aim. The ball passed between his left arm and his side, slightly wounding the arm. The Englishman advanced, and discharged his remaining pistol, 30 which wounded the robber, but not severely.

The brigand drew a stiletto and rushed upon his adversary, who eluded the blow, receiving merely a slight

wound, and defended himself with his pistol, which had a spring bayonet. They closed with one another, and a desperate struggle ensued. The robber was a square-built, thickset man, powerful, muscular, and active. The Englishman, though of larger frame and greater strength, was less active, and less accustomed to athletic exercises and feats of hardihood, but he showed himself practised and skilled in the art of defence. They were on a craggy height, and the Englishman perceived that his antagonist was striving to press him to the edge. A side-glance showed him also the robber whom he had first wounded, scrambling up to the assistance of his comrade, stiletto in hand. He had in fact attained the summit of the cliff, he was within a few steps, and the Englishman felt that his case was desperate, when he heard suddenly the report of a pistol, and the ruffian fell. The shot came from John, who had arrived just in time to save his master.

The remaining robber, exhausted by loss of blood and the violence of the contest, showed signs of faltering. The Englishman pursued his advantage, pressed on him, and as his strength relaxed, dashed him headlong from the precipice. He looked after him, and saw him lying motionless among the rocks below.

The Englishman now sought the fair Venetian. He found her senseless on the ground. With his servant's assistance he bore her down to the road, where her husband was raving like one distracted. He had sought her in vain, and had given her over for lost; and when he beheld her thus brought back in safety, his joy was equally wild and ungovernable. He would have caught her insensible form to his bosom had not the Englishman restrained him. The latter, now really aroused, displayed

a true tenderness and manly gallantry, which one would not have expected from his habitual phlegm.^o His kindness, however, was practical, not wasted in words. He dispatched John to the carriage for restoratives of all kinds, and, totally thoughtless of himself, was anxious 5 only about his lovely charge. The occasional discharge of firearms along the height showed that a retreating fight was still kept up by the robbers. The lady gave signs of reviving animation. The Englishman, eager to get her from this place of danger, conveyed her to his 10 own carriage, and, committing her to the care of her husband, ordered the dragoons to escort them to Fondi. The Venetian would have insisted on the Englishman's getting into the carriage; but the latter refused. He poured forth a torrent of thanks and benedictions; but 15 the Englishman beckoned to the postilions to drive on.

John now dressed his master's wounds, which were found not to be serious, though he was faint with loss of blood. The Venetian carriage had been righted, and the baggage replaced; and, getting into it, they set out on 20 their way towards Fondi, leaving the foot-soldiers still engaged in ferreting out the banditti.

Before arriving at Fondi, the fair Venetian had completely recovered from her swoon. She made the usual question, —

“Where was she?”

“In the Englishman's carriage.”

“How had she escaped from the robbers?”

“The Englishman had rescued her.”

Her transports were unbounded; and mingled with 30 them were enthusiastic ejaculations of gratitude to her deliverer. A thousand times did she reproach herself for having accused him of coldness and insensibility. The

moment she saw him, she rushed into his arms with the vivacity of her nation, and hung about his neck in a speechless transport of gratitude. Never was man more embarrassed by the embraces of a fine woman.

5 "Tut! — tut!" said the Englishman.

"You are wounded!" shrieked the fair Venetian, as she saw blood upon his clothes.

"Pooh! nothing at all!"

10 "My deliverer! my angel!" exclaimed she, clasping him again round the neck, and sobbing on his bosom.

"Pish!" said the Englishman, with a good-humored tone, but looking somewhat foolish, "this is all humbug."

The fair Venetian, however, has never since accused the English of insensibility.

PART FOURTH

THE MONEY-DIGGERS

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE
DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my youth would tell me winter's tales:
And speak of sprites and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure hath been hid.

— MARLOW'S *Jew of Malta*.

PART FOURTH

THE MONEY-DIGGERS °

HELL-GATE

ABOUT six miles from the renowned city of the Manhattoes, ° in that Sound or arm of the sea which passes between the mainland and Nassau, or Long Island, there is a narrow strait, where the current is violently compressed between shouldering promontories, and horribly 5 perplexed ° by rocks and shoals. Being, at the best of times, a very violent, impetuous current, it takes these impediments in mighty dudgeon; boiling in whirlpools; brawling and fretting in ripples; raging and roaring in rapids and breakers; and, in short, indulging in all kinds 10 of wrong-headed paroxysms. At such times, woe to any unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches.

This termagant humor, however, prevails only at certain times of tide. At low-water, for instance, it is as pacific a stream as you would wish to see; but as the 15 tide rises, it begins to fret; at half-tide it roars with might and main, like a bull bellowing for more drink; but when the tide is full, it relapses into quiet, and, for a time, sleeps as soundly as an alderman after dinner. In fact, it may be compared to a quarrelsome toper, who is 20 a peaceful fellow enough when he has no liquor at all,

or when he has a skinfull; but who, when half-seas over, plays the very devil.

This mighty, blustering, bullying, hard-drinking little strait was a place of great danger and perplexity to the
5 Dutch navigators of ancient days; hectoring their tub-built barks in a most unruly style; whirling them about in a manner to make any but a Dutchman giddy, and not unfrequently stranding them upon rocks and reefs, as it did the famous squadron of Oloffte the Dreamer,^o
10 when seeking a place to found the city of the Manhattoes. Whereupon, out of sheer spleen, they denominated it *Helle-gat*, and solemnly gave it over to the devil. This appellation has since been aptly rendered into English by the name of Hell-gate, and into nonsense by the name
15 of *Hurl-gate*, according to certain foreign intruders, who neither understood Dutch nor English, — may St. Nicholas^o confound them!

This strait of Hell-gate was a place of great awe and perilous enterprise to me in my boyhood, having been
20 much of a navigator on those small seas, and having more than once run the risk of shipwreck and drowning in the course of certain holiday voyages, to which, in common with other Dutch urchins,^o I was rather prone. Indeed, partly from the name, and partly from various
25 strange circumstances connected with it, this place had far more terrors in the eyes of my truant companions and myself than had Scylla and Charybdis^o for the navigators of yore.

In the midst of this strait, and hard by a group of
30 rocks called the Hen and Chickens, there lay the wreck of a vessel which had been entangled in the whirlpools and stranded during a storm. There was a wild story told to us of this being the wreck of a pirate, and some tale of

bloody murder, which I cannot now recollect, but which made us regard it with great awe, and keep far from it in our cruisings. Indeed, the desolate look of the forlorn hulk, and the fearful place where it lay rotting, were enough to awaken strange notions. A row of timber-5 heads, blackened by time, just peered above the surface at high-water; but at low-tide a considerable part of the hull was bare, and its great ribs or timbers, partly stripped of their planks, and dripping with sea-weeds, looked like the huge skeleton of some sea-monster. There was 10 also the stump of a mast, with a few ropes and blocks swinging about and whistling in the wind, while the seagull wheeled and screamed around the melancholy carcass.° I have a faint recollection of some hobgoblin tale of sailors' ghosts being seen about this wreck at night, 15 with bare skulls, and blue lights in their sockets instead of eyes, but I have forgotten all the particulars.

In fact, the whole of this neighborhood was like the straits of Pelorus° of yore, a region of fable and romance to me. From the strait to the Manhattoes, the borders 20 of the Sound are greatly diversified, being broken and indented by rocky nooks overhung with trees, which give them a wild and romantic look. In the time of my boyhood, they abounded with traditions about pirates, ghosts, smugglers, and buried money, which had a wonderful 25 effect upon the young minds of my companions and myself.

As I grew to more mature years, I made diligent research after the truth of these strange traditions; for I have always been a curious investigator of the valuable 30 but obscure branches of the history of my native province. I found infinite difficulty, however, in arriving at any precise information. In seeking to dig up one fact, it is incredible

the number of fables that I unearthed. I will say nothing of the devil's stepping-stones, by which the arch-fiend made his retreat from Connecticut to Long Island, across the Sound; seeing the subject is likely to be learnedly
5 treated by a worthy friend and contemporary historian,^o whom I have furnished with particulars thereof.¹ Neither will I say any thing of the black man in a three-cornered hat, seated in the stern of a jolly-boat, who used to be seen about Hell-gate in stormy weather, and who went by
10 the name of the pirate's *spuke* (*i.e.*, pirate's ghost), and whom, it is said, old Governor Stuyvesant once shot with a silver bullet; because I never could meet with any person of stanch credibility who professed to have seen this spectrum, unless it were the widow of Manus Conklen,
15 the blacksmith, of Frogsneck^o; but then, poor woman, she was a little purblind,^o and might have been mistaken; though they say she saw farther than other folks in the dark.

All this, however, was but little satisfactory in regard
20 to the tales of pirates and their buried money, about which I was most curious; and the following is all that I could, for a long time, collect, that had any thing like an air of authenticity.^o

¹ For a very interesting and authentic account of the devil and his stepping-stones, see the valuable Memoir read before the New York Historical Society, since the death of Mr. Knickerbocker, by his friend, an eminent jurist of the place.

KIDD° THE PIRATE

IN old times, just after the territory of the New Netherlands had been wrested from the hands of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States-General of Holland, by King Charles the Second, and while it was as yet in an unquiet state, the province was a great resort of random 5
adventurers, loose livers, and all that class of hap-hazard fellows who live by their wits and dislike the old-fashioned restraint of law and gospel.° Among these, the foremost were the buccaneers. These were rovers of the deep, who perhaps in time of war had been educated in those 10
schools of piracy, the privateers°; but having once tasted the sweets of plunder, had ever retained a hankering after it. There is but a slight step from the privateersman to the pirate; both fight for the love of plunder; only that the latter is the bravest, as he dares both the enemy and 15
the gallows.

But in whatever school they had been taught, the buccaneers° that kept about the English colonies were daring fellows, and made sad work in times of peace among the Spanish settlements and Spanish merchantmen. The 20
easy access to the harbor of the Manhattoes, the number of hiding-places about its waters, and the laxity of its scarcely organized government, made it a great rendezvous of the pirates; where they might dispose of their booty, and concert° new depredations. As they brought 25

home with them wealthy lading of all kinds, the luxuries of the tropics, and the sumptuous spoils of the Spanish provinces, and disposed of them with the proverbial carelessness of free-booters,^o they were welcome visitors to the thrifty traders of the Manhattoes. Crews of these desperadoes, therefore, the runagates of every country and every clime, might be seen swaggering in open day about the streets of the little burgh, elbowing its quiet mynheers, trafficking away their rich outlandish plunder at half or quarter price to the wary merchant, and then squandering their prize-money in taverns, drinking, gambling, singing, swearing, shouting, and astounding the neighborhood with midnight brawl and ruffian revelry.

At length these excesses rose to such a height as to become a scandal to the provinces, and to call loudly for the interposition of government. Measures were accordingly taken to put a stop to the widely extended evil, and to ferret this vermin brood out of the colonies.

Among the agents employed to execute this purpose was the notorious Captain Kidd. He had long been an equivocal character; one of those nondescript animals of the ocean that are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He was somewhat of a trader, something more of a smuggler, with a considerable dash of the picaroon. He had traded for many years among the pirates, in a little rakish, mosquito-built vessel, that could run into all kinds of waters. He knew all their haunts and lurking-places, was always hooking about on mysterious voyages, and was as busy as a Mother Cary's chicken^o in a storm.

This nondescript personage was pitched upon by government as the very man to hunt the pirates by sea, upon the good old maxim of "setting a rogue to catch a rogue";

or as otters are sometimes used to catch their cousins-german, the fish.

Kidd accordingly sailed for New York in 1695, in a gallant vessel called the *Adventure Galley*, well armed and duly commissioned. On arriving at his old haunts, ⁵ however, he shipped his crew on new terms, enlisted a number of his old comrades, lads of the knife and pistol, and then set sail for the East. Instead of cruising against the pirates, he turned pirate himself, steered to the Madeiras, ° to Bonavista, ° and Madagascar, ° and cruised about ¹⁰ the entrance to the Red Sea. Here, among other maritime robberies, he captured a rich Quedah ° merchantman, manned by Moors, though commanded by an Englishman. Kidd would fain have passed this off for a worthy exploit, as being a kind of crusade against the infidels; ¹⁵ but government had long since lost all relish for such Christian triumphs.

After roaming the seas, trafficking his prizes, and changing from ship to ship, Kidd had the hardihood to return to Boston, laden with booty, with a crew of swaggering ²⁰ companions at his heels.

Times, however, were changed. The buccaneers could no longer show a whisker in the colonies with impunity. The new governor, Lord Bellamont, had signalized himself by his zeal in extirpating these offenders; and was ²⁵ doubly exasperated against Kidd, having been instrumental in appointing him to the trust which he had betrayed. No sooner, therefore, did he show himself in Boston, than the alarm was given of his reappearance, and measures were taken to arrest this cutpurse ° of the ³⁰ ocean. The daring character which Kidd had acquired, however, and the desperate fellows who followed like bull-dogs at his heels, caused a little delay in his arrest.

He took advantage of this, it is said, to bury the greater part of his treasures, and then carried a high head about the streets of Boston. He even attempted to defend himself when arrested, but was secured and thrown into
5 prison, with his followers. Such was the formidable character of this pirate and his crew, that it was thought advisable to dispatch a frigate to bring them to England. Great exertions were made to screen^o him from justice, but in vain; he and his comrades were tried, condemned,
10 and hanged at Execution Dock in London. Kidd died hard, for the rope with which he was first tied up broke with his weight, and he tumbled to the ground. He was tied up a second time, and more effectually; hence came, doubtless, the story of Kidd's having a charmed life and
15 that he had to be twice hanged.

Such is the main outline of Kidd's history; but it has given birth to an innumerable progeny of traditions. The report of his having buried great treasures of gold and jewels before his arrest, set the brains of all the good
20 people along the coast in a ferment. There were rumors on rumors of great sums of money found here and there, sometimes in one part of the country, sometimes in another; of coins with Moorish inscriptions, doubtless the spoils of his eastern prizes, but which the common people looked
25 upon with superstitious awe, regarding the Moorish letters as diabolical or magical characters.

Some reported the treasure to have been buried in solitary, unsettled places, about Plymouth and Cape Cod; but by degrees various other parts, not only on the eastern
30 coast, but along the shores of the Sound, and even of Manhattan and Long Island, were gilded by these rumors. In fact, the rigorous measures of Lord Bellamont spread sudden consternation among the buccaneers in every part

of the provinces: they secreted their money and jewels in lonely out-of-the-way places, about the wild shores of the rivers and sea-coast, and dispersed themselves over the face of the country. The hand of justice prevented many of them from ever returning to regain their buried treasures which remained, and remain probably to this day, 5 objects of enterprise for the money-digger.

This is the cause of those frequent reports of trees and rocks bearing mysterious marks, supposed to indicate the spots where treasures lay hidden; and many have been 10 the ransackings after the pirate's booty. In all the stories which once abounded of these enterprises, the devil played a conspicuous part. Either he was conciliated by ceremonies and invocations, or some solemn compact was made with him. Still he was ever prone to play the 15 money-diggers some slippery trick. Some would dig so far as to come to an iron chest, when some baffling circumstance was sure to take place. Either the earth would fall in and fill up the pit, or some direful noise or apparition would frighten the party from the place; sometimes 20 the devil himself would appear, and bear off the prize when within their very grasp; and if they revisited the place the next day, not a trace would be found of their labors of the preceding night.

All these rumors, however, were extremely vague, 25 and for a long time tantalized, without gratifying, my curiosity. There is nothing in this world so hard to get at as truth, and there is nothing in this world but truth^o that I care for. I sought among all my favorite sources of authentic information, the oldest inhabit- 30 ants, and particularly the old Dutch wives of the province; but though I flatter myself that I am better versed than most men in the curious history of my native

province, yet for a long time my inquiries were unattended with any substantial result.

At length it happened that, one calm day in the latter part of summer, I was relaxing myself from the toils of severe study, by a day's amusement in fishing in those waters which had been the favorite resort of my boyhood. I was in company with several worthy burghers of my native city, among whom were more than one illustrious member of the corporation, whose names, did I dare to mention them, would do honor to my humble page. Our sport was indifferent. The fish did not bite freely, and we frequently changed our fishing-ground without bettering our luck. We were at length anchored close under a ledge of rocky coast, on the eastern side of the island of Manhatta. It was a still, warm day. The stream whirled and dimpled by us, without a wave or even a ripple; and every thing was so calm and quiet, that it was almost startling when the kingfisher would pitch himself from the branch of some high tree, and after suspending himself for a moment in the air, to take his aim, would souse into the smooth water after his prey. While we were lolling in our boat, half drowsy with the warm stillness of the day, and the dullness of our sport, one of our party, a worthy alderman, was overtaken by a slumber, and, as he dozed, suffered the sinker of his drop-line to lie upon the bottom of the river. On waking, he found he had caught something of importance from the weight. On drawing it to the surface, we were much surprised to find it a long pistol of very curious and outlandish fashion, which, from its rusted condition, and its stock being worm-eaten and covered with barnacles, appeared to have lain a long time under water. The unexpected appearance of this document of warfare occasioned much speculation among my

pacific companions. One supposed it to have fallen there during the revolutionary war; another, from the peculiarity of its fashion, attributed it to the voyages in the earliest days of the settlement; perchance to the renowned Adrian Block,^o who explored the Sound, and discovered 5 Block Island, since so noted for its cheese. But a third, after regarding it for some time, pronounced it to be of veritable Spanish workmanship.

"I'll warrant," said he, "if this pistol could talk, it would tell strange stories of hard fights among the Spanish 10 Dons.^o I've no doubt but it is a relic of the buccaneers of old times, — who knows but it belonged to Kidd himself?"

"Ah! that Kidd was a resolute fellow," cried an iron-faced Cape-Cod whaler.^o "There's a fine old song about 15 him, all to the tune of —

"My name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed; —'

and then it tells about how he gained the devil's good graces by burying the Bible^o:

20

"I had the Bible in my hand,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
And I buried it in the sand,
As I sailed. —'

"Odsfish,^o if I thought this pistol had belonged to Kidd, 25 I should set great store by it, for curiosity's sake."

WOLFERT WEBBER, OR GOLDEN DREAMS

IN the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and — blank — for I do not remember the precise date, — however, it was somewhere in the early part of the last century, there lived in the ancient city of the Manhattoes
5 a worthy burgher, Wolfert Webber by name. He was descended from old Cobus Webber of the Brille in Holland, one of the original settlers, famous for introducing the cultivation of cabbages, and who came over to the province during the protectorship of Oloffte Van Kortlandt,
10 otherwise called the Dreamer.

The field in which Cobus Webber first planted himself and his cabbages had remained ever since in the family, who continued in the same line of husbandry, with that praiseworthy perseverance for which our Dutch burghers
15 are noted. The whole family genius,^o during several generations, was devoted to the study and development of this one noble vegetable; and to this concentration of intellect may doubtless be ascribed the prodigious renown to which the Webber cabbages attained.

20 The Webber dynasty^o continued in uninterrupted succession; and never did a line give more unquestionable proofs of legitimacy. The eldest son succeeded to the looks, as well as the territory of his sire; and had the portraits of this line of tranquil potentates been taken, they
25 would have presented a row of heads marvellously resem-

bling in shape and magnitude the vegetables over which they reigned.

The seat of government^o continued unchanged in the family mansion: a Dutch-built house, with a front, or rather gable-end of yellow brick, tapering to a point,⁵ with the customary iron weathercock at the top. Every thing about the building bore the air of long-settled ease and security. Flights of martins^o peopled the little coops nailed against its walls, and swallows built their nests under the eaves; and every one knows that these house-¹⁰ loving birds bring good luck to the dwelling where they take up their abode. In a bright summer morning, in early summer, it was delectable to hear their cheerful notes, as they sported about in the pure sweet air, chirping forth, as it were, the greatness and prosperity of the¹⁵ Webbers.

Thus quietly and comfortably did this excellent family vegetate under the shade of a mighty buttonwood tree, which by little and little grew so great as entirely to overshadow their palace. The city gradually spread its sub-²⁰ urbs round their domain. Houses sprang up to interrupt their prospects. The rural lanes in the vicinity began to grow into the bustle and populousness of streets; in short, with all the habits of rustic life they began to find themselves the inhabitants of a city. Still, however, they²⁵ maintained their hereditary character, and hereditary possessions, with all the tenacity of petty German princes in the midst of the empire.^o Wolfert was the last of the line, and succeeded to the patriarchal bench at the door,^o under the family tree, and swayed the sceptre of his³⁰ fathers, a kind of rural potentate in the midst of the metropolis.

To share the cares and sweets of sovereignty, he had

taken unto himself a helpmate,^o one of that excellent kind called stirring women; that is to say, she was one of those notable little housewives who are always busy where there is nothing to do. Her activity, however, took
5 one particular direction: her whole life seemed devoted to intense knitting; whether at home or abroad, walking or sitting, her needles were continually in motion, and it is even affirmed that by her unwearied industry she very
10 nearly supplied her household with stockings throughout the year. This worthy couple were blessed with one daughter, who was brought up with great tenderness and care; uncommon pains had been taken with her education, so that she could stitch in every variety of way, make all
15 kinds of pickles and preserves, and mark her own name on a sampler.^o The influence of her taste was seen also in the family garden, where the ornamental began to mingle with the useful; whole rows of fiery marigolds and splendid hollyhocks bordered the cabbage-beds, and gigantic sunflowers lolled their broad jolly faces over the fences, seem-
20 ing to ogle most affectionately the passer-by.

Thus reigned and vegetated Wolfert Webber over his paternal acres, peacefully and contentedly. Not but that, like all other sovereigns, he had his occasional cares and vexations. The growth of his native city sometimes
25 caused him annoyance. His little territory gradually became hemmed in by streets and houses, which intercepted air and sunshine. He was now and then subjected to the interruptions of the border population that infest the streets of a metropolis, who would make mid-
30 night forays into his dominions, and carry off captive whole platoons of his noble subjects.^o Vagrant swine would make a descent, too, now and then, when the gate was left open, and lay all waste before them; and mis-

chievous urchins would decapitate the illustrious sun-flowers, the glory of the garden, as they lolled their heads so fondly over the walls. Still all these were petty grievances which might now and then ruffle the surface of his mind, as a summer breeze will ruffle the surface of a mill-⁵ pond, but they could not disturb the deep-seated quiet of his soul. He would but seize a trusty staff, that stood behind the door, issue suddenly out, and anoint^o the back of the aggressor, whether pig or urchin, and then return within doors, marvellously refreshed and tran-¹⁰ quillized.

The chief cause of anxiety^o to honest Wolfert, however, was the growing prosperity of the city. The expenses of living doubled and trebled; but he could not double and treble the magnitude of his cabbages, and the number of ¹⁵ competitors prevented the increase of price; thus, therefore, while every one around him grew richer, Wolfert grew poorer, and he could not, for the life of him, perceive how the evil was to be remedied.

This growing care, which increased from day to day, ²⁰ had its gradual effect upon our worthy burgher; insomuch, that it at length implanted two or three wrinkles in his brow; things unknown before in the family of the Webbers; and it seemed to pinch up^o the corners of his cocked hat into an expression of anxiety, totally opposite to the ²⁵ tranquil, broad-brimmed, low-crowned beavers of his illustrious progenitors.

Perhaps even this would not have materially disturbed the serenity of his mind, had he had only himself and his wife to care for; but there was his daughter gradually ³⁰ growing to maturity; and all the world knows that when daughters begin to ripen, no fruit nor flower requires so much looking after. I have no talent at describing

female charms, else fain would I depict the progress of this little Dutch beauty.^o How her blue eyes grew deeper and deeper, and her cherry lips redder and redder; and how she ripened and ripened, and rounded and rounded
5 in the opening breath of sixteen summers, until, in her seventeenth spring, she seemed ready to burst out of her bodice, like a half-blown rosebud.

Ah, well-a-day! could I but show her as she was then, tricked out on a Sunday morning, in the hereditary
10 finery of the old Dutch clothes-press, of which her mother had confided to her the key. The wedding-dress of her grandmother, modernized for use, with sundry ornaments, handed down as heirlooms in the family. Her pale brown hair smothered with buttermilk in flat waving lines
15 on each side of her fair forehead. The chain of yellow virgin gold, that encircled her neck; the little cross, that just rested at the entrance of a soft valley of happiness, as if it would sanctify the place. The — but, pooh! — it is not for an old man like me to be prosing about female
20 beauty; suffice it to say, Amy had attained her seventeenth year. Long since had her sampler exhibited hearts in couples desperately transfixed with arrows, and true lovers' knots worked in deep-blue silk; and it was evident she began to languish for some more interesting occupation
25 than the rearing of sunflowers or picking of cucumbers.

At this critical period of female existence, when the heart within a damsel's bosom, like its emblem, the miniature which hangs without, is apt to be engrossed by a single image, a new visitor began to make his appearance
30 under the roof of Wolfert Webber. This was Dirk Waldron, the only son of a poor widow, but who could boast of more fathers than any lad in the province, for his mother had had four husbands, and this only child;

so that though born in her last wedlock, he might fairly claim to be the tardy fruit of a long course of cultivation. This son of four fathers united the merits and the vigor of all his sires. If he had not had a great family before him, he seemed likely to have a great one after him, for you had only to look at the fresh bucksome youth to see that he was formed to be the founder of a mighty race.

This youngster gradually became an intimate visitor of the family. He talked little, but he sat long. He filled the father's pipe when it was empty, gathered up the mother's knitting-needle, or ball of worsted when it fell to the ground; stroked the sleek coat of the tortoise-shell cat, and replenished the tea-pot for the daughter from the bright copper kettle that sang before the fire. All these quiet little offices may seem of trifling import; but when true love is translated into Low Dutch,^o it is in this way that it eloquently expresses itself. They were not lost upon the Webber family. The winning youngster found marvellous favor in the eyes of the mother; the tortoise-shell cat, albeit the most staid and demure of her kind, gave indubitable signs of approbation of his visits; the tea-kettle seemed to sing out a cheering note of welcome at his approach; and if the sly glances of the daughter might be rightly read, as she sat bridling and dimpling, and sewing by her mother's side, she was not a whit behind Dame Webber, or grimalkin,^o or the tea-kettle, in good-will.

Wolfert alone saw nothing of what was going on. Profoundly wrapt up in meditation on the growth of the city and his cabbages, he sat looking in the fire, and puffing his pipe in silence. One night, however, as the gentle Amy, according to custom, lighted her lover to the outer door, and he, according to custom, took his parting salute,

the smack resounded so vigorously through the long, silent entry, as to startle even the dull ear of Wolfert. He was slowly roused to a new source of anxiety. It had never entered into his head that this mere child, who, 5 as it seemed, but the other day had been climbing about his knees, and playing with dolls and baby-houses, could all at once be thinking of lovers and matrimony. He rubbed his eyes, examined into the fact, and really found that, while he had been dreaming of other matters, she 10 had actually grown to be a woman, and what was worse, had fallen in love. Here arose new cares for Wolfert. He was a kind father, but a prudent man. The young man was a lively, stirring lad; but then he had neither money nor land. Wolfert's ideas all ran in one channel; 15 and he saw no alternative in case of a marriage but to portion off the young couple with a corner of his cabbage-garden, the whole of which was barely sufficient for the support of his family.

Like a prudent father, therefore, he determined to nip 20 this passion in the bud, and forbade the youngster the house; though sorely did it go against his fatherly heart, and many a silent tear did it cause in the bright eye of his daughter. She showed herself, however, a pattern of filial piety and obedience. She never pouted and sulked; 25 she never flew in the face of parental authority; she never flew into a passion, nor fell into hysterics, as many romantic novel-read young ladies would do. Not she, indeed! She was none such heroical rebellious trumpery, I'll warrant ye. On the contrary, she acquiesced like an 30 obedient daughter, shut the street-door in her lover's face, and if ever she did grant him an interview, it was either out of the kitchen-window, or over the garden-fence,

Wolfert was deeply cogitating these matters in his mind, and his brow wrinkled with unusual care, as he wended his way one Saturday afternoon to a rural inn, about two miles from the city. It was a favorite resort of the Dutch part of the community, from being always 5 held by a Dutch line of landlords, and retaining an air and relish of the good old times. It was a Dutch-built house, that had probably been a country seat of some opulent burgher in the early time of the settlement. It stood near a point of land called Corlaer's Hook, which stretches 10 out into the Sound, and against which the tide, at its flux and reflux, sets with extraordinary rapidity. The venerable and somewhat crazy mansion was distinguished from afar by a grove of elms and sycamores that seemed to wave a hospitable invitation, while a few weeping- 15 willows, with their dank, drooping foliage, resembling falling waters, gave an idea of coolness, that rendered it an attractive spot during the heats of summer.

Here, therefore, as I said, resorted many of the old inhabitants of the Manhattoes, where, while some played 20 at shuffle-board^o and quoits and ninepins, others smoked a deliberate pipe, and talked over public affairs.

It was on a blustering autumnal afternoon that Wolfert made his visit to the inn. The grove of elms and willows was stripped of its leaves, which whirled in rustling eddies 25 about the fields. The ninepin alley was deserted, for the premature chilliness of the day had driven the company within doors. As it was Saturday afternoon, the habitual club was in session, composed principally of regular Dutch burghers, though mingled occasionally with per- 30 sons of various character and country, as is natural in a place of such motley population.

Beside the fireplace, in a huge leather-bottomed arm-

chair, sat the dictator of this little world, the venerable Rem, or, as it was pronounced, Ramm Rapelye. He was a man of Walloon^o race, and illustrious for the antiquity of his line, his great-grandmother having been the first
5 white child born in the province. But he was still more illustrious for his wealth and dignity; he had long filled the noble office of alderman, and was a man to whom the governor himself took off his hat. He had maintained possession of the leather-bottomed chair from time im-
10 memorial; and had gradually waxed in bulk as he sat in his seat of government, until in the course of years he filled its whole magnitude. His word was decisive with his subjects; for he was so rich a man that he was never expected to support any opinion by argument. The land-
15 lord waited on him with peculiar officiousness; not that he paid better than his neighbors, but then the coin of a rich man seems always to be so much more acceptable. The landlord had ever a pleasant word and a joke to insinuate in the ear of the august Ramm.^o It is true, Ramm
20 never laughed, and, indeed, ever maintained a mastiff-like gravity, and even surliness of aspect; yet he now and then rewarded mine host with a token of approbation; which, though nothing more nor less than a kind of grunt, still delighted the landlord more than a broad laugh from
25 a poorer man.

“This will be a rough night for the money-diggers,” said mine host, as a gust of wind howled round the house, and rattled at the windows.

“What! are they at their works again?” said an Eng-
30 lish half-pay captain, with one eye, who was a very frequent attendant at the inn.

“Aye, are they,” said the landlord, “and well they may be. They’ve luck of late. They say a great pot of

money has been dug up in the fields, just behind Stuyvesant's orchard. Folks think it must have been buried there in old times, by Peter Stuyvesant,° the Dutch governor."

"Fudge!" said the one-eyed man of war, as he added 5 a small portion of water to a bottom of brandy.°

"Well, you may believe it or not, as you please," said mine host, somewhat nettled; "but everybody knows that the old governor buried a great deal of his money at the time of the Dutch troubles, when the English red- 10 coats seized on the province. They say, too, the old gentleman walks°; aye, and in the very same dress that he wears in the picture that hangs up in the family house."

"Fudge°!" said the half-pay officer.

"Fudge, if you please! But didn't Corney Van Zandt 15 see him at midnight, stalking about in the meadow with his wooden leg, and a drawn sword in his hand, that flashed like fire? And what can he be walking for, but because people have been troubling the place where he buried his money in old times?" 20

Here the landlord was interrupted by several guttural sounds from Ramm Rapelye, betokening that he was laboring with the unusual production of an idea. As he was too great a man to be slighted by a prudent publican, mine host respectfully paused until he should deliver him- 25 self. The corpulent frame of this mighty burgher now gave all the symptoms of a volcanic mountain on the point of an eruption. First, there was a certain heaving of the abdomen, not unlike an earthquake; then was emitted a cloud of tobacco-smoke from that crater, his 30 mouth; then there was a kind of rattle in the throat, as if the idea were working its way up through a region of phlegm; then there were several disjointed members of

a sentence thrown out, ending in a cough; at length his voice forced its way into a slow but absolute tone of a man who feels the weight of his purse, if not of his ideas; every portion of his speech being marked by a testy puff of tobacco-smoke.

“Who talks of old Peter Stuyvesant’s walking? — puff — Have people no respect for persons? — puff — puff — Peter Stuyvesant knew better what to do with his money than to bury it — puff — I know the Stuy-
 10 vesant family — puff — every one of them — puff — not a more respectable family in the province — puff — old standards — puff — warm householders — puff — none of your upstarts — puff — puff — puff. Don’t talk to me of Peter Stuyvesant’s walking — puff — puff — puff —
 15 puff.”

Here the redoubtable Ramm contracted his brow, clasped up his mouth till it wrinkled at each corner, and redoubled his smoking with such vehemence, that the cloudy volumes soon wreathed round his head, as the
 20 smoke envelops the awful summit of Mount Ætna.°

A general silence followed the sudden rebuke of this very rich man.° The subject, however, was too interesting to be readily abandoned. The conversation soon broke forth again from the lips of Peechy Prauw Van
 25 Hook,° the chronicler of the club, one of those prosing, narrative old men who seem to be troubled with an incontinence of words, as they grow old.

Peechy could, at any time, tell as many stories in an evening as his hearers could digest in a month. He now
 30 resumed the conversation by affirming that, to his knowledge, money had at different times been digged° up in various parts of the island. The lucky persons who had discovered them had always dreamt of them three times

beforehand, and what was worthy of remark, those treasures had never been found but by some descendant of the good old Dutch families, which clearly proved that they had been buried by Dutchmen in the olden time.

“Fiddlestick with your Dutchmen!” cried the half-pay officer. “The Dutch had nothing to do with them. They were all buried by Kidd^o the pirate, and his crew.”

Here a key-note was touched that roused the whole company. The name of Captain Kidd was like a talisman in those times, and was associated with a thousand 10 marvellous stories.

The half-pay officer took the lead, and in his narrations fathered upon Kidd all the plunderings and exploits of Morgan,^o Blackbeard, and the whole list of bloody buccaneers.

The officer was a man of great weight among the peaceable members of the club, by reason of his warlike character and gunpowder tales.^o All his golden stories of Kidd, however, and of the booty he had buried, were obstinately rivalled by the tales of Peechy Prauw, who, 20 rather than suffer his Dutch progenitors to be eclipsed by a foreign freebooter, enriched every field and shore in the neighborhood with the hidden wealth of Peter Stuyvesant and his contemporaries.

Not a word of this conversation was lost upon Wolfert 25 Webber. He returned pensively^o home, full of magnificent ideas. The soil of his native island seemed to be turned into gold dust, and every field to teem with treasure. His head almost reeled at the thought how often he must have heedlessly rambled over places where count- 30 less sums lay, scarcely covered by the turf beneath his feet. His mind was in an uproar with this whirl of new ideas. As he came in sight of the venerable mansion of

his forefathers, and the little realm where the Webbers had so long and so contentedly flourished, his gorge rose at the narrowness of his destiny.

“Unlucky Wolfert!” exclaimed he; “others can go to
5 bed and dream themselves into whole mines of wealth; they have but to seize a spade in the morning and turn up doubloons^o like potatoes; but thou must dream of hardships, and rise to poverty, — must dig thy field from year’s end to year’s end, and yet raise nothing but cabbages!”
10 Wolfert Webber went to bed with a heavy heart; and it was long before the golden visions that disturbed his brain permitted him to sink into repose. The same visions, however, extended into his sleeping thoughts, and assumed a more definite form. He dreamt that he
15 had discovered an immense treasure in the centre of his garden. At every stroke of the spade he laid bare a golden ingot; diamond crosses sparkled out of the dust; bags of money turned up their bellies, corpulent with pieces-of-eight,^o or venerable doubloons; and chests,
20 wedged close with moidores,^o ducats,^o and pistareens, yawned before his ravished eyes, and vomited forth their glittering contents.

Wolfert awoke a poorer man than ever. He had no heart to go about his daily concerns, which appeared so
25 paltry and profitless; but sat all day long in the chimney-corner, picturing to himself ingots and heaps of gold in the fire. The next night his dream was repeated. He was again in his garden, digging, and laying open stores of hidden wealth. There was something very singular in
30 this repetition. He passed another day of reverie, and though it was cleaning-day, and the house, as usual in Dutch households, completely topsy-turvy, yet he sat unmoved amidst the general uproar.

The third night he went to bed with a palpitating heart. He put on his red night-cap wrong side outwards, for good luck. It was deep midnight before his anxious mind could settle itself into sleep. Again the golden dream was repeated, and again he saw his garden ⁵ teeming with ingots and money-bags.

Wolfert rose the next morning in complete bewilderment. A dream, three times repeated, was never known to lie; and if so, his fortune was made.

In his agitation he put on his waistcoat with the hind ¹⁰ part before, and this was a corroboration of good luck.° He no longer doubted that a huge store of money lay buried somewhere in his cabbage-field, coyly waiting to be sought for; and he repined at having so long been scratching about the surface of the soil instead of dig- ¹⁵ ging to the centre.

He took his seat at the breakfast-table full of these speculations; asked his daughter to put a lump of gold into his tea, and on handing his wife a plate of slap-jacks, begged her to help herself to a doubloon. ²⁰

His grand care now was how to secure this immense treasure without its being known. Instead of his working regularly in his grounds in the daytime, he now stole from his bed at night, and with spade and pickaxe went to work to rip up and dig about his paternal acres, from ²⁵ one end to the other. In a little time the whole garden, which had presented such a goodly and regular appearance, with its phalanx of cabbages, like a vegetable army in battle array, was reduced to a scene of devastation; while the relentless Wolfert, with night-cap on head, and ³⁰ lantern and spade in hand, stalked through the slaughtered ranks, the destroying angel of his own vegetable world.

Every morning bore testimony to the ravages of the

preceding night in cabbages of all ages and conditions, from the tender sprout to the full-grown head, piteously rooted from their quiet beds like worthless weeds, and left to wither in the sunshine. In vain Wolfert's wife
5 remonstrated; in vain his darling daughter wept over the destruction of some favorite marigold. "Thou shalt have gold of another guess sort,"^o he would cry, chucking her under the chin; "thou shalt have a string of crooked ducats for thy wedding necklace, my child."

10 His family began really to fear that the poor man's wits were diseased. He muttered in his sleep at night about mines of wealth, about pearls and diamonds, and bars of gold. In the daytime he was moody and abstracted, and walked about as if in a trance. Dame Webber held fre-
15 quent councils with all the old women of the neighborhood; scarce an hour in the day but a knot of them might be seen wagging their white caps together round her door, while the poor woman made some piteous recital. The daughter, too, was fain to seek for more
20 frequent consolation from the stolen interviews of her favored swain, Dirk Waldron. The delectable little Dutch songs, with which she used to dulcify the house, grew less and less frequent, and she would forget her sewing, and look wistfully in her father's face as he sat pondering by
25 the fireside. Wolfert caught her eye one day fixed on him thus anxiously, and for a moment was roused from his golden reveries. "Cheer up, my girl," said he, exultingly; "why dost thou droop?—thou shalt hold up thy head one day with the Brinckerhoffs, and the Scher-
30 merhorns, the Van Hornes, and the Van Dams. By St. Nicholas, but the patroon himself shall be glad to get thee for his son!"

Amy shook her head at his vainglorious boast, and

was more than ever in doubt of the soundness of the good man's intellect.

In the meantime Wolfert went on digging and digging; but the field was extensive, and as his dream had indicated no precise spot, he had to dig at random. The 5 winter set in before one-tenth of the scene of promise had been explored.

The ground became frozen hard, and the nights too cold for the labors of the spade.

No sooner, however, did the returning warmth of 10 spring loosen the soil, and the small frogs begin to pipe in the meadows, but Wolfert resumed his labors with renovated zeal. Still, however, the hours of industry were reversed.

Instead of working cheerily all day, planting and setting 15 out his vegetables, he remained thoughtfully idle, until the shades of night summoned him to his secret labors. In this way he continued to dig from night to night, and week to week, and month to month, but not a stiver^o did he find. On the contrary, the more he digged, the 20 poorer he grew. The rich soil of his garden was digged away, and the sand and gravel from beneath were thrown to the surface, until the whole field presented an aspect of sandy barrenness.

In the meantime the seasons gradually rolled on. The 25 little frogs which had piped in the meadows in early spring croaked as bull-frogs during the summer heats, and then sank into silence. The peach-tree budded, blossomed, and bore its fruit. The swallows and martins came, twitted about the roof, built their nests, reared their young, 30 held their congress along the eaves, and then winged their flight in search of another spring. The caterpillar spun its winding-sheet, dangled in it from the great button-

wood tree before the house; turned into a moth, fluttered with the last sunshine of summer, and disappeared; and finally the leaves of the buttonwood tree turned yellow, then brown, then rustled one by one to the ground, and
5 whirling about in little eddies of wind and dust, whispered that winter was at hand.

Wolfert gradually woke from his dream of wealth as the year declined. He had reared no crop for the supply of his household during the sterility of winter. The
10 season was long and severe, and for the first time the family was really straitened in its comforts. By degrees a revulsion of thought took place in Wolfert's mind, common to those whose golden dreams have been disturbed by pinching realities. The idea gradually stole
15 upon him that he should come to want. He already considered himself one of the most unfortunate men in the province, having lost such an incalculable amount of undiscovered treasure, and now, when thousands of pounds had eluded his search, to be perplexed for shillings
20 and pence, was cruel in the extreme.

Haggard care gathered about his brow; he went about with a money-seeking air, his eyes bent downward into the dust, and carrying his hands in his pockets, as men are apt to do when they have nothing else to put into them.
25 He could not even pass the city almshouse without giving it a rueful glance, as if destined to be his future abode.

The strangeness of his conduct and of his looks occasioned much speculation and remark. For a long time he was suspected of being crazy, and then every body
30 pitied him; and at length it began to be suspected that he was poor, and then every body avoided him.

The rich old burghers of his acquaintance met him outside of the door when he called, entertained him hos-

pitably on the threshold, pressed him warmly by the hand at parting, shook their heads as he walked away, with the kind-hearted expression of "poor Wolfert," and turned a corner nimbly if by chance they saw him approaching as they walked the streets. Even the barber and the cob- 5
bler of the neighborhood, and a tattered tailor in an alley hard by, three of the poorest and merriest rogues in the world, eyed him with that abundant sympathy^o which usually attends a lack of means; and there is not a doubt but their pockets would have been at his command only 10 that they happened to be empty.

Thus every body deserted the Webber mansion, as if poverty were contagious, like the plague; every body but honest Dirk Waldron, who still kept up his stolen visits to the daughter, and indeed seemed to wax more 15 affectionate as the fortunes of his mistress were in the wane.

Many months had elapsed since Wolfert had frequented his old resort, the rural inn. He was taking a long lonely walk one Saturday afternoon, musing over his wants and 20 disappointments, when his feet took instinctively their wonted direction, and on awaking out of a reverie, he found himself before the door of the inn. For some moments he hesitated whether to enter, but his heart yearned for companionship; and where can a ruined man 25 find better companionship than at a tavern, where there is neither sober example nor sober advice to put him out of countenance?

Wolfert found several of the old frequenters of the inn at their usual posts, and seated in their usual places; but 30 one was missing — the great Ramm Rapelye, who for many years had filled the leather-bottomed chair of state. His place was supplied by a stranger, who seemed, however,

to be completely at home in the chair and the tavern. He was rather under size, but deep-chested, square, and muscular. His broad shoulders, double joints, and bow knees, gave tokens of prodigious strength. His face was dark and weatherbeaten; a deep scar, as if from the slash of a cutlass, had almost divided his nose, and made a gash in his upper lip, through which his teeth shone like a bull-dog's. A mop of iron-gray hair gave a grizzly finish to this hard-favored visage. His dress was of an amphibious^o character. He wore an old hat edged with tarnished lace, and cocked in martial style, on one side of his head; a rusty blue military coat with brass buttons, and a wide pair of short petticoat trousers, or rather breeches, for they were gathered up at the knees. He ordered every body about him with an authoritative air, talking in a brattling voice, that sounded like the crackling of thorns under a pot; d——d the landlord and servants with perfect impunity, and was waited upon with greater obsequiousness than had ever been shown to the mighty Ramm himself.

Wolfert's curiosity was awakened to know who and what was this stranger, who had thus usurped absolute sway in this ancient domain. Peechy Prauw took him aside, into a remote corner of the hall, and there, in an under voice, and with great caution, imparted to him all that he knew on the subject. The inn had been aroused several months before, on a dark, stormy night, by repeated long shouts, that seemed like the howling of a wolf. They came from the water-side, and at length were distinguished to be hailing the house in the seafaring manner, "House-a-hoy!" The landlord turned out with his head-waiter, tapster, hostler, and errand-boy, — that is to say, with his old negro Cuff. On approaching the

place whence the voice proceeded, they found this amphibious-looking personage at the water's edge, quite alone, and seated on a great oaken sea-chest. How he came there, whether he had been set on shore from some boat, or had floated to land on his chest, nobody could tell, 5 for he did not seem disposed to answer questions; and there was something in his looks and manners that put a stop to all questioning. Suffice it to say, he took possession of a corner-room of the inn, to which his chest was removed with great difficulty. Here he had remained 10 ever since, keeping about the inn and its vicinity. Sometimes, it is true, he disappeared for one, two, or three days at a time, going and returning without giving any notice or account of his movements. He always appeared to have plenty of money, though often of very strange, out- 15 landish coinage; and he regularly paid his bill every evening before turning in.

He had fitted up his room to his own fancy, having slung a hammock from the ceiling instead of a bed, and decorated the walls with rusty pistols and cutlasses of 20 foreign workmanship. A greater part of his time was passed in this room, seated by the window, which commanded a wide view of the Sound, a short old-fashioned pipe in his mouth, a glass of rum-toddy at his elbow, and a pocket-telescope in his hand, with 25 which he reconnoitred every boat that moved upon the water. Large square-rigged vessels seemed to excite but little attention; but the moment he descried any thing with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, or that a barge, or yawl, or jolly-boat hove in sight, up went the telescope, and he 30 examined it with the most scrupulous attention.

All this might have passed without much notice, for in those times the province was so much the resort of adven-

turers of all characters and climes, that any oddity in dress or behavior attracted but small attention. In a little while, however, this strange sea-monster, thus strangely cast upon dry land, began to encroach upon the long-
5 established customs and customers of the place, and to interfere in a dictatorial manner in the affairs of the ninepin alley and the bar-room, until in the end he usurped an absolute command over the whole inn. It was all in vain to attempt to withstand his authority. He was not
10 exactly quarrelsome, but boisterous and peremptory, like one accustomed to tyrannize on a quarter-deck; and there was a dare-devil air about every thing he said and did, that inspired wariness in all by-standers. Even the half-pay officer, so long the hero of the club, was soon silenced by
15 him; and the quiet burghers stared with wonder at seeing their inflammable man of war so readily and quietly extinguished.

And then the tales that he would tell were enough to make a peaceable man's hair stand on end. There was
20 not a sea-fight, nor marauding nor freebooting adventure that had happened within the last twenty years, but he seemed perfectly versed in it. He delighted to talk of the exploits of the buccaneers in the West Indies, and on the Spanish Main. How his eyes would glisten as he
25 described the way-laying of treasureships, the desperate fights, yard-arm and yard-arm — broadside and broadside — the boarding and capturing huge Spanish galleons! With what chuckling relish would he describe the descent upon some rich Spanish colony; the rifling of
30 a church; the sacking of a convent! You would have thought you heard some gormandizer dilating upon the roasting of a savory goose at Michaelmas as he described the roasting of some Spanish Don^o to make him discover

his treasure — a detail given with a minuteness that made every rich old burgher present turn uncomfortably in his chair. All this would be told with infinite glee, as if he considered it an excellent joke; and then he would give such a tyrannical leer in the face of his next neighbor, that ⁵ the poor man would be fain to laugh out of sheer faint-heartedness. If any one, however, pretended to contradict him in any of his stories, he was on fire in an instant. His very cocked hat assumed a momentary fierceness, and seemed to resent the contradiction. “How ¹⁰ the devil should you know as well as I? — I tell you it was as I say;” and he would at the same time let slip a broadside of thundering oaths and tremendous sea-phrases, such as had never been heard before within these peaceful walls. 15

Indeed, the worthy burghers began to surmise that he knew more of those stories than mere hearsay. Day after day their conjectures concerning him grew more and more wild and fearful. The strangeness of his arrival, the strangeness of his manners, the mystery that sur- ²⁰ rounded him, all made him something incomprehensible in their eyes. He was a kind of monster of the deep to them — he was a merman — he was a behemoth — he was a leviathan,° — in short, they knew not what he was.

The domineering spirit of this boisterous sea-urchin at ²⁵ length grew quite intolerable. He was no respecter of persons; he contradicted the richest burghers without hesitation; he took possession of the sacred elbow-chair, which, time out of mind, had been the seat of sovereignty of the illustrious Ramm Rapelye. Nay, he even went so ³⁰ far, in one of his rough jocular moods, as to slap that mighty burgher on the back, drink his toddy, and wink in his face, a thing scarcely to be believed. From this

time Ramm Rapelye appeared no more at the inn; his example was followed by several of the most eminent customers, who were too rich to tolerate being bullied out of their opinions, or being obliged to laugh at another man's jokes. The landlord was almost in despair; but he knew not how to get rid of this sea-monster and his sea-chest, who seemed both to have grown like fixtures, or excrescences, on his establishment.

Such was the account whispered cautiously in Wolfert's ear, by the narrator, Peechy Prauw, as he held him by the button in a corner of the hall, casting a wary glance now and then towards the door of the bar-room, lest he should be overheard by the terrible hero of his tale.

Wolfert took his seat in a remote part of the room in silence; impressed with profound awe of this unknown, so versed in freebooting history. It was to him a wonderful instance of the revolutions of mighty empires, to find the venerable Ramm Rapelye thus ousted from the throne, and a rugged tarpauling^o dictating from his elbow-chair, hectoring the patriarchs, and filling this tranquil little realm with brawl and bravado.

The stranger was on this evening in a more than usually communicative mood, and was narrating a number of astounding stories of plunderings and burnings on the high seas. He dwelt upon them with peculiar relish, heightening the frightful particulars in proportion to their effect on his peaceful auditors. He gave a swaggering detail of the capture of a Spanish merchantman. She was lying becalmed during a long summer's day, just off from an island, which was one of the lurking-places of the pirates. They had reconnoitred her with their spy-glasses from the shore, and ascertained her character and force. At night a picked crew of daring fellows set off

for her in a whale-boat. They approached with muffled oars, as she lay rocking idly with the undulations of the sea, and her sails flapping against the masts. They were close under the stern before the guard on deck was aware of their approach. The alarm was given; the pirates 5 threw hand-grenades° on deck, and sprang up the main chains, sword in hand.

The crew flew to arms, but in great confusion; some were shot down, others took refuge in the tops; others were driven overboard and drowned; while others fought 10 hand to hand from the main-deck to the quarter-deck, disputing gallantly every inch of ground. There were three Spanish gentlemen on board with their ladies, who made the most desperate resistance. They defended the companion-way, cut down several of their assailants, and 15 fought like very devils, for they were maddened by the shrieks of the ladies from the cabin. One of the Dons was old, and soon dispatched. The other two kept their ground vigorously, even though the captain of the pirates was among their assailants. Just then there was a shout 20 of victory from the main-deck. "The ship is ours!" cried the pirates.

One of the Dons immediately dropped his sword and surrendered; the other, who was a hot-headed youngster, and just married, gave the captain a slash in the face that 25 laid all open. The captain just made out to articulate the words "no quarter."

"And what did they do with their prisoners?" said Peechy Prauw, eagerly.

"Threw them all overboard," was the answer. A 30 dead pause followed the reply. Peechy Prauw sunk quietly back, like a man who had unwarily stole upon the lair of a sleeping lion. The honest burghers cast fearful

glances at the deep scar slashed across the visage of the stranger, and moved their chairs a little farther off. The seaman, however, smoked on without moving a muscle, as though he either did not perceive or did not regard the 5 unfavorable effect he had produced upon his hearers.

The half-pay officer was the first to break the silence, for he was continually tempted to make ineffectual head against this tyrant of the seas, and to regain his lost consequence in the eyes of his ancient companions. He now 10 tried to match the gunpowder tales of the stranger by others equally tremendous. Kidd, as usual, was his hero, concerning whom he seemed to have picked up many of the floating traditions of the province. The seaman had always evinced a settled pique against the one-eyed war- 15 rior. On this occasion he listened with peculiar impatience. He sat with one arm akimbo, the other elbow on the table, the hand holding on to the small pipe he was pettishly puffing; his legs crossed; drumming with one foot on the ground, and casting every now and then the 20 side-glance of a basilisk^o at the prosing captain. At length the latter spoke of Kidd's having ascended the Hudson with some of his crew, to land his plunder in secrecy.

"Kidd up the Hudson!" burst forth the seaman, with 25 a tremendous oath, — "Kidd never was up the Hudson!"

"I tell you he was," said the other. "Aye, and they say he buried a quantity of treasure on the little flat that runs out into the river, called the Devil's Dans Kammer."

30 "The Devil's Dans Kammer in your teeth!" cried the seaman. "I tell you Kidd never was up the Hudson. What a plague do you know of Kidd and his haunts?"

"What do I know?" echoed the half-pay officer.

“Why, I was in London at the time of his trial; aye, and I had the pleasure of seeing him hanged at Execution Dock.”

“Then, sir, let me tell you that you saw as pretty a fellow hanged as ever trod shoe-leather. Aye!” putting 5 his face nearer to that of the officer, “and there was many a land-lubber looked on that might much better have swung in his stead.”

The half-pay officer was silenced, but the indignation thus pent up in his bosom glowed with intense vehemence 10 in his single eye, which kindled like a coal.

Peechy Prauw, who never could remain silent, observed that the gentleman certainly was in the right. Kidd never did bury money up the Hudson, nor indeed in any of those parts, though many affirmed such to be the 15 fact. It was Braddish and others of the buccaneers who had buried money; some said in Turtle Bay, others on Long Island, others in the neighborhood of Hell-gate. “Indeed,” added he, “I recollect an adventure of Sam, the negro fisherman, many years ago, which some think 20 had something to do with the buccaneers. As we are all friends here, and as it will go no further, I’ll tell it to you.

“Upon a dark night many years ago, as Black Sam was returning from fishing in Hell-gate ——” 25

Here the story was nipped in the bud by a sudden movement from the unknown, who, laying his iron fist on the table, knuckles downward, with a quiet force that indented the very boards, and looking grimly over his shoulder, with the grin of an angry bear, — “Heark’ee, 30 neighbor,” said he, with significant nodding of the head, “you’d better let the buccaneers and their money alone, — they’re not for old men and old women to meddle with.

They fought hard for their money; they gave body and soul for it; and wherever it lies buried, depend upon it he must have a tug with the devil who gets it!"

This sudden explosion was succeeded by a blank silence
5 throughout the room. Peechy Prauw shrunk within himself, and even the one-eyed officer turned pale. Wolfert, who from a dark corner of the room had listened with intense eagerness to all this talk about buried treasure, looked with mingled awe and reverence at this bold buccaneer, for such he really suspected him to be. There was
10 a chinking of gold and a sparkling of jewels in all his stories about the Spanish Main^o that gave a value to every period; and Wolfert would have given any thing for the rummaging of the ponderous sea-chest, which his
15 imagination crammed full of golden chalices, crucifixes,^o and jolly round bags of doubloons.

The dead stillness that had fallen upon the company was at length interrupted by the stranger, who pulled out a prodigious watch of curious and ancient workmanship,
20 and which in Wolfert's eyes had a decidedly Spanish look. On touching a spring it struck ten o'clock, upon which the sailor called for his reckoning, and having paid it out of a handful of outlandish coin, he drank off the remainder of his beverage, and without taking leave of any one,
25 rolled out of the room, muttering to himself, as he stamped up stairs to his chamber,

It was some time before the company could recover from the silence into which they had been thrown. The very footsteps of the stranger, which were heard now and
30 then as he traversed his chamber, inspired awe.

Still the conversation in which they had been engaged was too interesting not to be resumed. A heavy thunder-gust had gathered up unnoticed while they were lost in

talk, and the torrents of rain that fell forbade all thoughts of setting off for home until the storm should subside. They drew nearer together, therefore, and entreated the worthy Peechy Prauw to continue the tale which had been so discourteously interrupted. He readily complied, whis-
 5 pering, however, in a tone scarcely above his breath, and drowned occasionally by the rolling of the thunder; and he would pause every now and then, and listen with evident awe, as he heard the heavy footsteps of the stranger
 10 pacing overhead.

The following is the purport of his story.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLACK FISHERMAN

Every body knows Black Sam, the old negro fisherman, or, as he is commonly called, Mud Sam, who had fished about the Sound for the last half century. It is now
 15 many years since Sam, who was then as active a young negro as any in the province, and worked on the farm of Killian Suydam on Long Island, having finished his day's work at an early hour, was fishing, one still summer evening, just about the neighborhood of Hell-gate.

He was in a light skiff, and being well acquainted with
 20 the currents and eddies, had shifted his station according to the shifting of the tide, from the Hen and Chickens to the Hog's Back, from the Hog's Back to the Pot, and from the Pot to the Frying-Pan^o; but in the eagerness of his sport he did not see that the tide was rapidly ebbing,
 25 until the roaring of the whirlpools and eddies warned him of his danger; and he had some difficulty in shooting his skiff from among the rocks and breakers, and getting to the point of Blackwell's Island.^o Here he cast anchor for

some time, waiting the turn of the tide to enable him to return homewards. As the night set in, it grew blustering and gusty. Dark clouds came bundling up in the west, and now and then a growl of thunder or a flash of lightning told that a summer storm was at hand. Sam pulled over, therefore, under the lee of Manhattan Island, and coasting along, came to a snag nook,^o just under a steep beetling rock, where he fastened his skiff to the root of a tree that shot out from a cleft, and spread its broad branches like a canopy over the water. The gust came scouring along; the wind threw up the river in white surges; the rain rattled among the leaves; the thunder bellowed worse than that which is now bellowing; the lightning seemed to lick up the surges of the stream; but Sam, snugly sheltered under rock and tree, lay crouching in his skiff, rocking upon the billows until he fell asleep. When he woke all was quiet. The gust had passed away, and only now and then a faint gleam of lightning in the east showed which way it had gone. The night was dark and moonless, and from the state of the tide Sam concluded it was near midnight. He was on the point of making loose his skiff to return homewards, when he saw a light gleaming along the water from a distance, which seemed rapidly approaching. As it drew near he perceived it came from a lantern in the bow of a boat gliding along under shadow of the land. It pulled up in a small cove, close to where he was. A man jumped on the shore, and searching about with the lantern, exclaimed: "This is the place — here's the iron ring." The boat was then made fast, and the man returning on board, assisted his comrades in conveying something heavy on shore. As the light gleamed among them, Sam saw that they were five stout, desperate-looking fellows, in red woollen caps,

with a leader in a three-cornered hat, and that some of them were armed with dirks, or long knives, and pistols. They talked low to one another, and occasionally in some outlandish tongue which he could not understand.

On landing they made their way among the bushes, ⁵ taking turns to relieve each other in lugging their burden up the rocky bank. Sam's curiosity was now fully aroused; so leaving his skiff he clambered silently up a ridge that overlooked their path. They had stopped to rest for a moment, and the leader was looking about among the ¹⁰ bushes with his lantern. "Have you brought the spades?" said one. "They are here," replied another, who had them on his shoulder. "We must dig deep, where there will be no risk of discovery," said a third.

A cold chill ran through Sam's veins. He fancied he ¹⁵ saw before him a gang of murderers, about to bury their victim. His knees smote together. In his agitation he shook the branch of a tree with which he was supporting himself as he looked over the edge of the cliff.

"What's that?" cried one of the gang. "Some one ²⁰ stirs among the bushes!"

The lantern was held up in the direction of the noise. One of the red-caps cocked a pistol, and pointed it towards the very place where Sam was standing. He stood motionless — breathless; expecting the next moment to ²⁵ be his last. Fortunately his dingy complexion was in his favor, and made no glare among the leaves.

"'Tis no one," said the man with the lantern. "What a plague! you would not fire off your pistol and alarm the country!"

The pistol was uncocked; the burden was resumed, and the party slowly toiled along the bank. Sam watched them as they went; the light sending back fitful gleams

through the dripping bushes, and it was not till they were fairly out of sight that he ventured to draw breath freely. He now thought of getting back to his boat, and making his escape out of the reach of such dangerous neighbors; 5 but curiosity was all-powerful. He hesitated and lingered and listened. By and by he heard the strokes of spades. "They are digging the grave!" said he to himself; and the cold sweat started upon his forehead. Every stroke of a spade, as it sounded through the silent groves, went 10 to his heart; it was evident there was as little noise made as possible; every thing had an air of terrible mystery and secrecy. Sam had a great relish for the horrible, — a tale of murder was a treat for him; and he was a constant attendant at executions. He could not resist an 15 impulse, in spite of every danger, to steal nearer to the scenes of mystery, and overlook the midnight fellows at their work. He crawled along cautiously, therefore, inch by inch; stepping with the utmost care among the dry leaves, lest their rustling should betray him. He 20 came at length to where a steep rock intervened between him and the gang; for he saw the light of their lantern shining up against the branches of the trees on the other side. Sam slowly and silently clambered up the surface of the rock, and raising his head above its naked edge, 25 beheld the villains immediately below him, and so near, that though he dreaded discovery, he dared not withdraw lest the least movement should be heard. In this way he remained, with his round black face peering above the edge of the rock, like the sun just emerging above the 30 edge of the horizon, or the round-cheeked moon on the dial of a clock.

The red-caps had nearly finished their work; the grave was filled up, and they were carefully replacing the turf.

This done, they scattered dry leaves over the place. "And now," said the leader, "I defy the devil himself to find it out."

"The murderers!" exclaimed Sam, involuntarily.

The whole gang started, and looking up, beheld the round black head of Sam just above them. His white eyes strained half out of their orbits; his white teeth chattering, and his whole visage shining with cold perspiration.

"We're discovered!" cried one. 10

"Down with him!" cried another.

Sam heard the cocking of a pistol, but did not pause for the report. He scrambled over rock and stone, through brush and brier; rolled down banks like a hedgehog; scrambled up others like a catamount. In every direction he heard some one or other of the gang hemming him in. At length he reached the rocky ridge along the river; one of the red-caps was hard behind him. A steep rock like a wall rose directly in his way; it seemed to cut off all retreat, when fortunately he espied the strong cord-like branch of a grapevine reaching half-way down it. He sprang at it with the force of a desperate man, seized it with both hands, and being young and agile, succeeded in swinging himself to the summit of the cliff. Here he stood in full relief against the sky, when red-cap cocked his pistol and fired. The ball whistled by Sam's head. With the lucky thought of a man in an emergency, he uttered a yell, fell to the ground, and detached at the same time a fragment of the rock, which tumbled with a loud splash into the river. 20 30

"I've done his business," said the red-cap to one or two of his comrades as they arrived panting. "He'll tell no tales, except to the fishes in the river."

His pursuers now turned to meet their companions. Sam, sliding silently down the surface of the rock, let himself quietly into his skiff, cast loose the fastening, and abandoned himself to the rapid current, which in that place runs like a mill-stream, and soon swept him off from the neighborhood. It was not, however, until he had drifted a great distance that he ventured to ply his oars, when he made his skiff dart like an arrow through the strait of Hell-gate, never heeding the danger of Pot, Frying-Pan, nor Hog's Back itself: nor did he feel himself thoroughly secure until safely nestled in bed in the cockloft of the ancient farm-house of the Suydams.

Here the worthy Peechy Prauw paused to take breath, and to take a sip of the gossip tankard^o that stood at his elbow. His auditors remained with open mouths and outstretched necks, gaping like a nest of swallows for an additional mouthful.

"And is that all?" exclaimed the half-pay officer.

"That's all that belongs to the story," said Peechy Prauw.

"And did Sam never find out what was buried by the red-caps?" said Wolfert, eagerly, whose mind was haunted by nothing but ingots and doubloons.

"Not that I know of," said Peechy; "he had no time to spare from his work, and, to tell the truth, he did not like to run the risk of another race among the rocks. Besides, how should he recollect the spot where the grave had been digged? every thing would look so different by daylight. And then, where was the use of looking for a dead body, when there was no chance of hanging the murderers?"

"Aye, but are you sure it was a dead body they buried?" said Wolfert.

“To be sure,” cried Peechy Prauw, exultingly. “Does it not haunt in the neighborhood to this very day?”

“Haunts!” exclaimed several of the party, opening their eyes still wider, and edging their chairs still closer.

“Aye, haunts,” repeated Peechy; “have none of you heard of Father Red-cap, who haunts the old burnt farm-house in the woods, on the border of the Sound, near Hell-gate?”

“Oh, to be sure, I’ve heard tell of something of the kind, but then I took it for some old wives’ fable.”

“Old wives’ fable or not,” said Peechy Prauw, “that farm-house stands hard by the very spot. It’s been unoccupied time out of mind, and stands in a lonely part of the coast; but those who fish in the neighborhood have often heard strange noises there; and lights have been seen about the wood at night; and an old fellow in a red cap has been seen at the windows more than once, which people take to be the ghost of the body buried there. Once upon a time three soldiers took shelter in the building for the night, and rummaged it from top to bottom, when they found old Father Red-cap astride of a cider-barrel in the cellar, with a jug in one hand and a goblet in the other. He offered them a drink out of his goblet, but just as one of the soldiers was putting it to his mouth — whew! — a flash of fire blazed through the cellar, blinded every mother’s son of them for several minutes, and when they recovered their eye-sight, jug, goblet, and Red-cap had vanished, and nothing but the empty cider-barrel remained.”

Here the half-pay officer, who was growing very muzzy and sleepy, and nodding over his liquor, with half-extinguished eye, suddenly gleamed up like an expiring rush-light.

“That’s all fudge!” said he, as Peechy finished his last story.

“Well, I don’t vouch for the truth of it myself,” said Peechy Prauw, “though all the world knows that there’s
5 something strange about that house and grounds; but as to the story of Mud Sam, I believe it just as well as if it had happened to myself.”

The deep interest taken in this conversation by the company had made them unconscious of the uproar
10 abroad among the elements, when suddenly they were electrified by a tremendous clap of thunder. A lumbering crash followed instantaneously, shaking the building to its very foundation. All started from their seats, imagining
it the shock of an earthquake, or that old Father Red-cap
15 was coming among them in all his terrors. They listened for a moment, but only heard the rain pelting against the windows, and the wind howling among the trees. The explosion was soon explained by the apparition of an old negro’s bald head thrust in at the door, his white
20 goggle eyes contrasting with his jetty poll, which was wet with rain, and shone like a bottle. In a jargon but half intelligible, he announced that the kitchen-chimney had been struck with lightning.

A sullen pause of the storm, which now rose and sunk
25 in gusts, produced a momentary stillness. In this interval the report of a musket was heard, and a long shout, almost like a yell, resounded from the shores. Every one crowded to the window; another musket-shot was heard, and another long shout, mingled wildly with a rising blast of
30 wind. It seemed as if the cry came up from the bosom of the waters; for though incessant flashes of lightning spread a light about the shore, no one was to be seen.

Suddenly the window of the room overhead was opened, and a loud halloo uttered by the mysterious stranger. Several hailings passed from one party to the other, but in a language which none of the company in the bar-room could understand; and presently they heard the window closed, and a great noise overhead, as if all the furniture were pulled and hauled about the room. The negro servant was summoned, and shortly afterwards was seen assisting the veteran to lug the ponderous sea-chest down-stairs.

10

The landlord was in amazement. "What, you are not going on the water in such a storm?"

"Storm!" said the other, scornfully, "do you call such a sputter of weather a storm?"

"You'll get drenched to the skin, — you'll catch your death!" said Peechy Prauw, affectionately.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the veteran, "don't preach about weather to a man that has cruised in whirlwinds and tornadoes."

The obsequious Peechy was again struck dumb. The voice from the water was heard once more in a tone of impatience; the bystanders stared with redoubled awe at this man of storms, who seemed to have come up out of the deep, and to be summoned back to it again. As, with the assistance of the negro, he slowly bore his ponderous sea-chest towards the shore, they eyed it with a superstitious feeling, — half doubting whether he were not really about to embark upon it and launch forth upon the wild waves. They followed him at a distance with a lantern.

30

"Dowse^o the light!" roared the hoarse voice from the water. "No one wants light here!"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the veteran,

turning short upon them; "back to the house with you!"

Wolfert and his companions shrunk back in dismay. Still their curiosity would not allow them entirely to withdraw. A long sheet of lightning now flickered across the waves, and discovered a boat, filled with men, just under a rocky point, rising and sinking with the heaving surges, and swashing the waters at every heave. It was with difficulty held to the rocks by a boat-hook, for the current
10 rushed furiously round the point. The veteran hoisted one end of the lumbering sea-chest on the gunwale of the boat, and seized the handle at the other end to lift it in, when the motion propelled the boat from the shore; the chest slipped off from the gunwale, and, sinking into the
15 waves, pulled the veteran headlong after it. A loud shriek was uttered by all on shore, and a volley of execrations by those on board, but boat and man were hurried away by the rushing swiftness of the tide. A pitchy darkness succeeded; Wolfert Webber indeed
20 fancied that he distinguished a cry for help, and that he beheld the drowning man beckoning for assistance; but when the lightning again gleamed along the water, all was void; neither man nor boat was to be seen; nothing but the dashing and weltering of the waves as they hur-
25 ried past.

The company returned to the tavern to await the subsiding of the storm. They resumed their seats, and gazed on each other with dismay. The whole transaction had not occupied five minutes, and not a dozen words had been
30 spoken. When they looked at the oaken chair, they could scarcely realize the fact that the strange being who had so lately tenanted it, full of life and Herculean vigor, should already be a corpse. There was the very glass he had

just drunk from; there lay the ashes from the pipe which he had smoked, as it were with his last breath. As the worthy burghers pondered on these things, they felt a terrible conviction of the uncertainty of existence, and each felt as if the ground on which he stood was rendered less 5 stable by his awful example.

As, however, the most of the company were possessed of that valuable philosophy^o which enables a man to bear up with fortitude against the misfortunes of his neighbors, they soon managed to console themselves for the tragic 10 end of the veteran. The landlord was particularly happy that the poor dear man had paid his reckoning before he went; and made a kind of farewell speech on the occasion.

“He came,” said he, “in a storm, and he went in a storm; he came in the night, and he went in the night; 15 he came nobody knows whence, and he has gone nobody knows where. For aught I know he has gone to sea once more on his chest, and may land to bother some people on the other side of the world! Though it’s a thousand pities,” added he, “if he has gone to Davy Jones’ locker,^o 20 that he had not left his own locker behind him.”

“His locker! St. Nicholas preserve us!” cried Peechy Prauw. “I’d not have had that sea-chest in the house for any money; I’ll warrant he’d come racketing after it at nights, and making a haunted house of the inn. And, 25 as to his going to sea in his chest, I recollect what happened to Skipper Onderdonk’s ship on his voyage from Amsterdam.

“The boatswain died during a storm: so they wrapped him up in a sheet, and put him in his own sea-chest, and 30 threw him overboard; but they neglected in their hurry-skurry to say prayers over him — and the storm raged and roared louder than ever, and they saw the dead man

seated in his chest, with his shroud for a sail, coming hard after the ship; and the sea breaking before him in great sprays like fire; and there they kept scudding day after day, and night after night, expecting every moment to go
5 to wreck; and every night they saw the dead boatswain in his sea-chest trying to get up with them, and they heard his whistle above the blasts of wind and he seemed to send great seas mountain-high after them, that would have swamped the ship if they had not put up the dead-lights.^o
10 And so it went on till they lost sight of him in the fogs off Newfoundland, and supposed he had veered ship and stood for Dead Man's Isle. So much for burying a man at sea without saying prayers over him."

The thunder-gust which had hitherto detained the com-
15 pany was now at an end. The cuckoo clock in the hall told midnight; every one pressed to depart, for seldom was such a late hour of the night trespassed on by these quiet burghers. As they sallied forth, they found the heavens once more serene. The storm which had lately
20 obscured them had rolled away, and lay piled up in fleecy masses on the horizon, lighted up by the bright crescent of the moon, which looked like a little silver lamp hung up in a palace of clouds.

The dismal occurrence of the night, and the dismal
25 narrations they had made, had left a superstitious feeling in every mind. They cast a fearful glance at the spot where the buccaneer had disappeared, almost expecting to see him sailing on his chest in the cool moonshine. The trembling rays glittered along the waters, but all was
30 placid; and the current dimpled over the spot where he had gone down. The party huddled together in a little crowd as they repaired homewards; particularly when they passed a lonely field where a man had been murdered;

and even the sexton, who had to complete his journey alone, though accustomed, one would think, to ghosts and goblins, went a long way round, rather than pass by his own churchyard.

Wolfert Webber had now carried home a fresh stock of 5 stories and notions to ruminat upon. These accounts of pots of money and Spanish treasures, buried here and there and everywhere, about the rocks and bays of these wild shores, made him almost dizzy. "Blessed St. Nicholas!" ejaculated he, half aloud, "is it not possible 10 to come upon one of these golden hoards, and to make one's self rich in a twinkling? How hard that I must go on, delving and delving, day in and day out, merely to make a morsel of bread, when one lucky stroke of a spade might enable me to ride in my carriage for the rest of my 15 life!"

As he turned over in his thoughts all that had been told of the singular adventure of the negro fisherman, his imagination gave a totally different complexion to the tale. He saw in the gang of red-caps nothing but a crew 20 of pirates burying their spoils, and his cupidity was once more awakened by the possibility of at length getting on the traces of some of this lurking wealth. Indeed, his infected fancy tinged every thing with gold. He felt like the greedy inhabitant of Bagdad, when his eyes had been 25 greased with the magic ointment of the dervise, that gave him to see all the treasures of the earth. Caskets of buried jewels, chests of ingots, and barrels of outlandish coins, seemed to court him from their concealments, and supplicate him to relieve them from their untimely graves. 30

On making private inquiries about the grounds said to be haunted by Father Red-cap, he was more and more confirmed in his surmise. He learned that the place had

several times been visited by experienced money-diggers, who had heard Black Sam's story, though none of them had met with success. On the contrary, they had always been dogged with ill-luck of some kind or other, in consequence, as Wolfert concluded, of not going to work at the proper time, and with the proper ceremonials. The last attempt had been made by Cobus Quackenbos, who dug for a whole night, and met with incredible difficulty, for as fast as he threw one shovelful of earth out of the hole, two were thrown in by invisible hands. He succeeded so far, however, as to uncover an iron chest, when there was a terrible roaring, ramping, and raging of uncouth figures about the hole, and at length a shower of blows, dealt by invisible cudgels, fairly belabored him off of the forbidden ground. This Cobus Quackenbos had declared on his death-bed, so that there could not be any doubt of it. He was a man that had devoted many years of his life to money-digging, and it was thought would have ultimately succeeded had he not died recently of a brain-fever in the almshouse.°

Wolfert Webber was now in a worry of trepidation and impatience, fearful lest some rival adventurer should get a scent of the buried gold. He determined privately to seek out the black fisherman, and get him to serve as guide to the place where he had witnessed the mysterious scene of interment. Sam was easily found; for he was one of those old habitual beings that live about a neighborhood until they wear themselves a place in the public mind, and become, in a manner, public characters. There was not an unlucky urchin about town that did not know Sam the fisherman, and think that he had a right to play his tricks upon the old negro. Sam had led an amphibious life for more than half a century, about the shores of the

bay and the fishing-grounds of the Sound. He passed a greater part of his time on and in the water, particularly about Hell-gate, and might have been taken, in bad weather, for one of the hobgoblins that used to haunt that strait. There would he be seen, at all times, and in all 5 weathers; sometimes in his skiff, anchored among the eddies, or prowling like a shark about some wreck, where the fish are supposed to be most abundant. Sometimes seated on a rock from hour to hour, looking, in the mist and drizzle, like a solitary heron watching for its prey. 10 He was well acquainted with every hole and corner of the Sound, from the Wallabout^o to Hell-gate, and from Hell-gate unto the Devil's Stepping-Stones; and it was even affirmed that he knew all the fish in the river by their Christian names. 15

Wolfert found him at his cabin, which was not much larger than a tolerable dog-house. It was rudely constructed of fragments of wrecks and drift-wood, and built on the rocky shore, at the foot of the old fort, just about what at present forms the point of the Battery. A "most 20 ancient and fish-like smell" pervaded the place. Oars, paddles, and fishing-rods were leaning against the wall of the fort; a net was spread on the sand to dry; a skiff was drawn up on the beach; and at the door of his cabin was Mud Sam himself, indulging in the true negro luxury 25 of sleeping in the sunshine.

Many years had passed away since the time of Sam's youthful adventure, and the snows of many a winter had grizzled the knotty wool upon his head. He perfectly recollected the circumstances, however, for he had often 30 been called upon to relate them, though in his version of the story he differed in many points from Peechy Prauw, as is not unfrequently the case with authentic historians.

As to the subsequent researches of money-diggers, Sam knew nothing about them; they were matters quite out of his line; neither did the cautious Wolfert care to disturb his thoughts on that point. His only wish was to
5 secure the old fisherman as a pilot to the spot, and this was readily effected. The long time that had intervened since his nocturnal adventure had effaced all Sam's awe of the place, and the promise of a trifling reward roused him at once from his sleep and his sunshine.

10 The tide was adverse to making the expedition by water, and Wolfert was too impatient to get to the land of promise to wait for its turning: they set off, therefore, by land. A walk of four or five miles brought them to the edge of a wood, which at that time covered the greater part of the
15 eastern side of the island. It was just beyond the pleasant region of Bloomen-dael.^o Here they struck into a long lane, straggling among trees and bushes, very much overgrown with weeds and mullein-stalks, as if but seldom used, and so completely overshadowed as to enjoy but
20 a kind of twilight. Wild vines entangled the trees and flaunted in their faces; brambles and briars caught their clothes as they passed; the garter-snake glided across their path; the spotted toad hopped and waddled before them, and the restless cat-bird mewed at them from every
25 thicket. Had Wolfert Webber been deeply read in romantic legend, he might have fancied himself entering upon forbidden, enchanted ground; or that these were some of the guardians set to keep watch upon buried treasure. As it was, the loneliness of the place, and the
30 wild stories connected with it, had their effect upon his mind.

On reaching the lower end of the lane, they found themselves near the shore of the Sound in a kind of amphi-

theatre, surrounded by forest-trees. The area had once been a grass-plot, but was now shagged with briars and rank weeds. At one end, and just on the river bank, was a ruined building, little better than a heap of rubbish, with a stack of chimneys rising like a solitary tower out of 5 the centre. The current of the Sound rushed along just below it; with wildly grown trees drooping their branches into its waves.

Wolfert had not a doubt that this was the haunted house of Father Red-cap, and called to mind the story 10 of Peechy Prauw. The evening was approaching, and the light falling dubiously among the woody places, gave a melancholy tone to the scene, well calculated to foster any lurking feeling of awe or superstition. The night-hawk, wheeling about in the highest regions of the air, 15 emitted his peevish boding cry. The woodpecker gave a lonely tap now and then on some hollow tree, and the fire-bird¹ streamed by them with his deep-red plumage.

They now came to an enclosure that had once been a garden. It extended along the foot of a rocky ridge, but 20 was little better than a wilderness of weeds, with here and there a matted rosebush, or a peach- or plum-tree grown wild and ragged, and covered with moss. At the lower end of the garden they passed a kind of vault in the side of a bank, facing the water. It had the look of a root-house. 25 The door, though decayed, was still strong, and appeared to have been recently patched up. Wolfert pushed it open. It gave a harsh grating upon its hinges, and striking against something like a box, a rattling sound ensued, and a skull rolled on the floor. Wolfert drew back 30 shuddering, but was reassured on being informed by the negro that this was a family vault belonging to one

¹ Orchard oriole.

of the old Dutch families that owned this estate: an assertion corroborated by the sight of coffins of various sizes piled within. Sam had been familiar with all these scenes when a boy, and now knew that he could not be far
5 from the place of which they were in quest.

They now made their way to the water's edge, scrambling along ledges of rocks that overhung the waves, and obliged often to hold by shrubs and grapevines to avoid slipping into the deep and hurried stream. At length
10 they came to a small cove, or rather indent of the shore. It was protected by steep rocks, and overshadowed by a thick copse of oaks and chestnuts, so as to be sheltered and almost concealed. The beach shelved gradually
15 within the cove, but the current swept deep, and black, and rapid, along its jutting points. The negro paused, raised his remnant of a hat, and scratched his grizzled poll for a moment, as he regarded this nook, then suddenly clapping his hands, he stepped exultantly forward, and pointed to a large iron ring, stapled firmly in the rock,
20 just where a broad shelf of stone furnished a commodious landing-place. It was the very spot where the red-caps had landed. Years had changed the more perishable features of the scene, but rock and iron yield slowly to the influence of time. On looking more closely, Wolfert re-
25 marked three crosses cut in the rock just above the ring, which had no doubt some mysterious signification. Old Sam now readily recognized the overhanging rock under which his skiff had been sheltered during the thunder-gust. To follow up the course which the midnight gang
30 had taken, however, was a harder task. His mind had been so much taken up on that eventful occasion by the persons of the drama, as to pay but little attention to the scenes; and these places look so different by night and

day. After wandering about for some time, however, they came to an opening among the trees which Sam thought resembled the place. There was a ledge of rock of moderate height like a wall on one side, which he thought might be the very ridge whence he had overlooked the 5 diggers. Wolfert examined it narrowly, and at length discovered three crosses similar to those on the above ring, cut deeply into the face of the rock, but nearly obliterated by moss that had grown over them. His heart leaped with joy, for he doubted not they were the private 10 marks of the buccaneers. All now that remained was to ascertain the precise spot where the treasure lay buried; for otherwise he might dig at random in the neighborhood of the crosses without coming upon the spoils, and he had already had enough of such profitless labor. Here, how- 15 ever, the old negro was perfectly at a loss, and indeed perplexed him by a variety of opinions; for his recollections were all confused. Sometimes he declared it must have been at the foot of a mulberry-tree hard by; then beside a great white stone; then under a small green knoll, a 20 short distance from the ledge of rocks; until at length Wolfert became as bewildered as himself.

The shadows of evening were now spreading themselves over the woods, and rock and tree began to mingle together. It was evidently too late to attempt any thing farther at 25 present, and, indeed, Wolfert had come unprovided with implements to prosecute his researches. Satisfied, therefore, with having ascertained the place, he took note of all its landmarks, that he might recognize it again, and set out on his return homeward, resolved to prosecute this 30 golden enterprise without delay.

The leading anxiety which had hitherto absorbed every feeling being now in some measure appeased, fancy began

to wander and to conjure up a thousand shapes and chimeras as he returned through this haunted region. Pirates hanging in chains seemed to swing from every tree, and he almost expected to see some Spanish Don, with his
5 throat cut from ear to ear, rising slowly out of the ground, and shaking the ghost of a money-bag.

Their way back lay through the desolate garden, and Wolfert's nerves had arrived at so sensitive a state that the flitting of a bird, the rustling of a leaf, or the falling of
10 a nut, was enough to startle him. As they entered the confines of the garden, they caught sight of a figure at a distance advancing slowly up one of the walks, and bending under the weight of a burden. They paused and regarded him attentively. He wore what appeared to be a woollen
15 cap, and, still more alarming, of a most sanguinary red.

The figure moved slowly on, ascended the bank, and stopped at the very door of the sepulchral vault. Just before entering it he looked around. What was the
20 affright of Wolfert when he recognized the grizzly visage of the drowned buccaneer! He uttered an ejaculation of horror. The figure slowly raised his iron fist, and shook it with a terrible menace. Wolfert did not pause to see any more, but hurried off as fast as his legs could carry him, nor was Sam slow in following after his heels, having all
25 his ancient terrors revived. Away, then, did they scramble through bush and brake, horribly frightened at every bramble that tugged at their skirts; nor did they pause to breathe until they had blundered their way through this perilous wood, and fairly reached the high road to the
30 city.

Several days elapsed before Wolfert could summon courage enough to prosecute the enterprise, so much had he been dismayed by the apparition, whether living or

dead, of the grizzly buccaneer. In the meantime, what a conflict of mind did he suffer! He neglected all his concerns, was moody and restless all day, lost his appetite, wandered in his thoughts and words, and committed a thousand blunders. His rest was broken; and when he fell asleep the nightmare, in shape of a huge money-bag, sat squatted upon his breast. He babbled about incalculable sums; fancied himself engaged in money-digging; threw the bed-clothes right and left, in the idea that he was shovelling away the dirt; groped under the bed in quest of the treasure, and lugged forth, as he supposed, an inestimable pot of gold.

Dame Webber and her daughter were in despair at what they conceived a returning touch of insanity. There are two family oracles, one or other of which Dutch housewives consult in all cases of great doubt and perplexity — the dominie^o and the doctor. In the present instance they repaired to the doctor. There was at that time a little dark mouldy man of medicine, famous among the old housewives of the Manhattoes for his skill not only in the healing art, but in all matters of strange and mysterious nature. His name was Dr. Knipperhausen, but he was more commonly known by the appellation of the High-German^o Doctor.¹ To him did the poor women repair for counsel and assistance touching the mental vagaries of Wolfert Webber.

They found the doctor seated in his little study, clad in his dark camlet robe of knowledge,^o with his black velvet cap, after the manner of Boorhaave,^o Van Helmont,^o and other medical sages; a pair of green spectacles set in black horn upon his clubbed nose, and poring over a

¹ The same, no doubt, of whom mention is made in the history of Dolph Heyliger.

German folio that reflected back the darkness of his physiognomy.° The doctor listened to their statement of the symptoms of Wolfert's malady with profound attention; but when they came to mention his raving about
5 buried money, the little man pricked up his ears. Alas, poor women! they little knew the aid they had called in.

Dr. Knipperhausen had been half his life engaged in seeking the short cuts to fortune, in quest of which so many a long lifetime is wasted. He had passed some
10 years of his youth among the Harz mountains of Germany, and had derived much valuable instruction from the miners, touching the mode of seeking treasure buried in the earth. He had prosecuted his studies also under a
15 travelling sage who united the mysteries of medicine with magic and legerdemain. His mind therefore had become stored with all kinds of mystic lore; he had dabbled a little in astrology,° alchemy, divination; knew how to detect stolen money, and to tell where springs of water
20 lay hidden; in a word, by the dark nature of his knowledge he had acquired the name of the High-German Doctor, which is pretty nearly equivalent to that of necromancer. The doctor had often heard rumors of treasure being buried in various parts of the island, and had long been anxious to get on the traces of it. No sooner were Wol-
25 fert's waking and sleeping vagaries confided to him than he beheld in them the confirmed symptoms of a case of money-digging, and lost no time in probing it to the bottom. Wolfert had long been sorely oppressed in mind by the golden secret, and as a family physician is a kind of father
30 confessor, he was glad of any opportunity of unburdening himself. So far from curing, the doctor caught the malady from his patient. The circumstances unfolded to him awakened all his cupidity; he had not a doubt of

money being buried somewhere in the neighborhood of the mysterious crosses, and offered to join Wolfert in the search. He informed him that much secrecy and caution must be observed in enterprises of the kind; that money is only to be digged for at night, with certain forms and ceremonies, and burning of drugs, the repeating of mystic words, and above all, that the seekers must first be provided with a divining rod, which had the wonderful property of pointing to the very spot on the surface of the earth under which treasures lay hidden. As the doctor had given much of his mind to these matters, he charged himself with all the necessary preparations, and, as the quarter of the moon was propitious, he undertook to have the divining rod ready by a certain night.¹

¹The following note was found appended to this passage in the handwriting of Mr. Knickerbocker: "There has been much written against the divining rod by those light minds who are ever ready to scoff at the mysteries of nature, but I fully join with Dr. Knipperhausen in giving it my faith. I shall not insist upon its efficacy in discovering the concealment of stolen goods, the boundary stones of fields, the traces of robbers and murderers, or even the existence of subterraneous springs and streams of water; albeit, I think these properties not to be readily discredited; but of its potency in discovering veins of precious metal, and hidden sums of money and jewels, I have not the least doubt. Some said that the rod turned only in the hands of persons who had been born in particular months of the year, hence astrologers had recourse to planetary influence when they would procure a talisman. Others declared that the properties of the rod were either an effect of chance, or the fraud of the holder, or the work of the devil. Thus saith the reverend father Gaspard Sebett in his Treatise on Magic: 'Propter hæc et similia argumenta audacter ego promisero vim conversivam virgulæ bifurcatæ nequaquam naturalem esse, sed vel casu vel fraude virgulam tractantis vel ope diaboli,' etc.

"Georgius Agricola also was of opinion that it was a mere delusion of the devil to inveigle the avaricious and unwary into his clutches, and in his treatise 'de re Metallica,' lays particular stress on the mysterious words pronounced by those persons who employed the divining rod during his time. But I make not a

Wolfert's heart leaped with joy at having met with so learned and able a coadjutor. Every thing went on secretly, but swimmingly. The doctor had many consultations with his patient, and the good woman of the household lauded the comforting effect of his visits. In the meantime the wonderful divining rod, that great key to nature's secrets, was duly prepared. The doctor had thumbed over all his books of knowledge for the occasion; and the black fisherman was engaged to take them in his skiff to the scene of enterprise; to work with spade and pickaxe in unearthing the treasure; and to freight his bark with the weighty spoils they were certain of finding.

At length the appointed night arrived for this perilous undertaking. Before Wolfert left his home he counselled his wife and daughter to go to bed, and feel no alarm if he should not return during the night. Like reasonable women, on being told not to feel alarm, they fell immediately into a panic. They saw at once by his manner that something unusual was in agitation; all their fears about the unsettled state of his mind were revived with tenfold force; they hung about him, entreating him not to expose himself to the night air, but all in vain. When once Wolfert was mounted on his hobby, it was no easy matter to get him out of the saddle. It was a clear starlight

doubt that the divining rod is one of those secrets of natural magic, the mystery of which is to be explained by the sympathies existing between physical things operated upon by the planets, and rendered efficacious by the strong faith of the individual. Let the divining rod be properly gathered at the proper time of the moon, cut into the proper form, used with the necessary ceremonies, and with a perfect faith in its efficacy, and I can confidently recommend it to my fellow-citizens as an infallible means of discovering the places on the Island of the Manhattoes where treasure hath been buried in the olden time.

“D.K.”

night when he issued out of the portal° of the Webber palace. He wore a large flapped hat tied under the chin with a handkerchief of his daughter's to secure him from the night damp, while Dame Webber threw her long red cloak about his shoulders, and fastened it round his neck. 5

The doctor had been no less carefully armed and accoutred by his housekeeper, the vigilant Frau Ilsy, and sallied forth in his camlet robe by way of surcoat; his black velvet cap under his cocked hat, a thick clasped book under his arm, a basket of drugs and dried herbs in 10 one hand, and in the other the miraculous rod of divination.

The great church-clock struck ten as Wolfert and the doctor passed by the churchyard, and the watchman bawled in hoarse voice a long and doleful "All's well!" A deep sleep had already fallen upon this primitive little 15 burgh; nothing disturbed this awful silence, excepting now and then the bark of some profligate night-walking dog, or the serenade of some romantic cat. It is true, Wolfert fancied more than once that he heard the sound of a stealthy footfall at a distance behind them; but it 20 might have been merely the echo of their own steps along the quiet streets. He thought also at one time that he saw a tall figure skulking after them — stopping when they stopped, and moving on as they proceeded; but the dim and uncertain lamp-light threw such vague gleams 25 and shadows, that this might all have been mere fancy.

They found the old fisherman waiting for them, smoking his pipe in the stern of the skiff, which was moored just in front of his little cabin. A pickaxe and spade were lying in the bottom of the boat, with a dark lantern, and a stone 30 bottle of good Dutch courage, in which honest Sam no doubt put even more faith than Dr. Knipperhausen in his drugs.

Thus then did these three worthies embark in their cockle-shell of a skiff upon this nocturnal expedition, with a wisdom and valor equalled only by the three wise men of Gotham^o who adventured to sea in a bowl. The tide was
5 rising and running rapidly up the Sound. The current bore them along, almost without the aid of an oar. The profile of the town lay all in shadow. Here and there a light feebly glimmered from some sick-chamber, or from the cabin-window of some vessel at anchor in the stream.
10 Not a cloud obscured the deep starry firmament, the lights of which wavered on the surface of the placid river; and a shooting meteor, streaking its pale course in the very direction they were taking, was interpreted by the doctor into a most propitious omen.

15 In a little while they glided by the point of Corlaer's Hook with the rural inn which had been the scene of such night adventures. The family had retired to rest, and the house was dark and still. Wolfert felt a chill pass over him as they passed the point where the buccaneer had dis-
20 appeared. He pointed it out to Dr. Knipperhausen. While regarding it, they thought they saw a boat actually lurking at the very place; but the shore cast such a shadow over the border of the water that they could discern nothing distinctly. They had not proceeded far when they heard
25 the low sounds of distant oars, as if cautiously pulled. Sam plied his oars with redoubled vigor, and knowing all the eddies and currents of the stream, soon left their followers, if such they were, far astern. In a little while they stretched across Turtle Bay and Kip's Bay, then
30 shrouded themselves in the deep shadows of the Manhattan shore, and glided swiftly along, secure from observation. At length the negro shot his skiff into a little cove, darkly embowered by trees, and made it fast to the well-known

iron ring. They now landed, and lighting the lantern, gathered their various implements and proceeded slowly through the bushes. Every sound startled them, even that of their own footsteps among the dry leaves; and the hooting of a screech owl, from the shattered chimney of the neighboring ruin, made their blood run cold.

In spite of all Wolfert's caution in taking note of the landmarks, it was some time before they could find the open place among the trees, where the treasure was supposed to be buried. At length they came to the ledge of rock; and on examining its surface by the aid of the lantern, Wolfert recognized the three mystic crosses. Their hearts beat quick, for the momentous trial was at hand that was to determine their hopes.

The lantern was now held by Wolfert Webber, while the doctor produced the divining rod.^o It was a forked twig, one end of which was grasped firmly in each hand, while the centre, forming the stem, pointed perpendicularly upwards. The doctor moved this wand about, within a certain distance of the earth, from place to place, but for some time without any effect, while Wolfert kept the light of the lantern turned full upon it, and watched it with the most breathless interest. At length the rod began slowly to turn. The doctor grasped it with greater earnestness, his hands trembling with the agitation of his mind. The wand continued to turn gradually, until at length the stem had reversed its position, and pointed perpendicularly downward, and remained pointing to one spot as fixedly as the needle to the pole.

"This is the spot!" said the doctor, in an almost inaudible tone.

Wolfert's heart was in his throat.

“Shall I dig?” said the negro, grasping the spade.

“*Pots tausend*,^o no!” replied the little doctor, hastily. He now ordered his companions to keep close by him, and to maintain the most inflexible silence. That certain precautions must be taken and ceremonies used to prevent the evil spirit which kept about buried treasure from doing them any harm. He then drew a circle about the place, enough to include the whole party. He next gathered dry twigs and leaves and made a fire, upon which he threw certain drugs and dried herbs which he had brought in his basket. A thick smoke rose, diffusing a potent^o odor, savoring marvellously of brimstone and assafœtida, which, however grateful it might be to the olfactory nerves of spirits, nearly strangled poor Wolfert, and produced a fit of coughing and wheezing that made the whole grove resound. Dr. Knipperhausen then unclasped the volume which he had brought under his arm, which was printed in red and black characters in German text. While Wolfert held the lantern, the doctor, by the aid of his spectacles, read off several forms of conjuration^o in Latin and German. He then ordered Sam to seize the pickaxe and proceed to work. The close-bound soil gave obstinate signs of not having been disturbed for many a year. After having picked his way through the surface, Sam came to a bed of sand and gravel, which he threw briskly to right and left with the spade.

“Hark!” said Wolfert, who fancied he heard a trampling among the dry leaves, and rustling through the bushes. Sam paused for a moment, and they listened. No footstep was near. The bat flitted by them in silence; a bird, roused from its roost by the light which glared up among the trees, flew circling about the flame. In the profound stillness of the woodland, they could distinguish the cur-

rent rippling along the rocky shore, and the distant murmuring and roaring of Hell-gate.

The negro continued his labors, and had already dug a considerable hole. The doctor stood on the edge, reading formulæ every now and then from his black-5 letter volume, or throwing more drugs and herbs upon the fire; while Wolfert bent anxiously over the pit, watching every stroke of the spade. Any one witnessing the scenes thus lighted up by fire, lantern, and the reflection of Wolfert's red mantle, might have mistaken the little 10 doctor for some foul magician, busied in his incantations, and the grizzly-headed negro for some swart goblin, obedient to his commands.

At length the spade of the fisherman struck upon something that sounded hollow. The sound vibrated to Wol-15 fert's heart. He struck his spade again.

"'Tis a chest," said Sam.

"Full of gold, I'll warrant it!" cried Wolfert, clasping his hands with rapture.

Scarcely had he uttered the words when a sound from 20 above caught his ear. He cast up his eyes, and lo! by the expiring light of the fire he beheld, just over the disk of the rock, what appeared to be the grim visage of the drowned buccaneer, grinning hideously down upon him.

Wolfert gave a loud cry, and let fall the lantern. His 25 panic communicated itself to his companions. The negro leaped out of the hole; the doctor dropped his book and basket, and began to pray in German. All was horror and confusion. The fire was scattered about, the lantern extinguished. In their hurry-skurry they ran against and 30 confounded one another. They fancied a legion of hobgoblins let loose upon them, and that they saw, by the fitful gleams of the scattered embers, strange figures,

in red caps, gibbering and ramping around them. The doctor ran one way, the negro another, and Wolfert made for the water side. As he plunged struggling onwards through brush and brake, he heard the tread of some one
5 in pursuit. He scrambled frantically forward. The footsteps gained upon him. He felt himself grasped by his cloak, when suddenly his pursuer was attacked in turn: a fierce fight and struggle ensued — a pistol was discharged that lit up rock and bush for a second, and showed
10 two figures grappling together — all was darker than ever. The contest continued — the combatants clinched each other, and panted, and groaned, and rolled among the rocks. There was snarling and growling as of a cur, mingled with curses, in which Wolfert fancied he could
15 recognize the voice of the buccaneer. He would fain have fled, but he was on the brink of a precipice, and could go no further.

Again the parties were on their feet; again there was a tugging and struggling, as if strength alone could decide
20 the combat, until one was precipitated from the brow of the cliff, and sent headlong into the deep stream that whirled below. Wolfert heard the plunge, and a kind of strangling, bubbling murmur, but the darkness of the night hid every thing from him, and the swiftness of the current
25 swept every thing instantly out of hearing. One of the combatants was disposed of, but whether friend or foe, Wolfert could not tell, nor whether they might not both be foes. He heard the survivor approach, but his terror revived. He saw, where the profile of the rocks rose
30 against the horizon, a human form advancing. He could not be mistaken; it must be the buccaneer. Whither should he fly! — a precipice was on one side — a murderer on the other. The enemy approached — he was close at

hand. Wolfert attempted to let himself down the face of the cliff. His cloak caught in a thorn that grew on the edge. He was jerked from off his feet, and held dangling in the air, half choked by the string with which his careful wife had fastened the garment around his neck. Wolfert 5 thought his last moment was arrived; already had he committed his soul to St. Nicholas, when the string broke, and he tumbled down the bank, bumping from rock to rock, and bush to bush, and leaving the red cloak fluttering like a bloody banner in the air. 10

It was a long while before Wolfert came to himself. When he opened his eyes, the ruddy streaks of morning were already shooting up the sky. He found himself grievously battered, and lying in the bottom of a boat. He attempted to sit up, but was too sore and stiff to move. 15 A voice requested him in friendly accents to lie still. He turned his eyes towards the speaker; it was Dirk Waldron. He had dogged the party, at the earnest request of Dame Webber and her daughter, who, with the laudable curiosity of their sex, had pried into the secret consultations of 20 Wolfert and the doctor. Dirk had been completely distanced in following the light skiff of the fisherman, and had just come in time to rescue the poor money-digger from his pursuer.

Thus ended this perilous enterprise. The doctor and 25 Black Sam severally found their way back to the Manhattoes, each having some dreadful tale of peril to relate. As to poor Wolfert, instead of returning in triumph laden with bags of gold, he was borne home on a shutter, followed by a rabble-rout of curious urchins. His wife 30 and daughter saw the dismal pageant from a distance, and alarmed the neighborhood with their cries; they thought the poor man had suddenly settled the great debt of

nature in one of his wayward moods. Finding him, however, still living, they had him speedily to bed, and a jury of old matrons of the neighborhood assembled, to determine how he should be doctored. The whole
5 town was in a buzz with the story of the money-diggers. Many repaired to the scene of the previous night's adventures; but though they found the very place of the digging, they discovered nothing that compensated them for their trouble. Some say they found the fragments of
10 an oaken chest, and an iron pot-lid, which savored strongly of hidden money; and that in the old family vault there were traces of bales and boxes: but this is all very dubious.

In fact, the secret of all this story has never to this day been discovered; whether any treasure were ever actually
15 buried at that place; whether, if so, it were carried off at night by those who had buried it; or whether it still remains there under the guardianship of gnomes and spirits until it shall be properly sought for, is all matter of conjecture. For my part, I incline to the latter opinion; and
20 make no doubt that great sums lie buried, both there and in other parts of this island and its neighborhood, ever since the times of the buccaneers and the Dutch colonists; and I would earnestly recommend the search after them to such of my fellow-citizens as are not engaged in any
25 other speculations.

There were many conjectures formed, also, as to who and what was the strange man of the seas who had domineered over the little fraternity at Corlaer's Hook for a time; disappeared so strangely, and reappeared so fear-
30 fully. Some supposed him a smuggler stationed at that place to assist his comrades in landing their goods among the rocky coves of the island. Others, that he was one of the ancient comrades of Kidd, or Braddish, returned to

convey away treasures formerly hidden in the vicinity. The only circumstance that throws any thing like a vague light on this mysterious matter, is a report which prevailed of a strange foreign-built shallop, with much the look of a picaroon,^o having been seen hovering about the Sound 5 for several days without landing or reporting herself, though boats were seen going to and from her at night; and that she was seen standing out of the mouth of the harbor, in the gray of the dawn, after the catastrophe of the money-diggers. 10

I must not omit to mention another report, also, which I confess is rather apocryphal, of the buccaneer, who was supposed to have been drowned, being seen before day-break, with a lantern in his hand, seated astride of his great sea-chest, and sailing through Hell-gate, which just 15 then began to roar and bellow with redoubled fury.

While all the gossip world was thus filled with talk and rumor, poor Wolfert lay sick and sorrowful in his bed, bruised in body and sorely beaten down in mind. His wife and daughter did all they could to bind up his wounds, 20 both corporal and spiritual. The good old dame never stirred from his bedside, where she sat knitting from morning till night, while his daughter busied herself about him with the fondest care. Nor did they lack assistance from abroad. Whatever may be said of the desertion of 25 friends in distress, they had no complaint of the kind to make. Not an old wife of the neighborhood but abandoned her work to crowd to the mansion of Wolfert Webber to inquire after his health, and the particulars of his story. Not one came moreover without her little pipkin^o of 30 pennyroyal, sage, balm, or other herb tea, delighted at an opportunity of signaling her kindness and her doctorship. What drenchings did not the poor Wolfert undergo,

and all in vain! It was a moving sight to behold him wasting away day by day, growing thinner and thinner, and ghastlier and ghastlier, and staring with rueful visage from under an old patchwork counterpane, upon the jury of matrons kindly assembled to sigh and groan and look unhappy around him.

Dirk Waldron was the only being that seemed to shed a ray of sunshine into this house of mourning. He came in with cheery look and manly spirit, and tried to reanimate the expiring heart of the poor money-digger, but it was all in vain. Wolfert was completely done over. If any thing was wanting to complete his despair, it was a notice served upon him in the midst of his distress, that the corporation were about to run a new street through the very centre of his cabbage-garden.^o He now saw nothing before him but poverty and ruin; his last reliance, the garden of his forefathers, was to be laid waste, and what then was to become of his poor wife and child?

His eyes filled with tears as they followed the dutiful Amy out of the room one morning. Dirk Waldron was seated beside him; Wolfert grasped his hand, pointed after his daughter, and for the first time since his illness broke the silence he had maintained.

“I am going!” said he, shaking his head feebly, “and when I am gone — my poor daughter —”

“Leave her to me, father!” said Dirk, manfully, — “I’ll take care of her!”

Wolfert looked up in the face of the cheery, strapping youngster, and saw there was none better able to take care of a woman.

“Enough,” said he, — “she is yours! — and now fetch me a lawyer — let me make my will and die.”

The lawyer was brought — a dapper, bustling, round-

headed little man, Roorback (or Rollebuck as it was pronounced) by name. At the sight of him the women broke into loud lamentations, for they looked upon the signing of a will as the signing of a death-warrant. Wolfert made a feeble motion for them to be silent. Poor Amy buried ⁵ her face and her grief in the bed-curtain. Dame Webber resumed her knitting to hide her distress, which betrayed itself however in a pellucid tear, which trickled silently down, and hung at the end of her peaked nose^o; while the cat, the only unconcerned member of the family, played ¹⁰ with the good dame's ball of worsted, as it rolled about the floor.

Wolfert lay on his back, his night-cap drawn over his forehead; his eyes closed; his whole visage the picture of death. He begged the lawyer to be brief, for he felt his end ap- ¹⁵ proaching, and that he had no time to lose. The lawyer nibbed^o his pen, spread out his paper, and prepared to write.

"I give and bequeath," said Wolfert, faintly, "my small farm ——" 20

"What — all?" exclaimed the lawyer.

Wolfert half opened his eyes and looked upon the lawyer.

"Yes — all," said he.

"What! all that great patch of land with cabbages and ²⁵ sunflower, which the corporation is just going to run a main street through?"

"The same," said Wolfert, with a heavy sigh, and sinking back upon his pillow.

"I wish him joy that inherits it!" said the little lawyer, ³⁰ chuckling, and rubbing his hands involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" said Wolfert, again opening his eyes.

"That he'll be one of the richest men in the place!" cried little Rollebuck.

The expiring Wolfert seemed to step back from the threshold of existence; his eyes again lighted up; he raised himself in his bed, shoved back his red worsted night-cap, and stared broadly at the lawyer.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed he.

"Faith, but I do!" rejoined the other. "Why, when that great field and that huge meadow come to be laid out in streets, and cut up into snug building lots — why, whoever owns it need not pull off his hat to the patrol!"

"Say you so?" cried Wolfert, half thrusting one leg out of bed, "why, then I think I'll not make my will yet!"

To the surprise of every body the dying man actually recovered. The vital spark, which had glimmered faintly in the socket, received fresh fuel from the oil of gladness, which the little lawyer poured into his soul. It once more burnt up into a flame.

Give physic to the heart, ye who would revive the body of a spirit-broken man! In a few days Wolfert left his room; in a few days more his table was covered with deeds, plans of streets, and building lots. Little Rollebuck was constantly with him, his right-hand man and adviser; and instead of making his will, assisted in the more agreeable task of making his fortune. In fact Wolfert Webber was one of those worthy Dutch burghers of the Manhattoes whose fortunes have been made, in a manner, in spite of themselves; who have tenaciously held on to their hereditary acres, raising turnips and cabbages about the skirts of the city, hardly able to make both ends meet, until the corporation has cruelly driven streets through their abodes, and they have suddenly awakened out of

their lethargy, and, to their astonishment, found themselves rich men.°

Before many months had elapsed, a great bustling street passed through the very centre of the Webber garden, just where Wolfert had dreamed of finding a treasure. His 5 golden dream was accomplished; he did indeed find an unlooked-for source of wealth; for, when his paternal lands were distributed into building lots, and rented out to safe tenants, instead of producing a paltry crop of cabbages, they returned him an abundant crop of rent, in- 10 somuch that on quarter-day it was a goodly sight to see his tenants knocking at the door, from morning till night, each with a little round-bellied bag of money, a golden produce of the soil.

The ancient mansion of his forefathers was still kept up, 15 but instead of being a little yellow-fronted Dutch house in a garden, it now stood boldly in the midst of a street, the grand home of the neighborhood; for Wolfert enlarged it with a wing on each side, and a cupola or tea-room on top, where he might climb up and smoke his pipe in hot 20 weather; and in the course of time the whole mansion was overrun by the chubby-faced progeny of Amy Webber and Dirk Waldron.

As Wolfert waxed old, and rich, and corpulent, he also set up a great gingerbread-colored carriage, drawn by 25 a pair of black Flanders mares, with tails that swept the ground; and to commemorate the origin of his greatness, he had for his crest a full-blown cabbage painted on the panels, with the pithy motto *Alles kopf*, that is to say, ALL HEAD; meaning thereby that he had risen by sheer 30 head-work.

To fill the measure of his greatness, in the fulness of time the renowned Ramm Rapelye slept with his fathers,

and Wolfert Webber succeeded to the leather-bottomed arm-chair,^o in the inn-parlor at Corlaer's Hook, where he long reigned greatly honored and respected, insomuch that he was never known to tell a story without its being be-
5 lieved, nor to utter a joke without its being laughed at.

NOTES

This edition has been carefully edited from the original editions. The tales included in this volume have been selected with regard to their permanent interest as well as literary quality.

STRANGE STORIES BY A NERVOUS GENTLEMAN

1 : 3. Heels tripped up. Notice how the common language is redeemed by the aptness of the metaphor.

1 : 8. Mentz. Other forms are "Mainz" and "Mayence." Irving was ill at this place for some weeks in 1822. At that time it belonged to the Grand Duchy of Hesse. Austria and Prussia were allied, so that there were both Austrian and Prussian soldiers stationed there.

1 : 17. Healing in the creak of his shoes. A good instance of the humorous effect secured by associating ideas which are absolutely foreign to each other but connected with the same thing in different ways.

2 : 6. Lucubration. Nocturnal studying, hence that which is composed by night or in retirement. It is used more loosely to mean any literary composition, and it is in this sense that Irving employs it.

2 : 13. Quarto. This mention of the form of a book rather than its content—carried out in "brace of duodecimos" and "set of volumes"—is typical of a good-humored raillery against shams and excesses which is char-

acteristic. The effect is intensified by the suggestion of mere amusement in the words "pastime," "brace," and "set of chair-bottoms."

2 : 26. **Apologue.** In an apologue, the moral truth is conveyed by a story in which animals or inanimate things act. Irving does not say that his tales are apologues, but implies in his humorous fashion that his tales, like apologues, are designed to present some moral truth.

2 : 33. **Alteratives.** Note the medical comparison, and find the words which continue the idea in this paragraph and the next.

3 : 3. **Hippocrates.** A Greek physician, 460-357 B.C., called the "Father of Medicine." He was descended from another famous physician, Æsculapius. Irving uses his name to exalt, rather humorously, the physician at Mayence.

4 : 17. **Geoffrey Crayon.** The pseudonym under which Irving had published *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*.

4 : 19. **Ci-devant.** A French expression meaning "formerly."

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

7 : Title. **The Great Unknown.** Scott's joking intimation that he was "the stout gentleman" of *Bracebridge Hall* led people to believe that Irving knew who was the author of *Waverley*, and so could disclose the great literary secret of the time — the authorship of *Waverley*.

8 : 7. **Blue-stocking parties.** Boswell gives the origin of this name in his *Life of Johnson*. About 1780 it was the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies where they could enter into conversation with literary men. One gentleman who was eminent at these parties always wore

blue stockings. His excellent conversation was so missed when he was absent that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings." One of the most famous of these clubs met at Mrs. Montagu's, and Hannah More eulogized its principal members in her poem called *Bas Bleu*, Blue-stocking.

THE HUNTING DINNER

9 : 11. Accidence. Explain the figure of speech suggested.

9 : 15. Nimrod. "A mighty hunter before Jehovah" was the founder of the Babylonian Empire. His characterization as a huntsman is a pre-Israelite saying.

10 : 3. Potent enemy, the tea-kettle. A clever suggestion of the English custom of having tea served in the drawing-room, to which the ladies have retired, while the gentlemen smoke and talk a little longer at the dinner table.

10 : 5. Robustious. An old word meaning rough or violent.

10 : 6. Ancient antlers. A slight descriptive touch showing the old English fashion of decorating hall or dining-room with the heads of animals or, as in this case, their antlers.

10 : 17. In at the death. Follow the metaphor, which serves to bring out the nature of this dinner and the diners, to its conclusion in this phrase. Note the full value of "given tongue," etc. Extended metaphors like this, with humorous suggestion in the things compared, are characteristic of Irving's style.

10 : 26. Hereditary china. By such light touches of detail Irving gives faithful views of the circumstances of whatever life he may be presenting.

11 : 7. Put the housekeeper to her trumps. The figure

indicates the popularity of the game of whist in English households, and means that she was forced to use all of her valuable resources.

11 : 14. Gala suit of faded brocade. Notice the force of each word in indicating the position of the housekeeper.

11 : 24. Chintz-room. A room whose draperies are all made of the same chintz — a highly decorated cotton fabric with a glazed surface.

11 : 29. Cedar-parlor. Notice the descriptive force of the compound here and in “rosy-faced” butler.

12 : 3. Snoring. Notice the good-natured and gently sarcastic way in which Irving characterizes the excessive eating in many English households at the time.

12 : 20. Like a lobster. Notice Irving’s tendency to give an image, especially of persons, by caricaturing one or two features.

12 : 31. Benshee. Oftener spelled “Banshee.” Notice each point of the Irishman’s explanation, and write your impression of a “Benshee.”

13 : 1. Milesian. A descendant of the ancient Gael, *Mil*, who came to Ireland with his followers some centuries before the Christian era. Mil and his followers, according to tradition, conquered the inhabitants of Ireland and united with them to form the Irish race. The native kings and prominent families claimed direct descent from Milesian ancestry.

14 : 19. The haunted head. The suggestions of character, as well as images of people, given by whimsical caricature should receive special attention in reading this sketch, which furnishes abundant illustration of this one of Irving’s marked characteristics.

THE ADVENTURE OF MY UNCLE

15 : 2. French Revolution. That great movement in France, whose dates are generally given as 1789–1799, by which the Bourbon monarchy and the feudal power of the nobles, known as the *ancien régime*, were overthrown.

15 : 7. At present. Note Irving's comment on English travel brought skilfully into the narrative.

15 : 14. Noblesse. A comprehensive name for all the nobility of France.

15 : 17. Pays de Caux. A territory in Normandy, France, north of the Seine and bordering on the English Channel.

15 : 18. Chateau. A castle, or large, stately residence in France, — usually in the country.

15 : 23. Postilion. Note the four details of description, and observe which one is used later in referring to the postilion.

16 : 11. Pop visit. Without special invitation or advisement.

16 : 14. Smack. Notice the choice of words, such as “snug,” “relish,” and “smack” to suggest the desire of a traveller for rest and refreshment.

16 : 27. Fountains. Note the *definite* and *characteristic* details given to describe this garden, as typical of one element of Irving's excellent descriptive power.

17 : 5. Like the house of our host. Notice the courteous acknowledgment which the narrator makes of the hospitality of their host.

17 : 15. Wars of the league. The Holy League existed for about twenty years in the latter part of the sixteenth century for advancing the interests of the Roman Catholic Church. Henry the Fourth was at the head of the Hugue-

nots, or French Protestants. The real aim of the League was to exclude Protestant princes from succession to the throne.

17 : 17. Henry the Fourth. King of France, 1589–1610; head of the Huguenot party after the death of the Prince of Condé in 1569; was opposed by Holy League in succession to the throne; defeated the Leaguers in 1590 at battle of Ivry; became a Catholic and was crowned at Chartres, 1594.

17 : 21. Cross-bow. An ancient weapon shorter than the long-bow, mounted on a stock, and discharged by means of a catch, or trigger.

17 : 31. Ear-locks. A lock, or curl, of hair near the ear.

18 : 7. Giant. Note carefully each detail in this description of the appearance and nature of the Marquis, and see how skilfully this paragraph is related to the preceding details about his warlike ancestors.

18 : 12. Carbuncles. A beautiful gem of deep red color, found chiefly in the East Indies. It is a form of garnet. It was formerly believed to be capable of shining in darkness.

18 : 15. Weaver's beam. The large heavy piece of wood on which the cloth is wound after it is woven. There is also a beam at the back of the loom to which the threads are attached. **However, gentlemen.** A skilful interruption of his description to keep the reader aware of the main story from which he is digressing. Note how he returns to the story at the beginning of the next paragraph.

18 : 23. Tuileries. A former royal palace in Paris to which Louis XVI. and his family were taken by the mob from Versailles in 1789. Many important historical events and persons are associated with the place. The name means "Tile yards," so called because it was built on the site of some yards where tiles were made.

18 : 24. Irruption. Breaking *in*, as opposed to eruption, breaking *out*. Note the force of the Latin prefixes *in* and *ex*.

18 : 24. Tenth of August. In 1792, on this date, the mob stormed the Tuileries, cut down the Swiss Guard, and removed the king and his family to "The Temple," a mediæval stronghold of the Templars which was used then as a prison.

18 : 25. Preux chevalier. Valiant knight.

18 : 26. Ça-ça! An ejaculation given while delivering a thrust with a sword.

18 : 27. Sans-culottes. Literally, "without breeches." Only the nobles or people of importance wore the court costume with knee-breeches; hence it came to mean the common people, — especially those who were active in the French Revolution.

18 : 28. Poissarde. Fishwoman. Women of that class took a prominent and active part in the French Revolution.

18 : 30. Aîles de pigeon. Note the comic effect of this incongruous reference to the powdered ear-locks, or "pigeon wings."

19 : 2. Donjon. The "Keep," or central stronghold of a mediæval castle.

19 : 11. John Baliol. King of Scotland, 1292–1296. Made an alliance with Philip of France in 1295 against Edward I. of England. He was forced by the latter to give up the crown, and kept a prisoner until 1299, after which he was exiled. He died in exile in 1315.

19 : 14. Bannockburn. Here the Scotch under Robert Bruce (King Robert I. of Scotland) defeated the English in 1314. Bruce had previously sided with the English against John Baliol.

19 : 14. Duke de Guise. Lorraine was the family name of the dukes of Guise in northeastern France. This prob-

ably refers to the third duke, who became the head of the Catholic League in 1576. He was a famous general and politician.

20 : 19. **At this moment.** Another reminder that this is a story within a story.

21 : 9. **Fagot.** A bundle of sticks, twigs, or even leaves, used for fuel in this case.

21 : 17. **Farrago.** A medley or mixture.

21 : 31. **Raised his nightcap.** Note the comic effect of this act of instinctive courtesy when the occurrence which inspires it is so at variance with the circumstances. Incongruity is the basis of humorous effects. Note also the previous mention of the nightcap as a preparation.

23 : 25. **Ancien régime.** Literally, ancient rule. In connection with the French Revolution the phrase means the monarchical system of government, with all its evils, which existed before that great change.

23 : 30. **Descanted.** From its derivation, this word means to sing a variation or accompaniment; hence to discourse with full particulars, as the Marquis did.

24 : 13. **Pardonnez-moi.** Pardon me.

24 : 23. **Fronde.** Most of the great noblemen of France united in 1648 in a war called the Fronde, against Louis XIV. before he obtained his majority.

24 : 24. **Turenne.** 1611–1675. A famous French general under Mazarin, who had at first sided with the nobles and Parliament against the court in the wars of the "Fronde." **Coligni** (or Coligny). 1517–1572. A prominent French general and statesman, leader of the Huguenot party, and the first victim in the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. **Mazarin.** 1602–1661. A great French statesman who succeeded Richelieu as prime minister of France, and whose policy of centralizing all power in the crown gave

rise to the wars of the Fronde when the nobles and Parliament opposed it.

24 : 26. Barricadoes. Insurrections at Paris in 1648. The same name has been applied to other insurrections there.

24 : 27. Porte Cochères. The "Chivalry of the Porte Cochères" was a body of young men levied by the act of Richelieu, who commanded that each "porte cochère" of Paris should furnish a horse and man for the army.

24 : 31. Duc de Longueville. Husband of Geneviève de Bourbon-Condé, sister of "The Great Condé," and one of the chief leaders of the Fronde.

24 : 32. Condé and Conti. "The Great Condé," 1621-1686, was a celebrated French general. He was one of the leaders of the Fronde, and with his brother, the Duke of Conti, and the Duc de Longueville, was imprisoned at Vincennes in 1650. **Conti.** 1629-1666. Took part in the wars of the Fronde; was the brother of the Duchesse de Longueville, and entirely under her influence.

24 : 33. Vincennes. A short distance east of Paris. Noted for its mediæval castle.

25 : 3. Dieppe. A French seaport on the English Channel.

25 : 12. Postern. A small gate for informal or secret use; from the Latin, "posterus," a private entrance.

25 : 14. Fosse. A ditch or moat.

26 : 9. En croupe. On the saddle behind another rider.

26 : 21. Chasseur. A guardsman on horseback.

26 : 24. Flambeaux. Torches made by putting a number of wicks together and dipping them in some inflammable substance, usually wax in old times.

27 : 2. Spit. A rod on which meat could be slowly turned before a fire and roasted.

28 : 10. Canaille. A term applied to the common people of France in opposition to "noblesse."

29 : 14. That is all. The surprise of finding the story ended where one is just looking for the climax is a touch of Irving's humor. A little disappointing to curiosity, but justifiable, since it is not strictly the climax of "My Uncle's Adventure."

29 : 28. Egad. An exclamation of exultation or surprise, which has been deduced from the ejaculation "My God."

THE ADVENTURE OF MY AUNT

30 : 4. Acquiescent. The full force of this word, like many which Irving uses, can only be appreciated after one has considered its derivation.

30 : 11. All was in vain. Notice the humorous effect of this short sentence with its sarcastic implication.

30 : 25. Miniature. A small picture painted on ivory. Miniatures were much used in lockets and brooches in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

31 : 8. Derbyshire. A midland county of England.

32 : 24. Good. Observe the effect of the comments of the "gentleman with the ruined head," the "inquisitive gentleman," etc. They unite the various stories into a group, and at the same time give countenance to a certain looseness of form not otherwise justified.

33 : 20. Blunderbuss. A short gun with a large bore which could hold a number of balls. It could in this way do much harm without exact aim.

34 : 8. Varlet. The word has here its secondary meaning; a low fellow, or scoundrel.

34 : 13. Knight of the Post. One who gained his living

by giving false evidence on trials; hence a sharper in general.

35 : 2. Oaken towel. Irving's fancy plays about the idea of the old English punishment of "ducking," as a bath, and adds to it a whipping which his extended metaphor calls "rubbing down with an oaken towel."

35 : 6. Botany Bay. An inlet on the eastern coast of New South Wales, Australia, where England had a penal colony in 1787-1788.

BUCKTHORNE AND HIS FRIENDS

39 : 16. Luminaries. Light-giving bodies. Notice the characteristic way in which Irving extends the metaphor after his first mention of "lights of the universe."

39 : 22. Quid pro quo. The Latin "which for what" indicates an equal exchange, or barter.

40 : 9. Excommunicated. An ecclesiastical term meaning deprived of the right to take part in the rites of the Church is here used metaphorically to mean exclusion from the society of authors.

40 : 12. Tête-à-tête. A French idiom meaning a conversation between two persons only.

40 : 21. Friends. Note Irving's tendency to humorous but sarcastic comment on human foibles.

41 : 1. Taboo'd. It was formerly a practice in the islands of Polynesia to set apart places, food, persons, names, days, etc., as permanently, or temporarily, sacred or forbidden to use. The word is Polynesian.

41 : 4. Charles the Second. 1660-1685. The literature of the Restoration was marked by the formation and acceptance of certain literary forms. It might be called the

classic age of Dryden, and is very different from the romantic Elizabethan era of Spenser and Shakespeare.

41 : 5. **Queen Anne.** 1702–1714. The great victories over the French doubtless influenced that close group of literary men whose epigrammatic productions give character to the early eighteenth-century literature. Among the famous names of “Queen Anne’s men” are Swift, Addison, Steele, and Pope.

41 : 9. **Literary landmarks.** Examine the metaphor fully.

41 : 15. **Elizabeth.** 1558–1603. A reign noted for the glorious development of English literature which it made possible. This literature was marked by great originality, both of thought and forms of expression. The greatest names in the literature of this and the Jacobean Age (reign of James I.) which followed are Spenser, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson.

41 : 16. **Cut and come again.** Take a cut from the joint and come again for more.

41 : 23. **Coterie.** Small number of people associated because of some common interest.

41 : 26. **Gregarious.** Living in herds most of the time. One of the words which continue his reference to authors as the animals which make books.

A LITERARY DINNER

42 : 4. **Bookseller.** In the eighteenth century the bookseller was the man who controlled, to a large extent, the fates of authors. He assumed the responsibility of publishing, and it was to his interest to publish only what would sell well.

42 : 6. Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. The three Hebrews who came forth unharmed from the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar.

42 : 10. Field-day. A day of unusual exertion or display, a gala day.

42 : 21. Burgundy. Irving's quaint conceit here is characteristic. The gradation of the wine to suit the number of editions of the author's works that have been sold is one of those light, satirical touches of humor for which he was noted.

43 : 10. Hot-pressed. Refers to the quality of paper—paper which has been given a gloss by being pressed in a calender while hot. It is of fine quality. **Quarto.** A book of the size of a fourth (Latin *quartus*) of the size of a sheet of printing paper. The paper was folded twice to make four leaves.

43 : 17. Duodecimo men. Note the humorous effect of measuring authors by the form and size of their publications, and how admirably the entire classification of authors is carried out from the bookseller's point of view.

44 : 10. Trencher. In mediæval days, the food was served on a large piece of bread hollowed out to receive it, called a trencher. Later, the word was used for a large wooden platter; hence, figuratively, all food provided at table.

44 : 21. Below the salt. Formerly the salt-cellar, often of massive silver, was placed in the middle of the table. Distinguished guests were placed between it and the head of the table. People of inferior rank or importance sat "below the salt."

44 : 33. Garreteer. One who lives in a garret, hence a poor author or literary hack.

45 : 19. Forte-piano. An inverted form of the ordinary

pianoforte, a name derived from two Italian words meaning *soft* and *loud*.

45 : 22. West End. The fashionable part of London, especially the streets leading out of Piccadilly and Saint James Street.

THE CLUB OF QUEER FELLOWS

46 : 6. Covent Garden. A famous London theatre of the eighteenth century, built by a famous Harlequin of Lincoln's Inn Theatre, in 1731. It was in Bow Street, the fashionable resort of wits and noted people.

47 : 6. Quip and a fillip. A quip is a smart, sarcastic turn of speech. Lyly, in *Alexander and Campaspe*, calls it "a short saying of a sharpe wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word." A fillip is a light, quick tap.

47 : 19. Hogarth. The artist whose pictures did much to improve the social life of the eighteenth century by presenting, in vivid satire, the crude nature of the mass of the English people as it was shown in their vulgar amusements and coarse practical jokes.

49 : 6. Belle-esprit. Better spelled "Bel-esprit," is aptitude for speaking and writing agreeably on various subjects.

49 : 25. Tankard. A large drinking-cup, often made of pewter. The word comes from "tanquart," the old French name for a cup of the kind.

50 : 10. Green-arbor Court. Famous because of Goldsmith's residence there.

50 : 28. Fleet Market. Near Green Arbor Court and "Old Bailey," the famous prison in Old London.

51 : 2. The Muses. Daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne,

who were, according to the earliest writers, goddesses of memory, then inspiring goddesses of song. According to later writers, there were nine of them, who presided over the different kinds of poetry and over the sciences and arts.

51 : 15. Viragoes. Used here in its secondary sense of bold, turbulent women.

51 : 19. Amazon. In Greek legend, one of a race of women who dwelt in the Caucasus Mountains. They were often in conflicts with the Greeks in the heroic age. These contests were a favorite theme in Grecian art and story.

51 : 31. Hybla. An ancient city on the coast of Sicily celebrated for the honey produced on the neighboring hills.

52 : 5. Beau Tibbs. A prominent character in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, said by Hazlitt to be "the best comic sketch since the time of Addison : unrivalled in his finery, his vanity, and his poverty."

THE POOR-DEVIL AUTHOR

53 : 9. Village literati. The literary people of the village are sufficiently satirized by the comprehensive name of their society, "Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical."

53 : 15. Philos. Used here as an abbreviation of philosophers in a humorous sense.

54 : 6. Stratford-on-Avon. The home of Shakespeare. All the other authors so cleverly characterized are of the eighteenth-century group of classicists.

55 : 4. Highgate. Highgate Hill was where Bacon died, after he had been experimenting in the preservation of flesh by packing it in snow.

55 : 14. Saint Paul's. The great cathedral of London,

begun in 1675, according to the designs of Sir Christopher Wren.

55 : 20. Paternoster Row. A part of London associated with many literary celebrities, as are the other places named. Also the neighborhood of publishers.

55 : 21. Amen Corner. A place in Paternoster Row, London, where the clergy of Saint Paul's lived. The other places named were in the neighborhood where printers and publishers were established. Note the humorous contrast between "printers' devils" and the character of the names.

55 : 28. Halo. Used here in its figurative sense, an ideal glory investing anything seen through the medium of sentiment. Derived from the circle of light around the heads of saints in old pictures. The derivation from a Greek word meaning "threshing-floor," on which the oxen trod a circular path in threshing, is interesting.

55 : 33. Moore. Scott, Byron, and Moore were very popular at the time Irving wrote this. Notice the effectiveness of the diction in describing the absurdly confident exhilaration of the village poet.

56 : 5. Digger of Greek roots. Notice the appropriate metaphorical diction in both "dig" and "root."

56 : 10. Sanctum sanctorum. "Holy of Holies," that is, his private office.

56 : 11. Minerva. The Greek goddess of wisdom.

56 : 13. Bernard Lintot. A noted English bookseller who published Pope's translations of the *Iliad*, etc., and was a prominent figure in literary anecdotes of the period.

57 : 28. His opinion. One could scarcely find a better example of the way in which Irving holds a thing up in the bright light of good-natured ridicule than the way in which Tom Dribble tells this story of himself.

57 : 29. My crest fell. Metaphorical expressions like

this are characteristic. Observe the inimitable sureness of touch in the selection of details for the humorously satirical description which precedes and follows this.

60 : 7. Gothic. Belonging to the Goths, a name given by the Romans to many northern tribes who invaded the Roman Empire in the third and fourth centuries. Those to whom the name properly belongs dwelt in the region of the Lower Danube in the third century. The style of architecture to which their name has been given is very beautiful, and has been used with wonderful effect in the building of churches. Pointed windows and arches were features of this style of building.

60 : 9. Goldy. The familiar nickname used by Goldsmith's friends.

61 : 3. Cricket. The great English sport played out of doors with bats, balls, and wickets.

61 : 11. Their own chimneys. Irving's genuine love of nature gives point to this trivial curiosity in the presence of beautiful scenery.

61 : 31. Apollo. An appropriate oath because Apollo was the god associated with the muses.

62 : 9. Mother Red Cap. Another instance of the significant names given to English taverns.

62 : 13. Steele. Richard Steele, 1672–1729. One of the famous literary group known as "Queen Anne's men."

62 : 14. Perdu. Hidden.

62 : 16. Spectator. This famous literary periodical, published by Addison and Steele, 1711–1712, did much to preserve the best qualities of both Puritans and Cavaliers in English life, and raised the standard of literary expression.

63 : 9. Arcadian. Scenes of country life — pastoral scenes such as Sir Philip Sidney used in *Arcadia*. The places referred to are now in London.

63 : 20. Cockney pastorals. "Cockney" is a term applied banteringly to persons born in London in derision of their dainty city habits. Their "pastorals" or praises of the country are slightly ridiculed, because the places they knew were so near the great city.

63 : 26. Harrow. Called the "learned height" because of the school there, which is one of the famous public schools for boys, founded in 1571, but not opened until 1611. It is eleven miles northwest of London.

64 : 2. Termagant. Turbulent, quarrelsome — derived from the name of an imaginary deity supposed to have been worshipped by the Mohammedans, and introduced into the Morality Plays as a very boisterous, turbulent person.

64 : 14. Parnassus. A mountain ridge northwest of Athens, celebrated as the haunt of Apollo, the Muses, and the nymphs ; hence the seat of music and poetry.

64 : 25. Jack Straw. The name, or nickname, of one of the leaders of the "Rising of the Commons" in 1381, associated in this with Wat Tyler and John Ball.

65 : 15. Human nature. In this statement, which was eminently true of Irving, lies the secret of his delightful character sketches.

65 : 24. Jump. Agree.

66 : 7. Archipelago. The various islands in the Ægean Sea east of Greece.

66 : 12. Pad the hoof. A slang expression meaning to go on foot — used especially of highwaymen. The word "pad" in this sense was used as early as the sixteenth century.

66 : 18. Robin Hood. The famous English outlaw whose courage and attractive personal qualities won the admiration of the people, whose interest in his adventures resulted in many ballads. Some of his associates were the minstrel,

Allan a Dale; the rough priest, Friar Tuck; Clymm of the Clough; and Sir William Clondeslie. Sherwood Forest was their chief haunt.

67 : 4. Epping Forest. A royal forest in southwestern Essex, once the resort of freebooters, now a pleasure-ground for the people of London.

67 : 10. Waltham Abbey. An old Saxon building about twelve miles north of London. King Harold was buried there. **Chingford Church.** An old church in the town of Chingford, Essex, not far from London.

68 : 17. Spanish galleon. A large unwieldy ship with three or four decks, used especially as treasure-ships in the old Spanish commerce with South America. **Yellow boys.** Gold coins.

69 : 4. Newgate Calendar. A biographical calendar of the most notorious criminals confined in Newgate, the famous old London prison.

70 : 13. Tricks. The humorous skill with which Irving makes Tom Dribble tell of the difficulties into which his conceit had led him is inimitable. Notice the reminiscent force of "poetical countenance" and the irony of his complete faith in the chance acquaintance of an hour.

71 : 21. Esprit de corps. Spirit of sympathy among the members of an association or body.

73 : 32. Pegasus. The winged horse of the Muses. With a stroke of his hoof he caused the fountain of Hippocrene, which gave poetical inspiration, to spring forth on Mount Helicon. He was at last changed into a constellation.

74 : 16. Ode. These epigrammatic estimates of the commercial value of poetry are characteristic of Irving's quaint conceits and apt expression, as are many other pithy expressions of Tom Dribble.

75 : 19. Bow Street office. The principal police court of London is situated in Bow Street, established there in 1749.

NOTORIETY

77 : Title. Notoriety. This short sketch offers most excellent material for studying the development of a subject by examples. Its paragraph structure, also, is full of interest.

77 : 3. Labyrinths. Notice the full force of the metaphor. What was the classic Labyrinth?

77 : 24. Reputation. Note the derivation and full force of this word, and trace its influence in determining the details of the four instances which follow.

79 : 1. Rout. A fashionable assembly or large evening party. A term much used in the eighteenth-century social world.

79 : 21. Court Calendar. A list of all the nobility, with their various histories, titles, etc.

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER

80 : 24. Frost-bitten. Analyze the figure.

81 : 7. Buckthorne. See how entirely the description of Buckthorne is confined to traits of character and peculiarities of temperament, with no reference to appearance. Contrast this with "The Man with the Flexible Nose," etc.

81 : 13. Epicure. Note the figure. This short sketch offers good material for emphasizing the effectiveness of figurative language. Many words suggest comparisons which are not elaborated.

81 : 20. Blue sky. Observe the clear image of which this is an element.

82 : 4. Aurora. In Roman mythology, the goddess of the dawn. The poets represented her as rising out of the ocean in a chariot, her rosy fingers dropping gentle dew.

82 : 7. Homilies. Reminiscent of Shakespeare's "Sermons in stones, Books in the running brooks," etc.

85 : Title. Terracina. A town on the Mediterranean about sixty miles southeast of Rome. It contains the ruins of a castle of Theodoric the Goth.

85 : 2. Estafette. Express or military courier conveying government messages. It is derived from an Italian word meaning "stirrup," because he went on horseback.

85 : 3. Relay. A horse or supplies kept in readiness so that the traveller may proceed without delay.

85 : 18. Rosolio. A favorite Italian drink.

85 : 19. Per l'amor di Dio. "For the love of God."

86 : 3. Fondi. A town fifty-six miles northwest of Naples, It has some ancient and mediæval ruins — hence would be interesting to travellers.

86 : 30. Signora. The Italian title for a married lady.

86 : 32. Corpo di Bacco. An old Italian oath, "By the body of Bacchus."

87 : 9. Theodoric the Goth. A famous king and hero of the fifth and sixth centuries. As a boy he was a hostage in Constantinople; later, king of the East Goths and ruler of Italy. He is the subject of many fabulous stories, and tradition represents him as a great king who made righteousness prevail, as did Alfred of England.

87 : 15. Felucca. A small, swift-sailing vessel propelled by oars and peculiar sails in the shape of a right-angled triangle. It was common on the Mediterranean.

87 : 30. Naples. On the north side of the Bay of Naples

on the western coast of Italy. It has one of the most beautiful situations in Europe. Mount Vesuvius is nine miles southeast of the city.

88 : 22. Stiletto. A dagger with a slender, rounded, pointed blade. The bandit is not, apparently, careful to distinguish between this and the poniard, which has a triangular or square-shaped blade ending in a point. **Carbine.** A short, light musket.

89 : 10. Brigands. Lawless men living by plunder, usually in mountainous regions — a synonym for banditti.

89 : 13. Gens-d'armes. Soldiers (men at arms) employed in police duties.

91 : 14. Pontine. Marshes which lie between the sea and the Volscian Mountains near Terracina — notoriously pestilential and thinly inhabited.

91 : 19. Landulet. A small, four-wheeled, covered vehicle, whose top is divided into two sections which may be lowered to form an open carriage.

92 : 3. Eccellenza. Excellency. Notice the extravagance of titles which the landlord and others exhibit. "Milor" is, of course, the Italian's version of "My Lord."

92 : 11. Englishman. Note the details of this description, and the manner and possessions of the travelling Englishman.

96 : 17. Innuendo. What was this innuendo? Would this witticism be as effective if the word "levelled" were not repeated? **His cloth.** Those of the same occupation as himself. The expression originated in the custom of uniformity of dress for people of the same trade or profession. The expression is used seriously now only in reference to clergymen.

96 : 26. San Gennaro. "Saint Januarius! but these English are singular people!"

96 : 32. **Procaccio.** The express.

97 : 22. **Sicuro.** Surely.

99 : 11. **Aquiline.** Derived from "Aquila," meaning "eagle." What is the connection in meaning?

99 : 14. **Improvisatore.** One who improvises or originates some artistic form without preparation.

100 : 4. **At this moment.** A very clear summary of the situation in the mountains of the Abruzzi at that time.

100 : 18. **Checked in full career.** Stopped when he was in the midst of his talk. The "career" of a knight in mediæval times was the course he ran before he met the opposing knight on horseback.

ADVENTURE OF THE LITTLE ANTIQUARY

101 : 1. **Antiquary.** One who is interested in relics of olden times and knows of their uses, origins, etc.

101 : 13. **Roman Consulars.** Coins made in the time of the Roman Consuls. **As.** A Roman copper coin originally of a pound weight. Its weight was reduced to two ounces in the first Punic War, and to one in the second — hence the "Punics" which the antiquary had found. **Punics.** Coins made during the Punic Wars between Rome and Carthage in the third century B.C.

101 : 14. **Hannibal.** The chief commander of the Carthaginian forces in the Punic Wars.

101 : 16. **Samnite.** A coin made in Samnium, a country of central Italy, which was sometimes allied with Rome, sometimes opposed, — as in the Social War of 90–88 B.C.

101 : 17. **Philistis.** A coin believed by the antiquarian to have been struck in the time of Philistis, a queen of Philistia, which was an ancient country southwest of Palestine, on the Mediterranean.

102 : 2. **Pelasgi.** An ancient race widely spread over Greece and the surrounding countries in prehistoric times. The accounts of it were mystical and of doubtful value, but full of interest, of course, for an antiquarian.

102 : 4. **Abruzzi.** A mountainous region east of Rome — at the time indicated in this tale quite wild in parts, and the refuge of banditti.

102 : 22. **Peloponnesus.** The lower peninsula of Greece — so called because its shape resembles that of a mulberry-leaf.

102 : 24. **Acropolis.** The hill at Athens on which the famous Parthenon and other beautiful structures were built. In ancient times the word was the name of the citadel of any city.

102 : 33. **Aricia.** A town in the province of Rome.

102 : 34. **Troy.** An ancient city under Priam, famous for the war made against it by the Greeks, and believed to have been situated in the northwestern part of Asia Minor. **Tibur, Æsculate, and Proenes.** Ancient places in Italy colonized by the Greeks or earlier Pelasgians.

102 : 35. **Telegonus.** A son of Ulysses, who is said to have founded some of the colonies in Italy.

103 : 8. **Tome.** A large, ancient volume.

103 : 9. **Spoils of antiquity.** What were they?

103 : 30. **Intaglio.** A stone with a design cut into its surface.

104 : 7. **Buon giorno.** Good day.

104 : 13. **Osteria.** Inn — of the same origin as “hostelry” and “host.”

104 : 16. **Hemlock.** A poison. Socrates was condemned to death and drank a cup of hemlock.

105 : 16. **Family watch.** A characteristic combination of things unlike in most respects, yet connected by the association of the moment.

105 : 22. Galleys. Criminals were often sentenced to serve as rowers on the galleys, or vessels which were propelled by oars. These were common on the Mediterranean.

105 : 27. Antiquarian treatise. Would these bandits have been likely to want his treatise? Has the fact any bearing on the humorous effect of this passage?

106 : 24. Buono viaggio (veägzhîō). May you have a good voyage.

107 : 18. Cardinal Gonsalvi. A cardinal is an official in the Roman Catholic Church, next below the Pope in rank. He was at that time an official of the government, since the Church and State had not been separated in Italy.

108 : 2. Carbonari. Members of a secret political organization in Italy in the early nineteenth century, whose object was to change the government into a republic. The word means "coal-men," and the organization is believed to have started among the charcoal-burners.

108 : 24. Frascati. A town near Rome in which there are interesting old buildings — a Roman theatre.

108 : 26. Campagna. The great plain around Rome.

110 : 2. Herculean. Note the softening effect of dropping the "s" when "an" was added to Hercules to make the adjective.

110 : 22. Interruption. Does Irving make his descriptions of bandit life more or less interesting by making them parts of a conversation?

111 : 9. Recollect an impromptu. What is the innuendo? What is an impromptu?

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS

112 : 9. Creaked out. Note how effective the figure is.

112 : 12. Foraging-cap. Follow closely the detail of

this description and consider the value of definite, well-selected items in the effect.

113 : 22. Factotum. Notice the force of this word as indicated by its derivation from "facere," to do, and "totum," all.

116 : 12. Slattern. Why "of course"?

117 : 33. Polonaise. A woman who is a native of Poland.

119 : 18. Conversazione. A kind of salon, or reception, where people meet for conversation.

120 : 11. Confitures. Confectionery or sweetmeats.

120 : 16. Loretto. A town of eastern Italy where there is a famous shrine, called *Santa Casa*, which is reputed to be the house of the Virgin transported by angels from Nazareth, and miraculously placed there in 1294.

120 : 17. Peccadilloes. Derived from the Latin "peccare," to sin, with the diminutive termination; hence, little sins.

120 : 20. Cockle-shell. The pilgrim of the Middle Ages with only his staff, small bag (scrip) and with a cockle-shell on his hat as a sign that he had been to some shrine, especially that of Saint James at Compostello.

121 : 31. Out of time. What does this indicate? Is it at all significant in the description of the princess?

124 : 17. Wainscot. A wooden boarding on the walls of an apartment.

124 : 22. Domestic. Derived from Latin "domus," home; hence, one who works about a home.

125 : 31. Extricated. Note the full value of this word in giving the idea of an intricate plot.

126 : 20. Massacred. Used when a number of human beings not able to defend themselves are killed in an atrocious manner.

129 : 10. Buzzed. Note the effective word indicating both the manner of telling and the effect upon the hearer.

129 : 30. Generalship. Note the effect of contrast with "dashing valor."

131 : 6. Votive. Note the Latin derivation.

131 : 7. Santa Casa. See "Loretto," page 250.

131 : 16. Of his importance. Irving's characteristic satire appears in the unquestioning faith of Hobbs and Dobbs, the linen-draper and greengrocer, in the world-wide fame and importance of a London drysalter of Throgmorton Street — the fact of his being a magistrate is of less importance!

ADVENTURE OF THE POPKINS FAMILY

132 : 25. Exaggeration. Irving's observation of national traits is keen and accurate. Compare the Italian host or courier with the English servant, John, or the Polish Caspar.

133 : 14. Scaramouch. A personage in the old Italian comedy characterized by great boastfulness and cowardice.

133 : 27. Hectoring. Worrying or irritating by words in rather a bullying manner.

134 : 2. Well-stuffed. Note Irving's grouping of unlike things by means of some expression which gives a humorous suggestion by its very appropriateness to each.

135 : 1. Portmanteau. From the French "porter," to carry, and "manteau," a cloak. Hence a case for carrying clothing. The old ones were nearly cylindrical and rather flexible.

135 : 4. Squalling. Why does Irving use "screaming" for the young ladies and "squalling" for the maid?

135 : 8. Read the riot act. The reading of the act, or law, in regard to riots might quell a London uprising : as a suggestion for putting down bandits, it serves Irving's humorous designs well.

135 : 22. Eased of. Idiomatic expression for deprived of — with, of course, a humorous suggestion of relief from a burden.

136 : 9. Quite picturesque. How does Irving make his reader feel toward "The Popkinses"? How is this feeling brought about?

136 : 27. Walked away. Note the difference between "The Englishman" and "Hobbs and Dobbs." What produces the different impressions?

137 : 20. Wallowing. Rolling about.

138 : 1. Exaggerations. Note the values of these Latin derivations.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENGLISHMAN

139 : 10. Dragoons. Mounted soldiers.

139 : 17. Sang-froid. A French expression meaning coolness of demeanor — "sang" = blood, "froid" = cold.

140 : 5. Quanto sans insensibili questi Inglesi. What lack of sensibility these English have!

141 : 30. Testily. In a fretful or irritated way. The characterization of "The Englishman" is one of the finest things in *The Tales*. Notice here how his irritation at having made one mistake is leading him toward another. He will take no notice of the disappearance of the other carriage.

142 : 2. On. The use of prepositions has changed somewhat. We would say "at a foot-pace," though we use the idiom "on the run."

142 : 11. Desperadoes. Ruffians — wild, furious men.

142 : 28. Scampa via. Hurry away!

143 : 19. Gulley. Now spelled "gully," a deep, narrow passage which has been made by water.

145 : 2. **Phlegm.** Indifference, coldness of manner. We have in this sentence the climax in the description of the Englishman's character, just as the rescue of the lady is the climax of his action.

THE MONEY-DIGGERS

149 : Title. **The Money-Diggers.** These stories, like the *History of New York*, show Irving's appreciation of the humorous side of early New York history. His genius seized upon the material and immortalized it. They are presented as the writings of Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old Dutch schoolmaster, who disappeared from his lodgings and left only debts and some manuscript. Three or four notices of his disappearance and of his landlord's determination to publish the manuscript in order to reimburse himself, appeared at intervals of about two weeks before the *History of New York* was published. This fiction was kept up in connection with most of the tales of New York life. Tales of the burial of treasure by pirates and smugglers, especially by Captain Kidd, led many inhabitants of New York and its vicinity to dig for the hidden money.

149 : 2. **Manhattoes.** Inhabitants of Manhattan, originally the Indians of the island.

149 : 6. **Perplexed.** Used here in the primitive sense of confused, or made intricate; a little farther on we have perplexity, meaning confusion of thought.

150 : 9. **Oloffte the Dreamer.** A character in Irving's *History of New York*.

150 : 17. **St. Nicholas.** Besides being the original "Santa Claus," he was the patron of sea-faring men, and has been called the patron saint of New York.

150 : 23. Dutch urchins. One must remember that this tale was supposed to have been found amongst the papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

150 : 27. Scylla and Charybdis. Scylla, a dangerous rock, and Charybdis, a whirlpool, whose relative position on opposite sides of the Strait of Messina made navigation very difficult there.

151 : 14. Melancholy carcass. A very clear image. Notice how its character is emphasized by the ghostly tales connected with it.

151 : 19. Pelorus. An old name for Sicily, or, strictly speaking, the northeast promontory, near Scylla, where the passage was most difficult.

152 : 5. Contemporary historian. Notice how inimitably Irving keeps up the fiction of Knickerbocker's authorship.

152 : 15. Frogsneck. A place on the Sound near Westchester village. It is a curious example of the way names are changed, since it was once "Throggmorton's Neck." Abbreviation made it Throgg's Neck, and then Frogsneck. It is now Throgg's Neck.

152 : 16. Purblind. Near-sighted or dim-sighted.

152 : 23. Authenticity. Why does Irving differentiate this from the other tales of pirates, etc., and speak of it as authentic?

KIDD THE PIRATE

153 : Title. Kidd. The famous sea-captain of the seventeenth century, who, after assisting the government a little, as he agreed to do, in suppressing pirates, turned pirate himself. His bravery, his romantic career, and especially

his fabulous treasure, have made him the centre of much interest to lovers of adventure.

153 : 8. Law and Gospel. An old expression for all the controlling principles of man and God.

153 : 11. Privateers. Why are they called "schools of piracy"? Note what follows.

153 : 18. Buccaneers. A word of American origin, and first used as a name for the French settlers in Hayti, etc., whose main business was to hunt and smoke meat, etc., from the French word "boucan," to smoke or dry meat. It is most generally known, however, as the name of adventurers who robbed the Spaniards in America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

153 : 25. Concert. To plan together, to arrange.

154 : 4. Free-booters. Synonymous with buccaneer — as are also "picaroon," from the Spanish "picaro," a rogue and pirate.

154 : 30. Mother Cary's chicken. Several species of small sea-birds, such as the stormy petrel, are called by this name.

155 : 10. Madeiras. Islands in the Atlantic Ocean belonging to Portugal, near the northwestern coast of Africa. **Bonavista.** One of the Cape Verde Islands west of Africa. **Madagascar.** The large island east of Africa. The names of these places emphasize the wide range of Captain Kidd's adventures.

155 : 12. Quedah. A region on the southwestern coast of the Malay Peninsula.

155 : 30. Cut-purse. One who steals purses or their contents; the term originated when men wore their purses tied to their girdles.

156 : 8. Screen. To separate or cut off from danger.

157 : 29. Truth. Notice the touch of humor.

159 : 5. **Adrian Block.** A sea-captain of Holland, who obtained from the States General or legislature of that country a grant of the New Netherlands in 1614.

159 : 11. **Dons.** A Spanish title formerly given to noblemen and gentlemen only.

159 : 15. **Whaler.** One who sails on a vessel which goes out in search of whales. Notice the brief character sketch and the contrast with the alderman.

159 : 20. **Bible.** Notice in this burial of the Bible, the connection with the devil which marked so many of the Captain Kidd stories.

159 : 25. **Odsfish.** "Ods" is a corruption of "God's" and was formerly used as an oath with many other words. In this case the word was suggested by their occupation.

WOLFERT WEBBER

160 : 9. **Van Kortlandt.** See Oloffte the Dreamer, p. 150, a character in *The History of New York*.

160 : 15. **Family genius.** The gentle, humorous fillip with which the placid Dutch family is characterized here introduces an essential feature of the story in Irving's inimitable manner. Yet he nowhere *says* they were "cabbage-heads!"

160 : 20. **Dynasty.** Irving's humorous effects are often secured by using a word commonly associated with things of great importance or value in connection with something rather insignificant; the exaggeration seems comical.

161 : 3. **Seat of Government.** What feature of Irving's style does this illustrate?

161 : 8. **Martins.** Notice Irving's mention of birds and flowers.

161 : 28. The empire. An apt comparison with the attitude of some German princes when the German Empire was formed in 1871.

161 : 29. Patriarchal bench. A good instance of figurative suggestion combined with characteristic detail.

162 : 1. A Helpmate. Compare this sketch of a Dutch woman with others, Dame Van Winkle, and Mynheer Van Tassel's wise wife, who said that "girls could take care of themselves, but ducks and geese were foolish things and must be looked after."

162 : 15. A sampler. A piece of needlework originally done to preserve patterns. The custom of having children make samplers as exhibitions of their skill was very general in well-ordered families of the olden times.

162 : 31. Noble subjects. What are they?

163 : 8. Anoint. Now spelled "anoint." How can you account for the use of this word, which means to pour oil upon or to consecrate by the use of oil?

163 : 12. Chief cause of anxiety. Notice Irving's usual skill in preparing for a coming climax, while he suggests the contrary. Wolfert's mind can only act in the lines in which his ancestors have thought; hence no thought but the growing of cabbages has suggested itself.

163 : 24. To pinch up, etc. One of the unique features of Irving's manner is this curiously subtle association of animate and inanimate things.

164 : 2. Dutch beauty. Does Irving do what he says he has not talent for?

165 : 16. Low Dutch. *Platt Deutsch*, a name given to the people of the "low" countries about the North Sea — especially Holland and adjacent regions.

165 : 26. Grimalkin. A gray cat, especially an old cat which might have been bewitched,

167 : 21. **Shuffle-board.** - Also "shovel-board." A game in which the players drive, by blows of the hand, pieces of money or counters toward certain lines or compartments. The game was held in high repute in early times, perhaps the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Later it was only played by the common people or in remote regions.

168 : 3. **Walloons.** A people found chiefly in southern Belgium and some adjacent places, who are descended from the ancient *Belgæ*. The Walloons of Colonial New York were Huguenot settlers from Artois in France.

168 : 19. **Ramm.** A very entertaining characterization. Compare with Nicholas Vedder in *Rip Van Winkle*.

169 : 3. **Peter Stuyvesant.** The last of the Dutch governors. After surrendering to the English, in 1664, he went back to the Netherlands; but later returned and lived on his *farm*, the *Bouwerie*, or Bowery, of New York.

169 : 6. **Bottom of brandy.** That which was at the bottom of the glass.

169 : 12. **Walks.** The technical expression for the wanderings of a ghost.

169 : 14. **Fudge.** Nonsense or rubbish.

170 : 20. **Mount Ætna.** Also spelled "Etna," is an active volcano in Sicily.

170 : 22. **Very rich man.** Irving centres his characterization very cleverly around the *riches* of Ramm, and his repetition is brought in most skilfully, so as to emphasize the idea and make it ludicrous.

170 : 25. **Van Hook.** The old Dutch names are worth attention. Besides their appropriateness in obvious ways, there seems to be a subtle suggestion of the individual characteristics. It is often worth while to connect the *sound* of the name with such phrases in the text as "incontinence of words" and "prosing, narrative old men."

170 : 31. Digged. One of the old forms in good use in Irving's day, but not now. Notice others in the *Tales*.

171 : 7. Kidd. William Kidd, born in Grenock, Scotland, hanged as a pirate in 1701. The gold he buried off Long Island was recovered, but his other hidden treasures have never been found.

171 : 14. Morgan. A Welshman of the seventeenth century who ran away to sea, became a leader of the buccaneers, ravaged and pillaged Cuba and other Spanish regions, and finally organized a large force and took Panama. He was knighted by Charles II and put in command of Jamaica.

171 : 18. Gunpowder tales. Irving is a master in the use of words whose crowd of associations carry his meaning without effort to the reader.

171 : 26. Pensively. Thoughtfully.

172 : 7. Doubloon. A golden coin of Spain and the Spanish-American states, originally of double the value of the pistole; that is, about eight dollars in the eighteenth century.

172 : 19. Pieces-of-eight. Spanish dollars.

172 : 20. Moidores. Gold coins formerly current in Portugal, equivalent in value to about six dollars and fifty cents. **Ducats.** A gold coin of varying form and value, formerly in use in several European countries. **Pistareens.** The name given to a Spanish coin used in the West Indies. The "peseta" is a silver coin of modern Spain worth about twenty cents.

173 : 11. Good luck. The old signs of good or ill luck, the meaning of dreams, etc., find in Irving's delineations the place demanded by their importance in the lives of his people. The *unusual* thing always suggests to the uncultured mind something of good or evil to himself; though

sometimes these signs are based on vital instincts and intuitions which are apprehended but not understood.

174 : 7. **Of another guess sort.** Colloquial and rather awkward expression of his belief that she would have another sort of gold — a sort which she might guess.

175 : 19. **Stiver.** A small coin formerly current in Holland and in the Dutch colonies.

177 : 8. **Abundant sympathy.** We have here a fine instance of the kindly satire with which Irving shows up a social defect in the strong light of *genuine* sympathetic humanity.

178 : 10. **Amphibious.** What does the figurative use of this word suggest?

180 : 33. **Spanish Don.** One of the nobility of Spain, a great lord.

181 : 4. **Leviathan.** Any monstrous sea animal. Note how these comparisons characterize "the stranger."

182 : 19. **Tarpauling.** Another spelling of "tarpaulin," which was occasionally used for sailor because of the tarpaulin hats which sailors wear. The word is interesting because it was first a compound of tar and "pauling," which meant covering. Canvas covered with tar to make it waterproof, and later, any waterproof cloth was so called.

183 : 6. **Hand-grenades.** An iron shell, usually spherical, which is filled with powder, lighted by means of a fuse, and thrown by hand at an enemy.

184 : 20. **Basilisk.** The fabled animal of this name had a penetrating, malignant eye; and, according to some of the tales, had the power to charm, or make rigid, whatever it looked upon.

186 : 12. **The Spanish Main.** A rather indefinite name for the ocean bordering on the northern shore of South America, and about which the Spanish territory lay.

186 : 15. Crucifixes. The buccaneers often robbed the churches of towns which they pillaged of all valuables.

Irving makes one see how entirely the thought of what chalices and crucifixes symbolize is lost sight of by one who thinks only of money or gold.

187 : 24. Frying-Pan. This and the preceding are the names of various little islands in Hell Gate.

187 : 29. Blackwell's Island. It is interesting to contrast Irving's account of this region with its condition to-day, when most of the rocks which beset the channel have been blasted away, and the islands are the sites of great city institutions, the jail on Blackwell's, etc.

188 : 7. Snag nook. A sheltered place made by the lodgment of a snag against the shore.

192 : 14. Gossip tankard. Gossip is a curious word of many meanings. Here it is used adjectively to describe the cup, or tankard, of drink which was at each man's side as the familiar friends sat and talked, or gossipped, together.

193 : 30. Muzzy. Dazed, stupid.

193 : 33. Rushlight. A light made by stripping a rush, or reed, of all its fibre except a little to hold the pith, and then dipping it repeatedly in tallow. When the tallow was burned away, the rush flared up before it went out.

195 : 31. Dowse. Also spelled "douse." It means to plunge into a fluid or to pour a fluid over something, also to strike. Can you see how the meaning here of putting out a light might be derived from either of these?

197 : 8. Valuable philosophy. A good instance of one characteristic form of Irving's humor. Why is it funny?

197 : 20. Davy Jones' locker. Davy Jones's locker is the ocean, especially when it is considered as the grave of those who perish at sea. Jones is possibly a corruption of Jonah, the prophet who was thrown into the sea.

198 : 9. Dead-lights. Strong shutters fastened over cabin windows or portholes to keep out the water in rough weather.

200 : 20. Almshouse. Appreciation of Irving depends upon sympathy with such light, humorous suggestions as that which is implied here. The apparent agreement with an absurd philosophy of life marks its ludicrous features.

201 : 12. Wallabout. A bay of the East River at Brooklyn, where the United States now has a navy-yard. The British prison ships were moored there in the Revolutionary War.

202 : 16. Bloemen-dael. This was so named from the nurseries which were there in early times; now called Bloomingdale.

203 : 18. Fire-bird. Irving, in a note, calls this the orchard oriole. To-day the name fire-bird is given to the scarlet tanager, which has deep-red plumage with black wings, while the feathers of the orchard oriole are a dull orange — not at all brilliant in color, like the Baltimore oriole. Irving's usual accuracy about natural things makes one wonder if the name has changed.

207 : 17. Dominie. From the Latin "dominus," lord. The dominie was the minister, who was usually the school-master as well. To-day one hears the minister called dominie in the villages of the Catskill Mountains.

207 : 24. High-German. The way in which the higher, inland regions of Germany are distinguished from the lower ones about the North Sea.

207 : 28. Robe of knowledge. The old magicians are always presented to our imaginations in an ample robe, whose folds aided in imparting magic powers; here the "camlet."

207 : 29. Boorhaave. A famous physician. **Van Helmont.** A famous Flemish physician of the early seventeenth century, who did valuable work, especially in chemistry.

Irving's association of the "High German Doctor" with these world-famous men is a part of his humorous satire.

208 : 2. Physiognomy. Note the humorous satire.

208 : 17. Astrology. Note carefully the nature of the doctor's learning as indicated in this, and in the words alchemy, divination, mystic lore, necromancer, and so forth.

209 : 16. Mr. Knickerbocker. The reader must keep in mind Irving's literary device of presenting these Dutch stories as having been found among the papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old schoolmaster. This gives him opportunity for humorous satire on the superstitions of the time and people of whom he writes.

211 : 1. Portal. What is the humorous comparison suggested here?

212 : 4. Gotham.

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl.
If the bowl had been stronger,
My story'd been longer."

— *Nursery rhyme.*

213 : 17. Divining rod. We have described here the confident exercise of a superstition which was widely spread and in which many people have had firm faith.

214 : 2. Pots tausend! A common German exclamation of irritation.

214 : 11. Potent odor. Why does Irving call the odor *potent*? Notice the *resemblance* to the smell of brimstone and assafœtida.

214 : 20. Conjuration. The act of calling spirits to appear before mortals.

219 : 5. Picaroon. The shallop, or little boat, looked as if it might be that of a pirate or buccaneer.

219 : 30. Pipkin. A small utensil.

220 : 15. Cabbage-garden. Notice how the original idea appears as the tale draws near its climax, and the skill with which Irving draws the humorous picture of a man dying because he cannot find reputed hidden treasures, while a fortune lies before him in the thing he dreads most.

221 : 9. Peaked nose. Notice how the alliteration with "pellucid" helps to emphasize the humor of the image.

221 : 17. Nibbed. Mended the "nib" or point of his quill pen.

223 : 2. Rich men. His ability to see the humorous side of such characteristic facts of New York life as this was a large factor in making Irving's works popular.

224 : 2. Arm-chair. It is a skilful touch of story-telling which makes Wolfert Webber find his crowning glory in this sort of *established* preëminence, even more than in the house and gingerbread-colored coach.

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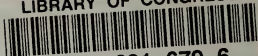
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