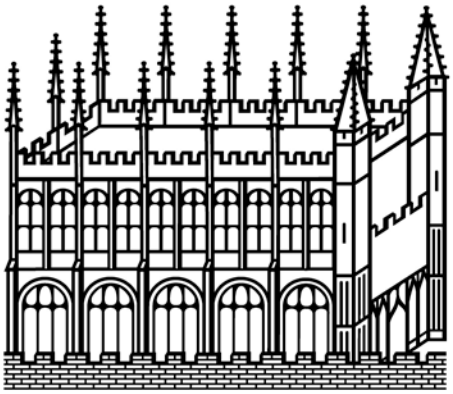

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BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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The following tale is built upon a fact that occurred about the middle of the last century. I have changed the personages, and endeavoured to clothe the story with the colours of the imagination.*

When I wrote Caleb Williams, I considered it as in some measure a paraphrase on the story of Bluebeard by Charles Perrault. The present publication may in the same sense be denominated a paraphrase on the old ballad of the Children in the Wood.

Τῳ δ' ἤδη δύο μὲν γενεαὶ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
Ἐφθίαθ', οἵ οἱ πρόσθεν ἅμα τράφεν ἠδ' ἐγένοντο
Ἐν Πύλῳ ἡγαθέῃ· ἔτι δὲ τριτάτοισι μετῆεν.

Ilias, Lib. I. ver. 250.

January 30, 1830.

* It is but just that the reader should be informed, that a novel has been already written on this theme, and printed in the year 1743, under the title of "Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman, returned from a Thirteen Years' Slavery in America."

PREFACE.

I FEEL inclined in the following four or six pages to attempt to illustrate a proposition which has been stated before, but which has not yet perhaps received so full an explanation as might be given to it.

History—the history of masses of men—may be regarded under two points of view—as it relates to the vicissitudes of nations, their rise and fall, their progress in refinement and corruption, their literature, their habits and customs, their philosophy, and their religion, in a word, all that belongs to men in the aggregate—and as it relates to the conduct of those who occupy a considerable place in the scene. Of all and each of the former we may undoubtedly attain to some knowledge; but of the character of individuals almost nothing.

It is under the latter of these heads, that, however paradoxical it may seem, fictitious history is more true and to be depended upon, when it has the fortune to be executed by a masterly hand, than that which is to be drawn from state-papers, documents, and letters written by those who were actually engaged in the scene.

I do not say this to dissuade my fellow-men from the study of what we call real human characters. We cannot, if we would, refrain from speculating on the motives, and endeavouring to penetrate into the inmost thoughts of Cromwell and Hampden, of Burleigh and Elizabeth, of Cicero and Cæsar. And, since this will

infallibly be done in some manner, it is certainly desirable that profound and ingenious persons should employ their leisure upon these problems, that what will be done well or otherwise may be done in the way which shall be most skilful.

But, when all is ended, individual history and biography are merely guesses in the dark. The writer collects his information of what the great men on the theatre of the world are reported to have said and done, and then endeavours with his best sagacity to find out the explanation, to hit on that thread, woven through the whole contexture of the piece, which being discovered, we are told,

> No prodigies remain,
> Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

But man is a more complex machine than is "dreamed of in our philosophy:" and it is probable that the skill of no moral anatomist has yet been consummate enough fully to solve the obscurities of any one of the great worthies of ancient or modern times. A thousand incongruities are to be found in the characters which we seem best to understand; the same man often appears to be not the same, but different; and the explanations which are furnished by a Tacitus or a Machiavel will not fit all his actions. It may be affirmed without a paradox, that no man thoroughly understands himself: how then is it to be expected, that the historian, who looks at him through a narrow aperture, and sees but a small part of his thoughts, his words, and his actions, should arrive at a sounder result?

When I have studied a historical character with the most patient research, I can only make an approximation to the estimating it truly, and often not that. The most showy virtues are frequently not those which would best abide the heat of temptation, or the severity of adverse fortune. Many men stand out to the eye of their fellows for better, and many for worse than

they are. The folds of the human heart, the endless intermixture of motive with motive, and the difficulty of assigning which of these had the greatest effect in producing a given action, the desire each man has to stand well with his neighbours, and well with himself, all render the attempt to pass a sound judgment upon the characters of men to a great degree impossible.

Analysis is in this respect a science more commensurate to human faculties than synthesis. When the creator of the world of imagination, the poet, or the writer of fiction, introduces his ideal personage to the public, he enters upon the task with a preconception of the qualities that belong to this being, the principle of his actions, and its necessary concomitants. He has thus two advantages: in the first place, his express office is to draw just conclusions from assigned premises, a task of no extraordinary difficulty: and secondly, while he endeavours to aid those conclusions by consulting the oracle in his bosom, the suggestions of his own heart, instructed as he is besides by converse with the world, and a careful survey of the encounters that present themselves to his observation, he is much less liable to be cribbed and cabined in by those unlooked-for phenomena, which, in the history of an individual, seem to have a malicious pleasure in thrusting themselves forward to subvert our best digested theories. In this sense then it is infallibly true, that fictitious history, when it is the work of a competent hand, is more to be depended upon, and comprises more of the science of man, than whatever can be exhibited by the historian,

> Long and dark,
> Drawn from the musty rolls of Noah's ark.

In the drama it is a different thing. Whatever is offered there, must be expected to be sketches scarcely half made up, and human passions and character distorted, to fit a plot, and chime in with an abrupt and

violent catastrophe. But the writer of fictitious history has leisure to ripen his materials, and draw out his results one by one, even as they grow up and unfold themselves in the "seven ages" of man. He is not confined, like the dramatist, to put down the words that his characters shall utter. He accompanies the language made use of by them with his comments, and explains the inmost thoughts that pass in the bosom of the upright man and the perverse. This is his peculiar and enviable prerogative.—Among dramatists Shakspeare is the exception. His conceptions are drawn from the profoundest abysses of thought; they seem to be supplied to him by the plastic principle to which the universe is indebted for its harmonies; and he had therefore comparatively little need, like inferior artists, to proceed step by step in unfolding the seeds of character, and to watch with timid and cautious observation the modes in which they expand themselves, and the peculiarities by which they are divided.

Add to which, the characters of the drama, such as they are ordinarily found, are abstractions, or rather diagrams, and not pictures; the finishing and the reality are wanting. It is as if the shadows and first hints of men, drawn by a novice, walked out of their frames, before the substance and filling out of a man were added to give them reality; or as if the figures of Prometheus were made to act their parts on earth, without waiting till the fire from heaven came to inform them with a living soul.

> They mock our eyes with air.
> These are black vesper's pageants. With a thought
> The rack dislimbs them, makes them indistinct
> As water is in water.*

* A few of our dramatists, contemporaries of Shakspeare, are in a considerable degree to be exempted from this censure.

CLOUDESLEY.

CHAPTER I.

The story which I now take up the pen to relate, derives no interest from myself. I was born in the middle, or I might rather say the humbler walks of society, and should probably, as far as relates to my own rank and that of my parents, and to any intrinsic qualities I possess, have been born and die, like the herbage of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow falls under the scythe of the great mower, who cuts down whole fields of the common growth of the soil at his pleasure. But, though insignificant in myself, and uncharacterized by those vehement passions or that inordinate ambition which places some men on the roll of the distinguished, and perpetuates their memory to honour or to shame, it has been my lot to be connected with persons whose story has a more substantial claim on the curiosity of mankind. It is their adventures, and not my own, that I am about to relate.

My father was the curate of Epworth in the isle of Axholme, where he reared a family of children, with such advantages in point of education as his small means enabled him to bestow. His name was Meadows; and I was myself, who was called after my father William, his sole male progeny that reached years of maturity. He discovered in me a sound understanding and a tractable disposition, and therefore resolved to impart to me such rudiments of learning as he himself possessed. I

read with him the works of Virgil, some odes of Horace, and a considerable portion of the Greek Testament. He could have wished that, after himself, I should have become a teacher of the Gospel agreeably to the mode of the church of England; but to accomplish this far exceeded his powers. Even the slender advantages I might have derived from being introduced on the stage of the world under his protection I was deprived of, as he died when I was in the fifteenth year of my age.

I was always greatly devoted to the admiration of such wonders of nature and art as placed themselves before my sight; and even the obscure corner of the world where I was bred was not destitute of such objects. Not far from Epworth existed the remains of a monastery of Carthusians, called the Priory in the Wood. And when I went sometimes farther from home to visit my mother's relations at Barton, where is the noted horse-ferry to Hull, six miles over the Humber, I delighted to spend hours together in wild reveries and romantic imaginations, as I saw and heard the dashing of the waters of this magnificent river.

It was more than a century before, that the three sons of lord Sheffield of Butterwicke had been drowned in passing this river, at a ferry farther from the mouth at which it empties itself into the sea. But the nearness of the geography of the scene counterbalanced with me the distance of time at which the event had occurred. They were all young men. The eldest was already married; and the son of that marriage afterward succeeded to the family honours. There was something singularly melancholy and striking in so weeping a catastrophe. I seldom resorted to the shore of the river without the event recurring to my memory. And, especially when the winds were high, the tempest rose, and black and threatening clouds were hurrying along the sky in a December evening, I seemed to myself to see their faces indistinctly discovered from time to time in the atmosphere: they appeared even in the dawn of opening life, just as they had been in the hour

that they perished. At other times I heard wailings and shrieks in the wind, which I interpreted as the voice of the genius of the stream, mourning for the dishonour that befell her in that fatal hour.

My father died when I was still young. My mother —the widow of a curate, with myself and three daughters, must necessarily be poor—could think of no better way of disposing of me than by sending me to sea, availing herself of her connexions with persons engaged in the maritime profession. I was accordingly placed under a captain, bound for Archangel in Russia.

The life of a sailor was ill suited to all the previous habits of my mind. My father had given me some taste for classical studies. As I had always pursued such matters of learning as he placed before me without any associate of my own age, my turn of thinking became contemplative and visionary. The communications of my father were essentially kind and affectionate; but the difference of our ages, and the authority at once of a parent and instructer, did not operate to invite me to communicativeness in return. My thoughts were my own; they seemed to me a peculiar and darling possession; and I did not like to have them blown upon with the breath, and invaded and disordered with the comments, of another. I grew reserved, and, which is a part of the same feature of character, self-conceited and opinionated. As I had no habitual companion of my own age, I was in one respect so much the freer in my motions, my exercises, my rambles, and still more especially in my reveries.

The contrast was great between the life I have just described and that of a mariner. An essential character of my new destination was hard labour, and that of the coarsest and most ignoble sort. I had not a moment that I could call my own. I was placed incessantly under the commands of others, and those commands, so far as I was able to judge, frequently capricious and unmeaning. They were softened by no gentleness and conciliation. The captain, his mate,

and their sailors, who, as their junior, perpetually assumed to control me, were as hard as the planks on which they trod.

The condition in which I was placed had a very painful effect upon me. I loved the green earth and the trees and the hills of my native country. I even called to mine the land-clouds of Axholme, so light, so airy, so undulating, so different from those of the northern seas I was now destined to traverse. I hated the very sight of the barren ocean, and its eternal restlessness and unquiet. I pined in thought. I was like what I have seen described of the Swiss, when far removed from their country; I felt that nothing but the sight and the tread of my natal soil could restore me to myself. I fell into a disease similar to that which sailors call a calenture. In my paroxysm I imagined I saw on the surface of the ocean meadows, enamelled with daisies and flowers of a thousand hues, and trees that waved their mighty branches to the wind; and I could with difficulty restrain myself from plunging over the vessel's side, and desperately seeking those lovely, transporting objects, which I so vividly saw.

In a word, long before we reached the port to which we were bound, I became totally incapable of the employment to which I was destined, a mere encumbrance to the crew. The captain resolved to rid himself of me. He found a family in narrow circumstances at Archangel, who, in consideration of a sum of money he deposited in their hands, were willing to watch over my recovery from the state of extreme debility into which I was plunged. The father of this family was an Englishman, who, like myself, had been discharged from a vessel on account of sickness; but who, being settled at Archangel, had married a Russian woman, and, through her connexions, and various occupations he found in the place, seemed willing to pass the remainder of his life in that country.

There was certainly nothing very exhilarating in the situation in which I was now placed; a stranger, in an

inhospitable climate, among a barbarous race, with no one I knew but my unlettered host and his wife, and with no prospect before me beyond the means of subsistence for a few weeks, which my captain had taken care to supply. Yet my dismission from the loathsome prison in which I had been confined, would have made any place of abode on land a paradise to me. I took my leave of the captain and my fellow-sailors with the greatest pleasure. I stretched a point, though by no means in a condition to take such a freedom with myself, to repair to the pier, to see the vessel cleared out, and under weigh for England. And, from the moment of this glad event, my health continually improved.

For a short time, during my illness, my host generously confined his attention to whatever might renovate my vigour, and improve my health. He conducted himself towards me, as if there were no such thing as the future, and the small supply left in his hands for my use would last for ever. But, in proportion as I became more capable of conversation and reasoning, he examined me indirectly as to what I had learned, and what talent or skill I possessed that might be applied to my future subsistence. In this respect every thing appeared sufficiently gloomy. I was cast in a land of barbarians, where all the arts of life were yet in their infancy. I had learned no trade, and had no skill in any of those crafts which are most in request in such a state of society. My landlord frankly confessed to me the anxiety he felt on my account.

One day he came home with an air of unusual cheerfulness. He said, something had suggested itself to him, which he thought might be turned to my advantage. Peter the Great at this time sat on the throne of Russia. It is unnecessary to mention with what earnestness he applied all his thoughts to the improvement of his dominions. He laid the first foundations of the city of Petersburg in 1703. After the victory of Pultowa in 1709, by means of which his great rival, Charles the Twelfth, was reduced to the condition of a fugitive, he

became fixed in the idea of rendering this place the capital of his empire. He founded in it a castle, a palace, and a metropolitan church, which was destined to receive the remains of all the future sovereigns of Russia. He made a grand naval arsenal at Cronstadt. And, lastly, he founded an academy for the improvement of science, and an university for the education of the more gifted or more fortunate youth of his dominions. As Russia was at this time plunged in a state of the profoundest ignorance, the emperor could discover no other means for its improvement in either science or literature, than the inviting such foreigners from all quarters as should be best able to assist him in his projects. My host had just learned that a commissioner had arrived at Archangel, for the purpose of discovering such persons as might be of use in the new institution.

My qualifications were of the simplest sort, and in no other country than Russia would have been held of the slightest value. I had read a few of the Latin authors, and had mastered the first rudiments of Greek. I had never been at any school; and of consequence my acquaintance with the principles of these languages was slovenly and imperfect. But, such as it was, it was not without its estimation in the sixtieth degree of north latitude, and the thirtieth of longitude. In a word, I was introduced to the emissaries of the czar. My origin, as a native of one of the more civilized countries of Europe, was of eminent service to me. The progress of my acquaintance with the humanities was ascertained; and I was immediately engaged as a sort of assistant to initiate youth in the study of these languages. I therefore set out with the commissioner and two or three other persons, whom in pursuance of his instructions, he had enlisted in his train from Archangel to Petersburg.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE met with few things in the course of my existence more striking, than my first approach to this new-created metropolis. It lies on the river Neva, which takes its rise from the lake Ladoga, and discharges itself from three mouths into the gulf of Finland, the eastern branch of the Baltic sea. The city stands on three or four islands, formed by these streams; and the suburbs extend into the provinces of Carelia on the north, and Ingria on the south. The area on which it is placed was, a short time before, nothing but a vast morass, with no other buildings upon it than a few fishermen's huts. It was the mighty genius of the czar, that prompted him to remove his residence and the seat of empire from Moscow, which had been the abode of his ancestors for centuries, and was in the centre of his European dominions, and fix it on the western extremity, and on a spot so undesirable to all vulgar observation. But it is this act that promises to place Russia among the foremost of European powers, and open to her a career among the nations of the civilized world, to which it is difficult for the boldest spirit of prediction to assign any limits.

When I reached the metropolis, it had been founded only ten or twelve years; but it had already made great progress, and wore the appearance of a city. Peter had built a formidable castle, well supplied with all the means of defence, and a magnificent cathedral. He was wholly careless about his personal accommodations, and resided for a considerable time in a small wooden house, which many of his officers would have disdained to occupy. At the same time, in the true

spirit of a despot, he compelled his principal nobility to erect themselves houses in his capital; and, after a few years, having changed his plan, and determined that, not Petersburg island, but Basil's island to the west, should be site of the main buildings of the city, they were obliged once again to desert the stone edifices that had been erected, and begin afresh on the spot which had now been chosen.

I had scarcely arrived at Petersburg, when this great man, the founder of this wonderful city, the creator of a mighty empire, died. He was in the vigour of life, not having yet completed the fifty-third year of his age; happily for himself, having known nothing of the ebb of human life, or the infirmities of declining years; unhappily for his country, since every year of his existence added something to the civilization of Russia, and to his vast schemes for her future prosperity. He was indeed an extraordinary creature, aiming always at something vast, shrinking from no privations, deterred by no opposition of labour or difficulty. Meanwhile, conquering all outward difficulties, he was never able to conquer himself. The high priest of all civilization, he was himself a barbarian. He was subject to the most violent excesses of rage, which took from him all power of self-control. At these seasons his servants and his ministers underwent severe personal chastisements from his own hands; and the fit frequently terminated in a species of epilepsy, which for a time deprived him of sense. He was cruel and remorseless in the punishments he inflicted on those whom he regarded as delinquents, and even occasionally made himself sport from being the executioner of his own sanguinary judgments.

I witnessed his funeral. Nothing could exceed the impression of this exhibition. He was buried in the midst of the city he had raised on the waves of the sea, and in the empire which he had first joined to the mighty confederacy of the civilized world. The solemnity was conducted under the direction of his widow, a woman

whom for her talents he had raised from the lowest ranks of society, and made the partner of his throne; who adored his person, and shared in all his plans; and who by his own appointment became his successor, because in her he could best trust that, when he was dead, the immortal part of him would survive. His principal minister was Menzikoff, whose appearance and physiognomy had first caught his attention, standing, as a boy, near the gate of the imperial residence, selling pastry. The minister did credit to the discernment of the master. He was a great general, and, like Peter, devoted to the cause of science and art. The year before his death, the czar caused his consort to be publicly crowned, an act which was understood as designating her to the succession in case of his decease. Subsequently there arose a misunderstanding; and it was conceived that the emperor had changed his design; but Menzikoff, whose mistress Catharine had been before she attracted the notice of Peter, embraced her cause, and secured her elevation.

Catharine had passed her early years in the utmost obscurity; and it is understood had never acquired the arts of reading and writing. But she possessed the most valuable endowments, an unparallelled sweetness of temper, and great courage. It is well known, that by her presence of mind she saved Peter and his army on the banks of the Pruth; and the czar never ventured upon his most sanguinary executions, but when Catharine happened to be absent. During her short reign, however, the administration of government was almost entirely in the hands of Menzikoff. She early fell into a decline, and in a little more than two years followed her husband to the tomb, being in the twenty-ninth year of her age. This event occurred in the year 1727.

Catharine had borne to the czar several children. The males died in their infancy; but she had two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth, whom she tenderly loved. The eldest of these she designed for her suc-

cessor. But the ascendancy of Menzikoff was too absolute; and he compelled her to give her voice for Peter the Second, grandson to the czar by a former marriage. By an edict of the late emperor it was decreed, that the sovereign in possession should in all cases have the power to name the successor. Menzikoff fixed on the young prince in preference, being a minor, only twelve years old at the death of Catharine. He believed himself so firmly seated at the head of affairs, as to enable him, under the name of the infant, to exercise all the powers of a sovereign.

The first step, taken by Menzikoff at the commencement of the new reign, was to dissolve the council of regency, and to lodge the czar within his own palace. By studied affronts he compelled the princess Anne, and her husband the duke of Holstein, to withdraw out of Russia. Satisfied that the power of government was entirely in his hands, he paid little attention to conciliate the good-will of the youthful sovereign. But his confidence proved his ruin.

Menzikoff was taken ill; and the Dolgoroukis, one of them a counsellor of state, another engaged in the education, and attendant on the person of the czar, took advantage of his absence, to deprive him of his authority. Alarmed at this intelligence, Menzikoff hastened to his post; but, when he arrived, he found that the Dolgoroukis had carried off the young prince to Peterhoff, a delightful retreat on the coast of Ingria, the summer-residence of the czars. He followed them, and was again disappointed; his prize had escaped. He then conceived that the best project he could adopt, was to make suitable arrangements for the solemn entrance of the czar into his capital; believing that, under cover of that solemnity, he should not fail again to get possession of his person; but, while he was engaged in these preparations, he was arrested, his property confiscated, and himself sent into exile, to one of the most northerly and inclement regions of Siberia.

Here Menzikoff showed that he was something more than the mere child of the caprice of fortune. His wife, overcome with the sad reverse, did not live to reach the place of their exile. The government allotted to this proud man, who had for years lived in the possession of every possible magnificence and splendour, a pittance of about forty shillings *per diem* for his subsistence. Menzikoff, however, conformed himself to his circumstances, worked with his own hands, and founded a church with a portion of his income. His spirit was unsubdued; his serenity and self-respect seemingly unshaken: but the change was too great for his animal force; and he died in about two years from the commencement of his exile.

The Dolgoroukis were now apparently at the pinnacle of prosperity and power. The daughter of the younger Dolgorouki, sub-governor to the czar, was contracted by him in marriage to his master; and they directed all measures, and disposed of all offices at their pleasure. But finally they experienced a reverse more stupendous than that of Menzikoff. The young czar was seized with the small pox, and died in the fifteenth year of his age, and in the beginning of the year 1730.

The first thought of the elder Dolgorouki appears to have been, to place his own kinswoman, the contracted wife of the czar on the throne; and he was even accused of forging a will for him to this effect. He speedily found, however, that his authority was by no means sufficient for this purpose. He therefore changed his plan, and looked round among the members of the royal family for a suitable successor. The dutchess of Holstein had died just before the emperor, and had left a son, one year old. Dolgorouki, however, had fears from the character and popularity of his father, the duke, if he had been called to the succession. He accordingly fixed upon Anne, dutchess dowager of Courland, daughter to the elder brother of Peter the Great. He believed he should be able to limit her prerogatives as he pleased. He assembled the council

of which he was a member, and there digested a convention to be tendered to the dutchess, which would in effect have stripped her of all authority, and have vested the government exclusively in the present ministers and the council. The elder Dolgorouki and two principal officers of state hastened to Mittau, the capital of Courland, to announce to the dutchess her nomination, and obtain her signature to the conditions prescribed.

But all his schemes proved abortive. The Dolgoroukis had a majority in the council, which consisted of seven persons. But Golofkin, the chancellor, Osterman, the vice-chancellor, and Jagousinski, another member of the council, who had been an especial favourite with Peter the Great, entered into a conspiracy against them. They despatched a secret messenger to Mittau, who had the star of the deputies, to advise the dutchess implicitly to subscribe to whatever was required, promising that in the sequel they would free her from the shackles that were imposed on her.

Anne complied with this advice, and set off for Moscow, where the court at present resided. In concert with her secret counsellors, she intrigued with the Russian nobility, painted to them in the strongest language the despotism of the Dolgoroukis, and incited them to demand the setting aside the convention. A public assembly of the grandees of Russia was then convoked, at which the empress was invited to appear. The nobility represented to her the unpopularity of the terms to which she had subscribed at Mittau. She commanded the chancellor to produce the document, and to demand the sentiments of the assembly respecting it, article by article They were each of them condemned in succession. The empress then took the document into her own hands, complained that she had been deceived respecting the wishes of her subjects when she set her hand to it, and tore it to pieces, declaring that she would henceforth rule alone, conformably to the ancient usages of Russia.

Anne was forty years of age at the period of her accession. She had been married to the duke of Courland in 1710, and in the following year became a widow. The sovereignty of Courland was then conferred on her by the states of the country. She certainly experienced great kindness from her uncle, Peter the Great, her father having died when she was six years old. He had made this match for her; and, as she was well informed and highly accomplished, it is reasonable that we should impute these advantages in the same quarter. She had great courage, and was free from all affectation. She must have been indebted for many of her good qualities to nature, as she derived others from education. She had a visible repugnance to stateliness and reserve, at the same time that the grace of her manner was such as to prevent those about her from forgetting her dignity. She had a voice peculiarly pleasing, and her smile was beautiful. Her temper was humane; she had great sensibility; and was often observed to shed tears, when a melancholy story was related to her.

She had had a favourite for years before she quitted Courland, John Ernest Biren, who afterward became her principal minister, when she was seated on the throne of Russia. He was of plebeian extraction, and, in point of abilities at least, did honour to the judiciousness of her selection. No scandal ever attached itself to this favouritism; his mistress brought about his marriage into one of the noble families of Courland. The empress was governed by him in almost every thing, because she had full confidence in his judgment and integrity; and though a thousand cabals were formed against him, they never had power to shake the steadiness of her predilection.

There was a glaring contrast between the manners of the empress and her favourite. She was herself refined, polished, and humane. Biren, on the contrary had a strong understanding and much sincerity; but he could never conquer the original ruggedness of his na-

ture. He was devoured with ambition; and the higher he rose in station and power, the less control did he exercise over the ferocity of his disposition. He was liable to extraordinary bursts of passion; and, where he entertained resentment or hate, he scrupled no means of gratifying his spleen. He is computed in the course of his administration to have sent no fewer than twenty thousand victims to Siberia. Occasionally he seemed almost to delight in shedding blood under the forms of justice. The contentions between him and his mistress on this subject were said at times to afford a singular spectacle; she intreating, often with tears, that he would remit of his severity, in this case and another: and he insisting that the measures he adopted were indispensable, and protesting that he could no longer pretend to conduct the affairs of the empire, if justice was not permitted to take its course. Yet this same man was frank, easy, and familiar with those to whom he conceived a partiality. He was a warm friend, but a remorseless enemy: add to which, he was somewhat dangerous in the former character, since he easily conceived offence where he thought himself unworthily treated, and then scrupled no means of punishing the man in whom he regarded himself as having been deceived.

For two years after the accession of Anne to the throne of Russia, Biren seemed scrupulously to abstain from interfering in political matters, leaving state affairs to the three ministers above-mentioned, who constituted what was called the cabinet. But in all this there was somewhat of delusion. Biren had a mind capable of comprehending the greatest things. During his residence in Courland he found nothing of a political nature that took hold of his spirit. Courland was but a mimic sovereignty; and her foreign connexions the fit occupation for an intellectual dwarf But, when his mistress succeeded to the extensive dominions of Russia, this was quite a different matter. He became aware that here was a theatre in which great good

might be effected, and great glory acquired. He resolved to confine himself no more to the narrow field of a drawing-room, but to become, what in his heart he felt himself capable of being, a great minister.

Having fixed his determination, he for the first two years exhibited no symptoms of what he designed. He rather strikingly kept aloof from politics, and appeared only the minister of his mistress's pleasures. But he devoted every hour that he could call his own to the study and contemplation of that which to vulgar observation he most avoided. He studied history in secret; he surrounded himself with maps, charts, and elevations. He disdained no means of improvement; he called about him privately all persons who he believed could assist his researches. He read books of travels; he inquired into ancient and modern times; he examined the courts of princes, as far as this could be effected by reading or conversation, and made himself familiar with foreign nations, their strength, their revenues, and their discipline. At the end of two years he came forth with the result of his labours; and, from this time forward, he may be considered as in effect the sole minister of the empress.

The result was, that the reign of Anne was glorious, and that she produced an impression on foreign states, hitherto unknown in the annals of Russia. The court of Vienna in particular felt her importance; and, in concert with that power, she placed a king of her own choosing on the throne of Poland. No sooner was this effected, than she declared war against the Turks. In this contention the success of her arms was memorable; and she was thought at one time to threaten Constantinople itself. At the same time that all this was doing, the Russian empire was improving in all other respects. The army, under the administration of Biren, assisted by the admirable talents of Count Munich, was greatly improved in prowess and discipline. Meanwhile, the commerce of the country was increased, and all her internal institutions and establishments received their due shareof encouragement.

While Biren thus watched over the interests of the Russian empire, he was not inattentive to his own. Immediately on the accession of Anne he was made great chamberlain, a count, and knight of St. Andrew, the highest order of knighthood in the empire. In 1736, Ferdinand, uncle to the late duke of Courland the husband of Anne, to whom the succession of the dutchy was conceived properly to belong, though the power of Russia turned it aside from its course, died. Anne seized this occasion to impart additional elevation to her favourite; and she, who had already given a king to Poland, did not doubt of her power to confer this principality. Accordingly Biren, at this occurrence, was raised to the dignity of duke of Courland, and thus became enrolled in the catalogue of the sovereign princes of Europe. —To return from this seeming digression, to the narration of my own affairs.

CHAPTER III.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty, I remember yet.

DRYDEN.

In the university of Petersburg my situation was humble. The professors were men in the meridian of life, and who had already acquired for themselves some reputation in France, Germany or Poland, the countries from which they came. I was the only Englishman, and, bringing with me a certificate from neither Oxford nor Cambridge, was looked down upon with a sort of supercilious contempt. The office of instructing others had the effect of giving perspicuity to my own ideas, and arrangement to the principles with which I was acquainted. The attempt to explain things to my pu-

pils, required of me in each instance that I should first explain them to myself. Being cast by the effect of hazard upon this species of occupation, I resolved to do my utmost to improve myself in those branches of learning which I was called on to teach. I applied to the professors in each of these departments, and entreated them to have the kindness to further my progress. But in every application, without exception, I met with a repulse. It was not their business to instruct those who pretended to be instructors themselves. They desired to keep up the line of distinction between a professor, and a raw and half-informed pedagogue. They had each of them countrymen or friends, whom they aimed to place over my head, or by thrusting me out to get nominated in my stead. Every day, instead of advancing in my career, I seemed to myself to be losing ground. Though I was not ambitious, I grew dissatisfied under this conviction. I continued for years in my humble situation in the university, and every day became more disturbed with the wish that it was changed. Industry and application have been understood to lead to advancement; but here the order of nature seemed to be inverted to depress me. As the university increased in character and popularity, my situation in it became daily more insignificant.

By this time Biren was become all-powerful in the court of Russia. He looked into every thing; he examined every thing with his own eyes. Though not occupying any of the great offices of state, he kept a *bureau de ministre*, just as if he had been president of the finances, or one the imperial secretaries. He had a multitude of clerks, perpetually occupied in translating documents, and preparing memorials and instructions, under his own eye. About this time he conceived the idea, that he stood in need of a clerk familiarly acquainted with the English tongue. I was mentioned to him. He sent for me; and, being satisfied with my appearance, acquisitions, and intelligence, immediately took me into his pay.

I was highly gratified with this change. I had become heartily tired of the university, its cold, formal, and imperious professors, and the monotony, which had occupied me for years, of initiating the dull and sluggish Russians in the rudiments of classical knowledge. My pupils had, most of them, the stature of men, without the apprehension of a southern schoolboy. Their very aspect was spoiled with the accession of a load of superfluous and unanimated flesh, which had never been subtilized and made flexible to the impulses of intellect.

In my new situation I had no unfrequent opportunities of communication with the favourite himself; and I looked upon him as belonging to a more gifted class of human beings. Whatever might be his defects in the eye of one who had observed the varied and wonderful scenes of active civilized life, I had never seen such a man. The versatility of his mind and the quickness of his comprehension were truly astonishing. He always communicated his directions with marvellous clearness and in the most concise terms, yet without obscurity. As has been already mentioned, the natural promptings of his mind were those of the utmost sincerity. Haughty and overbearing as he was to those whom he regarded as his enemies, and who appeared to stand in the way of his purposes and his will, to me, whose function it was to serve and oblige him, he was always easy and familiar, and seemed scarcely to recollect the vast distance there was between us. There was no need that he should remind me of it; there was no fear that I should presume upon his kindness.

One thing that was gratifying to my inexperienced mind was, that we, clerks in office, were permitted to go to court on great public days, to swell the train of our superiors. I was as well acquainted with the countenances and carriage of the empress, the princess Elizabeth, daughter to Peter the Great, and afterward empress, and the princess Anne, niece to the reigning

sovereign, and who appeared destined to succeed her, as I was with those of my companions and equals.

Even my fellow-clerks in office and their connexions constituted a species of society, that was as gratifying as it was new to me. We for the most part considered each other as equals, and felt ourselves free and unrestrained in our mutual intercourse. We were animated with the gayety of youth, and had to a certain degree that warmth of heart, which characterizes uncorrupted man, not yet hardened and rendered suspicious by the practice of the world. This was a perfect contrast to the life I had led for several years in the university. There I saw only the professors, who regarded me as of an inferior order of the creation, and who found a cold and sullen gratification in making me feel all my littleness, or the raw youths I had to instruct, whom my occupation induced to consider as the enemy of their pleasures, and who shrunk from familiarity with me as sedulously on that score, as the professors did from supercilious insolence and contempt.

Among the young men I daily saw in the course of my present occupations, a particular attachment speedily grew up between me and a clerk of the name of Alexis Scherbatoff. He was in some sense connected in the ties of kindred with the favourite himself. His mother was the half sister of Biren, being born of the same father by another wife. Madame Scherbatoff, as I shall now call her, had offended Biren by a marriage which he considered as degrading. He had therefore refused all intercourse with her for years, and had even done various ill offices underhand to her husband, crossing him in his views of life. After a marriage of some years, however, Scherbatoff died, leaving the partner of his days a widow, with two children, a son and a daughter. As he had been unsuccessful in all his views for an establishment, he left her in very narrow circumstances.

Biren, in the midst of all his sternness and disdain, was a man not altogether of an ungenerous disposition,

Or, at least, the cause which had produced his hostile feelings towards madame Scherbatoff being removed, his pride forbade his suffering her and her young ones to sink into destitution. He procured from the empress a small pension for the widow; and when the son became of an age to be useful, he placed him, as has already been said, at a desk in his *bureau*.

This, however, was in a very small degree advantageous to the young man. The kindness and courtesy of Biren were great; but, wherever he had conceived displeasure, it may be doubted whether in any instance he wholly dismissed the feeling of hostility from his bosom. Alexis Scherbatoff was destined deeply to feel this. There was not a young man in our office, that by his intelligence and industry was more fully entitled to encouragement. As being related to the favourite, he probably thought that in a twofold sense he had a right to expect this. But he experienced the very contrary. Biren always regarded him with a severe and a frowning aspect. He seemed on all occasions to view him as the representative of his father, destined to remind this arrogant and ambitious man of the affront which in his opinion had been put upon him. He never accosted Alexis but with peculiar sternness. He appeared to take delight in withering the blossoms of his youth. He was perpetually putting upon him one slight or another. He was forward to show a preference to any other member of our corps, rather than to him.

Alexis was a youth of high spirit, and could not patiently endure the treatment he experienced. Had he been no way related to the favourite, the case would have been different. It would have appeared only that he was discountenanced, because, for some capricious motive or other, he did not take the fancy of his employer. But, as it was, the neglect that was dealt out to him had a peculiar sting, and made the light-hearted and unfeeling among his associates regard him as a person that they also might consider as out of suits with fortune. He tried, by every

means that could be practised by an ingenuous spirit, to mitigate the unkindness of Biren; but in vain. Failing in this, his next thought was to launch into some new scheme of life, where he should not be met, as now, with a determined and systematical discouragement at every turn. But no one dared help him in this. In Russia every one was servile to the prosperous and the great, and dared not thwart or dispute with their decrees. There, at that desk, Biren had placed his nephew; and, without an intimation from him, no one would venture to appear in an attempt to change his fate. The temper of Alexis was soured, and his very heart pressed down, with the consciousness that all his wishes were fruitless, and that, the more he struggled, he was but the more sensibly to feel the chains that bound him.—I only pitied his fate, and became the more warmly attached to his society.

He had, however, one consolation; and, the more forlorn he felt himself, the more he hugged that to his bosom. His sister Isabella had a confidential friend and playmate from infancy, a girl of the same age as herself, Helena Ludolfski. They were in a manner inseparable: and when Helena was not at the house of madame Scherbatoff, Isabella was almost sure to be at the residence of her friend. Helena was of a tender and sympathetic disposition; and, when she saw the young and handsome Alexis apparently labouring under severe depression, she exerted herself to the utmost of her power to console him. She gradually became the chosen confidant of all his vexations and sorrows. Her father also liked the young man, and appeared to think of him as the person he wished for his son-in-law. He was related to the favourite of the empress; that to the father of Helena was a great recommendation.

But Ludolfski was in an eminent degree a worldly-minded man. After a time he learned that Biren was far from being a friend to his nephew, but rather appeared upon all occasions desirous to keep him down.

Those who favoured Alexis were sure to find sooner or later that that was not the way to win the favour of the man in power. Ludolfski was not slow to perceive this; and he was then as forward to discourage the pretensions of the young Scherbatoff, as he had before been to promote them. He forbade him his house, and enjoined his daughter henceforth to regard him as a stranger. At the earnest entreaty of Helena, backed with a solemn promise that she would not use this indulgence to bring about stolen interviews with Alexis, he allowed her to persist in friendly communications with Isabella. Helena was a being of an ingenuous mind, and who had no conception of the art of promising one thing to her parent, that she might avail herself of his indulgence to do the very opposite to that which she promised. She therefore persisted in it, and kept her resolution, that she would not see Alexis clandestinely.

This was a thunderstroke to the young man, and he complained of it in the most pathetic terms to me and his sister. He said, that he had suffered the pangs of martyrdom from the severe and constant state of discountenance in which he was kept by his uncle, the empress's favourite. All that had remained to him, "to make the nauseous draught of life go down," was love, the favour of the enchanting Helena, who, when the rest of the world frowned upon him, still kept him from despair by her fascinating smiles, and by the ravishing tones of her heart-thrilling voice. This alone inspired him with courage. This made him feel that there was something still worth living for, and breathed into him a certain self-esteem, since the being who was in his apprehension the first and the purest of created natures, rejoiced in his joys, and fully sympathized in all his woes.

Meanwhile, his sister was still admitted to visit and correspond with Helena; and through her he endeavoured to keep up his interest in the heart of her he loved. Helena was rigorous in keeping her faith to her

father: she would neither see Alexis, nor correspond with him. But this, she protested to Isabella, was the limits of her filial obedience. Her father had at first encouraged their mutual attachment; it had grown up under his protection and encouragement; Ludolfski had now changed his mind; but she did not find herself capable of a like instability; nor did she think her duty required so much at her hands. She solemnly assured Isabella, that her heart was wholly and unalterably vowed to Alexis; she desired patiently to wait the course of time and events; she trusted that, when Ludolfski saw that her attachment to her first love could never be altered, his fatherly affection would at length plead effectually in their favour; but she protested, let that be as it might, that she would never give her hand to another.

Ludolfski saw that, if Biren treated his nephew in a stern and unkind manner, I on the contrary was much favoured and distinguished by this illustrious minister. He would therefore most willingly, if it had been in his power, have transferred his daughter's affections from Alexis to me. Nothing meanwhile could be more alien to the whole tenour of my thoughts. I had been privy to their course of love, from first to last: in the frequent occasions in which Alexis and I had wandered together on the banks of the Neva, he could talk of nothing but the beauty and the admirable qualities of his Helena; and I, seeing that scarcely any thing else could have the power to sustain him under the sense of the perpetual injustice of his uncle, was forward to encourage him to expatiate on these to him so delightful topics. As I was free to visit his mistress whenever I pleased, and was even often invited by her father, I made use of all the opportunities which were thus given me, not to try my own fortune with her, but, whenever I could, to stimulate her attachment to my friend, and to carry tender messages from one to the other.

By this course of proceeding I recommended myself greatly both to Alexis and his sister. About this time

it happened that the young man was despatched by his uncle on a particular mission to Moscow; and, being once there, was detained by various accidents much beyond the time that was originally contemplated. During this absence I and Isabella were his principal correspondents. From various causes it so fell out, that my letters were much more frequent than those of his sister. I therefore conversed again and again with Helena respecting his merits, the integrity of his disposition, and the sensibility and tenderness of his heart. But I conversed much oftener with Isabella. I was aware of the projects of Ludolfski for uniting me and his daughter; and I was the more chary of my visits, that I might give no encouragement to a scheme that might prove a fruitful source of disquiet to these virtuous lovers. I also felt that Isabella would be a much more powerful pleader for her brother than I could expect to be, and that Helena would open her heart in a more unreserved tone to one of her own sex.

CHAPTER IV.

My own situation was peculiar: and it was not long before I experienced the effects of it. The talk of Isabella and myself was all of love. We were both of us most anxious to bring about the union of this enamoured youth and his mistress. We spoke of the enviable delights which sprung from the sympathy of two hearts devoted to each other, of the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the agonies, that grew out of an ardent attachment. The tones of our voice adapted themselves to the topics of which we discoursed; and, as we expatiated on the enamoured feelings of the one party or the other, we unconsciously adopted their language, and mimicked their gestures, and were for the moment the very persons we so earnestly represented.

There was something more rarefied and refined in what passed in our breasts, than would have been the case with Alexis and Helena, if they had sat and walked together at the very time and on the spot where Isabella and I did. Love is a disinterested passion, for the true lover would not fail to sacrifice his gratification, and in extreme cases his life, rather than be the cause or the witness of serious calamity inflicted on the object of his affections. Yet the parties themselves are ordinarily pursuing their own interests, and seeking their own enjoyments; and they cannot but know it. But our talk and our thoughts were detached from these narrow considerations. We were conscious that the object we aimed at was the happiness, the consummation of the wishes of another; and there was a nobleness, a conscious pride, in this situation, which could have held no part in the intercourse of Alexis and his Helena.

When I gazed on the countenance, and looked into the eyes of Isabella, I saw in her all that I had painted to myself of an angel, a celestial missionary watching over the fortunes of a mortal (her brother), void of any meaner feeling than that of fully discharging the office that belonged to his godlike nature. The lambent fire that played in those eyes had no alloy of any thing gross or of a frailer sort. It was wholly unearthly. I smiled as I observed the generous earnestness of her purposes; and, when she saw my smile, she smiled upon me graciously in return.

It was then that I first observed so distinctly, how much, yet how sweet and chastened a fire there was in her look, when our eyes met each other. Her complexion was the most purely transparent that in all the years of my life I ever beheld. Every grace and every winning attraction played about her lips. She was somewhat above the middle stature. Her limbs were tapered by the hands of the god of love. Her bosom, when it heaved with the earnestness with which she expressed her deep interest for the peace of her brother, its quick and honest pants, that knew no thought

of diffidence or shame,—it was irresistible. I was subdued in a moment. Oh, Isabella, how could I so long be insensible to your charms? Or, when we were separated from each other in the sequel, as separated we were, how could I have survived for a moment?

Unconsciously, and by insensible degrees, I changed my topic of conversation. I expressed my wonder, that I, who was some years older than Alexis, had never yet become a victim to the charms of the sex. I observed, that I should be difficult and fastidious in my choice, as might naturally be expected, having outlived the heedlessness, "the morn and liquid dew," of youth. I undertook to describe what sort of a person it must be to please me. I entered liberally and copiously into the subject. As was natural, in the eagerness with which I poured out my discourse, I sometimes ran myself out of breath, and was compelled to pause. I then looked in Isabella's eyes, and drew from thence vigour to proceed, and thoughts on which to expatiate.

As I went forward in the portrait of my imaginary mistress, it became more and more palpable that it was Isabella herself that sat for the picture. In proportion as I became aware of this, I pleased myself slyly with describing little turns, minute gestures, and peculiar inflections of voice, that could be drawn from no other source. I described the individual temper of Isabella, the peculiar ways in which her ingenuousness displayed itself, and the very infirmities, which, tinged as they were with virtue, and the sensitiveness of an honour that had never known a cloud, rendered her in my eyes the more irresistible. In some instances I had seen an air of graveness come over her, as I unconsciously expressed myself with less reserve than she approved. It was as if one veil of the thinnest gauze spread itself after another, the first wholly unperceived, till at length the entire visage, divine as it was, became darkened.

The offence was venial; and, when I had once detected myself, and forwardly confessed my error, the smile came back, and the prospect grew ravishingly

bright. All this, point by point, was comprehended in the portrait I made.

Isabella's remarks were intermixed with mine. She sometimes objected, that I was fastidious, that I demanded too much, and that my notions were particular and strange. I answered her, and defended myself. I grew warm; but it was not the warmth of contention, but of panegyric upon the supposed imaginary being I drew. My warmth however was not that of mere rapture and rhapsody; it expressed itself in a melting tone, which indicated a real object.

Isabella at length detected me. But it was late, and with a slowness of apprehension, that most feelingly disclosed the unaffected modesty of her nature. While I discoursed liberally and eloquently of beauty, of grace, and of excellence, she could scarcely bring herself to suspect that all this was meant of the fascinating creature that sat before me. As I went on, a particular trait of which I spoke unveiled the whole. She blushed, the sudden crimson that overspread her cheeks unequivocally showed that she had seized my meaning.

She answered me with averted eyes. Oh, Meadows, she said, reproachfully, what is this you are doing? We are talking of the mishaps and adverse fortune of my brother. How came the subject to be changed? You have taken a most unfair advantage of the occasion that presented itself.

I asserted my innocence. When I had started the question of my particular tastes, and of what I regarded as perfections in a woman, I was actuated by no sinister purpose. I did not begin with the thought of her. It was in proportion as I became animated, and in the warmth of my soul wandered from one excellence to another, that I discovered the source from which my notions were drawn. I protested, that the discovery came upon me as a surprise, and was as new to me as it was to her, with this only difference, that it came to to me a few minutes sooner.

In a word, I obtained my pardon, and made my

peace. I observed that I could not be sorry for what had passed, since upon it I earnestly hoped might be built the happiness of all my future life. It was fortunate, that we had commenced with talking of loves not our own, inasmuch as by that circumstance we had been encouraged to express ourselves more freely, and had become better acquainted with each other's modes of thinking, feelings, and—might I add—each other's hearts, than we could have been by any other means. I protested, that I had never seen any thing so lovely in human shape as herself. In every conversation I had had with her since the departure of her brother, I had become more and more struck with the generosity of her sentiments and the purity of her heart. I pressed my suit, and professed my everlasting attachment. I was not ungraciously received; and we made as much progress in mutual confidence and good understanding, as could be expected to arise in a first conversation upon so grave and momentous a question.

I withdrew from our conference in raptures. It was a beautiful summer-evening when we parted. The moon was just rising out of the peaceful bosom of the ocean. I paced along upon the banks of the Neva, light and elastic as if I had been floating on the breeze. I felt myself a new creature. Oh, Meadows, I said to myself, what a life hast thou hitherto passed! It has been all an incoherent and unsatisfactory dream. I had belonged to nobody. I had pleased myself with the image of friendship; I had attached myself to Alexis. But, oh, what a difference! It is only in woman, woman lovely and affectionate, that the dawn and enthusiasm of opening life finds itself satisfied. I am no longer solitary. I am conscious that, under the roof I have just quitted, I have something laid up in store, dearer to me, a thousand times more valued, than my worthless self. Or rather I feel that I am not wholly worthless, since I am dear to, selected from all other candidates and rivals for her favour, by the most excellent of womankind. May no ill-fortune ever come between us! May the present kindness and distinc-

tion with which we regard each other, attended us uninterrupted through life, and follow us to a late and a peaceful grave!

I had no sooner reached my lodgings, than an urgent message was delivered to me from my employer, requiring to see me without a moment's delay. I hastened to the presence of Biren. He received me with a severe and a menacing countenance.

Where do you come from? said he. Why did not you attend me sooner?

Meadows, he continued, I trust you are not now to learn my character, and the principles of my conduct. I cannot be a friend by halves. I give myself wholly either for good or for evil, to raise or to crush. But in him I favour, I require obedience, and a spirit that shall even anticipate and outrun whatever I desire.

I took you up, sir, the outcast of a college, slighted there, and valued by nobody. I have preferred you to my own kindred. I have designed considerable things for you. I have not intended that you should stop where you are; but to raise you to a higher step, and yet a higher. But, as I am bounteous and liberal to those I love, so shall I be found destructive and withering as a pestilence to those who offend me.

Attend! I expect from those I favour, that they shall watch my looks, and copy out all I think. If you purpose to belong to me, all my friends must be your friends, and all my foes your foes. I will not be thwarted. You must be true to me as my shadow.

You know the Scherbatoffs. In the vulgar sense of the world, they belong to me, and are said to partake of my blood. Blood is nothing. It is the mind, the adherence of the soul, that I require. Madame Scherbatoff gave herself away contrary to my liking, in defiance of my prohibition. The young Scherbatoffs are the offspring of that accursed union. They are the born, the predestined, objects of my hate. I have taken care that they should not perish with hunger; if I had not, I should have been reflected on by the

spiritless world, by all those who are not endowed like me with souls of fire. But I hate them the more for this my extorted condescension.

I speak once; but I speak no more: that is my nature. You have seen these Scherbatoffs. You made yourself familiar with the son. You have visited, repeatedly and lately visited, his mother and his sister. This must be put an end to, and instantly. Never again enter their doors, never hold the slightest communication by word or by letter with them. Do this at your peril. If you disobey, or but wish to disobey, you shall for ever curse the hour that brought you into existence.

Having said thus much, with an unaltered countenance, and disdaining to be replied to, he waved his hand for me to leave him.

What was the state of my mind, when I quitted the minister's cabinet! A more unfortunate contrast could not be imagined, than that between the new-springing sentiments of love in my hitherto untried soul, and the harsh and ferocious mandates that had been poured into my ears.

My first feeling was to dash the favours of Biren to the earth, and bid him defiance. It was with difficulty I so far commanded myself as to withdraw from his presence in silence.

I was no sooner alone, than I presently felt that to defy the minister was to part with Isabella for ever. What could resist his omnipotence! In some countries perhaps such a thing might be attempted. But in Russia the knout, the galleys, a perpetual dungeon, and the halter, waited but the motion of his finger. In any case, which I dreaded more than all the rest, I should never see Isabella again!

My soul was torn with conflicting emotions. Openly to have defied the minister would have been phrensy. But what should I do? The thing I dreaded most was to bring down evil on the idol of my soul. Comparatively I feared nothing for myself. But would the ferocity of this savage stop at me?

At one time I resolved to return to his closet, and pour out my whole soul before him. Infamous as he was for his cruelty there must be a corner in his bosom that was penetrable to human feelings. I would tell how dear to me, beyond all power of words, was the passion that had newly sprung up with me. I would lay before him the sentiment of love in two young and inexperienced hearts, as the most innocent, the most blameless, the most beautiful thing, that the globe of earth had to boast. Whom could we injure? If the union which beyond all things I desired were displeasing to him, I would take Isabella from Russia, I would take her to my own country, I would retire with her to any part of the world he should dictate. I felt as if the god of love had touched my lips with his charmed rod, and I could pour out such strains as it could not be in mortal bosom to resist. I was mad—but my tide of madness did not swell so high, as to carry me back to the closet of Biren.

I retired to my bed; but not to rest. The night was eternal: and more busy thoughts, more wild and distracting visions, seemed to be crowded into those few hours, than had occupied my life before. At length the morning dawned; and with it came the cruel necessity, that I should return to my desk in a sort of gallery annexed to Biren's palace. How I got through my task I cannot tell. I must have committed a thousand blunders; my pen moved mechanically over the blank that was placed before me; my thoughts refused all commerce with the implement that was between my fingers.

I no sooner left my office, than I resolved that at least I would not go to Isabella. By so doing I might draw down calamity upon her I loved best. I would do nothing rashly. If I could prevail on her to be mine, I would plan the mode in which it was to be effected with the whole power of my understanding; and that which my soul elected should rise triumphant over the will of any other man.

I turned down a street the most opposite to the quarter in which she lived. I passed rapidly along; I could not stop myself; it seemed as if change of scene was essential to my existence. But what may appear most extraordinary, my steps however devious still brought me to the quarter I had most resolved to avoid. I passed through streets I had scarcely ever seen; I knew not whither they pointed; still the result was the same. At last, weary and tired, I entered the court in which the habitation of Isabella was situated.

She was shocked at the sight of me. I was as much altered, she told me, as if I had risen from a fit of sickness, which had lasted me for months. My eyes rolled frightfully; I appeared like a man possessed.

What is the matter? she cried. What has happened to you? Have you just escaped from the dagger of an assassin?

Nothing has happened, I replied. Where am I?

Do you not know me? said Isabella. You were here yesterday. Do you know any thing ill of Alexis?

No, no, no. Let me depart! I did not intend to come here. I have something to say to you: but it must not be now. You shall hear of me soon, very soon. Do not be alarmed! Let me go! You do not deserve to be disturbed; least of all by me, from whom you have merited more than worlds can repay. Soon, very soon, you shall know all.

I left her abruptly, and in disorder. She never heard of me more.

CHAPTER V.

I AGAIN wandered the streets for hours. As I approached my lodgings, I found myself suddenly stopped by one, who seized me by the arm. I turned to see

who it was, and perceived one of my fellow-clerks. I had given him a few lessons in the English tongue. He was homely, and in no way prepossessing in his appearance. He had no brightness of talent; but he had a sound heart. He was a person of simple integrity, of few words, never making any professions of service, but upon all occasions conducting himself well in situations that challenged his aid. He had by no means taken my fancy; but I had taken his. And he wore well; the good opinion he acquired from others, he retained for ever. He had an honest desire to improve himself; I had lent myself to his wishes; and he was grateful.

Stephanoff (that was his name) said to me, You must not go home: there are men that lie in wait for you; come with me. He then told me that he had accidentally overheard Biren giving his orders to three or four officers of justice to apprehend me without fail, to repair to my lodgings, and, if I were not there, to wait, and by no means to return without having done his bidding. Stephanoff added, that he knew not in what way I had incurred the displeasure of our employer, but he perceived by Biren's manner that he was greatly exasperated. He observed that I must have remarked as well as he, that the character of Biren was exceedingly altered. He was no longer the same man; whoever awakened his resentment was infallibly devoted to destruction; he delighted in cruelty and blood; all his talk in these moods was of the fiercest and most dreadful punishments; the mildest fate that could be hoped for by the object of his wrath, was to be consigned to a dungeon from which he should never come out, and should be heard of no more.

A few days only had elapsed since the execution of the Dolgoroukis. Biren had been made duke of Courland in June 1737. To many persons this elevation might appear not to be much: it was otherwise in his eyes. He had been for years the all-powerful

minister of the vast dominions of Russia: the empress had been known to be once and again imploring at his feet. Still he was but a subject; he was in strictness no more than an officer of the royal household. When his mistress had first raised him from plebeian rank to be a noble of Courland, the nobility of the duchy had refused to recognise him as a brother. Now he was past all contradiction the sovereign of an independent principality. He could make peace and war; he could raise taxes: he entered into treaties, offensive and defensive, with the kings of Europe. What his own duchy wanted in influence and weight, it mattered not: he could throw the empire of Muscovy in Europe and Asia into the scale at his pleasure. Before, agreeably to the etiquette of courts, he stood in the presence of the empress, in token of inferiority. Now he and his duchess were entitled to sit with her, as a symbol of equality.

To a truly good and uncorrupt nature elevation of rank gives additional grace. A subject in one stage of precedence, to a subject in another, may think he has occasion to resort to artificial modes, to maintain his superiority, and to keep insolent pretenders at a becoming distance. But a sovereign prince is placed at his ease in that respect. He may be as free and familiar as he pleases without danger, provided there is nothing actually degrading, and that invites contempt in the manner of his familiarity. A sovereign should be always gentle and humane, still distributing courtesies and encouragement and protection and forgiveness.

It is a very old remark, that prosperity is emphatically the furnace that tries men's souls. Ordinary mortals at least are curbed and made tame by the laws, and a fear of the consequences that may follow on their ill actions. Why does this man not seize on the splendid prize that lies in his path, on a property adapted to his desires, and that with all his heart he covets? Why does another not waylay and stab the

enemy against whom his malicious passions and his furious resentments rise up in arms? The poet has said, "All men would be cowards, if they durst." It would be more true to say, that the majority of men, men of vulgar souls and undisciplined passions, would be freebooters and sanguinary bravoes, if they durst. It is the first step that costs the most. When a man has surrounded himself with a certain number of bleeding carcasses, the victims of his rage, he finds himself so deep in blood, so fleshed with slaughter, that his very remorse can only be stilled by fresher murders.

An ill man in prosperity, is like the adder restored to life by the bright and cheering beams of the sun. Till that sun came, he lay in a torpid state; it was difficult to say that he lived. By and by he opens his eyes, and his scales are by degrees set in motion. Anon he rears his head, and shoots out his forked tongue, and sends forth terrific hisses, and shines in his tremendous brilliancy of colours, and flies this way and that, and seems to be every where in a moment. No one is any longer safe from his venom. Even so it was with Biren.

The Dolgoroukis had been eight years in disgrace at the commencement of the year 1738. Some had been sent to Siberia; some imprisoned in Russian fortresses; some only exiled to their estates. The family was numerous and powerful; at its head were two brothers, field-marshal Dolgorouki, and Wasili, or Basil, one of the seven members of the council of state, which ruled Russia at the death of Peter the Second. It was Basil, that made his kinsman, Alexis Gregoriewitz, sub-governor to the minor emperor. This appointment introduced Iwan, the son of Alexis, into familiar intercourse with Peter; and the striking partiality and friendship which the young prince conceived for Iwan formed the main link that supported the authority of the Dolgoroukis, which perhaps would never have been dissolved during the life-time of his master.

It happened toward the close of the year 1737, from some secret influence which I could never explain, that Sergius Dolgorouki, who had formerly served as ambassador to several of the northern courts, was called from the place of his exile to Petersburgh, with the declared intention of being sent by the empress as her representative to the court of London. He arrived at the capital; and the preparations for his mission were in the utmost activity.

This event raised all the fury of Biren. By one word from his lips he might no doubt have cancelled the appointment, and sent back Sergius to the obscurity in which he had so long languished. But this did not satisfy the new-made duke of Courland. He resolved to bring about a signal catastrophe, which should make every man in the empire dread to move in any business that it was known he would dislike, and might operate as a warning to the empress herself.

He drew all the Dolgoroukis from the place of their exile, or of their imprisonment. He arrested those, who had been simply banished to their estates. He assembled all the males of the family, who had arrived at years of discretion, in the great state-prison of Petersburgh. He revived the accusation of a will that had been forged for the minor emperor. No one had seen this will. Dispassionate men did not believe that it ever existed. No matter: witnesses were produced; all the forms of law were gone through; and seven principal members of the Dolgorouki family were condemned to die. The field-marshal only escaped, though the head of his house, because he had never dipped in any intrigues, and because he was of an unenterprising temper from which nothing was to be feared.

Prince Basil Dolgorouki, who had been the man to move that the present empress should be called to the throne, and who had gone to Mittau to announce to her her accession, and Iwan, the inseparable compa-

nion of the imperial stripling, and whose sister Peter had espoused, were broken on the wheel in the grand square of Petersburgh, in the sight of many thousands of spectators. They had lived, during the period of their prosperity, in the midst of every possible indulgence. Hundreds of men of the highest rank in Russia had attended their levees, watched every glance of their eye, hung upon every accent of their lips, and worshipped their very shadow. These men, one of them twenty six years of age, the other near seventy, were brought out on a public stage, stripped of their garments by the hands of the executioner, tied with strong cords to the fatal instrument, and died amidst the most excruciating and protracted torments. It is hardly possible for any one to have his bones broken, one by one, through every limb, and to be dumb. The cries of their agony pierced the air, and ran through the marrow of every spectator. At length they received the final stroke; and they suffered no more. All Russia, bony, and rigid, and unimpressible as for the most part were the majority of its inhabitants, trembled with horror. Those who were not eye-witnesses of the tragedy, could not believe that it had been acted. Death in this fearful and ignominious form is usually reserved for offenders of the basest class; and, when the noble and great are condemned to die, there is always some decorum that is observed in their concluding scene.—The other five of the Dolgoroukis who had received sentence, suffered death, but not in this form.

I took the advice of Stephanoff, and resolved to return, if possible, to my native country. I know I shall be censured for my pusillanimity. Who, I shall be asked, that was truly in love, would matter being broken on the wheel?

I ruminated, but certainly not in cold blood, upon the situation in which I was placed. Biren seemed to me to be at present under a sanguinary paroxysm. When a man has bathed his hands in blood, he often appears

to be impelled by an irresistible necessity to proceed. It is only by new and farther atrocities, that he hopes to extinguish in himself the recollection of those he has perpetrated. The fence of modesty and moderation with which every man is at first surrounded, is broken down in him; his character for humanity is destroyed. What check therefore can you any longer rely upon, against his indulging in the worst excesses? If I cannot be loved, such a man is apt to say to himself, at least I have one resource left,—I will be feared.

Biren must have received, either from some disciplined spy, or from some officious tale-bearer, the intelligence that, immediately after his denunciations to the contrary, I had repaired to the residence of the Scherbatoffs. He was now in no mood to be trifled with. If I defied him, he resolved that I should not defy him with impunity. It would be vain to attempt to appease him by any explanations. It was even certain that I should never again be admitted into his presence.

Stephanoff, who passionately interested himself in my safety, told me, that it had fortunately so happened, that he had spent the preceding evening with the mate of a vessel bound from Petersburg to Amsterdam. It had been a meeting between the mate, himself a Swede, and several of his friends, for the purpose of leave-taking on his quitting the Russian capital. The vessel was to sail immediately; the wind was fair; and he did not doubt to prevail on his friend to favour my passage. It was fortunate for me that I was an Englishman. If I had been a Russian, several formalities would have been necessary, and obstacles might have presented themselves. Stephanoff drew from his girdle a purse of fifty rix-dollars, which he pressed me to accept. I had a considerably larger sum in my lodgings, and therefore made no hesitation. I gave him the key of my escritoire; and he undertook, after having paid himself, to remit the remainder to me, on the first advice from me where I could be addressed. Every thing turned out auspiciously; we met with the officer;

I was introduced by him to the captain; and we were under sail in a few hours. I arrived without accident at Amsterdam; from thence I took my passage for London, and from London to Hull.

All clue to my disappearance was by this means cut off. It was as if the earth had suddenly yawned under my feet, and taken me in. Stephanoff had immediately passed to my lodgings, and, with the key with which I had furnished him, had gone to my escritoire, and taken away my money, leaving every thing else as he had found it. The officers of justice who lay in wait for me, had an exact description of my person, and therefore suffered Stephanoff to pass without molestation. Their cue was to be silent, and create no alarm, till the moment came that they could at once pounce upon their prey. I was tall; he was short. I was fair; he was of a muddy and thick complexion. My eyes were quick, roving, and alive; there was no fire in his; they were like those of a fish; he was almost purblind. I lodged in a house divided into many apartments, and connected by a common staircase.

If I had been a great state-criminal, Biren would no doubt have made farther inquisition respecting me. It is likely he might by some means have traced Stephanoff as the last visiter of my chambers. The torture is a mighty instrument in Russia for laying open secrets. It is true, that it often draws from the unhappy wretch upon whom its force is tried, gross falsehoods and lying accusation. But it also has a chance of extorting facts. Stephanoff, my generous, my disinterested friend, would have fallen a victim to the tyrant. Biren also might have directed his inquiries against Isabella and her mother.

But I was not a state-criminal. Biren had suddenly been rendered my enemy, because my heedless vivacity had caused me to wound his pride. In all other respects I was utterly insignificant. If he had caught me in his toils, exasperated as he was, he no doubt would have made me a memorable example of his vengeance.

But I had suddenly disappeared from the soil of Russia, even as if a mighty chemical explosion had dispersed all the atoms of my frame, so that no where was there so much as a vestige left, to prove that I had ever existed. In this case the fury that had been awakened in the breast of Biren was in a short time calmed; and the perpetual demands of the great affairs of Russia upon his attention, speedily turned his thoughts into a different channel.

For myself, the recollection of Isabella had left a scar, a deep, trenched gash in my heart. Biren might forget; but I could not forget. Our acquaintance had not been long; the love scene between us but one. But it was the single instance in which that deep vein of sensibility had been opened in my heart. And to the latest hour of my existence it will live in my recollection. It made another man of me. Till then I had been totally ignorant of the deep and intense interest of which our human nature is susceptible on that side. I have but one pattern of female loveliness painted in the *camera obscura* of my bosom. The most refined moments of my existence, the sequestered and consecrated privacy of my thoughts, are full of Isabella. I see her in the airy motions of her light figure; I see her in the lustre and transparency of her complexion, in the liquid sweetness of her eyes, in her maiden modesty, in the various expression of her lips, which told her thoughts ere her tongue had time to utter them, and in the unrivalled melody and sensibility of her voice. At such times she speaks to me, and I answer her; my soul melts away within me. Then comes the dreadful recollection. It is all over now: I shall never, never see her again: it is to me as if she had passed to the regions of the dead. Happy in some repects it would have been for me, if it had been so. The dead are for ever sunk in one uninterrupted repose. They know no cares, nor sorrows. But Isabella is to me as a blooming and lovely infant, whom the mother has by some mischance irrecoverably lost. Where, cries the sor-

rowing parent, is he even now? What privations may he suffer? What injustice and cruelty may be exercised upon him? The whole world of imagination is open before her, to build up millions of scenes of despair to her soul at leisure. Oh, how much less tormenting would it have proved to see him dead at her feet!

How earnest was my desire to go back to Russia, and dare all the fury of my omnipotent adversary! The thought was hopeless. For nearly three years, till the death of the empress Anne and a short time after, Biren reigned in Russia without a rival; and, before the expiration of that period, circumstances had occurred, which made it impossible for me to gratify this, the first passion of my soul.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAD now been absent from my country sixteen years. I had gone out in the flush of youth, in the period most fitted for adventure. I had passed the whole of that period in deep obscurity, having gained nothing but experience, and a small portion of what is called knowledge of the world. When I had got together the whole of what I was worth, I found myself the possessor of one hundred pounds. I was in the situation of Adam, when he was expelled out of paradise. I knew no one; I belonged to no one. The soil of England was before me, where to choose my place of rest. I might wander as I pleased, uncontrolled by any foe, unaided by any friend.

This is not exactly true. The forlornest creature that lives, especially if he returns, as I did, to the place of his birth, finds some one that knows him (though, God knows, with indifference enough,) and can scarcely

fail to find some one that is bound to him by the ties of kindred. My mother was dead; one, and one only, of my three sisters, was married. The others had removed to the market-town of Barton on the Humber, the birthplace of their mother, where they united their efforts in the conduct of a day-school for young children.

The husband of my married sister was a man of the name of Stirling, who maintained himself by the cultivation of a few acres of ground about two miles out of Epworth, on the road to Glandford Bridge. He rented this little portion of land from earl Danvers of Axholme, whose residence was at Milwood Park in the parish of Owston. I was received kindly by my brother-in-law and my sister, and was invited by them to remain a short time under their roof, till I had determined on some plan to which to dedicate my future life. I accepted the overture.

I gladly devoted a few days to the revisiting the well known scenes of my childhood and youth. The ruins of the Priory in the Wood, the banks and the magnificent waters of the Humber, were inexpressibly interesting to me. I delighted to view the house in which my father had lived, and the meadows which had been the scene of my boyish sports. A new set of children now drove the flying hoop, and hurled the bounding ball. They were as eager in their games, as ever I and my companions had been. Their voices sounded fresh in my ears; and their squabbles were as zealous and impatient, as those of any of the children which had gone before them in the same busy scene.

What a different creature had I returned to these rural haunts, from what I was when I left them! I had then been the most ignorant and inexperienced of mortals. I had scarcely seen a town larger than that in which I was born, or a scene more solemn and impressive than our parish-church on a Sunday. I had now visited ports and havens and cities and courts. I had seen the pomp of an imperial train, and been in

almost daily intercourse with the statesman, the duke of Courland, who by his judgment and his *fiat* ruled the vast area of Russia. My mind had been gradually unfolded by the scenes through which I had passed. My eyes had been familiar with objects of royal splendour, and I had witnessed the baleful operation of tyranny, oppression, and cruelty.

Farewell, I exclaimed to myself, to these scenes of ostentation and turbulence! I am contented to pass the rest of my life in the plainest manner and in the utmost obscurity, satisfied if I can eat the bread of peace, and spend my days without crime. Without industry, however, it was impossible I could subsist; and I resolved in my mind a variety of plans, by which I could best hope to obtain that moderate competence that was all to which my wishes aspired.

Before I had determined, however, upon any mode of disposing of myself, to our great surprise a message was one day brought to the farm, that Lord Danvers desired to see me at the manor-house. I should have observed before, that I had been in the practice of writing letters to my family two or three times a year; and, as these letters came from so remote a country, described scenes scarcely ever heard of in Lincolnshire, and were composed with a certain degree of reflection and scholarship, they were regularly shown to the steward, and in the last year past had in some way got to the notice of his lordship himself.

I had no sooner received this notice, than I became eager to enquire into the character and habits of the person from whom it came. He was little known in the neighbourhood, having only succeeded to the title in the preceding year upon the death of a distant relation. His father had been created an Irish peer by the title of Lord Alton, of Alton in the county of Cork, being the younger son of an earl Danvers in the reign of Charles the Second; and the Altons had constantly resided since that period upon their estates in Ireland. The present lord had succeeded to the Irish title upon

the death of his brother twenty years before; but it was only one year, since, on the failure of the elder branch, he had taken the title of earl Danvers, and fixed himself at the seat of his ancestors in the isle of Axholme. His family consisted only of himself and one son, he having buried his lady and several children before he succeeded to the English title.

With respect to his habits, I was informed that he lived in an almost uninterrupted solitude. He kept up the establishment of a nobleman, and had many servants; but he associated as little as possible with his equals, and had even small intercourse with his tenants. His disposition was decidedly of a melancholy cast; but he was understood to be a person of great humanity.

This was nearly all I could learn respecting the nobleman, who had sent to desire I would wait upon him; but I did not find in this any thing strong enough to induce me to decline his summons. I therefore repaired to the Park the next morning. The mansion had been originally built by a baron Mowbray in the reign of Edward the First, but had since that time undergone the most extensive alterations and improvements. It however still retained its ancient Gothic appearance. The park was well-stocked with deer; and a long avenue of trees led up to the principal entrance. The windows in many parts resemble those of a cathedral; and the hall was spacious. An ample staircase of stone led to the upper apartments; and every thing was suitable to the residence of one of the ancient barons of England.*

* The peerage and honours of the family of Mowbray ceased in the year 1745. Since that time the property they possessed in the isle of Axholme passed through the hands of various proprietors. The mansion, which had long been in ruins, is thus described by Abraham de la Pryme, an indefatigable collector of topographical information.

"It was a great and most stately building of many stories high, all of huge squared stones, and wholly built upon vaults and arches, under which I passed a great way. All was huge stone staircases, huge pillars, long entries, with doors on each side lead-

I was addressed to Mr. O'Reiley, the steward, whom his lordship had brought from Ireland, and by him was introduced to his master. He reminded me beforehand of lord Danvers's solitary and sequestered habits. He informed me, that his lordship, then captain Herbert, together with lord Alton, his elder brother, had served under prince Eugene in his campaigns against the Turks, shortly after which lord Alton had lost his life in a duel in Germany, and the captain, who had succeeded to the Irish title by the death of his brother, had immediately returned home to his estates in that kingdom. His character had at all times been grave, and his mind prone to sad and melancholy reflections. He had however endeavoured to conquer this infirmity. He had married: his wife was beautiful, accomplished, amiable and patient: his marriage had been blessed with a family of children. Still under all changes his melancholy pursued him. And, when he lost his lady, and one by one his children had died, save this only son, it had gone still harder with him.

While O'Reiley was engaged in relating to me these particulars, the library-bell rung, and I was called for. I found lord Danvers seated at a table, which was covered with books and papers. He appeared to be about fifty years of age; and his hair was beginning to be gray. He had the air of a soldier, of a man who had been exposed to the influence of different climates, and had known the toils and hardships of war. His

ing into opposite rooms. I remember the dining-room also: it was at the end of one of the entries. In it were large oak tables. It was lighted with great church windows, much beautified by painted glass. The outside of the house was ornamented with semi-arches jetting from the walls, borne by channeled columns; and the top was covered with lead. The doors were huge and strong, and ascended up by a great number of steps; and places were made through the turrets to defend the house. The whole was compassed with a huge moat, still remaining. There were the fairest orchards and gardens I ever saw. But now none of these things are remaining; for, about ten years since, being in a ruinous state, the whole was pulled down, and a less house erected on its site."

figure was graceful, and his person noble and imposing. He had an impressive countenance, in which the characters of care and anxiety were plainly discernible. His eye was quick, restless, watchful, and suspicious. It was obvious to observe in him the tokens of a mind ill at ease within itself.

O'Reiley having introduced me, lord Danvers beckoned to him to withdraw. He made me sit down in his presence. He told me that he had read many letters from Russia, and from thence had been led to form a favourable opinion of my understanding and dispositions. As I had very lately returned to England, he judged it likely that I had not yet engaged in any pursuit or plan of life.

I bowed assent to the suggestion.

Lord Danvers was pleased to say, that he found himself in want of a person of superior intelligence, whom he might employ in certain affairs, to which he felt that servants, even of the better class, were not entirely competent. Perhaps, he added, I had higher views. The affairs in which, if I were willing, he should be happy to employ me, the rewards he could bestow, and the prospects he could hold out to me, might be beneath my ambition. He conjured me to speak frankly to these points.

I assured his lordship that ambition formed no part of my character. My views had always been humble; my destination of the ordinary class; and what I had seen of courts and ministers inspired me with no inclination to engage farther in that career.

Lord Danvers proceeded. He told me that he had considerable estates in Ireland, besides those to which he had lately succeeded in England. He had brought over with him his Irish steward, to whose personal services he had been accustomed; and there were consequently some matters in Ireland that would require a careful and enlightened attention. He would wish to send me over, but only for a short time. Having arranged them, I should return, and there were various

concerns of one sort or another, that he should recommend to my care.

He then mentioned to me some particulars of his Irish estates, gave me a list of his tenants in that country, and of the various terms upon which they occupied his lands. He referred me to O'Reiley for a more minute detail, and added, that when I had gone over the matter with the steward, he should speak with me of other circumstances on which he should give me his directions.

I was delighted with this commencement. I found in his lordship condescension with dignity. That he should thus immediately have conceived a favourable opinion of me, afforded me no common gratification. I was charmed with the idea of being settled in my own country to my heart's content. I had no relish for the perilous paths of life, but wished to pass through the world, unknowing and unknown, in moderate competence and entire obscurity.

Lord Danvers desired me to narrate to him the different scenes I had witnessed in Russia. He said, he also had passed some years in foreign countries, though in a very different climate. Encouraged by his courtesy, I entered more fully into circumstances than I should otherwise have done. He questioned me particularly as to my feelings on each incident as it occurred, and the principles of my conduct. I could see that he was studying my character, for what occupations I was most qalified, and to what extent I was worthy of his confidence.

But though his lordship interested himself in my narrative, occasionally started very trying questions, and was earnestly bent upon weighing my answers, I observed that he could not yield an unvarying attention to what I related. There was something passing in his own bosom, that would not be put off or eluded. A sudden cloud would spread itself over his countenance, his looks told of the desperation that seemed to dwell in his heart, his eyes rapidly changed from an

expression of fixed attention to a wild and portentous stare, he rose from his chair, paced the apartment with tumultuous strides, and clasped his hands with an air of the deepest affliction. I was overwhelmed with astonishment and pity. Yet it was incumbent on me not to appear to notice what I saw.

Several days passed between us in this sort of communication. I had my apartment assigned me, and soon understood the situation in which I was placed at Milwood Park, not being classed with the servants, but being always at his lordship's command. I sat at the same table with O'Reiley, the steward, and a respectable female, whose situation was that of housekeeper. I studied the particulars of his lordship's Irish estates, inquired of O'Reiley as to points which I did not immediately comprehend, and obtained from him the information I required.

A member of the family whom I saw occasionally every day, was the youth I have mentioned, lord Bardsley, earl Danvers's son and heir. He was about eleven years of age, finely formed and agile, with sparkling eyes and flowing hair, an ingenuous disposition, and all the promise of a superior understanding. His voice was of a very striking quality, clear, penetrating, melodious, and under the guidance of a frankness and good-nature well fitted to conciliate the kindness and sympathy of every one who heard it. It was easy to perceive that he was his father's doting-piece. Lord Danvers seemed to live but for this child. When he came into his father's presence, then and then only, at that moment, I appeared to myself to see lord Danvers without a cloud, such a man as his understanding, his station in society, and his many advantages led one to expect him to be. Yet, strange to say, this lighting up of his eyes at the approach of his son was but the sunshine of an instant. He embraced him with tenderness and fervour. Then a sort of convulsive sensation would come over the father. He would put his son gently from him, would turn away his head,—a

shuddering seized his frame, and his eyes would fill with a passion of tears. It appeared, indeed, as if the lovely boy was not destined long to continue in this mortal existence. There was a hectic colour in his cheek, that was of evil omen, and his frame seemed almost too frail and unearthly, to allow that we should expect him to reach to years of manhood. Was it from an anticipation of his shortness of life, or was it from some other and more secret cause, that I was to explain the painful sensations which always apparently came over lord Danvers, when the delight of their first meeting had subsided?

I had now been some weeks a resident at Milwood Park. Preparations were made for my journey to Ireland; and I expected every day to have my final instructions. One morning I attended his lordship in the library, thinking perhaps that I should receive orders to set out the next day.

I do not intend, said Lord Danvers, that you should travel westward, I rather propose that you should go to the continent.

I have known you, Meadows, now for more than a month. I have studied your character, and have determined to rely upon you. The question of sending you to Ireland, and the particulars connected with it, were necessary to enable me to get thus far.

I have a commission of the most trying nature to impart; and it was incumbent on me to find an individual adequate to the undertaking. I wanted a person in the full vigour and morning of life, a person that could encounter fatigue; and not be daunted with hardships; a person that had too much clearness of head to allow himself to be deceived, and that, having undertaken to sift a material business to the bottom, might be depended upon, that he would not, while he had life, desert the enterprise. I have found that person in you.

Meadows, I now know you sufficiently to know that you are altogether free. You dare not return to Russia; and you have no connexions in any other part of

the world that have the power to shackle you. Are you willing to engage in the service upon which I am desirous to employ you?

I replied, that I had such confidence in his lordship's honour, as to be persuaded that he would not employ me in any business that was unfit for an honest man to undertake. And, with that restriction, I could promise that I would be deterred by no difficulties, but would discharge the task he should impose on me to the utmost of power.

As to my honour, answered Lord Danvers, we will say nothing about that. You see me as I am. No man brings an accusation against me; and the individual whose character is unimpeached, is entitled to a certain degree of credit.

It is necessary, however, that we should be accurate in these preliminaries. I expect that, when once you engage with me, you should not draw back. I am about to unfold to you the inmost secrets of my soul. I have a tale to relate, the particulars of which are wholly unknown to any man on English ground, and, so far as I am aware, to only one other person existing on earth. I will not confide in you by halves. If I do not disclose to you the whole of my story, my crimes, —I cannot expect that you will serve me to the extent I require to be served.

I listened to all that his lordship said with astonishment. I had some moments of hesitation. My curiosity was vehemently excited. I had no objection to travel or fatigue. I felt flattered by the compliment which the commission about to be unfolded paid by implication to my understanding.

Lord Danvers will not require of me the perpetration of a crime?

I think not. All that I prescribe to you is of a passive sort. My wish is, that you should find a certain person whom I will describe to you. When you have found him, I require that you should not in consequence of the discovery you shall have made, do any injury to

me, nor shall you leave the person in question, at worst, in a less eligible situation than you find him.

Proceed, my lord. I am prepared to hear, and willing to subscribe to the conditions you have laid down.

I am afraid lord Danvers complimented me beyond my deserts, when he spoke of me as so peculiarly qualified for his purposes. But men must work with such tools as they have. When we have a task of extreme difficulty, and that requires the most extraordinary qualifications, to impose, where are we to find the man? It is in this case, as in what may be called the most important affair of human life, marriage. If we are in love, we deceive ourselves; we ascribe to the favoured she the most unparalleled and superhuman excellences. But, if we enter into engagement deliberately and in cool blood, we well know that it is a compromise. The creature that our exalted imagination has figured to us, does not exist on the face of the earth. Of those that do exist, only a small number are accessible to us, or are such as we have the smallest chance to win to favour our addresses. We contentedly give up some of the qualifications we should have desired in the partner of our life, and accept of such as are within our reach.

It may also be supposed, that lord Danvers commended me beyond the merits he knew to exist in me, as well knowing the power of praise. Nothing more forcibly stimulates men to extraordinary performances, than that others should take for granted their undoubted competence.

The preliminaries having advanced thus far, lord Danvers came to a pause. He hesitated; the colour forsook his cheeks; the perspiration stood upon his brow; he struggled with himself; he worked himself up to the task he had resolved to perform.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAD a brother. That brother was killed in a duel in Germany, whither he had gone to serve against the Turks. He was one year older than myself.

I have been judged a handsome man, of a noble and prepossessing air. But oh, what was I in comparison with my brother! His figure was moulded by the Graces. His smooth and ample forehead was the abode in which majesty sat enthroned. His voice was music. In all things he eclipsed me.

But for many aggravated circumstances which kindled the pernicious spark in my bosom, I believe I should not have been envious. My brother surpassed me in intellectual powers. He was of a clearer and quicker apprehension. He had an ardent thirst for knowledge. His temper was mild; and his courage was high. We were perpetual companions. He was born to an ample patrimony; I could expect nothing but the slender pittance of a younger brother's fortune.

My father and mother directed all their attention to the welfare and advantage of their eldest son. I was seldom judged worthy to be made the subject of a smile, a caress, the smallest encouragement. I seemed only to stand in the way, to be a being that had intruded himself into a world where he was not wanted. Or, to speak more accurately, I was scarcely ever an object of notice; my parents never, but when they could not avoid it, so much as recollected that there was such a being in existence.

Meanwhile, my brother was a subject of perpetual solicitude. Every gratification that could be procured, was copiously showered upon him. If his little finger

ached, the whole house was set in commotion. My parents scarcely ever condescended to ask how I did. My cheek might be blanched, my eyes glazed with indisposition; I was left to get well as I could. If any pleasure was in view, if any party of amusement was proposed, Arthur, the favourite Arthur, was sure to be included, and a reason was almost always found why I could not make one. Wherefore was all this? He was the heir.

In such cases I was left in the care of servants. They are almost sure to teach a child the worst lessons. Ah, master Richard, they would say, what a fine thing it is to be the eldest! Your brother will have the whole estate; he will be called "my lord;" this house and the house in Dublin will be his. But, I am sure, I do not know what they will do with you. I suppose they will make a parson of you. You may be your brother's chaplain.

I withdrew into corners, and ruminated on these things. There were twelve months and a few days between the age of me and my brother. I studied the same lessons, I was taught the same accomplishments: my parents were not unjust to me in that. I made considerable proficiency. I was comparatively slow of apprehension; all that I learned cost me considerable labour; but I was indefatigable. To Arthur every thing seemed to be intuition. It was almost impossible to tell when and how he learned any thing. But his exhibitions, which cost him nothing, were lauded to the skies; he was pronounced a prodigy; while I at best came off without blame, and our tutor, who took his tone from our parents, seemed almost sorry that I did so well.

I reflected much on this. Twelve months my elder! Oh, what virtue is there in twelve months? Arthur is destined for the whole term of his life to splendour; I to obscurity. It seemed as if we were born of different castes. He was to be the lord of palaces; I was to be launched in life at the expence of two or

three thousand pounds, or to languish out my existence on an annuity of a few hundreds; and even that reluctantly torn from the vast heaps, which were carefully laid up for this exclusive favourite of my parents and of fortune.

It happened at the age of fourteen that my brother was seized with an alarming illness. Physicians poured in in plenty. The family, though in the hottest period of summer, was suddenly removed to Dublin, for the benefit of better advice. In spite of every exertion that was made, Arthur grew worse. He appeared to be in extremity. He was given over. At length, however, the strength of his constitution conquered the attack, and he recovered.

This event occasioned me many reflections. At first, when he was only pronounced to be in danger, and we prepared to set out for Dublin to take advantage of superior skill, my thoughts were of an antisocial order. I said to myself, Then, perhaps, after all my sufferings and mortifications, I shall be the heir. I shall be My Lord, the master of thousands, possessor of this country seat, and of the house in Dublin, a member of the Irish house of lords, and in no remote prospect to an English peerage. My bosom was lightened with the thought. I said to myself, I hope my brother will die!

But, when we came to Dublin, and Arthur lay at the extremity, I had far different thoughts. Death is a thing, the sight and the approach of which sobers every man. I requested to be permitted to visit my brother's bedside, and my request was granted. I had not seen him for nearly a week. Oh, how he was altered! His cheeks were colourless; his flesh was wasted away. Arthur, my dear Arthur! I said, how do you find yourself! Richard he replied, is it you? Where have you been? I have not seen you so long. I think I am dying. But I shall always love you. We have never quarrelled. God bless you! Give me your hand, my lad!—And he pressed it. His hand felt clammy and cold.

From this moment I was an altered being. I felt

my heart relieved as of an atrocious crime. I retired into a corner, and prayed most fervently for my brother's recovery. My parents had been unkind to me; my tutor unjust; but Arthur never. Nature had moulded him of the kindliest elements. He had never taken advantage of the undue partiality that had been shown him. He had never, by any interference of his, brought down upon me a moment's mortification and sorrow. He had made me the equal partaker of all his little possessions.

At a proper age we were sent together to Trinity College, Dublin. We were inseparable companions. The injustice I had suffered in my early years passed away. It is a commoner and an easier thing to put down and discountenance a child or a school-boy, than it is to persist in the same treatment towards a young person verging on manhood. I was no longer left to be the associate of footmen, and to imbibe their pernicious lessons. We were each of us remarked as graceful and prepossessing. We grew more alike. I had been the shorter of the two; but, as I advanced in my teens, I shot up, and Arthur had scarcely in any thing the advantage of me. Our parents, though late, grew proud of their sons. Add to which, when we left the paternal roof, I was less subject to the caprices of the individuals from whom I derived my existence. Still, however, I did not at all times forget, that Arthur was the heir, that he was destined to be the rich man and I the poor; and I then bitterly repined at the partiality of fortune.

Arthur's tastes were military. He not only imbibed this passion from his classical studies, Achilles, and Alexander, and Cæsar; but his ambition was stimulated by the modern examples of Condé and Turenne, and Villars and Luxembourg, but above all by that of our fellow-subject, the duke of Marlborough. Arthur was of a generous strain; and it has often been observed that a bounteous and liberal spirit has a kind of instinctive congeniality with military heroism. I was

less enamoured of camps and fields of battle than he was; but I wished not to separate my destiny from that of my brother, and I felt that, if I succeeded in this career, nothing could more obviously supply to me my want of the goods of fortune. If I were not born to a title, the honours of the field, and the character of a distinguished soldier would place me fully upon an equality with the men who bore a coronet. My father favoured our wishes; and at a proper time Arthur became a lieutenant, and I a cornet in the same regiment.

But the bare idea of wearing a red coat, and figuring at a review, was by no means the gratification to which my brother's ambition aspired. A war was now on the point of breaking out between the Austrians and the Turks; and the period had not yet passed away, when a campaign against the infidels was looked upon in somewhat of the same light, as that in which our ancestors in the middle ages regarded a crusade for the delivery of the Holy Sepulchre. Prince Eugene, the brother in arms of our own Marlborough, was appointed by the emperor to the command of an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men; and we were desirous of placing ourselves as volunteers under his standard.

The proper authorities were easily obtained, enabling us to quit the army of Ireland, and enter upon this enterprise. A short time before we set out, my father died; my mother had deceased in the preceding year. These events, however, did not detain us long. Some steps it was proper my brother should take in person on his accession to the title and estate; but he left the details in the hands of a confidential agent.

CHAPTER VIII.

Eugene set out from Vienna to take the command of the imperial army on the first of July, 1716. He won an important victory over the Turks at Peterwaradin; and marched from the field of battle against Temeswaer, which fortress he reduced on the twelfth of October. The ensuing winter was passed by him at Vienna; and here in the following spring he was joined by a crowd of distinguished volunteers, French, German and Italian, and among others by lord Alton, as I shall henceforth call him, and myself.

The battle of Belgrade, in 1717, was more obstinately contended, and the Turkish army was commanded by a more gallant leader, than had been encountered by the imperialists in the preceding year. My brother achieved wonders both of valour and conduct in the events of the campaign, and was proportionably honoured in the applauses and favour of our illustrious chief. The town of Belgrade capitulated the day after the battle, on the seventeenth of August.

Never, in modern Europe, had two campaigns been crowned with a more splendid success, than these of prince Eugene against the Turks. The war seemed at an end. The negotiations for peace commenced early in the following year, and ended in a treaty, which was signed in July, by which the emperor acquired Belgrade and Temeswaer, and extended the bounds of his dominions.

But this splendour lies in a great degree on the surface of things. The rainy season came on immediately after the reduction of Belgrade. The infectious odour of unburied bodies, the confinement of such

multitudes within the narrow limits of a camp, and the unwholesome weather, spread diseases on every side, and turned the camp almost into an hospital. The victor forces, who with such elation of heart had humbled the insolence of the crescent, now crawled about, emaciated and dejected, and seemed scarcely able to bear up under the weight of their existence. Eugene withdrew his army over the Save, and encamped under the walls of Semlin.

Here the same train of disasters pursued him. The weather became exceedingly tempestuous. The winds roared; and the incessant rains poured down in torrents. The bridges which had been constructed for the accommodation of the army were broken down; and the bridge of boats across the Danube was utterly annihilated. The prince, who had before moved his camp to the northern bank of the Save, now found it necessary to break it up entirely, and disperse his army into winter-quarters.

The Turks, immediately after the battle of Belgrade, seemed entirely to have disappeared. The foot had in great part been cut off in the battle. The main body of the horse had crossed the Morava, and retired towards Moldavia and the banks of the Pruth. The prince, expecting to find the province of Bosnia in a manner deserted in this general reverse, first sent thither a detachment of sixteen hundred horse. The commander of the detachment speedily advertised him that he found the Turks gathering a force in the vicinity of Zvornich. The prince therefore despatched three thousand foot with cannon and mortars to cooperate with the horse, and shortly after made up the detachment ten thousand men. They formed the siege of Zvornich.

Hassan, the bashaw of Bosnia, however, far from giving way, under this general calamity, determined to make the imperialists repent of their temerity. He assembled his forces with the utmost expedition. He was informed of a body of Turkish cavalry, to the

amount of no fewer than fifteen thousand, which had broken away from the rest, and had marched upon Croatia. He immediately advanced towards, and joined them. The forces which had been quartered for the defence of the Austrian part of Croatia, not expecting to be molested, amounted to no more than two thousand. The Croats, however, who are all of them warlike, finding the danger of a merciless enemy immediately impending over them, assembled as volunteers, to the assistance of the small bands of regulars, to the number of seven thousand, and promised in the course of a week to produce as many more.

Hassan, who well understood the nature of the foe he had to contend with, felt that on his side every thing depended on despatch. He marched upon the imperialists, and by his manœuvres compelled them to an instant engagement. He killed three thousand in the battle, and made as many more prisoners. The two Austrian generals escaped with difficulty. The army he encountered was utterly annihilated.

All this was the affair of a few days. The people of Croatia had been delighting themselves with the success of the imperial arms and the prowess of their illustrious commander. At the news of the fall of Belgrade they gave themselves up to all the extravagance of joy. They considered the formidable despot of Constantinople as disarmed for ever. They felt the same sort of security, as if a wall of impenetrable brass had shut out the unhallowed footsteps of an invader. They ploughed their fields in entire confidence. They sat, each man under his vine, surrounded with his infant progeny. The dance, and the sound of the tabor and fife, exhilarated all hearts.

Hassan was a fierce and atrabilarious devotee of the ascendency of the crescent and of the religion of Mahomet. He had always dwelt with transport upon the victories of the descendants of Ali. He delighted to recollect the days when the provinces of Africa bowed before the standard of Mahomet, when his fol-

lowers crossed into Spain, and fought in the battle of Tours for the dominion of France. He hated the Christian dogs, the followers of the prophet of Nazareth, who conjured the devil into a herd of swine. He had therefore meditated on the events of the present and the preceding campaign with sentiments of phrensy and rage.

The victory he had just gained, put it in his power to avenge on the Christians the disgraces of Belgrade. He was, as we find in many warriors of Asiatic origin, alike brave in the hour of conflict, and merciless in the moment of triumph. He poured with his victorious troops upon the fertile plains of Croatia. He laid waste all the produce of the year. He spread fire and sword on every side. He consumed with flames the cottages, the granaries, the farm-houses, the villages, and the towns. He spirited on his soldiers to every kind of licentious ferocity. He drove along the inhabitants amid a whirlwind of cavalry, to be sold for slaves in the more distant provinces of Turkey. Never was a scene of desolation more perfect, never a more unbroken solitude, than that which he left behind.

The prince of Brunswick Bevern, who commanded at the siege of Zvornich, was induced, by the accounts that reached him of the calamities of Croatia, to detach several troops from the besieging force to endeavour to put a check upon the enormities of Hassan, and to protect what remained of the country. Lord Alton commanded one of these troops, and I went with him. Hassan had withdrawn himself previously to our arrival. Having defeated and annihilated the army of raw recruits in Croatia, he hastened to complete his work by raising the siege of Zvornich. Here he was not less successful than in the first object of his expedition. By the celerity of his movements he took the besiegers completely by surprise. He fell upon them in their intrenchments; he dispersed them like chaff before the wind; he took their camp and bag-

gage, and speedily delivered his government of Bosnia from the annoyance of an enemy. This was, locally speaking, a complete reversing of the face of the campaign: but the Turk did not attempt to cross the Save or the Danube, and therefore the fortune of the war continued the same as if Hassan had made no efforts, or his efforts had terminated in disappointment.

But, though Hassan had quitted Croatia previously to our arrival, he had left behind some detached portions of his force, for the purpose of preventing the Croats, who were essentially of a warlike character, from assembling a new army, and reversing that helpless state of things and that desolation which he had created. These troops, no longer under the eye of their chief, were, if possible, more brutal and inhuman than they had shown themselves immediately after their victory. They doled out that violence and murder piecemeal, which Hassan had perpetrated on a grander scale. Lord Alton and the captains who had been despatched on the same errand, concerted together, and skilfully arranged certain *points d'appui*, by way of shelter for the defenceless peasantry, and for the purpose of holding in awe the petty bands of the infidels, who had before straggled from their quarters, with views of depredation, or the design of satiating their most brutal passions upon such as had none to help them.

During the whole of this melancholy scene, a scene which exhibited all the sad results of war without any of those glaring and dramatic effects which cloak its deformity from the eyes of the unthinking, my brother displayed in himself the very soul of humanity. He was every where; he appeared never to sleep. He was all ear for the complaints of the miserable; he penetrated into their wants before they had time to express them; he contrived remedies, where the sufferers had persuaded themselves that remedy was impossible. He brought out to the light of day children

for parents that had prononnced themselves childless, and parents for children, who but for his activity must have perished by the way-side for lack of sustenance. With the unerring eye of divine compassion he always flew to the spot where his assistance was principally needed, and in the critical moment effected miracles of beneficence. His very look and the character of his countenance were changed. His eye swam in the liquid dew of love; his voice melted with all the softest tones of sympathetic kindness; his strength was preternatural; his activity was ever fresh and new; he was like a messenger from heaven commissioned for the relief of unutterable woes.

CHAPTER IX.

One evening, that we were returning from one of these godlike expeditions, and approached the banks of the Unna, there started before us from the neighbouring forest the figure of a beautiful woman, pursued by two persons attired in the Turkish uniform. They were on horseback, and had nearly overtaken her. Sure of their prey, one of them wheeled round, with the intention to take her in front. They would otherwise have been in danger of throwing her to the earth with the weight of their steeds; but by this manœuvre the nimble rider counted to make her their prisoner without injury to her person. We approached the spot in an oblique direction, and were not at first observed by her pursuers. As soon as we were, they turned their horses (for we were to the amount of twenty or thirty,) and were presently out of sight. The lady whom it had been their purpose to seize, as long as they were engaged in the chase was mute, and concentrated all her powers in the rapidity of flight.

But she no sooner saw that deliverance was at hand, than she uttered a scream, with a mixed expression between agony and joy, and fell to the ground.

In a moment we reached the spot where she lay, and Arthur and two or three more, alighting from their horses, flew to her assistance. It was long before she could be recovered. When she opened her eyes, she looked wildly about her with every expression of the bitterest anguish, and immediately again became insensible. Three times did the paroxysm return; and we began to apprehend that the shock she had experienced was too great for her strength to endure. Her complexion was white, like that of a corpse. Her features were sometimes convulsed, but oftener collapsed into the semblance of death. She knew not what, nor where she was.

Yet it was easy to see under all these disadvantages, that a more beautiful creature never existed under the sun. I cannot speak fully of this as she appeared at that moment. But this encounter was the commencement of a familiar intercourse; and I may therefore reasonably describe her, as she was seen by us when this paroxysm of agony had passed away.—She stood before us in the lustre of that beauty, which is seen in the frailer and more delicate moiety of the human species, when born beneath a glowing sun. She could not be more than nineteen years of age.—The first thing that struck the beholder was the extreme regularity of her features, so that the eye wandered over the whole countenance without meeting with a single harshness which might disturb its enchanted gaze. Her forehead was low and broad, yet arched, and being for that reason in a considerable degree concealed with the hair, a double interest was given to the eyes, which thus became in a certain sense the sole interpreters of the mind. These were full and round, the dark balls dilating with innumerable rays, and fixed in a liquid heaven of the deepest, purest blue. The sweeping arch of the upper lid gave a pe-

culiar look of nobleness and openness to the countenance. There seemed, so to speak, full room for the thoughts to come forth, and display themselves. Her nose was broad at the root, and descending straight from the forehead, terminated in due season in a rounded point. Her smile was tender and full; and, while it possessed extraordinary powers of expression, disturbed less the shape of the lips than the smile of an European, which most frequently widens in lines into the cheek. Her chin, which was round and turned up, formed as it were a base to the entire countenance. Her cheeks were not full and prominent, but on the contrary seemed to withdraw, and thus to place the features strikingly in relief. Her complexion was brown and glowing, and, on any sudden emotion, her eyes and lips and cheeks simultaneously partook of the same suffusion, each with a hue peculiar to itself, yet blending into one delicious whole. Her figure was smaller both in size and fulness than that of the beauties of the North usually are, while it was at the same time more defined in muscular appearance, more airy in effect, and compact in the entire whole.*

More than an hour elapsed, before the blood, which had rushed back to the heart, resumed its ordinary functions, and gave to her limbs the power of voluntary motion. At the same time her faculties of recollection returned to her.

My father! Where is my father? she exclaimed. I must see my father!

She was about to fly from us with the speed of lightning. But her strength was not equal to her desires. After a few steps she fell. My brother raised her from the earth, and soothed her with those accents, which I had heard so often, and which had a power over the human heart that no other man ever equalled. He offered himself as her assistant; he in-

* This description of the person of the Greek lady was obligingly supplied to me, by one who had the happiness to be intimately acquainted with her.

treated her to point out the way. We came to a cavern in the rock.

What a spectacle then presented itself before us! At the mouth of the cavern lay an old man with his face upward; a deep wound was in his breast; the blood was still flowing; but the man was dead. A middle-aged woman in a state of insensibility was groveling on his corpse. That man and woman were the father and mother of the female we had saved. Those renegades had murdered the old man, and were pursuing the daughter, at the time that we interposed, and drove them into flight.

CHAPTER X.

The father and mother of the damsel we had saved were Greeks. The name of the father was Colocotroni, that of his daughter Irene. He was of the race of the Mainotes, the descendants of the ancient Spartans. He was of the noblest class of this people, and had been the proprietor of considerable wealth. In his youth he had devoted himself to the contemplation of the heroic deeds of his ancestors, who in ancient times had repelled the Persian invasion; and he indulged in dreams of being himself an instrument to shake off the yoke of the more barbarous Turk. He had fondly dwelt upon the contrast of character between the ignorant and presumptuous conqueror, and the ingenious and inventive enslaved. The latter were tenfold more numerous than the former. The victor left to the Greeks the various pursuits of arts, manufactures, and commerce, while he proudly flattered himself that he was born only for conquest and indulgence, and the others sent into the world to supply his wants, and anticipate his wishes. The Turk

was unquestionably brave, and well trained in all the discipline of the followers of Mahomet. His was the strength of thews and sinews, while the ingenuity, the subtlety and active invention of the Greeks were in his opinion only calculated to make them more serviceable slaves. The creed of Colocotroni was of a diametrically opposite character. He held, that mind was destined by nature to be the master of the universe, and that, where intellectual faculties existed, they could not fail by perseverance to bring all other things into subjection and obedience.

Colocotroni had been in his youth a fervent patriot. He had passed from the volumes of the ancients, and the meditations which those volumes suggested, into the world. He had studied his countrymen, with an ardent desire to find in them all that his fond wishes suggested, but with a feeling that, if they rose in arms to shake off the Turkish yoke, it was a deep stake that they played for. He knew that, if they failed in the attempt, there was no inhumanity that their barbarous masters, in revenge of their audacity, and in contempt of the Christian dogs that dared to rise up against them, would not inflict. He had weighed his countrymen in the balance, and found them wanting. They were sufficiently inflammable; but they had an instability, the utter foe of arduous undertakings. They were easily excited, and easily daunted. If the whole business could have been effected by one bold exertion, then the Greeks would not fail. But they were not prepared to encounter reverses, to sustain the most trying sufferings and privations, and against hope to believe in hope. In addition to all other disadvantages, they were totally deficient in subordination and concert. Every one abounded in his own sense, judged that his plan was the one that should be followed, and that he himself should be the leader. In the deep recesses of his soul Colocotroni resolved that he would not be the person to urge his countrymen to enterprises, in which, alone and unsustained, he became convinced they would not succeed.

Having looked on all sides for the succour of which the Greeks of the Morea stood in need, he at length persuaded himself that he had found it in the republic of Venice. The Venetians had lost the island of Candia to the Turks in the year 1669. But they had previously sustained a siege of twenty-eight months; and Morosini, the governor, had surrendered it in the last extremity, with the reputation of the most consummate commander, both by sea and land, that Italy had produced for more than a century. The fame of this man perpetually increased; and his ascendancy in his native state was such as no efforts of those who desired to destroy it could succeed to undermine. Colocotroni saw in the government of Venice a race of profound politicians, while its armies were led by a general from whose prowess every beneficial result might be expected. The Venetians were Christians, cultivated by every art, and excelling in various literature. How much more beneficial must it be for the Greeks of the Morea to be placed under the protection of Venice, than to be scourged, as now, by the despotism and contempt of the barbarous Turk! Colocotroni could earnestly have wished that his countrymen might have been valiant and resolute enough to be their own deliverers. But, satisfied that that was not the case, he believed that he had found in this expedient the only practicable mode of arriving at the good he desired.

The Venetians, the Austrians, and the Poles, the hereditary and inexpiable adversaries of the power whose flag now waved from the minarets of Constantinople, having had some years' respite from the toils and the calamities of war, took in the winter of 1683–4 counsel together, how they might in the most effectual way expel the hordes of the Asiatics from the shores of Europe. Colocotroni, authorized by the most considerable of his countrymen, resorted to this conference, laid before them a plan for reducing the peninsula under the sovereignty of Venice, and promised

the unanimous concurrence of the Moreotes to carry it into effect. Morosini accordingly sailed with a fleet for the execution of this purpose, and in a series of uninterrupted successes reduced St. Maura, Modon, Coron, Navarino, Lepanto and Patras, and annexed the entire dominion of the Morea to the government of the Venetians. Corinth and Napoli di Romania were the last trophies of his success. The expedition took place in the year 1687.

Nothing could be more complete than the success of the plan which had thus been suggested. But the result was similar to that of Æsop's fable of the horse and the stag. The Greeks got rid of the enemy, whose tyranny they had deemed insupportable. But they found no advantage in the exchange. The arbitrary power of the Turk they had felt from time to time in all its severity. The oppression of the Venetian satraps was yet more systematical, invariable, and insupportable. The Venetians did not seem to consider the Greeks as in any way entitled to their indulgence. They despised them as an effeminate and unorganized people, and of consequence worthy only to be trampled on. Their determined purpose was to draw as large supplies from them as possible, to fill the coffer of the paramount state. Nor was this all. The provincial governors, finding that such was the policy of the senate that deputed them, determined to imitate their masters, and proceeded to fleece the subject people, not only for the benefit of their masters, but also for their private advantage.

Colocotroni, thus painfully disappointed in the result of his endeavours, resolved henceforth to withdraw himself from public affairs, and concentre the activity of his spirit in his studies and the circle of his private friends. The dominion of the Venetians lasted nearly thirty years. During this period the effervescence of his youthful thoughts had greatly subsided. He married somewhat late in life; and his bride, according to the mode of the warmer climates in these cases, had

been considerably younger than himself. They had only one daughter, that survived the period of infancy. The wife had been beautiful. Beauty in these climates is eminently a fragile flower; but, as the beauty of the mother subsided, that of the daughter continually developed itself in greater splendour and fascination.

It was in the year that preceded the campaigns of Eugene against the north-west frontier of the Turks, that the armies of the Ottomans had fallen with so great a force, both by sea and land, upon the Morea, and the invasion was so totally unexpected by the now supine and heartless Venetians, that all the fortresses built for the defence of the peninsula against an enemy were reduced at a blow. The Greeks looked on at this entire transfer of dominion with a perfect neutrality. Their very hearts were filled with aversion against their Italian lords. They believed that the former success of Morosini was mainly owing to their co-operation; and they saw how all their services and good-will had been requited. The vigilance of their Venetians governors, so far as applied to the oppression of the natives, had never relaxed for a moment; and they found the methodised extortion of their new masters infinitely more vexatious than the crude and skill-less impositions of the Turk.

Colocotroni had taken no part in this event. He had the most cogent reason to be dissatisfied with the Venetians, whom, thirty years before, he had invited into the country; and he believed that he should have no personal cause to regret the resumed dominion of the Turk. What was his astonishment therefore to find, that one of the first acts of the Ottoman government was to drag him from his peaceful home, and cast him into a dungeon!

This proceeding was the fruit of a cabal. One of the most esteemed friends of the early years of Colocotroni was a brother Mainote and a neighbour, of the name of Bozzari. Their youthful studies had been similar; they had meditated, and had communed to-

gether, respecting the sentiments and the virtues of the ancient Greeks. They had set out in life as patriots; but they had each come to the same conclusion, that their contemporaries, who had grown up under the Turkish dominion, were not made of such elements, as should afford a rational hope that they would be able of themselves to vindicate their independence. Colocotroni and Bozzari, therefore, with others of their countrymen, had concurred in the project of calling in the aid of the Venetians.

Bozzari had died in the prime of life; but he had left a son, the sole heir of his property. He had married earlier than his friend; and his son was ten years older than the daughter of Colocotroni. But this did not interfere with the attachment which the young man cherished for the fair Irene, whom he had been accustomed to see every day. He had been the protector and friend of her infancy. He had been her instructor. It will be found in many ways advantageous, that the preceptor should, as little as may be, exceed in years the years of the pupil. Irene felt herself particularly charmed with the lessons of the young Bozzari. There is a natural caressing and accommodation of manner in a boy just growing up into manhood towards a being ten years his junior, especially if that being is a female, that renders his communications delightful. Irene had the profoundest reverence for her father, almost amounting to adoration; and yet there was certainly a variety of things that she more eagerly learned from the son of her father's friend. The stripling had in him the seeds of a violent and ungovernable character; but this native of the forest curbed his temper, and sheathed his fangs, whenever it was his cue to address himself to the beautiful child.—The scene I describe was not in accordance with the manners of these countries; but the close intimacy of the fathers sanctioned the innovation. And, as these things occurred when Irene was no more than five or six years of age, the unripe age of the pupil banished any scruple which might otherwise have arisen.

Such for the most part the younger Bozzari had appeared during the life time of his father. When he was nearly twenty years of age, the father died, and left his son under the guardianship of his friend. This was the signal for the young man to break loose from all restraint. For some time before the death of his parent, he had secretly connected himself with a band of licentious rioters, though the awe of fatherly authority had kept him within bounds, and his wanderings had been carefully concealed. In fact the junior Bozzari had for a considerable time only carried himself speciously in the presence of his father, and in the house of his father's friend, while all those of inferior station knew him for what he was, tyrannical, cruel, and a profligate.

At the death of his father he at once threw off the mask. In the precepts of a parent he recognised the voice of nature; but he considered the directions of a guardian as flowing from a factitious and an usurped authority. He grew every day more rebellious and stubborn, and at length totally broke off from all intercourse with Colocotroni. He became the slave of habits of debauchery, and for a time forgot all the haunts of his youth. It was during this period that he contrived to dissipate his inheritance. He had been reduced to the most desperate straits; and, in proportion as his difficulties increased, his morals became more relaxed. All sober and creditable persons now shunned his society; and he associated only with men of villanous principles and desperate character. Such had been the style in which he proceeded for a period of seven years.

Meanwhile, the season at length arrived when, like certain other prodigals, he appeared to have grown tired of a career of dissipation, and to have adopted the plan of a reformed life. He sought once more the protection of Colocotroni. He regarded the friend of his father, the instant he professed the purpose of an altered course, as obliged to become his patron. He

reminded the venerable Greek of the devoted attachment he had felt for his fair daughter even in infancy, and added that the sure way to reclaim him for ever, was to give him her hand, and establish him in a system of domestic life. Colocotroni felt the truest devotion to the memory of the deceased; he would not have been deterred from acceding to the proposition that was made him, by the poverty of the suitor; but he thought his daughter's happiness far too precious a stake to be embarked in so uncertain a venture. He therefore set before the young man a picture at large of his prodigality, his debauched courses, and the disgrace into which he had plunged himself, and rejected his suit. He offered do every thing in his power to restore his ward to his former station in society, but refused to assist in the mode now suggested. He was even careful not to give to the professed penitent encouragement to hope, that at a future time he might be found more favourable to his suit.

The young Bozzari was radically of an unforgiving spirit. He had not anticipated this repulse. He swore in the inmost recesses of his soul, that Colocotroni should rue to his latest hour the affront which was thus put upon him. He returned to his former associates, his mind rankling with revenge. It was at this time that a correspondence was entered into with the Turk by some of the Moreotes of the looser sort for the expulsion of the Venetians. Bozzari believed that he could make this revolution in some way subservient to his animosity against Colocotroni, and engaged in the conspiracy. The event was the entire restoration of the authority of the Porte over this beautiful country.

The Austrians immediately declared their discontent with the revolution that had taken place, and loudly complained of the invasion to the Ottoman government, as an infraction of the peace of Carlowitz. Prince Eugene of Savoy had a genuine passion for military enterprise; and, partly from his instigation, war was declared by the emperor against the Turk.

Achmet, the officer who had been commissioned by the divan to effect the reduction of the Morea, found himself placed in a very arduous predicament. He cast into prison a certain number of the most considerable Greeks; and, as he was himself unacquainted with the tempers and views of the inhabitants, he was directed in the choice of his victims by the unworthy natives who had invited the expedition. Colocotroni was one of the imprisoned.

But the revenge of Bozzari did not stop at this point. He represented his guardian to the Turkish commander, as engegad in a secret correspondence with the court of Vienna, and industriously urging them to throw down the gauntlet against the Ottomans. This at the present moment was a most dangerous accusation; and the Turks were accustomed to be in a high degree summary in the administration of what they called justice. The life of Colocotroni was in the most imminent peril; and the reputation of his great wealth increased the danger. Bozzari was instigated to accomplish his destruction by the joint impulses of hatred and of love. He resolved never to forgive his guardian for the affront he had put upon him; and he believed that, when Colocotroni was removed, he should easily be enabled, particularly in the present convulsed state of the Morea, to dispose of his orphan daughter as he pleased. Already in his villanous imagination he had taken away the life of the father, and, gratifying at once his hatred and his love, made the daughter the victim of his lust. There even seemed to be nothing that could prevent him in his crimes. Colocotroni was greatly loved and honoured by his countrymen; but at the present crisis it was not believed that a single Greek would be listened to by the Turkish commander, except those who had been active in reducing the Morea once again under the dominion of the crescent.

CHAPTER XI.

It is impossible to depict the agony of mind to which the wife and daughter of Colocotroni were reduced on this dreadful occasion. The wife felt for her husband the most tender and undivided attachment. Being many years his junior, she regarded him as her father, her protector, the only person who could conduct her in safety and honour through the perilous paths of life: at the same time that, in the intimacy and reciprocity of the connubial state, she felt for him that ardent spirit of affection, which appeared to her to exceed all she could have known towards the author of her existence. There was yet another link that bound him to her heart-strings. Irene, the fruit of her womb, for whose safety she felt inexpressible misgivings, must be deserted, must, as she believed, inevitably be lost, in the present wild state of the newly conquered Morea, without a father's protection.

Irene was herself in a state of mind considerably different from that of her mother. She loved her father with the most perfect devotion; and she was not insensible of the forlorn condition in which she and her mother would be left, if Colocotroni became the victim of Turkish policy. But now first there burst out within her bosom emphatically the seeds which had been sown by the education of her father. She did not abandon herself to despair. She felt that she had resources within her. She had derived benefits inestimable from the lessons of Colocotroni; and she believed that the time was now come for her in part to repay those benefits. She could not believe that she was nothing, a mere gaudy flower in the parterre of nature, or, like the beauties of a Turkish harem, existing only

for the gratification of the senses of imperious man; and she determined to make experiment of what was in her power. If there was a hazard in the trial, the danger, should she remain nerveless and supine, would be nearly equal; and she could not expose herself to the tempest of the public scene in a more glorious cause.

She consulted an intimate friend of her father, a most honourable man, a Greek, of the name of Adrasti. He assisted her by his advice; but the suggestion of what she had resolved to undertake, was purely her own. Whatever were the difficulties and discouragements that attended it, she determined to encounter them. The circumstances proved in reality more favourable than could have been expected. She requested Adrasti to make himself acquainted with the personal dispositions of the Turkish commander. Adrasti found that Achmet was of a character of which all men stood in fear. He was fierce, severe, and repulsive. His temper was ferocious; his orders often inhuman; mercy seemed altogether a stranger to his breast; and he even appeared to delight in blood. But, with all this, he was a fervent lover of justice, according to his own conceptions of that virtue. He did not indeed, in the execution of his military designs, feel greatly prompted to stop and discriminate. When a people were to be driven into exile, or sold to slavery, he gave himself no trouble to distinguish the innocent from the guilty. He took it for granted, when the honour of the crescent demanded a sacrifice of this kind, that all were of equal demerit. But, when an individual case came before him in which flagrant injustice was supposed to be committed, he rose like a lion in vindication of his favourite virtue. Here he appeared to be in his element; he was impartial and equal in his judgment of the merits of the case; and he was exemplary in his vengeance upon those who sought to impose upon him. He had also another quality, which in some respects was not un-

favourable to the enterprise of Irene. He exhibited in his own person that rare phenomenon in the Turkish nation, a man indifferent to the allurements of the fair sex. Though his philosophy was altogether of the barbarous sort, yet, such as it was, it engrossed the devotion of his soul. He thought woman beneath his attention. He believed the individual who bowed at the shrine of beauty unworthy the name of a man. His austerity was proof against all assaults. While he was young, he had never been a boy; he had never engaged in childish sports, or been amused with trifles. His rigid features had never relaxed into a smile. His heart was unimpressible as the nether millstone. If this character was in one respect unfavourable to the generous purpose of Irene, in another it was propitious. There was no danger that Achmet should form any project hostile to her chastity.

Achmet at present administered his government at Corinth; and Corinth was the prison of the unhappy Colocotroni. Hither therefore Irene repaired. Corinth was the see of a Christian archbishop; and this dignitary was at present from motives of policy treated with some degree of consideration by the Turkish conquerors. The archbishop entertained a due esteem for the virtues of Colocotroni; and Irene first addressed herself to him. Most gladly would she have obtained an interview with her father; but that was impossible. Indulgence obtained no quarter from the temper of Achmet. Colocotroni was shut up in rigorous solitude in the dungeons of the citadel; and no mortal but the jailer and his servants was permitted to approach. All that the archbishop could obtain for the fair Greek, was that she should be allowed access to Achmet, and to tender her petition to him in person. Aware of the temper of the governor, he had not even mentioned to him the name of the suitor. His request had been, that Achmet would permit a distressed Grecian female to lay her sorrows at his feet.

Irene ascended the hill, anciently called the Acro-

corinthus, upon which the citadel is built, and Adrasti was suffered to attend her. The citadel, and the hill on which it stands, command the finest prospect in the world, the gulfs of Lepanto and Egina, the sacred woods of the ancient Delphi, and a country upon which from every side nature has lavished her most exceeding bounties. Irene pursued the path which had of old been constructed, leading up to the seat of government; she resolved to break through the restraints of Turkish manners, but her person was covered with a thick veil; she saw nothing to her right or her left, before her or behind her; her mind was engrossed with those sentiments of filial piety which had prompted her undertaking.

Achmet was engaged, at the very moment in which she entered the chamber, with one of the officers of the prison, who was calling over to him the list of the prisoners in durance for offences against the state. He ordered variously, some to be sent into banishment at the foot of mount Caucasus, some to be imprisoned for a term of years, while he deferred his decision on the case of others. The name of Colocotroni was enunciated. Let him die, said Achmet, in the public place of Corinth, at the hour of noon.

Irene at this moment had reached the spot where the general stood. Her senses were arrested; she heard the name of her father; she heard the award of the Turk. Struck to the heart in an instant, she fell suddenly to the earth. She lay, with her brow at the foot of Achmet. Unmoved by the incident, with unaltered features he motioned to the attendants to raise her up.

What woman is this? he demanded.

It is the person whom, at the suit of the Greek primate, you consented to hear.

Explain yourself, said the general. What is it you would have me do for you?—She threw back her veil.

I am the daughter of Colocotroni.

Bear her hence. I have pronounced his sentence.

Will Achmet be unjust? Oh, my lord! my father is guiltless. Stain not the sword of righteousness you bear, with the blood of the innocent!

Woman, I have decided on the most unerring grounds. Your father brought in the Venetian thirty years since, and perpetrated the deepest offence against the Porte. He has grown gray in rebellion and treason. He stirred up the Venetian then; he has stirred up the Austrian now. But he shall offend no more. He dies. Would I had known in what suit the primate solicited me! Remove this woman. Officer, I have given my final orders.

Irene struggled with the men who were engaged in thrusting her from the presence of the general. She loosened herself from their hold; she was once more at the feet of Achmet. With imploring hands and tearless eyes she claimed his attention.

Yet, yet, she cried, the blow is not struck. I do not plead for the guilty. If my father has done any thing worthy of death, let him die! But hear him! Achmet will not refuse a hearing to the man who is able to vindicate himself. Bring him and his accuser front to front, and then judge between them! My life upon his innocence!

There was something in the manner of Irene, that shook the confidence of the Turk. It was not pity that moved him; it was not the power of beauty. In these directions he was inaccessible. It was the voice of truth; it was the tone of deep-felt and entire conviction. It was impossible not to feel that the suppliant infallibly knew the truth of what she uttered; it was impossible not to imagine, that the oracle of heaven expressed itself by her organs.

Colocotroni finished what Irene had begun. Achmet yielded to the suggestions of his suppliant. He commanded that the father should immediately be brought into his presence: he directed that Bozzari should be summoned. Irene was removed. The business was to place the veracity and assertions of

the accuser and the accused in equal balance. And, though Achmet did not doubt the inflexibility of his judgment, he resolved that the single object before him should be the parties themselves.

Both were taken by surprise. But the effect was different upon the one and the other. Bozzari was disturbed at the presence of his victim. He had felt from childhood that Colocotroni was a being of another order from himself. He knew that he had endeavoured to crush him under the weight of a false accusation; and he had counted upon his death as instantaneous and certain. He was summoned to the presence of Achmet. To see there the man he had injured, alive, and able to speak for himself, appalled him no less than the apparition of a departed spirit would have done.

Colocotroni was brought from his dungeon. He knew not whither they were leading him; probably, as he conceived, to the place of execution. Instead of that, he found himself in the presence-chamber in the Acrocorinthus. The good man is never unprepared, to stand in any presence, to repel any accusation, to face the monarchs of the earth, and to justify his own integrity. He saw Bozzari placed together with him, front to front, before the Turk. The whole truth was revealed to him in a moment.

Bozzari was called on for his indictment. He hesitated and grew pale. He related a story of conspiracy among the Greeks, of intelligence conveyed, and incentives administered, to the cabinet of Vienna. He told of the result, of troops assembled by the emperor, and prince Eugene actually appointed to the command.

Colocotroni felt what it was incumbent on him to do. He cared little for his own life; but his wife and his child had no other protector; and he trembled to think what might happen to them in a newly conquered and disturbed country, when he himself should have been cut off by the executioner as a criminal against the

state. He felt that he was called upon for a bold and unshrinking defence, that should overwhelm his accuser with the contempt he merited.

I will tell to your highness at once, said Colocotroni, the entire truth, without colouring and disguise. I am a Greek, and the lover of Greece; I aspired to emulate the heroes who in ancient times fought against and baffled the innumerable armies of the despot of Persia. I saw in the state of Venice men who worshipped the same God, and believed in the same Saviour, as we did. I persuaded myself that the Venetian senate would prove our protectors and our brothers. I invited them into Greece; I assisted them with all my might; I resolved that, if any exertion of mine could effect it, the Turk should not possess a foot of land in the Morea. I succeeded. If the question is to punish an offence against the divan of Constantinople committed in the year 1687,—here I am; use me at your pleasure.

But I soon found the mistake I had committed; I found the Venetians our unrelenting oppressors. I resented this the more, because they came among us under the pretence of being our deliverers. I felt less aversion to the Turks, because they were at least honest enemies, and did not attempt to deceive us. But I resolved henceforth to retire into myself, to converse only with my studies and my private friends. I became convinced that I could render no important service to my country as a country. It is not in my disposition to be any thing by halves; whatever I undertake, I undertake with my whole soul, and keep for myself no loop-hole, no retreating place behind. The private course of life I have chosen, I have preserved inviolate for more than twenty-five years.

My accuser pursues me from personal motives. I was appointed his guardian by his deceased father. I endeavoured with sincerity to do him all the good that I could. He rejected my advice and became a prodigal. His associates have uniformly been chosen from among the most abandoned of the Greeks. At length,

when he had squandered his fortune, and blasted his character, he pretended to turn repentant. He asked of me the hand of my only child, the staff of my age, in marriage. I refused him. Hence his present hostilities. He has resolved by false accusations to destroy the father, that the daughter may fall defenceless into his hands.

In speaking thus to your excellency, I lay before you without disguise the true account of my imprisonment, and of this man's accusation. But it is not just, that you should found your judgment either on his story or mine. He alleges that I have corresponded with, and endeavoured to stir up against you, the court of Vienna. Let him produce his proofs. If I have written letters hostile to your government, or to that of Constantinople, with the contents of which he is acquainted, he must have intercepted some of them. Let him show those letters; or let him bring forward witnesses that have seen them. I on the other hand am ready to produce witnesses of the inoffensiveness of my life, and that I have held no society with persons of doubtful character, or who can be suspected of engaging in political conspiracies.

Bozzari was unprepared for this severe examination of evidence. He sought however to bring himself out of the affair as he could. He owned he had no letters. But he undertook to present witnesses to Achmet, who had seen the letters, and could attest the truth of his information. The witnesses were called for. They were persons of the lowest description, and apparently dependent upon the accuser. Achmet insisted upon examining them separately. Thus tried, they could not agree in one sentence of these imaginary letters. Achmet demanded the letters themselves. If they had been intercepted in the manner pretended, and fixed on as the ground of a criminal accusation, it could never be imagined that they would have been destroyed.

In conclusion, Achmet became satisfied of the false-

hood of the charge, and drove Bozzari with scorn from his presence. It is thus, said he, that in state affairs the officer who would serve his prince, is reduced to contaminate himself with the intercourse of the worst of men. I well know that no honourable Greek will prevail upon himself to be the friend of the Turk. Our religion, our manners are different. It is the principal of the Mahometan faith to reduce all unbelievers into subjection. Every virtuous Greek will desire the independence of his country. You may become good subjects, submitting with patience to the yoke you cannot relieve yourselves from. But you cannot be our confederates. All this I knew; and I take shame to myself for being governed, in a matter of plain justice, and where the life of an individual is at stake, by the assertions of a renegade. It is a poor apology to say, that, in the midst of a people newly reduced to the obedience of my master, one has not leisure for every thing, and that in such a situation it is unavoidable to distrust all who appear to have the power to disturb the government. In fine, judging as I do of Bozzari and yourself, I am reduced to the necessity of employing the one, and discountenancing the other.

If I were a private man, I should desire the friendship of such a one as Colocotroni, his religion only excepted. As a public officer, I am compelled to act otherwise. The policy of the divan of Constantinople requires that you should be removed out of this our newly-recovered province. You were principally instrumental in the year 1687, in expelling the Turks out of the Morea. You are well known to be hostile to the subjugation of your countrymen. These are not offences against general justice: but they are offences against the master I serve, and the standard I bear. In atonement for the flagrant injustice you have suffered, I will make the doom of your banishment as light as I am able. I will give you reasonable time to dispose of your property in the Morea to such advantage as you can; and I will suffer you to carry out of

the country whatever is capable of being transported into another. I allow you one moon, before you shall be required to resign your fields, and take leave of your abode.

CHAPTER XII.

The meeting of Colocotroni on the one side, and his wife and daughter on the other, was full of congratulation and joy. They had not expected to meet again in this world. They knew the summary style of Turkish justice; they knew what was to be expected in the convulsed state of the country; and they had heard of the ferocious and sanguinary character of Achmet. They met however; and, which is more, they met in freedom. They were permitted to carry with them out of the dominions which were now subjected to the Turk, whatever was capable of being transported. But, which was still more gratifying to them, they met with acquittal, with honour and virtue. This sudden change of fortune which had taken place, was wholly owing to the heroic qualities of both father and daughter. Irene, a young girl of nineteen years of age, had had the courage to present herself, urged by the insuppressible passion to save her father's life, alone, before the Turkish conqueror, surrounded with his officers; and the result had been such as her courage and devotion merited. Colocotroni had finished what his daughter began. He stood before the barbarian in all the magnanimity of a son of Leonidas. He had told his story with the frankness and simplicity, with the subdued manner and the unconquerable soul, which adorned it with a thousand nameless graces, and which had taken captive one of the fiercest and most formidable spirits that the school of Mahomet ever bred.

Colocotroni had always been of an infirm constitution. Rescued from the danger of a violent death, and discharged from prison, he and his family had at first entertained no other feeling than that of joy at his deliverance. When, however, the tumult of congratulation had passed away, they began to reflect with terror upon the exile to which they had been sentenced To quit the delightful plains of Arcadia and Pylos was to them a grievous thought. Whither were they to go? They had all the feelings of their remoter ancestors, and regarded the whole human race as divided into Greeks and barbarians. The fields of Italy itself were not exempted from this prejudice. But Gaul and Germany and Poland and Hungary they viewed in much the same light as we should regard an exile among the savages of North America. Add to which, Colocotroni's infirm health had suffered much from his brief but severe imprisonment in the dungeons of the Acrocorinthus. He had been shut out from light and air in a solitary cell; no literature, his constant resource, to amuse him; no indulgences to cherish, no kindness to cheer him; his days and nights passed in monotonous uniformity, and no other prospect before him, but that of perishing, he knew not how soon, by a Turkish sabre. Death in any form is a bitter draught; but death from the hands of a barbarian, against whom he had done nothing, whose vengeance he had not even had the satisfaction to provoke by a generous, but hopeless, opposition to their aggressions, was doubly revolting and intolerable. Then his poor wife, his sole, his beautiful, his spotless Irene, to be exposed to the despotic tyranny, and, still worse, the brutal lusts of the conqueror,—when he thought of this, he tore his hair, and threw himself on the earth, his flesh quivered, his limbs were convulsed, and he felt all the agonies of the last despair.

Colocotroni came forth from this undescribable trial and anguish. He was in urgent need of tranquillity and repose, to sooth his soul to peace. Instead of

this, he was called upon to sell his lands, to collect the wreck of his property, to pack up and drive away all that could be removed, to take leave for ever of his pleasant and long-endeared abode, and to set out on a weary pilgrimage through the deserts and wilderness of an unknown world. And for all this he had the allowance of one little month. A thousand times he sunk under his task, and threw up his labour in despair. How much better, he thought, it was to deposit his aged bones at once under the turf of his beloved Laconia! But then the recollection of his Irene and her mother flashed upon his mind; and he felt that he had then more than mortal strength, and could undergo unheard-of labours, that so he might place these beloved pledges in a land possessed by Christians, and where, with all his prejudices, he could not but acknowledge they would be protected by the laws of a civilized community. At length, with the assistance of Adrasti and a few other attached friends, every thing was prepared, and they set out.

Their journey was by land. They passed by Salona and Yanina and Elbasson and Scutari; they traversed the Arnauts and Monte Negro. Every where their way lay through savage tribes, and a people that lived by pillage. But proper precautions had been taken; and they were protected by the rescript of the Turkish governor of the Morea. Again and again their quarters had been approached; and the alarm had been given by the wild and almost lawless Albanians. At length, however, wearied and almost destroyed by the anxieties and inconveniences of their march, they reached the banks of the Unna. They could no more; and Colocotroni gladly took up his rest in the first Christian district, protected by the banner of the emperor king of Hungary, on which he had placed the sole of his foot.

War had by this time been declared by the Austrians against the Turks; and the subsequent successes of prince Eugene at Peterwaradin and Belgrade

seemed to render the north-western bank of the Unna as safe from the inroad of the Turks, as Paris or London would have been. It proved otherwise. Colocotroni had just fixed himself in a quiet and simple abode not far from this beautiful stream, and had begun to reconcile himself to his exile, when Hassan, the bashaw of Bosnia, and the fifteen thousand horse which had escaped from the battle of Belgrade, suddenly burst forth upon the defenceless and unapprehensive inhabitants of Croatia. They desolated every field, and set fire to every village.

To render the mischief more terrible, as far as related to our unhappy exiles, Bozzari was among them. He was an officer in one of the brigades of Turkish cavalry, which had broken away from the battle of Belgrade to fall upon the Hungarian Croats. Soon after his arrival, he accidentally met with the intelligence, that Colocotroni, the man against whom he entertained so many feelings of alienation and rage, was in his immediate vicinity. He remembered that Colocotroni had refused him the hand of his daughter; he remembered that he had himself sought the life of Colocotroni; and he remembered that the vigorous defence made by the man he accused, had caused him to be driven with scorn from the presence of the Turkish governor of the Morea. He knew that the lawless condition of all that now surrounded him, afforded himself every facility for perpetrating whatever revenge and lust might prompt him to execute.

He had hastened on the wings of all the baser passions to the dwelling of Colocotroni. He had found it deserted and tenantless. He eagerly seized the gratification of setting it on fire; and, as he saw the flames ascend, he thought he felt his heart lightened of part of its burthen. Stimulated by the savage feelings that fermented in his bosom, he obtained a clue that led him to the hiding-place of the virtuous and unhappy Greek. He thrust his spear into his heart. Irene happened at that moment to be absent.

He turned his head, and saw the beautiful Greek, who had withdrawn herself a short time to see whether by any means relief might be obtained for her parents, and was now returning from her brief excursion.

What an instant was this for the wretched Irene! She saw her father in the agonies of death. She saw Bozzari, the man on earth she had most cause to fear and to abhor, standing over him armed, his spear yet dripping with blood. There was nothing doubtful in the scene and the attitude. She would have given worlds to have been able to succour her father, to try if it were yet possible to save his life. But, the moment the figure of Bozzari presented itself to her sight, nature itself wrought within her; she felt an instinctive horror; and, though he was within the cave, and she only approaching, her imagination represented to her herself within his hold, and his hand, smeared and red with the blood of her father, already grasping her arm. She fled with the rapidity of lightning. Bozzari at the same moment caught a glimpse of her person, dropped his weapon, and pursued. He had not proceeded far, when he saw our party, twenty or thirty imperialists, advancing directly in his path; and, turning his horse, he was out of sight in an instant.

As long as the pursuit lasted, Irene was silent, concentrating all her powers in the rapidity of her flight. But she no sooner saw her deliverers advancing to her rescue, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell to the ground. Arthur, myself and another, alighted from our horses, and flew to her assistance. From the joint effect of the scene she had witnessed, the evil she feared, and the suddenness of her rescue, she fainted. Never had there existed a situation of more complicated horror. It was with much difficulty, and after many fruitless efforts, that we recovered her. At first she gazed wildly on one of us and another, bereft of recollection and judgment. Her complexion was white, like that of a corpse. Her features expressed no definite thought or conception. She knew not

what, nor where she was. Presently her countenance became convulsed with more than mortal agony; she screamed out, My father! and fell again lifeless to the earth.

It was with more difficulty, that she recovered the second time, than the first. She started up, and endeavoured to move her feet, but was unable. Help me, she cried; for God's sake, for pity's sake, assist me

Which way shall we lead you? said my brother.

It is not far. But to yonder point.

We obeyed, not knowing whither we went. We approached the fatal cave. We saw an old man with his face upwards, and a middle-aged woman in a state of insensibility, who appeared to have thrown herself forward upon his corpse. The old man was evidently dead. We removed the woman, and caused some of our followers to lead her to the air. Irene gazed on the face of the dead man, next took hold of his hand, and then laid her own hand on his heart.

Is he dead? she cried impatiently. Are you sure of it?

We answered in the affirmative.

Exhausted, as she had already been with fatigue and horror, and feeling that there was nothing to be done, she sunk insensible into our arms. We dragged her out of the cave. The garments of both the females were stained with the blood of the murdered. Arthur continued with them. I returned into the cave; and, my followers being inured to such offices, I caused them to compose the limbs and features of the deceased, foreseeing that the first impulse of the women, when they had recovered their senses, would be to require that they might see the body of their husband and father.

It happened as I expected. My brother detained them for a time; he besought them to have courage; he bade them fear nothing, and promised to do every thing for their safety and relief. They listened for a

time in desperate grief. Sometimes they uttered the most mournful wailings, or pierced the air with their shrieks. At length I showed myself, and gave Arthur to understand that we had, as well as we could, restored order to the cave. He yielded to their impatience. His followers, who had till then ranged themselves before the entrance, opened their ranks. Arthur led the way.

Irene, younger and more active than her mother, flew to the couch upon which the body was laid. She gazed for a time in agonized silence, and then exclaimed:

"My father! my father! best of parents! most excellent of men! is it possible? shall I never see those eyes again? shall I never hear that voice? Oh, he was the first of created beings. All that was left of Greece, dwelt in that bosom. He lived but for others. In his youth he led the levies of his countrymen, and drove out the Turks. In his age he was the adviser of all, the friend of all. What treasures of wisdom and learning dwelt in that head; while all the virtues were congregated in that heart! His voice fell upon the ears of mankind, like the music of an angelic host. All that was kind and lovely, combined with the most penetrating sagacity, beamed in his eye. I have sat from morning to night under the instruction of his speech, and never was wearied. He never said to me an unkind word. I lived but in him, and was all his care. And now, oh God, I implore thee, let me die with him!

"And can he be thus cut off? cut off by the hands of a villain, who sought to destroy him by false accusations, who drove him into exile, and whose malice was never satisfied till with his weapon he had pierced his heart. It is too much! Too much of sorrow was heaped on that aged head. But lately he was compelled to seek refuge in a strange land. Thither he was pursued by infuriated savages, his property laid waste, his house burned to the ground. And now, the

most abandoned of men, the author of all his adversities, has found, and has murdered him. God of heaven, hast thou seen, and dost thou suffer all this?"

CHAPTER XIII.

My brother devoted himself at once to the women, and begged me to supply his place with the troop. It is difficult to conceive a case more distressing than that of this mother and daughter. They had had in Colocotroni a protector, in whom they confided for every thing. But a few days before that in which we found them thus desolate, they had had a convenient abode; they had had servants. All was now gone. Their dwelling was burned to the ground; their property consumed; their servants dispersed no one knew whither. They were alone, surrounded with military bands, not a face among them that they had ever seen before. Arthur supplied every thing to them. He led them to a neighbouring village, and provided them with a decent apartment. No enemy was now to be found in the Austrian province. By dint of inquiry my brother traced two of their servants, a male and a female, and thus gave them attendants to whose assistance they were accustomed. Their means were irretrievably dissipated; but Arthur took care that they should feel no want.

The campaign was now concluded. Eugene had dispersed his forces into winter-quarters; Hassan was satisfied with having raised the siege of Zvornich, and delivered his province of Bosnia from the annoyance of an enemy. Our troops were drawn off to their winter-quarters in Hungary. A carriage was provided for Irene and her mother; and they proceeded in the rear of the detachment.

My brother had a confidential servant, by name Cloudesley. The character of this man was sufficiently extraordinary, to make it proper for me to mention the history of his early years. Arthur had met with him in a visit he paid in England to the then earl Danvers, the head of the elder branch of our family. He had set up, when young, in a small way of trade at Hull in Yorkshire, being at no great distance from the seat of the Danverses. He was the son of one of lord Danvers's tenants. At his outset he was distinguished for sobriety, integrity, and the most indefatigable attention to business. His character was unblemished. He had great frankness of disposition, and was exceedingly remarked for his good-nature, and invariable kindness and tenderness of heart. In Hull, at his hours of relaxation in an evening, he got acquainted with a man somewhat older than himself, of great shrewdness of understanding, adventurous, bold, and intent upon making a fortune. He appeared to consider the acquaintance of young Cloudesley as of some importance to him. He had a sister, upon whom the beginning tradesman cast an eye of affection; and Norton, that was the name of the adventurer, encouraged the attachment. Norton was always engaged in speculations, which, if successful, promised to lead on to fortune, but which, not seldom, were attended with considerable risk. In one instance, he proposed to Cloudesley to become his security for a sum which to the sober tradesman was very considerable, two hundred pounds. The latter hesitated; but the specious representations of Norton, his own exceeding good-nature, and the affection he entertained for Norton's sister, overcame his scruples. Norton's speculations miscarried; and Cloudesley was ruined. Norton absconded; and the severe creditor to whom Cloudesley had given security, threw the young man into jail.

Arthur had known something of Cloudesley in his visits to England. Arthur was fond of rural sports; and Cloudesley, as the son of one of the nearest te-

nants, had frequently been of use to him in scenes of this nature. There was a propriety, a good sense, and a sagacity in the rustic, which had strongly prepossessed my brother in his favour. In a subsequent excursion he had missed his favourite ally, had inquired for him, and heard all his misfortunes. The intelligence had so strong an effect upon Arthur, that he could not rest; and he prevailed upon his cousin, the English earl, to concur with him in rescuing the young man from a state of unmerited calamity.

Cloudesley came out of prison a totally altered man. He had before been friendly and confiding. Conscious of no ill in his own bosom, he had suspected none in others. He was never asked for an act of charity, that he did not feel prompted to perform. He never saw a scene of distress, that he did not wish to relieve. He was a person of great sagacity: otherwise the goodness of his heart would have induced him to credit tales the most monstrous. And, as it was, he had often been deluded by figments, that even a child, with a spice of the devil in him, would have rejected.

But, in proportion to the original integrity of his nature, was the bitterness of his soul, when he became so flagrantly the victim of unmerited calamity. As, before, he had loved all men, so it seemed now that it was sufficient to present any thing in human shape, to excite his antipathy. Before, the whole world was illuminated to him with sunshine, and decorated with the most brilliant colours of the rainbow; now all was dinginess, darkness, and eclipse. He saw on all sides a disposition to cheat, to overreach, and to oppress. He saw all men armed against all men, restrained by no principles of justice, or feelings of humanity, but merely by the law of the land, and a fear of the ill construction that might be put upon their actions. He that could sin in secret, and reap the advantage, would infallibly be guilty. He had lived for months in a jail; and here, as it appeared to him, he had first seen the true character of his species. He had studied it with

the earnestness of the discoverer of an unknown country. He discarded all the antiquated prejudices of his youth, and formed to himself a new code, suitable to the sort of creatures with whom he was henceforth to associate.

The history of this man affords a striking example of the disadvantages arising from a defective and neglected education. Recollecting the excellent qualities with which he had been originally endowed, we may safely pronounce that, if his mind had been unfolded in the climate of even a slight degree of literature, the treachery of a friend, or even a six months' initiation in the mysteries of a jail, could not in so great a degree have changed his principles, and made him consider the species whom he had hitherto regarded as his brothers, as worthy only of his hatred, and engaged in a general conspiracy against him. But, accurately speaking, he had never had principles: his good impulses were merely the creatures of feeling, and arose from his ascribing to others the uncorrupt sentiments he found in his own breast; and, when experience, as he construed it, had shown him his mistake, he no longer found any thing within him to control his misanthropy. He and his fellow-creatures, as he judged, were in a state of war; and the laws of war, not the laws of peace and benevolence, were to be henceforth the regulators of his conduct.

When Arthur had taken him out of prison, and set him even with the world, it struck him that he had done little for Cloudesley, if he did not proceed to launch him in a different sphere, and enable him to engage in a course of life, which, if it were not his own fault, might be productive of tranquillity and content. Cloudesley, such as my brother had known him, was not placed above other men, except by the goodness of his heart, and the soundness of his judgment in the common affairs of life. The education that had been bestowed upon him, was ordinary and narrow. The slender capital with which he had set out in the world, was

now gone. Arthur therefore thought he was doing him sufficient justice, in offering to take him for his personal and confidential servant. We had already formed the plan of embarking in the wars of Hungary. And Cloudesley, who had small reason to be pleased with his first voyage on the ocean of life, received with pleasure the suggestion of proceeding in his next, to untried scenes and "pastures new."

From this epocha there was a perpetual struggle in Cloudesley's mind, between what I may call the old man and the new. The rules of conduct which he had framed to himself during his residence in the castle at Hull, were of an anti-social cast. He had formed the resolution that he would fight his own way in the world, regardless of the wishes, the prejudices, the joys, and the sorrows of others. Nay, in his gloomiest moods, he anticipated a gratification from avenging on his future associates the injustice he had suffered from those that had gone before. This was the new man.

But the better propensities of his early years, in spite of himself, would be perpetually pressing into action. He was a knave by principle. But he was often much better, from the remains of what was honest and more truly human within him. He could not help being grateful for what Arthur had done to make him a man again. My brother's qualities were such as won the regard of his fellow creatures in proportion as they were more intimately acquainted with him. Cloudesley admired him in a superlative degree. Arthur treated him with invariable kindness, humanity, and consideration. Cloudesley would at any time have laid down his life for Alton.—It is also right to mention, that Cloudesley's early habits were always uppermost. The creed he had learned, was concealed in his own breast. It lay there like a hidden treasure; or rather, like an oracle, which he was accustomed to resort to and consult, when the eyes of all other mortals were closed in sleep. In the day-time, he was apparently the same mild, agreeable, friendly creature he had ever

been. His physiognomy had contracted the peculiarities of his better years. His voice had still the same prepossessing character. He appeared the most simple-hearted and guileless creature in the world. Without perhaps exactly designing it, he had realized to a considerable degree the poet's suggestion: "Look like the innocent flower; but be the serpent under it."—Such was the man to whose special protection my brother now consigned Irene and her mother.

The bier which contained the remains of Colocotroni, was inclosed in the midst of our troop, partly that they might not for ever impress his survivors with melancholy; and we deposited them, as we passed, with military honours in the church of Novigrad.

The situation of these ladies was singularly forlorn; and, conscious of this, and moved with the truest sentiments of pity and sympathy, Arthur did every thing in his power to alleviate their distress. He rode up to their carriage repeatedly during the route, to see that they were safe, and to inquire if there was any thing necessary or agreeable to them that it might be in his power to supply. Wherever the detachment halted, he was attentive to their accommodation in the minutest particular. At first, they begged that they might dispense with his personal attendance, partly as apprehending that it must be a burthen to one whose professional duties demanded his incessant attention, and partly because, overwhelmed as they were with the mighty loss they had sustained, they felt whatever called upon them for the observances of society, as unacceptable and distressing. Arthur was at first therefore brief in his visits, referring them to the attendance of their ordinary servants, and to the mechanical and unobtrusive interference of Cloudesley. His kindness however by degrees won upon their partiality. There was something so unaffected in all he did, so fully in accord with the truest sympathy, that, when he was mute, they were in no way embarrassed with his presence, and when he spoke, silence

Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced.

On the other hand, so far as Arthur was concerned, he felt himself transported into a scene to which he he had been hitherto a stranger. He was not unacquainted with the fascinations of a court, and his humane and kindly disposition had in multiplied instances made him familiar with scenes of distress. But he was persuaded that he had never beheld any thing so fascinating as the countenance, the manners, and every gesture of this beautiful Grecian girl—every tear she dropped was in his eyes a gem of unrivalled lustre, and the plaintive tones of her grief might have subdued the hardest hearts, and breathed a soul into rocks and stones.

CHAPTER XIV.

We arrived at Vienna, where it was proposed we should take up our winter residence, in expectation of another campaign to commence in the spring of 1718. We had no succeeding campaign. The war was substantially at an end. The scenes we had anticipated never occurred. But on the other hand, how great a variety of events, which we had never in the slightest degree foreseen, did we encounter! The next eighteen months constituted the most critical and momentous period of my life.

The first care of my brother on our arrival was to provide a suitable retreat for the widow and daughter of Colocotroni. He fixed on a romantic spot, about eight miles south of the metropolis, and nearly in the road to Italy, called the Iriel. This is a narrow defile

bounded by high rocks on each side, and with a mountain stream at the bottom, which skirted by a footpath on one side, and a road on the other, along the banks of the stream. The rocks are every where interspersed with shrubs, dwarf firs, and patches of green sward; and the scene is not altogether unlike the walk at the foot of the rocks along the banks of the Avon, beyond the Hot Wells at Bristol. After you have proceeded about a mile, the rocks disappear, and you find yourself in a broad valley of rich pasturage, with grassy hills on the right, and steep woody mountains on the left. The valley, as it proceeds, winds deeper and deeper into the mountains, and the scenery becomes every moment more magnificent and romantic, discovering, when you ascend the acclivities, a prospect of Vienna, and the immeasurable plains stretching to Moravia beyond, the whole being bounded to the south-east by the Carpathian ridge, and to the south and the south-west by the mountains of Hungary. In this valley lie scattered various dwelling-houses of the farmers and others; and in one of the most remote and sequestered nooks stood the cottage, which Arthur destined as a residence for the Greek ladies whom he had taken under his protection.

It presently became apparent that the health of the mother was in the most precarious state. Her constitution, naturally delicate, suffered a severe shock, first from the sentence of banishment which had been awarded against them, and next from the dreadful scene that had recently occurred in Croatia, where the whole country, houses, granaries, and the fields themselves, had been consumed with flames. The death of Colocotroni, murdered almost in her arms by the inhuman Bozzari, filled up the measure of her sufferings. From this moment she scarcely lifted up her head. She spoke not; she slept not; and when she arrived at the close of her journey, she was more dead than alive. Her daughter had to sustain her, and to watch over every thing that could afford her relief,

during the entire route. At first, repose, and the beautiful scenery with which she was surrounded, seemed somewhat to revive her: but this was only like a lightning before death. In a few days, the balmy air, the refreshing fields, the foliage, the mountains, and the streams appeared to lose their effect. She sunk into a quiet, but rapid decline. She scarcely tasted of nourishment; and the powers of digestion were altogether suspended in her frame. Her greatest exertions, immediately after her arrival at the Briel, were to proceed to the door of the cottage, to partake of the cheerful light of the day, and the balmy air; and, once or twice, to reach a seat in the garden, from whence the view was at once rich in the fore-ground, and romantic in the distance. But she became every day weaker. She was confined to her bed; and in a few weeks, the powers of nature being altogether exhausted in her, she sunk away, and, without a struggle or a groan, calmly expired. Her remains were deposited in the cemetery of the parochial church of Meidling, in which parish the cottage of the Briel was situated.

Thus was the young, and not long before blooming Irene, left in a situation singularly desolate. She had lost father, mother, and country, and was robbed of the last remains of that opulence which had belonged to her ancestors for centuries. The goods of fortune, however, occupied no part of her attention. She thought only of her parents, and principally of Colocotroni, the learned, the refined, the accomplished, the true patriot, the friend of man, the individual from whom she had derived every thing—not merely life—that, considered by itself, was a gift of small price—but all that she knew, her tastes, her sentiments, her virtues, her elevated tone of thinking, all that made her a model of whatever was to be admired and esteemed in woman. Colocotroni was, to the thoughts of his daughter, all the world. She had never known any thing in human form that could enter into competition

with him; and, now that he was gone, the whole world appeared to her one unvaried blank. Then she recollected in addition to this, that she was torn from her country. She saw no face, her two domestics excepted, that she had ever seen in her past life. Fatherless, an orphan, she was cast upon tribes and nations, with whom she had no fellowship. She was one solitary and unconnected individual, among an immense crowd of beings, whose thoughts, whose pursuits, whose customs, and whose language where wholly strangers to her. What was there left to her, that was worth the living for? What was there, for the sake of which the burthen of existence could be endured? It seemed in the eyes of Irene a sort of profanation, that she should dream of outliving the existence of Colocotroni, that she should entertain the idea of joining in the commerce and the interests of another race of men, wholly different from and inferior to those among whom she was born. It was as if one, by descent a princess, should suddenly be made a slave, and should be so desenterated of spirit, as to become a companion for slaves, to join in their amusements, to enter into their squabbles, and having once had "a kingdom for a stage, sovereigns to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene," should now quarrel for sugar plums and nuts. No: there was nothing that Irene so earnestly desired, and impatiently longed for, as to die, and go to her father.

The despondency and indifference with which she she regarded every thing around her, rapidly increased. She would sit alone in her apartment, and appear to be talking to Colocotroni. If any one intruded on her when she was thus occupied, she manifested great displeasure. At some times indeed she seemed wholly abstracted. She was engrossed with what stood before her mind; and whatever of reality passed under her eye, whatever speeches were addressed to her, she seemed like a person that was deaf and blind. If, however, she was roused by something that it was impossible to resist, she became fretful and indignant.

And it appeared as if a greater degree of injury was done to her animal constitution and the frame of her spirit by such interruptions, than could have resulted from allowing her diseased imagination to take its course.

She sometimes strolled beyond the precincts of her little dwelling, and wandered among the rocks which shut in the defile of the Briel. This was usually in the dead of the night. Once and again, when she returned, or was brought back by the vigilance of her attendants from these roamings, she dropped words which intimated that, in the depths of the cliffs, she had seen Colocotroni. He had looked out from a fissure of the rock with a wan and deathlike countenance, and had by his gestures invited her to join him, or chidden her delay.

During this period my brother was her only visiter. At first she took no notice of him, and seemed absorbed in her sorrows. It was something that was gained, so long as she endured his visits, and did not protest against them as a molestation, or refuse to admit them. It was impossible that so fine a young man, so eminent in his endowments, should persist in showing himself daily solicitous for her consolation and relief, and that this should not awaken in her some degree of admiration and gratitude.

His first visits were silent. He spoke to Cloudesley, and to the attendants of Irene, but did not attempt to interrupt the sacredness of her sorrow. By degrees he addressed her. He took her hand, and led her forth from the cottage. He seated her on a bench, and placed himself near to her, but unseen. He advanced nearer, and seated himself. He told her of his exceeding desire to serve her. He dwelt with fervour on the merits of Colocotroni. He had heard of his eloquent defence before the Bashaw of the Morea. He had read certain papers drawn up by this admirable man, which testified alike his taste and his virtue. He lamented that it had not been his own good fortune, to have improved his mind under the instructions of Colocotroni.

Irene was gratified to her very heart, to hear the praises of her father from the lips of a stranger. She was astonished to find my brother so fully informed on these topics. They shed tears together to his memory.

It was apparent that Irene was silently wasting away under the afflictions that had befallen her. Her aberrations of mind, when she left her midnight bed, and when amidst the mountains she held imaginary communion with the ghost of Colocotroni, acted like a worm that unseen consumed within her the very springs of life. But, when she met with sympathy, when she saw a person beside her, who seemed to give words and articulate voice to all she had felt in the secrecy of her grief, this produced a favourable revolution in her case.

The visits of my brother were for some time unmingled with any retrospect to himself. They were dictated merely by compassion for the unhappy situation of Irene, mingled with admiration of the qualities of her mind. It was not likely that his thoughts should go farther than this. He had not yet listened to the idea of settling himself in the way of marriage. When he did, it was to be supposed, as a native of the British isles, that he would look among the high born damsels of the English court for a suitable consort. His accomplishments were such as were likely to secure him against being refused in any quarter in which he might think proper to apply. He had not only a plentiful estate in Ireland, but was in no distant prospect to succeed to the title of earl Danvers, and a still larger property in England. He was not destitute of the anticipation and the wish, so usual among prosperous men, of leaving a still more splendid succession to his children and his children's children.

But this adventure in Croatia eventually operated to interrupt all these ambitious projects. There are no two passions that are more insensible in the gradation by which they melt the one into the other, than pity and love. "'Twas but a kindred sound to move."

Beauty never appears so beautiful, as when it is under the dominion of sorrow. Beauty, in its hour of exultation and pride, has a tendency to arm the spectator against its inroad and usurpation. We feel the impulse to resist aroused within us, and resolve to show, while it comes on fifty thousand strong, that we will not be made the dust under its feet. But beauty in sorrow is the adversary that has thrown down its arms, and no longer defies us to conquer its prowess. It is the weak and tender flower, illustrious in its lowliness, that asks for a friendly hand to raise its drooping head. The colour had faded in Irene's cheek; but the paleness that succeeded was only the more interesting. Her dark eyes did not flash with Grecian fire; but they were melting, the twin-born messengers of sympathy. You saw that sleep had fled from her pillow. But the languor that followed, was more powerful and resistless than the bloom of health. Her face was stained with tears; and what heart, young, generous, and affectionate like my brother's, was not impelled to fly to succour and relieve her?

When Arthur talked of the virtues and high qualities of Colocotroni, it was impossible that Irene should not take her share in the discourse, bring forward endowments of which my brother had scarcely been aware, and supply incidents and illustrations which were stored in her memory, more than in that of any one that lived. She was taken before she was aware, and compelled to speak at a time when the faculty of speech seemed to have abandoned her. She was raised as from death to life. Her eyes, which had before been constantly declined, were now occasionally lifted up, as she spoke of some illustrious deed which had distinguished the career of her father. A blush of generous pride would suffuse her cheek, when she suddenly called to mind and related the noble achievements, which had rendered him the idol of his contemporaries and countrymen. But the part of Irene in these conversations was not all elevation and joy.

When she eulogised this memorable Greek, he appeared sometimes to stand out to her mind in all the vigour of manhood, or all the venerableness of experienced wisdom. The moment before she repeated some of his acute and well considered remarks, she seemed to herself to hear them, enriched with the tones of his well-known voice. But then it suddenly recurred to her, that that tongue was now for ever silent, and that voice sunk in the oblivion of the tomb, and her whole frame became convulsed with unutterable anguish.

The fair Greek was cast pennyless and portionless upon the wide theatre of the world. It was some sacrifice for the pride and ambition of my brother, to think of marrying an alien and an exile, without possessions or connexions in any part of the globe: and he had not been without an internal struggle on the subject. The public, however, and the fashionable part of the public, do not refuse to make allowances for high birth and noble blood, though denied the advantages of wealth, especially if the person so highly born is first introduced to them, already raised from the destitution into which she had fallen, by a partner, who had had the generosity to discover her excellences in the midst of her unfortunate destitution. Irene also had accomplishments that would have adorned a throne; and her beauty was such as all eyes admired, and all hearts bowed down to. In reality, however, Arthur made no sacrifice. Irene had already made him her conquest, before he thought of, and before he had time to ask himself the questions I have spoken of.

While we continued at Vienna, my brother received a commission from the court of London, empowering him to enter into communication with the imperial cabinet respecting the provisions of a treaty, since known by the name of the Quadruple Alliance. We had been presented to king George the First previously to our embarking for the continent, my brother on his accession to the title, the presenter being Robert earl Danvers our kinsman: and Arthur was at that time

much taken notice of at court for the nobleness of his air, and the pregnancy of his replies. The Quadruple Alliance was the favourite project of lord Stanhope, at that time secretary of state; and he, who had more than once invited lord Alton to his table at London, now selected him as peculiarly well qualified to smooth certain difficulties which were presented by the emperor's ministers to the completion of the treaty. This affair detained us in Vienna considerably longer than we should otherwise have remained in that city.

Where the intercourse between two young persons of different sexes is so frequent as was that of my brother and Irene, love, the audacious intruder, is apt to come in, before any one has had notice of his approach. The fair Greek, having now been roused from the death-like silence of despair, and in some degree restored to the offices of existence, could not but observe the graces and elegance of lord Alton, and could not but be gratified by the attentions of a person of such acknowledged distinction. When the topics which related to the memory of Colocotroni were somewhat exhausted, these young persons necessarily reverted to other themes. Irene was no longer dead to the beauties of nature, though she shrank from the thought of scenes of promiscuous intercourse, and from public places. As the spring advanced, therefore, my brother prevailed on her to suffer him to accompany her in visits to spots the most worthy of her observation in the beautiful environs of Vienna. She felt that she had no pleasure but in the society of Alton. And he on the other hand, whenever he could escape from the duties which his own government now imposed upon him, was sure to fly to the presence of Irene. Speaking now only at intervals of the virtues of Colocotroni, topics of general literature would sometimes intrude themselves. They spoke of poetry and the arts. Irene descanted with enthusiasm upon the remains of Phidias and of the ancient Grecian architecture. She was perfectly conversant with the rhapsodies of Homer,

and would point out beautiful passages, that Arthur till then had too cursorily considered. The verses of the prince of poets, when articulated by the lips of beauty, and with that exquisite taste and that depth of feelina which Irene so powerfully possessed, had charms and an ascendancy over the soul, that was irresistible. It was like the power of music, that drank up the spirits. It was the harp of Orpheus. On the other hand, Arthur had a much more extensive acquaintance with the Italian poets than Irene. And he endeavoured to repay her with passages from the bards of Ferrara and Vaucluse for the divine inspiration of Homer.

Arthur particularly admired the story of Bireno and Olimpia in the Orlando Furioso. At first sight this tale might seem little appropriate to his suit to Irene. But the effect of contrast is often not less powerful than that of resemblance. Bireno arrived a stranger and an adventurer in the land where he first beheld the forlorn and orphan Olimpia. Bireno, after many perils and hard fortunes, proposed to carry Olimpia by sea into a country in which they might both be settled in everlasting content. But proving himself the falsest and most worthless of his sex, he, instead of conducting his mistress in safety to the place of their destination, touched at the shore of a desert island, and there, while she slept in confidence and security, left her alone to be devoured by wild beasts, or to fall into the hands of savage freebooters more to be feared than they.

While Arthur recited to Irene the particulars of this tragic tale, it could not but occur to both, that my brother, like Bireno, had arrived a stranger and an adventurer in the land in which he first saw the fair Greek. Irene, like Olimpia, had been bereaved by cruel fate of her parents, of all she loved and all she possessed. Arthur would also, no doubt, if his suit were accepted, propose to carry away his mistress into a far country, that they might settle there in tranquillity and happiness.

But here the parallel ended. Bireno was false-hearted and treacherous, the most deceitful of mankind. Alton carried in his face the full exposition of the nobleness of his nature. Never did falsehood harbour under so glorious an outside. No one could look at him, and not be conscious of his virtue. That voice, that tone, could never be the vehicle of any thing but the sentiments of his heart. All his motions were free and graceful and unrestrained; you could not find the slightest, the most indifferent impulse, that was not utterly incompatible with an artificial character. There was something in the liquid lustre of his eye, that conveyed I know not what of tenderness and soft humanity. The lines of his countenance were marked with the expression of nature, and varied with every gradation and variety of sentiment. His face was the transparent glass through which you saw all that passed in his soul. There was no knot in the surface, nothing that interrupted the view, or for a moment clouded the apprehension of the person with whom he communicated. There was an impetuosity in his manner totally incompatible with duplicity and trick; and yet that impetuosity was attuned to the gentlest nature that ever inhabited a human bosom. The purity of his soul might indeed be called his ruling principle. It is not my interest to speak thus of my brother; I would suppress it, if I could; but the irresistibleness of truth constrains me. The consequence of all this was, that the tale of Bireno served but the more to bring out to view the excellencies of Alton. That he should deceive, that he should act in a manner unworthy of the trust reposed in him, was of all things in nature the most impossible. Irene felt this, and gave him her heart.

The marriage of lord Alton and the fair Irene was solemnized privately in the English ambassador's chapel at Vienna in the spring of 1718, six months after the death of her mother. The mutual attachment which had grown up between my brother and the

lovely mourner, served to reconcile her to life. But her spirits were still tender; the sensitiveness of her nature was greatly increased by the complicated and dreadful evils she had encountered. She shrank from all society; and lord Alton, proud as he was of her beauty and accomplishments, and thinking, as he did, that justice to her required that he should show he was proud, made it a law to himself to conform to her inclinations in this article.

My brother had never been so happy, and his spirits so buoyant, as they became through this change of his condition. Though he delighted above all things in the society of his bride, and they were never tired of each other's company, yet the duties of his station required that he should not lead a life altogether sequestered; and Irene was far too considerate to desire that he should sacrifice every other object of existence to her gratifications and her tastes. In conversation with a few intimate friends he would repeatedly boast of the alliance he had contracted, as a league between two nations, and a grand experiment on human happiness. In the lightness of his heart, and the elevation of his spirits, he would good-humouredly observe, that Greece was the most eminent and highly endowed nation of ancient times, and England of modern; and that the happiest consequences might be expected to result, from thus bringing them together in the compass of one family. It was too much the practice of mankind for different races to sequester themselves in a sort of sullen disunion from each other; but benevolence prescribed, and improvement required, that this supine monotony should be abolished, that the prejudices of different tribes should be brought into collision, and their various accomplishments made to encounter and combine, for the common advantage. If human creatures were thus made without distinction the members of one universal family, the whole species would be raised to an excellence, of which we could now with difficulty conceive an idea.

The affair of the negotiation in which lord Alton had been employed by the court of London was finished in the autumn of the present year; and he once more became in the strictest sense a private individual. By this time, however, his consort was advanced in her pregnancy; and for that and other reasons he resolved not to set out on his return to the British dominions till the spring. Nothing material occurred, which it is necessary to particularize in their history, till the month of January following.

CHAPTER XV.

But what is the happiness, and what are the prospects of man! This mighty edifice, at the thought of which my brother had felt such elation of heart, and which he had deemed secure against all the storms of life, was swept away in a moment. It was in vain that this accomplished pair found themselves supremely happy in each other; their happiness was destined to be of transient duration.

They had now been united for the greater portion of a year, when the unfortunate event happened that put an end to their felicity on earth. It was at the time of the carnival, a period of festivity, which begins on the sixth of January, and continues till the beginning of Lent. During this period, assemblies, or ridottos as they are called, take place at the public rooms in Vienna two or three times a week, to which every one is admitted on paying a stipulated sum at the door. The entertainments consist of dancing a masquerade, refreshments, and supper. The majority of the females who partake of the amusement are masked; but the men are, for the most part, unmasked. On principal days, especially on the last day of the

carnival, the emperor and the court attend, and make the promenade of the rooms for a short time. This is early in the evening; and, when the royal family is withdrawn, every one enters gayly into the pleasures of the place, within the limits of a certain decorum.

Lord Alton had more than once participated in the amusements of this scene, in company with some volunteers, and the officers who had served in the war against the Turks. It was on the eighteenth of January that he encountered here a certain signor Fabroni, a young Venetian of high rank, and nearly related to some of the first families of his native city. Annexed to the principal saloon at the ridotto, are several smaller rooms with tables for supper, several of these tables being large enough to accommodate fifteen or sixteen persons, and where of consequence it not unfrequently happens that individuals are seated next to each other, having no previous knowledge of each other's names or condition. Fabroni and lord Alton were in this way brought into contact.

The conversation happened to turn upon the late war, which had been terminated by the peace of Passarowitz in the preceding July. Fabroni, though at this time he happened to be present at the Austrian festival, was full of ill blood and indignation against the measures of the imperial cabinet. Nor was he altogether without reason for this. The primal cause of the war had been the aggression of the Turks in seizing the Morea when hostilities were least apprehended, and expelling the Venetians, who had been in quiet possession of the province for nearly thirty years. The emperor laid hold of this occasion for taking up arms against the aggressor; and yet, when he had won two great battles, and his inroads had been crowned with the most splendid success, he made a peace by which Belgrade and Temeswaer were annexed to his hereditary dominions, but in the articles of which not the smallest attention was paid to the interests of the Venetian republic. From this time forward the Morea

has been considered as an integral part of the dominions of the grand signior.

Fabroni was not destitute of many brilliant qualities. He had a fine figure and an expressive countenance; and the elegance and ease of his manners were such, as upon ordinary occasions conciliated him many friends. But he had all his country's pride and haughtiness of soul. And he was as yet too young, to have learned the useful lesson of making a due allowance to the prejudices and opinions of others. Along with this he was a "most profane and liberal censurer," when any thing awakened his displeasure, and by no means scrupulous in the choice of epithets by which to express his dislike. He had too much judgment however to attack the Austrian government in the metropolis of its dominions; and therefore, though this government was the real object of his resentment, he gave vent to his displeasure by falling foul of the Greeks.

Fabroni and one or two Italians were seated at one of the tables that have been mentioned, when lord Alton and two friends, myself being one, took their places immediately opposite. The topic of conversation with Fabroni was the late war, with the caution I have spoken of, not directly to inveigh against the imperial government. He described the Greeks as a set of the most contemptible wretches that ever disgraced the human form. He lauded in the highest terms the followers of Leonidas and Miltiades in ancient times, and the glorious specimens of intellectual greatness handed down to us from Homer and Plato and Demosthenes, for the sake of placing in an invidous contrast the worthlessness of their present descendants. He asserted, that the minds of these were wholly immersed in commerce and gain, that all their actions were tricks, and all their words were lies, and that they were the most spiritless, fawning, and perfidious race of men that ever deformed the face of the earth. He finished with the common-place maxim, that men who do not effectually assert their own in-

dependence deserve to be slaves; and, thank God, the Greeks had now got their deserts, in being again subjected to a worse than Egyptian bondage to the infidel.

Alton interposed, in the mild and ingenuous manner in which he was accustomed to speak, in behalf of this much injured race. He said, it was a mistake to imagine, that the Greeks were not Greeks still, and did not retain many features of their illustrious ancestors. They were ingenious, sharp-witted, and animated with sprightly and brilliant thoughts. They had not a particle of dulness about them; and all the dreadful oppression they had suffered for centuries, had not yet made them slavish in mind, or patient beneath the yoke. It was not just, he added, to compel men to be miserable, and then condemn them for the vices which misery engenders. He gave it as his opinion, that the day would yet come, when the Greeks would redeem their lost honours, and show themselves worthy of the name which antiquity had consecrated.

He combated the vulgar maxim, that all men who did not energetically vindicate their freedom, deserved to be slaves. A thousand circumstances must concur to enable a race of men to recover the advantages which their fathers had lost. The most eager and generous aspirations after freedom might exist in bosoms, where from many causes it became impossible to give scope to those aspirations. Fate often shuts them in with adamantine bars, which it is impracticable for them to burst. Nor should we make the mistake to suppose that courage is every thing, or that other treasures of the highest value may not be found in the magazine of mind. A man of constitutional timidity might yet be a most estimable man. It was not a disgrace to us, that we should calculate consequences, and not enter on a perilous action till we had some sort of assurance of success. The men who plunge into danger headlong and without reflection, were not the only men worthy of our commendation and esteem. Courage in public affairs, was like a con-

fident temper in the affairs of private life. The man who comes forward warily and with diffidence, the tongue that hesitates, the cheeks that blush, and the eye that looks but half-assured, are not always harbingers of the least splendid and honourable success.—While Alton uttered these words, in the secret chambers of his soul he thought of Colocotroni.

Fabroni, who had listened to all this detail with marks of the greatest impatience, answered as if to the thoughts of his opponent. There was Colocotroni, he said. (He thought of the illustrious Morosini, his kinsman, who, co-operated with by Colocotroni and others, had wrested the Morea from the Turks in 1687.)—There was Colocotroni. He pretended to restore the ancient discipline of the Greeks. He devoted himself to the study of their authors. He boasted to be a patriot upon the purest model. He was impatient of the yoke of the infidel, and called in my countrymen with Morosini at their head. We rescued the Greeks from subjection to the Turk. What then did Colocotroni? He pretended to be dissatisfied with his deliverers. He became of the sect of the whimsicals, whose approbation no government can obtain. He withdrew himself into the obscurity of repining and discontent. And when, three years ago, the Turk attacked the Morea with a fleet and an army, he with his countrymen stood aloof, did not move a finger to help us in our hour of trial, and pretended by his actions to say that the dominion of the Venetian republic was in no way to be preferred to that of the Scythian barbarians.

But, curse him! he had met with his deserts. The Turk himself would not endure so pernicious and perfidious an inmate, and had driven him, the hoary traitor! out of their dominions. The judgment of God had pursued him in his exile in Croatia. His house had been burned and his property spoiled by the Ottomans, whom he had allowed to resume their tyranny in Greece; and, last of all, his life had become a sa-

crifice, as he well deserved, to the knife of one of his own countrymen. He would become a beacon and a warning to all future traitors, and his memory would stink to the latest generations.

In reality it was the virtues and high attainments of Colocotroni that rendered him the butt of Fabroni's abuse. Colocotroni had done nothing more than the great majority of his countrymen on the occasion of the Turkish invasion: but his illustrious character and his spotless excellence had caused Fabroni to single him out as the individual upon whom to spend all the fury of his bile.

Alton listened with the utmost impatience to this tempest of invective. His soul was on fire. Irene and her father were to his idea amalgamated, were one single object of boundless affection. His love was never so vast and overflowing as at this moment. He had lived with Irene as his spotless wife for now eight months. Every day his attachment grew: every day he had found in her mind and soul some new vein of excellence unexplored before. Her misfortunes had rendered her a thousand times dearer to him. That she was a solitary slip, torn off from the vast plantation of human kind, and that but for him would have been thrown away neglected among whatever is least the object of man's protection and care, awakened his most sacred sympathies. She had lost her father, her mother, her property, and her country. But for these losses she would have been to him the object of a less intense and uncontrollable love. And whatever touched her father, that glorious image shrined in her inmost soul, he considered as touching her in the most sensitive point, the very core of her existence. Colocotroni was the theme of his most ardent devotion; Colocotroni was the disembodied and etherialized counterpart of his beloved.

Alton sat with the most burning impatience, a witness to the copious invective of Fabroni. Once and again he rose from his seat, unable to retain his pos-

ture. Once and again he endeavored to interrupt the speaker, and turn him into another course. It was in vain. At length Alton, the mildest and most polished of men, bursting with indignation, struck the Venetian.

The bystanders had in no degree anticipated this excess. Every one, the friends of Fabroni and of Alton, started from his seat. The public rooms at Vienna are within the verge of the palace; and all personal violence committed there is an offence against the emperor. Fabroni was worked up in a moment into inextinguishable rage; and it was with difficulty that the friends of each prevented the violence from proceeding farther. Fabroni and Alton were forced by their partisans to leave the assembly by different doors.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the different governments of the continent a blow, given by one gentleman to another, is an affront that can only be extinguished in blood. The first business however was to remove Alton to some hiding-place where the myrmidons of the police should not reach him. The government of Austria probably connived at this, unwilling to proceed against a British nobleman, and who had lately been a minister from the court of London, with extreme severity. The next business was for the friends of each party to adjust the preliminaries between them. Fabroni was fervent in his demand of expiation; and Alton knew sufficiently the established laws of honour, to feel that the demand could not be controverted. It was settled between the parties, that they must immediately leave the Austrian dominions; and the neighbourhood of Saltzburg in Bavaria was fixed on as the place where the difference was to be decided.

In a case of this sort the rule is that the combatants must fight with swords, and that the duel can no otherwise be terminated than by the death of one of the parties. My brother was overwhelmed with the thought of the terrible predicament in which he stood. He had a presentiment that he should be the victim of the strife. His courage was of the highest order. But there is a great difference between danger incurred in the tented field, where every thing is conducted on a magnificent scale, where, as in the battles of prince Eugene, a hundred thousand combatants are drawn out on each side, and the whole is accompanied with the clangour of trumpets, with shouts which rend the skies, and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war; and the narrow encounter of two individuals, brought together in a manner in cool blood, and where the law of the encounter is, that one of them is of necessity to die by the sword of other. This is unquestionably a sober and solemn transaction; it is a mournful, almost a funeral meeting, fit to be solemnized and darkened with congregated clouds and blackening skies. Add to which, lord Alton felt an unconquerable impression that he came there to be the victim, and this was the last day of his life. All that remained for him was, to meet his fate with constancy, to stand forth undismayed to the last, and to die with the same pure and unblemished honour which had attended him through life. Thus in a moment was the face of all things changed to the most generous of men. In the commencement of this very evening, he had had every prospect before him of a long life of love, of prosperity and happiness. Now he laid his head on his pillow in a condition parallel to that of the condemed criminal on the morning of his execution, who at one instant stands before us in the undiminished possession of all his energies of body and mind, and the next is seen a powerless and unanimated corpse.

But the ruling idea in the mind of lord Alton was Irene. She had been stripped of all, had been with-

out a friend in the world. Alton had then become every thing to her; she had received him in lieu of father, mother, and inheritance, irrecoverably lost. What was to be her condition, when he was taken away! His feelings were also modified in this crisis by the thought of the fruit of her womb, his unborn child.

Alton went to the Briel, that he might have one parting interview with the idol of his soul. His manner was inevitably sad. He told her, that he was obliged to go to Saltzburg upon unexpected business, but that that business would soon be despatched. He affectionately exhorted her to be cheerful; occasional separation was one of the laws of human existence. Poor Irene had not the slightest apprehension of the thought at work in the mind of her lord. She asked him, for what reason he appeared so unusually solemn? Alton replied, It was his first separation from her, in whom his very heart was bound up.—He was unaccustomed to practise this concealment, this suppression of what was uppermost in his mind. It was working in his features, and seemed ready to burst from his lips. He tore himself away.

I accompanied my brother in this fatal expedition. We took with us his valet and my own. Irene was left in the care of Cloudesley. We were thirty-six hours on the road. Fabroni arrived almost at the same hour that we did. We reached the place of our destination, an Austrian village a few miles north of the Saltzburg road, about eight in the evening on the twenty-first of January. We chose this place as being in the confines of Austria, and at the same time affording the opportunity of expeditiously retiring into Bavaria, so that, whatever might be the event of the conflict, we should be exposed to the animadversion of the government of neither country, the act not being committed in Bavaria, and the offender having immediately withdrawn himself out of the territories of Austria. The seconds fixed on the precise spot for

the meeting the next morning; and the encounter was appointed for the hour of noon.

Fabroni and lord Alton were both skilful swordsmen. The spot we had chosen was a little valley between two hills, at some distance to the left of the high road, and apparently remote from observation. The combatants threw off their coats and waistcoats. They were both tall; and each of them in his mode, a pattern from which a sculptor might copy. They were both serious, collected, quick of eye, agile of limb, and with countenances strikingly expressive of firmness and self-command. There was no delay on either part to proceed to immediate decision. Each appeared to scan and measure the other, as they stood for an instant with their swords unsheathed. Both advanced a few paces. Several passes were made and parried on each side without effect. At length lord Alton made a desperate thrust at his antagonist, which, but for a sudden turn in Fabroni, would have gone through his body. A slight wound was inflicted, and blood followed. The smart excited in some degree the temper of the Venetian, and the exchange of passes grew quicker and more determined. One thrust of Fabroni finished the contest. It took place; and the sword pierced the body of my brother deeply on the right side. He instantly fell.

The fatal event had scarcely occurred, when a party was seen on the hills, apparently sportsmen, with guns and hounds, led thither by the pursuit of their game. They beheld two persons engaged with drawn swords, and observed one of the combatants fall, as desperately wounded. They immediately made towards the valley in which we were posted. Fabroni and his second, perceiving this, and convinced that we should want no necessary aid, took to their horses, and made, as had been previously concerted, for the Bavarian border. Meanwhile, the sportsmen approached. The principal person in the groupe was a baron Stahlhoffen, whose seat was at a small distance. One of his com-

panions was a person not unskilled in surgery. He bound up the wound as well as he could; and, a sort of litter being prepared, lord Alton was, by the express order of the baron, conveyed to that nobleman's seat.

It was apparent that my brother had a very short time to live. The effusion of blood had been great on the spot; and, on the way to the mansion of the charitable baron, though every possible care was exerted in the removal, the wound broke out afresh. After a short repose, however, lord Alton desired to be left alone with me, and spoke as follows.

My dear Richard, I am dying; and my death occurs under circumstances which render death bitter. There is no person on earth to whom my life was of so much moment as to the unhappy Irene. She will now be indeed alone. Oh, how faulty, how unpardonable my conduct has been! A Briton, a noble, and a soldier, to have had his passions no more under control! I have paid the forfeit of my violence, and I well deserve it. But why should the most virtuous and excellent of her sex be destroyed by my folly!

I have one consolation. Richard, we are brothers, the sole remains of our father's house. We have always lived together, and lived in harmony. I trust I have never done any thing to merit from you unkindness or resentment. This therefore is my consolation; I leave all that is dear to me in your hands. I have no other friend in this country. Watch over my beloved, I entreat you. Be tender of her, as the apple of your eye. Think of her as all that remains of your poor Arthur, and exercise towards her in its full extent all a younger brother's love! Think that in her your Arthur still lives!

She is pregnant. I have not strength, nor is it in the least required, that I should remind you of all the vigilance, the care, and the love, which this sad situation will demand from you. I rely upon you, even as I should upon my own heart. Farewell, my dear, my ever dear Richard!

Lord Alton was exhausted by the length at which he spoke, and still more by the earnestness, and deep and solemn feeling which accompanied his words. He wrung my hand. In a moment after he sank back in the bed, and fainted. It was a considerable time before he recovered. He lived the remainder of the day, and part of the night. But he spoke little coherently, after having thus imparted to me his last injunctions. He expired at four o'clock in the morning.

Of all the sorrows with which the death of a human creature ever afflicted me, I know nothing that I ever felt comparable to this. Arthur said to me, We have always lived together, and lived in harmony. I trust I have never done any thing to merit from you unkindness or resentment. But in saying this he did not say a thousandth part of the truth. There never was such a brother. Father, mother, and the persons who were about me in early youth, had done many things that inflicted on me exquisite pain; and Arthur had often been the subject to which these things related. But he,—oh, never, never! The kindest heart that ever existed in a human bosom was his. In all the various relations of existence he was exemplary. In no moment of his life did he forfeit this praise. The idlest, the most unconsidered of all his actions, did not detract from the most excellent and heroic. A pillar of spotless marble erected over his grave would have been the suitable emblem of his character and his course.

The remains of my brother were transported to England, and for that purpose were embalmed. They were conveyed in the first place to Saltzburg, where every requisite accommodation was to be found to that end.

What a dreadful practice is this of duelling, which seems to be so deeply rooted in the habits of modern Europe! The best and most generous of our race are more exposed to its tragical consequences, than the ignoble and the base. It is said to be indispensable to the keeping up the courtesies of polished society. In

that case those courtesies are bought at a high price. It is held that no man without the deepest disgrace can abstain in certain cases from the receiving or even the giving a challenge. What can be more barbarous than that two men should go in cold blood to stand out as a mark, or even to press forward as to a mark against the life of a fellow creature for some unintelligible point of imaginary honour? We all confess this: and yet the evil is not remedied! Surely the wit of man ought strenously and unintermittingly to be applied to find out the cure for so tremendous an evil.

The death of such a man as my brother, in the flower of youth, and for so frivolous an occasion, so generous, so accomplished, so noble and perfect in heart, was a loss to the age in which he lived, and perhaps to all future ages. He was a man that could not have been spared from the general cause and weal of his species. For myself, all that gave me serenity and sunshine of the soul, was buried in his grave; and from the moment of his death my heart has never known an instant of peace. Oh, what would I not give that he had not thus perished!—Lord Danvers was for some time to that degree agitated with this thought, as to render him unable to continued his narrrative.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lord Danvers proceeded:

Up to this period I deemed all the evil propensities of my puerile years mortified and exterminated from within me. This was the achievement of Arthur, my brother. No mortal perverseness could resist the genial climate of his virtues. He conquered me, and dragged me a willing captive at his chariot-wheels,

drawn by the silken chains of love. I had not a wish but what was his. There was nothing I desired but his gratification, his honour and happiness. Self was annihilated within me.

I now saw the form of him I so truly loved laid forth unanimated and insensible. I was in a new world. The load-star which had guided me in the voyage of life, was blotted from my hemisphere. I had no longer an oracle to consult at every turn in my path of existence. I had no longer a judge to approve or condemn, whose approbation was the end of all I did. A total eclipse had obscured the luminary of my days.

Henceforward I was to shape my own course, and to pass through the various currents and difficulties of life by the guidance of my own judgment and my own will. I was like a flower that folds up its glories at the setting of the sun. I was to live in a more contracted circle and a narrower sphere. I did not disguise this from myself. I said, I will accommodate myself to this my new mode of existence, and proceed accordingly.

The first thing I thought of was, what there was that was left, now that this dearest object of my affection was gone. Lord Alton had left a widow, his beloved Irene. Irene was pregnant. This was all that was nearest to me.

The salutary influence of the character of lord Alton, which had in a manner new created me, being removed, I in a certain degree fell back into what I had been before that influence was exerted upon me. The old notions I had entertained respecting title and rank and opulence revived. I was the second son of a branch of the Irish nobility, and in no distant prospect of an English earldom. Title and rank and opulence resumed their attractions in my mind. I valued them, not as they would be estimated by a philosophical and enlightened judgment, not even as they appear to the gross and undiscerning thoughts of the majority of men, but with fearful exaggeration, and a devouring

earnestness to grasp what those words represented to my mind.

It was a singular position in which I stood. My brother had died without issue. My father and mother had left no other progeny but him and myself. I was obviously prompted to call myself lord Alton. In a certain sense I was so. How long was this to continue? That was a secret I had no power to discover. Irene might die, and never be a mother. Her child might be still-born. It might be a son. It might be a daughter. If it were the latter, I felt that I should cherish and affect it, beyond all things that lived on the earth.

On this little thread depended all that I was, and was to be, in the mighty muster-roll of mankind. It was not only an empty title; it was a question of high station and ample wealth. Hitherto I had been a younger brother, with a younger brother's slender provision. If Irene gave birth to a son, I should become so again.

It may well be supposed that strange thoughts arose in my mind upon such an occasion. If Irene gave birth to a son, and the mother lived, she would doubtless be able to assert his rights. If Irene gave birth to a son, and the mother died,—what then?

I spent two nights and two days in anxious care respecting my brother's remains. The situation was absolutely new to me. The direction and the deciding upon every thing devolved upon me. Baron Stahlhoffen conducted himself towards me with the utmost delicacy. He begged that I would use his house and his servants with entire freedom, just as if they were my own. He had learned from our servants the rank and title of the dying man whom he had received under his roof. Some hours after the decease of my brother, the first necessary offices having been already performed to his remains, I desired to see the baron. He came. We met in the antechamber of the apartment in which lord Alton expired.

I was overwhelmed with grief. The baron repeated his professions of a desire to serve me, and requested me to inform him in what way he might be useful to me. I mentioned that it would be by all means my wish that the remains should be transported to England, to be deposited with our ancestors of the house of Danvers. A messenger therefore was despatched to Saltzburg, to procure proper assistance for that purpose.

I wrote, the first thing, to Cloudesley, informing him of the melancholy close of our expedition, and enjoining him to use every imaginable precaution, that no fatal effect might be produced on my sister in her present critical condition. I sent the letter by my brother's valet, charging him to keep out of sight, to communicate to no one what he had witnessed, and to place himself entirely under the direction of Cloudesley. In these cares I consumed two nights and two days. Early on the morning of the third day it was directed that the remains of my brother should be removed from the seat of baron Stahlhoffen, and set out, with suitable attendants, for Saltzburg.

The night before this removal, was the first time that I was left at leisure to converse with my own thoughts. The previous interval was all a period of action and agitation. I had seated myself in a chair, or thrown myself upon a bed, and caught a few hours of oblivion as I could. At length I seemed to myself to be wholly exhausted, and was desirous of closing the doors, drawing round me the curtains of my bed, and being alone.

I thought I should now find a period of necessary repose. Oh, how much I was mistaken! This was the first of those miserable nights which have since been so familiar to me. I had no sooner shut out the world, than the demons of guilt and guilty contrivance assembled round me. The tempter had already whispered in my ear his pernicious suggestions; but I had turned to some indispensable occupation, and he withdrew. Now, alone, and in midnight solitude, my

thoughts were all tumult, confusion and alarm. Plain dealing and all the crookedness of art contended for the empire of my soul.

> The genius, and the mortal instruments,
> Were then in council; and my freighted bosom,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffered
> The nature of an insurrection.

During the whole night I slept not. I could not continue for more than a minute in one posture. I paced my chamber with perturbed steps. With my clenched fist I struck on my forehead. I said, Oh, integrity come dwell within me, and be my guide! What do I not owe to lord Alton! What do I not owe to Irene! and to the offspring, if a son it should happen to be, of their mutual love! I said this: but the innermost whisperings of my soul were of another nature.

I accompanied the remains of my brother to Saltzburg, and saw them deposited in a suitable retreat, till the time should come for their final removal.

The mind of Irene had dwelt with insuppressible anxiety on the behaviour of my brother, when he set out on his journey to fulfil the appointment he had made with Fabroni. The sadness of his countenance in parting, incessantly occurred to her. She recollected the mysteriousness of his manner, which had seemed to intimate that there was something that remained untold. These things had not struck her so much at first; but in the uninterrupted uniformity of solitude they occurred to her with superadded force.

She was left under the protection of Cloudesley: and it was a compact between her and her lord, that during the short period of his own absence and mine, she was to refer every thing to Cloudesley, to address her inquiries to him, and to him to issue all her commands. She anxiously inquired of him when lord Alton would return. My brother had already mentioned that his absence would not exceed a period of four or five days; and Cloudesley repeated to her the

same information. As long as that interval lasted, she sat in silent resignation; she considered the evil as unavoidable, and tasked her resolution to encounter it. It was not the length of the separation that affected her: this she could have borne with firmness: but it was the sad look and the melancholy carriage of my brother in the act of parting.

On the fourth day and the fifth, she reminded Cloudesley that the period of separation was expiring, and asked him if he had heard any thing. He had not. She made several little preparations for the welcome reception of her lord. This agreeably beguiled her hours. She smiled, and grew doubly assiduous, in the anticipation of his near approach; but it was a wintry smile, and accompanied with strange doubts and misgivings of the soul.

On the evening of the sixth day, two days after that on which lord Alton expired, my brother's valet reached the Briel, bearing the letter which announced the fatal event. In the course of that day the anxiety of my sister greatly augmented. She looked wistfully at Cloudesley every time he entered the apartment. It was strange, she said. Four days, five days had gone by; this was the sixth. Cloudesley told her that this period of expectation would soon be at an end; we should see my lord, or at any rate hear from him, in a few hours. He exhorted Irene to compose herself; the indulging too much to her apprehensiveness would be painful to his lord, and might be dangerous in her situation. The admonitions of Cloudesley were thrown away; the distress of her mind was uncontrollable.

Every evening Cloudesley mounted his horse, and took the road to Vienna. He anticipated news, and wished to meet it at a distance from his mistress, that he might have time to take his measures accordingly. If lord Alton were victorious in the duel, and it was at the same time attended with a fatal result, Cloudesley knew that it was his purpose to take refuge for a time in Bavaria. This evening he met lord Alton's valet at

a small distance from the Briel. He received my letter, read it, and immediately resolved to proceed to Vienna, and not return till the next day. Cloudesley was overwhelmed with the fatal intelligence. He was passionately attached to his master.

Cloudesley had been in the habit of sleeping every night at the cottage at the Briel; and his absence was a new source of alarm to Irene. He was deeply distressed at the news of lord Alton's death. He had lost the most generous of patrons and of friends. He felt most deeply for the effect this intelligence would produce upon his mistress. He saw himself in a new world. The protector he had so passionately loved was taken from him for ever; and for the colour of his future life he would perhaps be dependent on me.

After having passed the night at Vienna, he arrived the next morning at the Briel. He was unable to form any plan for his conduct; it seemed impossible for him to conceal the event from Irene; all that remained was, to break it to her by degrees and in the gentlest terms. But every plan that he could form, was disconcerted by the impetuosity of his mistress. The moment she heard of his arrival, she ordered him to be called to her.

Well! she said. Cloudesley, where is your master? —She looked in his face, and saw that he had some fearful intelligence to impart.

I see it, I see it all: she exclaimed. Your master, my lord, my husband, all by which I was yet held to earth, is——dead!

Cloudesley was confounded, speechless. He stammered, and was apparently in the greatest distress. Willingly would he have suppressed a part of the fact; willingly would he have qualified whatever was most overwhelming in the story. There was that in Irene which rendered such a proceeding impossible. She would know all; she would know the worst. Her earnestness was fearful, was irresistible. You might as well have thought of encountering the force of un-

versal nature, when all its elements were in a state of the wildest uproar, when the winds were loudest, and the waves were in convulsions, and like mountains.

The circumstances of the tale were more envenomed and terrible than the tale itself. A duel! A life, such a life, thrown away upon a point of imaginary honour! The subject of the duel, the character of Greece, and the good name of Colocotroni!

Till Irene was thoroughly mistress of every circumstance, her importunity was unappeasable. Every articulation of her body was in motion, every feature of her face convulsed with agony. She was no sooner assured that she had nothing farther to learn, than all this was reversed. She withdrew to her own room. Her limbs were motionless, her eyes were fixed. Every muscle was rigid; and she was as cold and as white as marble.

Cloudesley saw the urgency of the case, and ventured to follow her. He caused her own female attendant to be called. He informed her in a few words of what had happened, and directed her on no account to leave her mistress for a moment.

Irene remained in a state seemingly stupified, for hours. When she recovered from this, she looked wildly about her; she clasped her hands, and pressed them to her forehead. She did not shed a tear. It was not till the midnight bell had tolled, that she could be prevailed on to take a particle of nourishment. Her female attendant. to whom she had been accustomed from her youth, conjured her by the memory of her father and her husband to support herself. It had been at all times their principle not to sink under inevitable events, to gather together the fragments of the storm, and to consider what yet remained to be done. She would show herself unworthy of them, if she gave way to despair. This faithful creature reminded her of the fruit of her womb, and that to her was intrusted all that might yet remain to the world of Colocotroni and of Alton.

This thought supported Irene, and she determined to live. When I arrived at Vienna, she was in a state of the deepest dejection; she seemed as if she had received a mortal blow; but her fortitude was still apparent. Great apprehension, however, was entertained of the approaching crisis.

I saw her; and the sight of me produced upon her a very striking effect. Till now, the fact that her beloved lord was no more, was represented to her by words only. But, when I entered the apartment in which she had shut herself up, the truth seemed for the first time to be set palpably before her senses. She uttered a piercing shriek, and presently sunk into an alarming syncope, from which she was brought back with great difficulty, and after a considerable lapse of time. It seemed to my guilty conscience, that she had seen into the secrets of my soul, and that the sight had withered her. I fled from her presence, and left her to the care of her attendants.

My journey from Saltzburg to Vienna was a memorable period in my life. I saw none of the objects that presented themselves on the road; whether I went forward or stopped, whether I were walking or asleep, to me all was the same. What passed before my bodily sense was nothing; my mind was occupied only in its own imaginings. Function

> Was smothered in surmise; and nothing was,
> But what was not.

I called up all the images of my boyish years. I recollected the slights and contempt which had been put upon me by my parents; how my brother had been their idol, while I seemed only to stand in the way, to be a being that had intruded himself into a world where he was not wanted. I recollected the senseless and pernicious speeches of the servants: "Ah, master Richard, what a fine thing it is to be the eldest! Your brother will have the whole estate; he will be called

my lord; the house here in county Cork, and the house in Dublin, will be his. But, I am sure, I do not know what they will do with you. I suppose they will make a parson of you. You may be your brother's chaplain."

All this was now on the point of being reversed. The whole was suspended on an invisible thread. Every thing was at the disposal of that most capricious of umpires and autocrats, Chance. Would the child with which my sister was pregnant, be a male, or a female? Would it live or die? Would she, who was now in so alarming and perilous a state, bring it alive into the world?

Then all that depended on this chance passed in full review before me. I saw the house in county Cork, and the house in Dublin. I saw the pillars of marble, and the apartments of state. I saw the numerous train of tenants and dependants. Were all these to call me master in the proper sense of the word? Or, was I to administer them only as the functionary of another, to take care of them, that they might be properly managed, and delivered in perfect condition to the brat of Irene, and then to be cast out as a loathsome weed, unworthy to grow in the garden of the peerage, either English or Irish?

CHAPTER XVIII.

I MADE it a point to seek out Cloudesley immediately after my arrival. I had been led, as it should seem, by accident merely, into an attentive observation of his character. I had remarked his devoted attachment to his master. At the same time I had heard, principally from my own servant, his blunt and unmeasured professions of misanthropy. His motto was something like the declaration of Ancient Pistol in the play,

Why then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open:

with this variation, that Cloudesley did not profess the design to be one of "Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon," and to carve his way among men by dint of plain violence; but rather to employ the superiority of his wit, and so to render others tools to his purposes. Having remarked these things in the man, I judged him peculiarly well qualified to enter into my schemes.

Cloudesley had also thought much respecting me on the present occasion, and had ruminated how he was to shape his course under the direction of a new commander. His attachment to lord Alton had been personal, the result of the unspeakable obligations my brother had laid upon him. Lord Alton being removed, he looked upon the rest of the world as entirely indifferent to him. He was to take care of his own affairs, and to consider, in the circle of society upon which it was his lot to be cast, how that was to be done in the most masterly manner. He had no check upon this selfish and unfeeling principle of action, but in the remains of his original character, the tenderness of his heart, and the invariable good-nature which accompanied his actions.

When we met, I can scarcely tell which of us first entered on the subject, that was uppermost in the minds of both, but that scarcely either of us could venture to express in words. We were both forward in the commendation of his late lord, and in grief for his untimely end. In these things we spoke with the most perfect sincerity. The new situation in which we were placed, seemed to impose upon me the necessity to enter into a greater familiarity in my communications with Cloudesley, than under any other circumstances I should have thought of adopting.

I inquired of him very minutely respecting Irene's health, and in what manner she had received the intelligence of the melancholy catastrophe.

In return, Cloudesley gave it as his opinion that every thing was to be feared from the dreadful impression the event seemed to have made upon her, in the very critical condition in which she stood.

He looked at me intently. He said, in what a perilous situation stand at this moment the Irish estates and the title of Alton!

I replied, that I had already written circumstantially all that had happened, to earl Danvers.

We stood in each other's presence, mutually daunted, fearful in reality that each might find in the other some relic of virtue, some ancient offset of principle, not to be reconciled to the thought that was now uppermost. I may say of myself, like king John in the play,

> How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done! Had not he been by,
> A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
> Quoted and signed, to do a deed of shame,—
> Had he but shook his head, or made a pause,
> When I spake darkly what I purposed;
> Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
> Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
> Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off.

In a word, Cloudesley and myself insensibly got into unreserved communication, and began to consult how the business was to be conducted under all the variety of circumstances that might arise.

He, as I have said, now that his patron, almost his saint, was removed, looked upon the rest of the world as indifferent to him. He was to take care of his own affairs, and to consider how his fortune might most effectually be promoted. He had no check in this matter, but from the mildness of his temper, and the milkiness of his heart.

Regarding the subject in this way, he saw a great personal advantage to himself, that would result from his being trusted by me with a dangerous secret. He would be paid well in the first instance. He would

take care to be provided for. And, if at any time I did not so conduct myself that he should be satisfied, he would always have me in his power, would be able at will to inspire me with nameless terrors, would hold me effectually in chains, and treat me as his slave.

For the moment, I was entirely blinded to this. I thought only of the advantage to accrue to myself. I thought of the contrasted prospects that were placed before me, to be a king, or to be a beggar. I was drunk with ambition. Few men have been placed in so critical a situation as that in which I stood, where it depended upon the minutest variation in the balance of accidents, whether I was hereafter to be regarded as a person eminent in the scale of civilized society, or as a zero, an individual that almost every one was entitled to dispise. My whole soul was in tumults. Surely this, if any thing, was the furnace of temptation, the fire adapted to try a man's heart to the inmost core. And then, how easily, with what a noiseless tenour of action in all probability, might this be accomplished. Far from our native home, in a foreign and remote country, the father dead the mother dying! Both "time and place did now adhere," and every thing invited me to embrace the opportunity, and seize the succession that my brother's death had left vacant. Was it to be endured, that, in defiance, as it seemed, to the order of human events, Alton and Irene should die, and yet that there should be a posthumous successor, a phœnix arising out of their ashes to baffle me? It was thus that I reasoned; and I shaped my plan of conduct accordingly.

Both Cloudesley and myself were impatient to join issue on this question, lest the golden opportunity might escape us. He saw with sufficient clearness, that, if Irene survived the danger of child-bearing, the whole matter would be at an end with us. Irene would be powerful enough to assert her son's rights, if it were a son she bore, and it would be hopeless for me to attempt to resist. If on the other hand it were a daugh-

ter, my road would be clear; I should have no scheme to form, and should need no ally to assist me. Cloudesley therefore was desirous, while these questions were still at issue, to enter into a confederacy with me, that, by the consciousness on my part that he possessed certain secrets, would in every event secure him an ascendancy. He would by that means become my bosom's counsellor, and a familiarity would take place between us, which, once established, would probably go on and continue, as a matter of course.

I, on the other hand, was no less impatient; since, if the event that I feared should occur, and a son was born that promised to live, it was necessary that timely precautions should be used, and every thing carefully prepared, "to leave no rubs, nor botches in the work."

Cloudesley, though the misfortunes he had experienced previously to entering into my brother's service had changed him into a resolved misanthrope, was not by those events materially altered in his feelings towards the female sex. It had been partly by the inflammableness of his disposition in that respect, that Norton had drawn him on to his ruin. It was by the charms of the sister that he had been urged to become the dupe of the brother. The disappearance of Norton, who left Cloudesley to encounter all the consequences of the ill-judged confidence he had reposed in him, and the subsequent events, had of course put an end to that amour. He had therefore brought with him a heart disengaged as to the sex, when he entered into my brother's service. Thus disposed, the charms of Eudocia, Irene's female attendant, had lighted up a passion in his bosom. Eudocia had the advantages, so generally to be found, though in different degrees, in the Grecian females,—a dark eye, a clear olive complexion, and an animated and expressive countenance. Her figure was graceful; her step was airy; and she had an inexhaustible fund of vivacity and chastised and half-retiring playfulness. The intimacy between her and Cloudesley increased every day; and he re-

solved to make her a party to the plots in which we were engaged.

On the third day from my arrival, Irene was taken in the pains of labour. After no very protracted period of suffering, she was delivered of a male child, beautiful in limb and feature, and with every promise of health and a sound constitution. But those operations of nature in the mother, which should follow after a birth, were never perfected. It was soon apparent that her case was one of extreme danger. One of the most skilful of the practitioners of Vienna, relative to child-bed cases, was called in; but in vain. After three days of suffering she expired. The cause of this event, no doubt, is to be found in the previous circumstances, in the distress of mind and debility of frame, which grew out of the disastrous fate of her lord. She saw and noticed her son only once. In an interval when she seemed to have the greatest degree of self-possession, she caused me to be called to her bedside. She thought she had something of high importance, respecting which to address me. But, after various efforts, and ever and anon a period of bewilderment, she was obliged to give it up, and could only say, with tokens of distress, I have lost it!

Such was the fate of lord Alton, his wife, and child. Two short weeks had produced this memorable change. Only half the period of the age of the planet of night had elapsed, since this lovely and accomplished pair had stood forth in the full promise of life and health, well qualified and exemplarily disposed to be the ornaments of the civilized world, and the benefactors of all that came within the sphere of their influence. Now their eyes were closed in death, and their mortal remains were of no more worth than the clods of the valley. The eye that saw them would see them no more; and the tongue that blessed them would have no fresh occasion to pour out the accents of gratitude. The place they occupied would be filled up,—such is the law of human society; the chasm they left behind,

would be closed; in a short time they would seldom be remembered; and the affairs of the world would go on, for the most part, as if they had never existed.

Far different was the fortune of their single offspring. But for the calamitous events which, by a short time, had preceded his birth, he would have grown up in glory and honour, the care and the pride of his gifted and illustrious parents. They would have watched over his health and the opening blossoms of his mind. Their smiles would have awakened his first sentiments, and have softened and humanized his spirit. They would have defended him against all the world, and have caused him to be recognised in the station that was due to his birth. Now he was an orphan both by father and mother, with not one faithful and entire friend on the face of the earth.

But these were not the reflections that first occurred to my mind in this crisis of my fortune and my character. I had worked myself up almost to phrensy by this question, Was I to be lord Alton, or was I not? There was no stop, no precious moment for pause or hesitation, in the career I had begun to run. Cloudesley was at my elbow. The least false step would irretrievably ruin the project we had concerted.

In fact, however, I felt no compunctious visitings of soul. I had considered every thing, and had nerved my spirit to the decisive act. I said to myself, Here is the subject concerning which my proceedings are to be exercised, a new-born child! There is no essential difference between the son of a king and a peasant. Their joints and members are the same. The account of the muscles which an anatomist may reckon up, is equal in the frame of one and the other. The accident of birth alone makes all the difference. Why is this man born to the throne of all the Indies, while that springs into life the son of a negro slave? He can find no cause. It is time and chance that happeneth to all. The great master of the workshop of nature, "maketh of the same clay one vessel to honour and another to dishonour."

> He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
> Let him not know it, he is not robbed at all.

This child, bred as the son of a peasant, may in all probability be happier, than if he were lord of thousands, and the hereditary member of the parliaments of two mighty realms. He shall not stand between me and the light of fortune and of honour. But he shall be happy. I will watch for his welfare. In the vale of obscurity he shall know no anxieties; and I will take tenfold more care of him than if he were sprung from my loins.

The plan that was concerted between me and Cloudesley required the instant removal of the infant. We resolved that Irene and her child, apparently deceased a few hours after the birth, should be enclosed in the same coffin, and interred in the same grave. This, by the joint contrivance of Cloudesley and Eudocia, was without difficulty accomplished. Irene had lived in the utmost obscurity at the Briel. She associated with nobody. I broke up her little establishment, as soon as decency would admit. Cloudesley and Eudocia, with the infant foundling, removed to Neustadt, an Austrian town thirty miles from Vienna on the road to Italy, and speedily became man and wife. This was one particular of the original project.

It was requisite that due precautions should be taken to authenticate the death of my brother's child. This was accomplished without difficulty. Cloudesley, who was singularly adroit in matters of circumstantial detail, found means to procure from a woman of the town in Vienna, a still-born child. The body of this child was laid out in due form, by the side of the body of Irene. The inspector, whose office it is to take account of the dead, drew up a report of the bodies of Irene, baroness Alton of the kingdom of Ireland, and her still-born son. I applied to the foreign commissariat in the police-office of the capital, who sent out his precept to the burgomaster of Meidling, the

town in whose limits the Briel is situated, to certify these particulars. I next had recourse to M. St. Saphorine, the English resident, whose business it was to set his seal of office to this certificate, of which I transmitted duplicates, one to earl Danvers in England, and another to the solicitor who was intrusted with the law-concerns of our Irish estates.

There being no Protestant place of interment within the Austrian dominions, I obtained permission to deposite the bodies of Irene and her child in a vault under the great church of Vienna, it being stipulated that they were to remain there, till some ulterior resolution was taken as to their final destination.

It was my determination to return with all practicable speed to the British dominions. I loathed the country which had been the scene of these recent events. They had succeeded each other with such rapidity, as to confound my powers of apprehension. I felt as if I had a load of guilt on my soul, almost too vast and overpowering for mortal ability to endure. My feelings were those of a murderer! And yet I had committed no murder. Could I not with safe conscience assure myself, that I had in no way been a party to the destruction of Arthur or of Irene? Their child was not dead. But he was, by my sole means, civilly dead to his property, his rank, and his country. I had determined that he should be an outcast, belonging to no one, an uncertain and solitary wanderer on the face of nature.

Oh, how I detested myself in the recollection of the base and hypocritical scene that I had caused to be played in the presence of the corpse of Irene! I had laid by her chaste and spotless side the corpse of a child, the offspring of disgrace and infamy. I have often read that the blood of a murdered man would flow anew from his veins, the instant his body was touched by the finger of his murderer. Well might I have expected, that the hapless Irene should start again into life, with indignation at the lie I had imposed

upon her, the contamination with which I approached her. She was certainly dead! If the smallest particle of perception had remained in any portion of her frame, it would have shrunk and shuddered on this dreadful occasion. I had tried the question to the utmost. I had never seen death till now. Never was such a penetrating trial, such a demonstrative ordeal of its reality, devised by mortal man. Her features were calm; there was a sweet and complacent serenity on her countenance. She was turned to earth.

I called to mind the dying injunctions of my brother. "I have one consolation. Richard, we are brothers, the sole remains of our father's house. We have always lived together, and lived in harmony. I trust I have never done any thing to merit from you unkindness or resentment. This then is my consolation; I leave all that is dear to me in your hands. I have no other friend in this country. Irene is pregnant. I have not strength to remind you of all the vigilance, the care, and the love, which this sad situation will demand from you. I rely upon you, even as I should upon my own heart. Farewell, my dear, my ever dear Richard!" These were the last coherent words he ever spoke!

All other guilt shows contemptible in comparison with that which I had perpetrated. In defiance of my brother's latest wish, I had robbed his offspring of every thing he was born to inherit. I had robbed a helpless infant, the poor and the fatherless, that had none to help him. The curse of God was upon me. My deed was foul. My act showed horrible and grim. My heart was turned to stone; "I struck it, and it hurt my hand."

But my crime was completed. There was no retreating. "There remained no room for repentance; but a certain fearful looking for of judgment." I could not recall the child I had sent away with Cloudesley. I could not acknowledge that I had imposed the body of a spurious infant upon the constituted authorities,

that I had obtained the certificate of the police of Austria, and the seal of the English ambassador, to a lie! My soul was doomed, and I was recorded a villain in the chancery of heaven to all eternity. Like Cain in the Bible, God had set a mark upon me, that all men might shun, and abhor me.

As lord Danvers said this, he paused. Large drops of sweat stood on his forehead; and he seemed for a brief interval deprived of the powers of speech.—He resumed.

CHAPTER XIX.

I HAVE already said, that from the moment of my brother's death, my heart has never known an instant of peace. In my journey from Vienna to London I was beset with a thousand demons. The purpose of my return home was to assume my rank, and take possession of my estate. But this thought was an insufficient preservative against the inroads of remorse. As long as I was engaged in the forbidden acts necessary to the accomplishment of my purpose, the cabals with Cloudesley, the secret sending away of my brother's child, and the possessing myself of the lying attestations of his death and interment, ambition possessed me alone. I had no leisure for any other thought; one step seemed indissolubly linked to another in my career. My whole soul was inebriated, or rather was wrought up to a sustained and continuous phrensy.

But these things being completed, I was now alone. I had lost my brother, my sister-in-law, and my nephew. I had no longer any one near me, to whom I was bound by natural ties, or the still more sacred bonds of affection. I had lost even my partner in guilt, with whom to talk over the crimes I had perpetrated, and to mea-

sure and ascertain the advantages I had gained. The good man can be contented and serene in solitude: but such a one as I needed a thousand diversions to beguile the time, and enable him to forget the substantial realities of life.

I was alone in my carriage, as I traversed Germany from Vienna to Ostend, or worse than alone with my valet in the same vehicle, to speak when he was spoken to, and to do as he was directed. I traversed in my route many extensive forests, and many sandy and dismal plains. My journey was made in the bleakest and most naked season of the year. Dark clouds were perpetually hurried along the horizon; and the air was nipping and severe. I seldom slept in my carriage, but was left to the uncomfortable communion of my own thoughts. I slept not, but was lost in long and vague reveries, unconscious how the time passed, but feeling that it was insupportably monotonous and tedious. My mind was in that state in which a man has an undefined feeling that he exists, but in which his sensations rarely shape themselves into any thing that deserves the name of thoughts.

In this situation, particularly when the shades of evening began to prevail, and in the twilight, my senses were bewildered, and I seemed to see a multitude of half-formed visions. Once especially, as I passed through a wood by moonlight, I suddenly saw my brother's face, looking out from among trees as I passed. I saw the features as distinctly as if the meridian sun had beamed upon them. The countenance was as white as death; and the expression was past speaking pitiful. It was by degrees that the features showed themselves thus, out of what had been a formless shadow. I gazed upon it intently. Presently it faded away by as insensible degrees as those by which it had become thus agonizingly clear. After a short time it returned. I saw also Irene and the child, living, and dead, and then living again. No tongue can tell what I endured on these occasions. It was a de-

lirium and confusion and agitation that continued for hours. The fits were not periodical. If I had a visitation of this kind at night, that afforded no security that it would not return again in the morning, and again at noon. My appetite deserted me; my eyes became fiery and blood-shot.

CHAPTER XX.

Immediately after my arrival in England, I repaired to this place, at that time the residence of Robert earl Danvers, my cousin, who died here somewhat less than a year ago. He was about fifteen years my senior. As being the representative of the elder branch of the family, it seemed due to him that I should in person give him some account of recent events, previously to my passing over to Ireland, to take investiture of my honours, and possession of the estates, in that country. He was gratified with this mark of attention.

I found my cousin a man of a singularly grave turn of mind, yet of great urbanity, and a conciliatory and prepossessing manner. In all his motions it was easy for me to see that he recollected that he was an English earl, while I, on the other hand, was only a baron of an inferior and dependent kingdom. He was, however, a widower without children, and felt that, unless he married again, to which at present he had little inclination, I was destined to be his successor.

I related to him many events with which he was not previously acquainted, of my brother's and my own share in the campaigns of prince Eugene against the Turks. I related our adventures in Croatia, and how we had met with Irene and her mother. I did justice to the beauty and accomplishments of Irene, and

spoke of the fearful misfortunes to which she had been exposed. In fine, I related the unhappy affair of Fabroni, and spoke with rapture—no man could do otherwise—of the admirable qualities of the late lord Alton. His body was already deposited in the tomb of his ancestors at Owston.

Thus far it was well. I could speak with a free bosom and an ungalled heart, of all that pertained to my brother to the period of his decease. I tasked my nerves to relate with plausibility and composure the rest of the story. I spoke of my return to Vienna, and my visit to the sequestered retreat of my sister. I related the unhappy effect which the fate of lord Alton had produced on her, and the consequent perishing of both mother and child. I laid before lord Danvers, as in duty I was bound to do, the evidence of these unhappy events.

The whole passed off clearly, and without exciting the slightest suspicion. My voice did not falter, my brain did not split, while I told the lying tale, and exhibited the counterfeit certificates. Oh, what a piece work is man! How little correspondence is there between the outer seeming and the inner substance, especially where no previous suspicion exists in the spectator and hearer! Could lord Danvers have drawn back the curtain and looked at what was passing within me, how indescribable would have been his astonishment! My disguise was but skin-deep; but it served me instead of walls of brass and towers of adamant.

I passed clear and unsuspected through the scene. But for the wealth of India I would not have gone through it a second time. All the racks and tortures that ingenious cruelty ever invented, seem to me to be as nothing, in comparison with this torture of the mind. I set my teeth, and strung my eyeballs, that nothing sinister or injurious might escape me. Or, when I did not do so, I played freedom of heart and an easy manner, a thing a thousand times more trying. I felt

astonished that lord Danvers, a man of experience and the world, did not detect me.

From England I passed over to Ireland. I caused my succession to the barony to be enrolled in the office of arms at Dublin. Here I met with no difficulty. I exhibited the same documents to the proper officer there, which I had previously laid before lord Danvers.

Thus then I attained to the summit of my ambition. It had been a subject of the most poignant discontent to me in early youth, that I was a younger brother. I was no longer a younger brother. I had repined that I was born twelve months too late. That subject of uneasiness was now removed. The house in county Cork, and the house in Dublin, were mine. I had rank, title, and equipage. I had the estate to which that title was annexed.

But was I happy? No. The worm within gnawed at my heart. I was a lord; but I was also a villain—so my conscience whispered me. I was a foul usurper. That I should become what I was had been effected by lying, forgery, and fraud. The son of Alton and Irene, the heir of all their admirable qualities and all their virtues, was an exile in foreign lands. It was necessary to my purpose, that he should be for ever unknown. What had his parents done to merit this at my hands? I was his natural protector. The tragical end of his father and mother, by means of which he had come into the world deprived of guardian, cherisher, instructor, of those who should have defended him against the injuries of the base, rendered this a thousand times more incumbent on me. What I had done was to the last degree dastardly and contemptible, and substantially struck me off for ever from the roll of all that was worthy of the name of man. But I was a lord.

I looked round me, and began to consider how I was to be occupied, and in what manner my days were to be diversified, and my life rendered tolerable. I had received a liberal education, and felt a suitable

value for the accumulated treasures of mind laid up for successive ages. The history of the world in its various climates, the advances of mankind from barbarism to civilization, the inroads of despotism, the struggles for liberty, the profligacy and servility of some, and the generous elevation of others, with all the varieties of human propensities and human character, presented to me an immense storehouse of observation and wisdom. The depths of science, and the magnificence of poetry, with all that bards and and romancers have feigned of chivalrous and heroic, all the wonders of created nature, and all the sublimity of devotion, were at my command. An ample collection under these different heads was to be found in the library at Dunmaine.

But what was all this to me? I could not endure to be alone. I carried that about me, that rendered solitude the most dreadful of evils. Whatever of the remains of the excellent of the earth I placed around me, I brought into the midst of them an essence of contamination, that withered all their laurels, and turned the wholesome hue of the soul into pestilence and death.

Sensible how slender were my resources from this quarter, I sought by plunging into dissipation to quiet the reproaches of conscience. I repaired to Ross, to Kinsale, and even to Cork. I associated with the gentry and the *bons-vivans* of my own neighbourhood. They all eagerly accepted my overtures. I joined them in the sports of the field. But in vain. By what I had seen in my campaigns, and in my winter abodes in Vienna, I was unfitted for their society. And, though in their midnight orgies I found enough of noise and apparent hilarity, yet in the riots of the bottle I discovered no medicine for my inward grief.

I then changed the scene for Dublin, and the metropolis of England. I became a member of the clubs. Here certainly I observed a considerable superiority of refinement and intellect. But my nights were

sleepless. And often when conviviality was at its height, the recollection of the means by which I had climbed to my present eminence, would rush on my thoughts, and convulse my very soul. In the midst of crowds, I was alone. The evil genius that haunted me perpetually, self-contempt, and conscious degradation were my sole property; no one participated them with me; no one so much as suspected what was passing in my bosom. My life became a burthen to me. I felt an ardent, but a fruitless wish, to exchange my miserable condition, with all its external splendour, for that of the meanest rustic, whose joy it is,

> To see the sun to bed, and to arise,—
> To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
> Go eddying round, and small birds how they fare,
> To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
> Then stop and gaze, then turn they know not why,
> To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
> And all fair things of earth how fair they be;*—

and this with a heart at ease and an unstained conscience. But such could never be my envied lot. My health declined; my flesh wasted away; I was reduced almost to a skeleton.

CHAPTER XXI.

At length I bethought me of what I believed would be a more effectual remedy. My cardinal calamity was that I was alone. Of all the persons in contact with me, none in truth came near me. They cared not for me; I cared not for them. I saw a pictured world, a multitude of faces that flitted by me, but nothing of reality, nothing that gave impulse and motion

* John Woodville: a Tragedy.

to my soul. I resolved that this state of things should cease. I knew that, of all things that bind a man to the earth on which we dwell, and give him a genuine interest in his kind, there is nothing so sovereign, as the ties of a domestic circle. This thought brought me once again into intercourse with my species. I frequented the assemblies where persons of both sexes meet and communicate with each other. I inquired out the families of such as lived in the best reputation, and were applauded for vivacity, elegance, and mutual good-will. The very thought had a salutary effect upon me. I had an object to pursue; and hope sprung up in my bosom.

In conclusion, I met with a family of the name of Fortescue, which particularly fixed my attention. It consisted of a father and five daughters; they had lost their mother. The eldest daughter especially interested me. She had an expressive countenance, a look of singular gentleness, and a complexion uncommonly pale. Their late mother had been a most exemplary parent; and the girls had been in a high degree benefited by her care and instruction. The father was rude and illiterate; he had been bred in the navy; and his system for governing his daughters, was the same that with sufficient success he had practised on board a man of war. His great aim was to marry the young ladies, and launch them respectably in the world as mistresses of families.

Selina, the eldest, had an admirer, a young man of fashion and fortune. He was eminently coxcombical, and endowed in a high degree with the grace of assurance. He was a member of all the clubs; his conversation consisted entirely in slang and cant phrases; he was a black-leg and a jockey, and was always foremost in scenes of debauchery and riot. He was importunate in his suit to Selina. She regarded him with dislike and terror; but he was strenuously patronised in his views by Captain Fortescue. It was the main object of this gentleman to marry his daughters;

and he judged it necessary for his purpose, that the eldest should be led first to the hymeneal altar.

Selina was labouring under the combined persecution of her father and her lover, when I first met with her. I instantly conceived a strong partiality for her, and in no long time made her understand the feelings with which I was animated. The success of my suit was no doubt greatly owing to the character of my rival. I had not passed through so many scenes in Hungary and Vienna, without having eminently imbibed the manners of polished life. My carriage had been insensibly formed upon that of my brother, the late lord Alton. I had seen much of military life and a court, and had the power of detailing what I knew, in a manner which contributed much to the entertainment of my hearers. A lover is perhaps always prone to adopt the character of a relator and an historian. In a word, my conversation appeared with eminent advantage to Selina, in contrast with that of the empty and impudent coxcomb that had by a short time preceded me.

> She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
> And I loved her, that she did pity them.

Even the depression under which I laboured, and the apparent melancholy of my disposition, served to complete the contrast between me and my presumptuous rival, and to make my addresses the more acceptable. I asked Selina whether she thought she could always endure as a husband, a man so deficient in cheerfulness and gayety; and I received the most encouraging answers. Selina said she was of a tender disposition and a quiet temper; and she thought any thing was better, than the ranting and obstreperous character of her former suitor. I should find, if it was our lot to be united, that she would know how to sooth my sorrows, and study in what manner she could heal my wounded peace.

With respect to her father, his sole object was to dis-

pose of his daughters for life. In that point he was not inclined to relax. But I was in every way as good a match as the lover he had patronised: and therefore, as far as that went, he was willing that Selina should indulge in her own preference. The negotiation was not long in hand; and we were married.

The event fulfilled my warmest expectations. Till the day of my brother's unfortunate duel with Fabroni, I had had scarcely a solitary gratification or desire. My attachment to him had been complete and without reservation. My true character, up to the time of that fatal event, had been that of a self-lover in the narrowest sense of the word reformed. The death of lord Alton, had removed the dam which shut up my evil propensities as with doors, and the stream returned once more to its old course with increased violence.

But to love one's self exclusively, supplies too narrow a field for the natural propensities of the human mind. It became necessary for me to love another as the instrument of my own happiness. Not that this was altogether the case in the union of myself and Selina. I admired her for her inherent qualities. I felt a rational and an earnest approbation of the mildness of her temper, and her steadiness of purpose. I should certainly have entertained the same sentiment, although her virtues should have no application to my own interests, although she had been the wife of another. The more I knew her, the more I loved her. All this had an extremely favourable effect on my own tranquillity.

My situation was a new one. I had not anticipated the pleasures of a married life. Selina therefore, to an extraordinary degree, engrossed my thoughts. We arranged together our modes of life, our plans of society, and the disposition of our time. I did not find in her a single fault. To read in the countenance of an agreeable woman her approbation of my suggestions, and to consult it that I might learn from it her wishes and desires, was a situation in which I was wholly inexperienced; and it had all the charm of novelty to me. I

began to entertain a comparative value for myself, because I was valuable to her. We talked; we read; we made little excursions and sought amusements together. I could now go into company with a new zest, because it was agreeablo to her. When I talked to others, I stole from them a furtive glance, to see whether she was at her ease, and was happy. At public places her being pleased was the main source of pleasure to me. For a time I even forgot the wound of my heart.

This, however, was a good fortune that I could not long enjoy uninterrupted. Sometimes I was alone; sometimes in society or public places, though I was present in body, I was absent in mind. A sudden fit of anguish would overcome me. I recollected that the whole part I was playing was a falsehood. I was not the genuine lord Alton. The rank I bore was a forgery; the income I spent was the property of another. And I was involving the most amiable and deserving of women in an unconscious participation of my guilt. Then, where was my brother's child? I had placed a thousand miles distance between us; I had left him with no other protector than the partner of my crime. What misery, what degradation might hereafter be his! And I, I was the author of this, his nearest relative, the person to whom his father and mother, so untimely removed from the scene of existence, had looked, and looked with such ample reason, to shield him from every evil. Then, if I considered only myself, what reliance had I that the lying part I was playing on the theatre of the world, would be permanent! I was at the mercy of the confederate of my guilt, a villain, who had sold every sacred principle, and the strictest ties that can bind a man to a just proceeding, for gain!

My condition, however, was inexpressibly different from what it had been before my marriage. Then I might grieve as much as I thought proper, unrestrained. No one had a motive to restore me to my self-

possession. No one dared to throw himself in the way as an obstacle to the career of my misery; and I was left to pursue and exhaust it to the utmost extent that the powers of my nature would sustain. But now I had a friendly eye at hand, ever ready to watch for my tranquillity. What words can tell the magic that there was in that eye! It was the serenest blue of the most exhilarating and life-giving sky, that ever the great author of nature spread out for the comfort and consolation of his creatures. Nothing more was necessary at almost any time, than for my eye to meet that of Selina, to restore me at once to peace and contentment. There was in the glance of that eye so much benevolence, such an anxious watching for my good, such a godlike pity, such an earnest and unrivalled sympathy. Could I refuse to be happy, when so excellent and lovely a companion showed that it was the first wish of her soul to make me happy? Could I fail to set some value on myself, and to be proud, when Selina manifested to me, that it was the incessant theme of her care that I should be composed and enjoy myself? No, I was no longer alone!

That which beyond all things constituted the merit of my wife's conduct, was, that it was free from all inquisitiveness, and the desire to know more than she was told. She saw that I had a secret sorrow. She feared to probe my wound; lest, however kind might be her intention, she might inflict injury where she purposed benefit. She did not believe that there was any perfect analogy between the wounds of the body and the mind. In the former it is perhaps necessary to search to the bottom, to remove the diseased flesh, to use the caustic and the knife, with an unsparing, but a judicious severity. The way to restore the general health and soundness of the machine, is for the man of skill to apply himself to reinstate the functions of the diseased member or part of the frame. Not so in mind. To set the mind at ease, it is often most judicious not to approach the seat of the distemper: it

is better to call off the attention from the source of the misery, than to direct the thoughts of the patient to the cause of his affliction. Once give occupation to the spirit, fill the soul with lively and stirring thoughts, wake up the secret chords of pleasure, give a companion to the solitary, present new pursuits and objects of attention,—and the clouds that oppressed the man with heart-breaking gloom will insensibly disperse, and a general and complete health will take possession of the machine.

The merit of Selina in her treatment of me consisted in her entirely divesting herself of all self-retrospect, and the cleansing her spirit from the whisperings and inspirations of pride. She saw that I had a secret sorrow; and she loved me the more. Pity mingled with, and added fuel to, the flame of her affection. She was willing to be the nurse of my mental disease. She did not think there was any thing in the case, of which she had a right to complain. My behaviour towards her was mild, respectful, even in some sort deferential. My infirmity was of an older date than that of our acquaintance. She loved me the more, because she was of use to me, and because it seemed as if I could not do without her. She had made up her account from the hour of our first intercourse, that, if we became man and wife, it would be necessary for her to watch over me, to observe my symptoms, and to endeavour to reconcile me to life and myself; and she felt a deep complacency in the discharge of her duties in these particulars. Thus to employ herself was to her real happiness.

But, though the exemplary conduct of Selina was an incalculable advantage to me, it must not be supposed that I was perfectly happy. The recollection of my precarious situation and my crimes, would occasionally spread itself like a dark cloud over my horizon; and I became convulsed with agony. At these times I grew unreasonable, impatient and ferocious; the mildest treatment would not make me tame; and I re-

venged on the innocent and kindly bystander the shooting and bitter pangs that had their source in my own bosom. All this Selina bore with unaltered patience; pity for my sufferings never failed to remove every shade of resentment from her thoughts. And I, when I saw the angelic sentiments speaking in her eye, was brought back as by magic to a sense of justice and humanity. My ferocity departed from me; and I became all compliance, tenderness, and gratitude.

Thus passed the first period of our married life, till it became evident that Selina was pregnant. I then proposed, and she consented, that we should pass over to Ireland, and take up our residence at the seat bequeathed by my late father in that country. There we had few neighbours, and those of no great refinement; but Selina made herself respected by all. For my part, I was never so happy, as when I had no society but hers. The interruption of occasional visits only served to give additional zest to the periods when we were alone. I likewise sometimes joined myself to the neighbouring gentlemen in the sports of the field. The sisters of my wife also favoured us with visits from England.

The condition of Selina gave new interest to our retirement. I already anticipated the period when I should be a father; and this added mutually to the kindness we felt for each other. The scheme of life into which I had entered was dissimilar from all my former experience; and it was now promised to become complicated with new ties. To be a happy husband and the father of a beautiful and promising offspring was a thought that was balm to my soul; and, if the recollection of those witnesses of my crime which still were in existence somewhere in the south-eastern divisions of the European world sometimes occurred to my mind, the dearer objects that were perpetually subjected to my senses, proved of more powerful effect, and brought me back to speedy and substantial enjoyments.

In the process of time Selina made me the father of four children, two sons and two daughters. She proved no less exemplary as a mother than she had before done as a wife; and under her able and judicious management our happy progeny daily expanded in new loveliness and virtues. Their alternate frolics and caresses rendered my rural retreat a very paradise to me. I remembered the error into which my own father and mother had fallen, and its pernicious consequences; and I resolved that not the smallest difference of treatment should be allowed to introduce itself between my sons, the elder and the younger. They lived therefore in uninterrupted harmony and love.

Never was man more fortunate in his experiment of the connubial state, than I had been. I seemed to possess every ingredient that might have constituted the most unalloyed happiness. What occasional spectator would not have envied a lot, which falls to the share of so few among mortal men! But it was all unsubstantial and hollow. The consequences of my misdeed pursued me. Heaven, though sometimes slow in executing the retribution laid up for us, is still in vain to be expected to forget the vindication of its justice. And I have finally been made a fearful example of what may reasonably be expected to be the concluding scene of the perpetrators of audacious guilt.

CHAPTER XXII.

The establishment of Irene at the Briel was broken up after her death with all practicable expedition; and the persons who had had any connexion with it were dispersed in different directions. I and my suite repaired in the first instance to England. Cloudesley and Eudocia, with the infant foundling, whose fortunes they had undertaken to conduct, set out, even sooner than I had done, for Neustadt, an Austrian town, on the road to Italy, and there took up their residence.

I have already explained the mixed character of Cloudesley, compounded as it was of the original gentleness and affectionateness of his nature, and the bitter and severe misanthropy which his misfortunes had instilled into his soul. It was the latter part of his complicated disposition which prevailed, and dictated his proceeding in the compact which had been entered into between him and me, to enable me to take possession of the titles and estates of his deceased master. He resolved, in pure and exclusive selfishness, and in contempt of all other interests than his own, to take advantage of the situation in which he was placed. He would no longer be the shuttlecock of chance, to be the servant of Irene or myself as long as either of us might think proper; and, when we pleased, that we

> Should whistle him off, and let him down the wind,
> To prey at fortune.

His determination therefore was taken, in a bold and unflinching spirit, to make price of me; and his terms were no less than a firm and clear engagement on my part to pay him an annuity of five hundred pounds as

long as he lived. He undertook in return, in consideration of this provision, to take charge of my brother's infant son, to preserve my secret inviolate, and that I should never be disturbed, whether Cloudesley lived or died, by any claims to be set up on the part of this child. An engagement of this kind could not have the sanction of a legal instrument. But we both of us seemed to have no contemptible security for the performance of the bond. He could expect the payment of his annuity no longer than he adhered to the conditions on which it was granted; and I on the other hand, if failed in punctuality, must make account that I should rouse a sleeping lion. He had therefore a deep interest in preserving the life of the child; while nevertheless he knew enough of my disposition, to feel tolerably certain that, even if the child were dead, I should think five hundred pounds a year a cheap purchase, to preserve my reputation untainted, and to prevent so infamous a story from being published to the world. It is true, that men would not give implicit credence to a tale promulgated by a confessed accomplice: but it was not in my nature to suffer the tenour of my life to be canvassed *pro* and *con* by the discussion of so horrible a story, if it were possible for me at any price to prevent it. I could, it is sufficiently evident, work myself up to the perpetration of a crime: but there were no mortal sufferings that I would not have endured, rather than be exposed to the imputation of it.

When Cloudesley took the infant in his arms, under the engagement that no obstacle should arise from this quarter to my assuming the title and possessing myself of the estates of my deceased brother, he had not yet determined in what way to proceed to accomplish his undertaking. The first thought that occured to him was that he would remove the child for ever from my sight and his own, by disposing of it to some poor person, in consideration of a comparatively trifling sum to be paid for its future support. This plan had many obvious recommendations. If he adopted it, it would

have the advantage of banishing everlastingly an object, the sight of which would at no time fail to remind him of the guilt he had contracted. Attached as he had been to his late master, and indebted for the most essential benefits, he felt that he was acting a most base part in conspiring against his helpless and orphan child. But, for the moment, the idea of ensuring to himself a handsome, almost a gentlemanly, provision as long as he existed, was too strong for these recollections. He would of course have left the party that received the child in perpetual ignorance as to the parentage of the unfortunate outcast. By this conduct therefore he would seem to have secured the reward he had so dishonourably earned, and at the same time be enabled still further from day to day to erase from his memory the recollection of his baseness.

The project, however, which Cloudesley had thus formed, was overturned in a moment. When he took the infant in his arms, with the determination at all events that it should be deprived of the rights of its birth, there were many contending sentiments at war in his mind, and the expression of these sentiments in his countenance must necessarily have been such as a mature person would have found it painful to contemplate. His complexion was pale, his hair dishevelled and staring, and his eye was haggard. But (as if it had been under the direction of an all-ruling Providence) the child of my brother, void of all experience, and therefore of all terror, saw nothing of this. He turned on the gaze of this wicked and fearful visage, and smiled. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the simple and unadulterated smile of an infant from the smile of a creature already acquainted with conjecture and doubt, and apprehension and hope. It resembles the serenity of ether, and the purity of the blessed in heaven.

In addition to the instantaneous effect which this smile produced upon Cloudesley, he saw also, upon a more attentive perusal of the child's features, several

lineaments strongly reminding him of the countenance of his late master. For this he had not been prepared. By a violent effort he had endeavoured to separate in his mind the sentiment of fidelity to my late brother, from the injustice he had consented to practise towards his offspring. The subtle and artificial reasoning he had employed to quiet his conscience, was now swept away in an instant. The soul of my confederate was totally changed. He vowed that the orphan boy should never lose the advantage of his watchful care, or be removed from his sight.

By the operation of this circumstance the mind of Cloudesley was brought back to its original character. He was by nature mild, friendly, and affectionate. Adversity had in a considerable degree hardened his heart; and the temptation which had been presented by the death of my brother and my inordinate ambition, had been too much for his integrity to resist. But the idea that now presented itself of taking care of the child, making it his own, and omitting no means to secure its improvement and substantial advantage, took a weight from his mind, which, though he had resolved to endure, was not the less depressing and afflictive to him. It was a return to his former self, and a comparative jubilee to his soul. He had felt too bitterly the apostacy into which he had been tempted from the right onward path. Integrity and kindness were his natural element. And he swore that this should be the last deviation into which he would be betrayed.

When he announced to his wife his new resolution, she felt the truest delight in the intelligence. She had yielded to the masculine and resolute determination of her husband in the first instance; but she had yielded with reluctance. Her consent had been wrung from her by the imbecility of her nature; and she secretly repined, even when she most seemed to subscribe to the will of her lord. She now received the child from the arms of Cloudesley with the sincerest joy, and promised to be in all points a mother to it.

Cloudesley, with his wife and infant ward, as has been before mentioned, took up his residence at Neustadt. Though not populous, its streets are handsome, and it contains several squares. Its fortifications render it tenable against an enemy; it boasts of an imperial palace, and is the see of a bishop. The wall of the town is washed by the stream of the river Leitha. Here, that Cloudesley might not be without occupation, he engaged in the cultivation of a small tract of land, and surrounded himself with a little collection of horses, cows, and other animals, such as are seen in the neighbourhood of the dwelling of a rustic in the middle condition of life. He kept servants and dogs, and occasionally amused himself with fishing, and shooting such animals as are not protected as game by the nobility and great lords of the soil. As the income I paid him was fully adequate to all his wishes, he regarded the pursuits I have mentioned, both the more constant and the occasional, merely as they might contribute to his diversion and his health both corporeal and intellectual, and did not make himself their slave.

Eudocia, his wife, whose character I have already described, had all the advantages that usually fall to the lot of a Grecian female, of a lively and cheerful disposition, and not without some pretensions to beauty. She was not troubled with any very strict notions of moral principle, as may easily be inferred from the passiveness with which she yielded to the conspiracy of Cloudesley and myself, respecting the future destination of the offspring of Irene. Her offence in this sort against religion and morality sat but lightly upon her thoughts. But she was in other respects of a kindly and obliging temper and an affectionate disposition. Cloudesley and she were a handsome couple; and, though they did not at first come together from the impulse of a very romantic love, they daily became more pleasing and attached to each other. The husband had greatly the advantage in strength of under-

standing; and the schemes of life they pursued were deliberated and determined on by him.

They had no children; and, therefore, the infant they had undertaken to bring up in ignorance of his origin, was emphatically an object of attention to both. Many of the particulars I have to relate respecting their mode of proceeding are drawn from a journal kept by Cloudesley, which a few years ago fell into my hands; and in which he has put down with more ingenuousness and clearness of perception than I could have expected, whatever has reference to their sentiments and conduct at this period. The child was beautiful in limb and feature, with every promise of health and a sound constitution. His disposition was in no small degree docile and affectionate; and all his infant ways were winning.

Cloudesley and his wife, though imperfect characters, and capable of being misled from the paths of rectitude and honour, were both of them in different ways endowed with a tender and affectionate disposition. They were at their ease, possessing abundantly the means of every luxury which their moderate habits demanded. Exclusively of their little list of domestic and rural attendants, they had but one human creature under their roof, to give variety to their existence, and agreeably to occupy their attention, if at any time they should feel an excess of each other's society. This was my brother's son. They named him Julian. He passed for their own son, and therefore bore the surname of his supposed father. Their feelings towards him were of a mingled character, but were all of them conducive to the advantage of the child. They viewed him as the source of the income they derived from me, and were therefore prompted to cherish and make much of him. They viewed him as a helpless being, whom they had concurred to injure, had concurred to cut off from the high expectations to which he was born, and reduced to the condition of having no friend in the world but

themselves. They felt therefore a melting tenderness towards him; they resolved to bestow upon him all the honour which it lay within their limited power to confer, to strew his path with roses, and to give him reason to consider existence and the lot which had fallen to him as a blessing.

These good resolutions might by possibility have remained ineffective and barren: but there was that in the child which perpetually gave them new vigour and substance. He had received from his birth the invaluable inheritance of much sweetness of temper. There was that in his smile, which irresistibly ensured the kindness of those about him; it had in it the essence of confidence and love. He was all animation and life; his new-born limbs seemed to seek for a sphere in which to expand themselves. No cloud ever appeared on his brow; he never betrayed the slightest symptom of sullenness and stubbornness. Cloudesley and Eudocia were all he had of father and mother; and abundantly he paid them all the love they could have looked for from the offspring of their bowels. He stretched out his little hands to meet Eudocia, and to be received by her husband. His laugh was of genuine high spirits, expressive of and exciting gayety; and he crowed with a voice of health and a bounding soul.

But the season of jubilee to those by whom a child is truly loved, is when he begins to talk. Words of love and endearment are among the first he utters. How delightful is it to them, that his tongue should assure them of what they before learned only from dumb signs and uncertain gestures! It is like the first declaration between a lover and his mistress. No; there was nothing doubtful before; but articulated sounds are as the seal to the bond and make assurance doubly sure. It was now that Julian began to be caressing, that he would stroke down the hair upon Cloudesley's brow, and, when he saw him returning from the daily circuit of his fields, would run to meet

him, and proudly lead him in to his refreshment and his rest. Cloudesley would present him with a flower, a fruit, or a cake. The lispings, the imperfect efforts which the child would make to tell his supposed father of what happened in his absence, were all of them acceptable, and would smooth the brow of toil. In proportion to the want of power was the eagerness of the child to tell, till at length his mouth was stopped with kisses.

It is very early that a boy begins to display invention and ingenuity, and a sort of childish industry, all of which is exquisitely entertaining to seniors whose time is at their command. He imitates every thing he sees; and plays visits and entertainments with a seriousness of face, and an earnestness of attention, which is irresistibly comic. He gives his whole soul to it, and performs his part with a mixture of affected demureness and simplicity, which might put professional practitioners to the blush. The ingenuity of Julian was truly extraordinary. He made houses, and collected the little implements of furniture about him, which are usually supplied to children; and, when all of a sudden he observed Cloudesley or Eudocia laughing at the gravity of his demeanour, he would join in the laugh, and sweep away his little apparatus, with a consciousness of its worthlessness: at the same time that, as soon as the laugh was over, and the attention of his critics withdrawn to other objects, he would return to his contrivance, and grow immersed in it, as if nothing had happened to tarnish its glory.

Every day that passed over his head inspired Cloudesley with a more affectionate interest in the destination, the character, and the happiness of his ward. He felt towards him in many respects more than the sentiments of a father; but with these sentiments were mingled a mysterious sense of his dignity of birth, and a recollection that the name he had an hereditary right to bear, removed him far from the sphere of the plebeian herd. The blood that flowed

in his veins was noble; and its pulses had for ages beat with high aspirations, and the meditations of chivalrous enterprise. He was surrounded in the imagination of Cloudesley with a sort of atmosphere of prerogative, which no vulgarity and rudeness must dare to approach. Yet the yeoman saw him daily, almost perpetually; and from this familiar intercourse the language and thoughts of equality in love inevitably flowed. Julian listened to Cloudesley with all the docility of a son, and obeyed him with implicit deference and a ready submission.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The child was scarcely yet three years old, when the feelings of Cloudesley prompted him to transport him to a different scene. All that related to the future destination of Julian was yet in obscurity; he might by some unexpected event, without the concurrence, and even in defiance of the efforts of those by whom he had been made an outcast and an exile, be restored to his proper station. Cloudesley resolved, that he should be so educated, and brought up in such habits, as should prevent him from being a disgrace to any condition in which he might be called to move. His present pretended father had the means amply in his power to do him justice in that respect. Situated as he was, at a distance from his native soil, and with his activities necessarily contracted into a narrow circle, Cloudesley gradually came to consider the education, the improvement, and well being of his ward as the great business of his thoughts.

At three years of age he determined to remove him to Lombardy, and fixed upon the city of Verona as the place of their abode. Cloudesley had travelled in his

mind southward to Carinthia, the Tyrol, and the foot of the Alps. He went to Vienna to procure the best statistical accounts of these countries, and he inquired of all persons who were likely to afford him the fullest information. He was deeply impressed with the conception of the severe climate, the avalanches, and mountains of ice, that were to be found north of the Alps, even to the foot of the mountains, and the divine and paradisaical climate that presented itself the moment you had passed over them to the south, and had placed them as a mighty and almost insurmountable screen against all the harsher influences of the Arctic heavens. Cloudesley was of opinion that inestimable advantages of education and society might be obtained by this removal; but most especially his imagination reposed upon the refreshing breezes and the abundant fertility of Lombardy, and its varied and magnificent scenery. He persuaded himself that, for a child, especially between the third and the tenth year of his age, such a climate would be of incalculable advantage. His blood would flow cheerily, and his spirits would be for ever airy and gay. Cloudesley aimed in the first instance at the happiness of his ward in each succeeding day, as it passed. He wished that nature should smile upon Julian, that so Julian might be prompted to smile in return. He wished that the child might have for ever before him the magnificent foliage, the health-inspiring fruits, the rivers and the lakes, the brilliant skies and the peace-breathing sounds, the flocks and the herds, the beautiful cattle and the everlasting gayety, in which no country on earth can compare with Lombardy. Thus would Julian be led to the idea, that existence itself was joy. No dark clouds would intervene to disturb his happiness. His mind would be a stranger to all evil passions, all animosity and hatred, and the very temptations to stray from the paths of ingenuousness and truth. By this process two great ends would be attained, the present peace and felicity of his his ward, and the foundation gradually laid of a tem-

per full of philanthropical propensities, happy itself, and disposed to make all others happy.

One of the earliest acts of Cloudesley, subsequently to his arrival at Verona, was to reconcile himself to the church of Rome. His first object was the education and welfare of Julian; and he knew that it would be many ways disadvantageous to his ward, to be held the son of a Protestant father. Cloudesley could not give him the appearance of nobility and high station; but for that very reason he was the more anxious to move out of his way any disqualifications and obstacles to a hospitable and encouraging reception in the province where he dwelt. Eudocia had paid small attention to the peculiarities of religious creeds, and was scarcely aware of the difference between the Greek and the Roman church: there arose therefore no difficulty on her part to the plan which her husband had formed in this respect. They took every necessary step on this point, which might smooth their admission into good society.

Cloudesley gave himself out for the son of an English yeoman, a member of that class of his countrymen, whose occupation it is cultivate the land, or cause it to be cultivated, for their own personal benefit. He affirmed that his father had left him in such circumstances, as might enable him to set himself down with a competent income, in whatever part of the world he pleased. He avoided naming the province of England from which he came, that so, whatever report he thought proper to make of himself, his story might run the less risk, through any unforeseen accident, of being contradicted. His own station had been so far limited and obscure, as to afford small chance of his being identified as having been formerly a shopkeeper in a country-town. He also said nothing of the Hungarian campaigns or of Vienna. Silence in this respect was made incumbent upon him by the stipulations that had been entered into between him and me. He gave out that he had fixed himself in Verona, principally for the

advantages that might there be procured for the education of his only son.

A circumstance which contributed to Cloudesley's choice of Verona as his place of residence was the accident of his and Eudocia's engaging a girl, a native of that place, as a nurse for the child. She was brought from Italy by a Venetian nobleman, who had been appointed resident from his native republic to the court of Vienna. The countess Morelli, his lady, had a child of two years, a boy, to whom Camilla, the Veronese girl, had officiated as nurse from the hour of his birth. The child had sickened on the route; the parents had felt impelled to suspend their journey on that account at Neustadt; and, after two days' illness, the child died. Camilla had been deeply attached to the infant: but, that tie being removed, she requested her master and mistress to excuse her from proceeding farther. She was accordingly left behind. She found an aunt of hers married and settled at Neustadt; and it was agreed that she should remain with her aunt, till she was otherwise disposed of.

Julian was a few months older than the child who had died. He was of singular beauty. Joyous, well-tempered, and unsuspicious of harm, he rarely failed to meet the caresses of those who noticed and courted him, with the caresses of confidence and innocence in return. One fine summer's day, when Eudocia was walking in the fields near Neustadt, with the child holding by her hand, they fell in with Camilla. The girl, who had just lost her little darling, a beauty of the first water in her apprehension, was struck with the living beauty of Julian. The Grecian wife and the Italian maid resembled each other in the frankness of their manner. The Italian attempted to tell the little story of her woes; and, though Eudocia understood her very imperfectly, she felt much interest in a tale by which the relater was deeply affected. The Italians tell much of their story in dumb show; Julian listened very attentively, even when the two females scarcely thought of him. He attempted to bid Camilla not to cry and

distress herself; the artless sympathy of a child can hardly fail to make his prayer successful. She hastily dried up her sorrow, smiled on him through her tears, and almost devoured him with kisses. When they were to part, Julian refused to let her go. They proceeded together towards his home. The bargain was soon made. Cloudesley and Eudocia were both of them delighted with the girl; and from this time she became Julian's nurse. Camilla had a decided partiality to the young and helpless beings, who for so long a time need the most watchful care of the adult; and thus the fortunate Julian added a third friend to the two exemplary protectors, whose good-will he had enjoyed from the hour in which he could first distinguish a friend from a foe.

The child had therefore been singularly circumstanced at the period when his organs were first formed to the imitation of articulate sounds. Cloudesley spoke to him in English; Eudocia, with the pliability so characteristic of female love, learned a good deal of English from her husband; but she could not refrain, especially in moments when the heart most pours itself out without constraint, from mingling words of endearment borrowed from her native tongue; the German servants, and particularly the girl whom Camilla had succeeded in the care of the child, addressed him in German. Cloudesley was desirous of putting an end to this eternal jargon, and resolved, that as soon as possible the language of his ward should be Italian only.

When Cloudesley arrived at Verona, he soon fixed his residence in a *podere*, or little farm just without the walls of the city, and surrounded himself with Italian servants, as at Neustadt he had been surrounded with Germans. He farther entered into an engagement with a student of the university, to reside in his house, for the purpose of instructing Eudocia and himself in the Italian lauguage. He had it also in contemplation, that, as time rolled on, this young man might be rendered additionally useful as an instructor to his ward.

The university of Verona consists merely of a suite of apartments under a single roof, destined to the purpose of lectures, a library, a museum, and the different halls for experiments and operations, while the students and even the professors provide themselves with lodgings as they can, within the city and suburbs. The young man, therefore, with whom Cloudesley entered into this engagement, and who was destined to the profession of the church, but whose parents were in narrow circumstances, deemed himself happy in the opportunity of exchanging his instructions, and such other service as he could afford consistently with his attendance on the university, for a residence and diet under the roof of the English yeoman. Possessed of these advantages, Cloudesley made a rapid improvement in his acquisition of the Italian language. He read with his youthful instructor the writings of Bandello, Boccalini, and Boccaccio's Genealogy of the Heathen Gods, and advanced himself in the business of conversing and expressing his ideas in Italian, by his colloquies, not only with the young student, his inmate, but also with the servants and labourers that were employed by him in the affairs of his establishment. His progress was the greater, on account of the express object that had brought him into Italy, the advantage of the concealed son of his late master. This gave him an impulse, and accelerated the career in which he had resolutely engaged.

Having to a considerable degree effected this purpose, Cloudesley resolved in the next place to frequent the coffee-houses of Verona. He judged that it would be necessary for the benefit of his ward, that he should not be shut out from the usual intercourses of society, but that, on the contrary, he should be brought into contact with young persons of the best condition in Verona. Cloudesley, who had now an income amply sufficient for his purposes, which was regularly remitted to him, in no long time acquired the confidence and demeanour which characterize an independent

station. He forgot his inferior origin, his bankruptcy, his imprisonment in a jail, and that he had so lately been the servant of the father of Julian. He was a handsome man, with a form approaching to the athletic. His natural gifts were not contemptible, and he had seen somewhat of the varieties of human life. Add to this a well-stored wardrobe, and a carriage easy, well assured, and conscious of the new and more elevated sphere of life into which he had entered; and certain it is the advances of the English yeoman were not slighted by the best heads of families in the city of Verona.

Among the many distinguished residents at this time at Verona was count Orsini. He had been a traveller, and had visited England. He found in Cloudesley a sagacious observer of men and things; and there was a variety of topics upon which these two delighted to compare their remarks. Orsini studied agriculture as a science, and was desirous of reducing into practice such improvements as had suggested themselves to him in his travels. Cloudesley had yielded an enlightened attention to this subject in his youth; and now, having resolved to apply a portion of his leisure to the cultivation of the fruits of the earth, he also called to his recollection whatever he had seen at home, or observed in foreign countries, that he might use the land he had taken under his direction for the most advantageous purposes. Orsini, in addition to his palace, as it was termed, in the city of Verona, had a *podere*, or *ferme ornée*, at a very small distance from the residence of Cloudesley.

This circumstance gradually brought about an intercourse, not only between the Englishman and the Italian, but also between their respective families. The countess had a numerous offspring, male and female; and, unlike the generality of Italian mothers, she devoted a great deal of her attention to the improvement and education of her children. It happened early, that, in the walks for health and recreation in which the

countess accompanied them, she had encountered Camilla and the little Julian. She admired the English child, who was remarkable for symmetry and beauty, and had a fairness of complexion seldom seen on that side of the Alps, and entered into conversation with his attendant, as to what he was, and who he belonged to. The conversations occurred again and again. The countess addressed herself to Julian. He seemed delighted to be noticed by so fine a lady, smiled upon her with uncommon sweetness, and answered her, when he could, in his broken Italian. The countess called upon Eudocia. In the frequent meetings that took place, an intercourse also arose between the younger members of the party. There was something novel and alluring to Orsini's children in the appearance and air of the little foreigner. Julian on his part was not backward to meet their advances; and his animation, his good temper, and his frankness, made his acquaintance an advantage not to be despised by his juvenile neighbours. He was inventive and frolicsome: his inventions amused his little companions; and his frolics were an inexhaustible source of hilarity and laughter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Cloudesley and his family had lived nearly three years in Italy, when Julian was seized with the smallpox. For a day or two before the disease manifested itself, he appeared exceedingly indisposed, was in a high fever, and slept but little, and that uneasily, and with restless and convulsive startings. The little fellow laboured under great depression of spirits, and expressed a presentiment that he should die. Cloudes-

ley and Eudocia were alarmed with his situation, and treated him with the utmost tenderness, overwhelmed as they were with the apprehension in what way the symptoms they observed would terminate. They had no children of their own; the behaviour of Julian had been at all times kind, affectionate, and amiable; he had never, till now, given them a moment's pain; and their lives seemed bound up in the life of the child.

On the evening of the second day, about sun set, he became more tranquil and serene. He felt exceedingly weak; but was able to collect his little thoughts. Eudocia was in tears; and Cloudesley had hold of the child's hand, and gazed on his countenance with disturbed thoughts and anxious observation. Julian looked first at the one, and then at the other. "My dear mother!" said he, "my dear father! do not afflict yourselves for me. I think I shall die; and I can bear that very well. If I die, I shall be happy. Our Saviour loved little children, and said, of such is the kingdom of heaven. But I cannot bear to see you uneasy. Of what consequence am I? If I had lived, it should have been my study to recompense the great trouble you have taken about me. I have nothing to recollect in all my life, but your perpetual goodness and kindness to me. Cheer up, my dear parents! Do not make death bitter to me, by the sight of your sorrow! God will bless you, because you are good. Lay me in the cold ground; put the sod over me; and return, and be happy in each other! Oh, how you deserve to be happy!"

The words of the child were intended for comfort and consolation. But they were so affectionate and so resigned, that they produced something of a contrary effect. At intervals both Cloudesley and Eudocia betrayed their feelings in sobbing. But they endeavoured to restrain themselves. And, when he had ended his kind expostulations, they dried their eyes, kissed him, and smiled upon him as they smoothed his pillow. He had a sweet and composed sleep. Towards morning,

the poison that lurked within him broke out, and showed itself upon his body, his limbs, and his face From that hour he grew better. The distemper was of a favourable sort; every thing turned out well; and finally not one mark remained in his face, of this critical visitation.

When the child was lying, as they thought, in the most alarming situation, and which would probably terminate in death, the conscience of Cloudesley did not fail bitterly to accuse him of his misconduct towards the little victim. "Here he is," said he, "like a lamb brought out to the sacrifice. I am his murderer; and he thinks me his friend, and calls me his father. I ought to have stood by him, when every one deserted him. Was not my late lord my great benefactor, who took me from a jail among felons, and made me his companion and friend? He confided in me, and felt sure that I would suffer no harm to happen to him or his, which it might be in my power to prevent. I had a right, it may be, to think ill of the human species, and to regard war as declared between me and my kind. But this should only have bound me a thousand times the more to my generous master, who assuredly never did me any thing but good. And what have I done in return? Why, when this child was deprived of every friend, and lay at my mercy, while in his infant form was centred every claim to my humanity and my gratitude, I conspired with his enemies to destroy him. Who can doubt, that, if I had stood up in his favour with a firm and a manly mind, the conspiracy would have been quashed, or rather would never have existed? He would have been acknowledged, as he was born, an Irish peer, and in near prospect to an English earldom. An ample provision would have been awarded him by the laws of his country, out of the estates to which he was born to succeed. But I have sold him, as Judas sold his Saviour, for a miserable pittance of dirty pelf. He would have had guardians appointed him, and have been taken care of as a

British nobleman. All this was in my power: and what glory should I have acquired, by dissipating, even in embryo, every plot that was hatching against him? I could have placed him under the protection of prince Eugene, and the English ambassador, and the imperial court of Vienna. He would then never have contracted this fatal disease, in a corner so remote from his true country, here to perish unacknowledged and unknown. He would have lived, and not thus have been cut off in the morning of his days. He would entered in due time upon the career of honour; and his name would perhaps have been consecrated to the latest posterity in the page of history. Can I ever forgive myself? Am I not the most consummate of criminals, blasted with ingratitude towards the noblest of masters, and at the same time guilty of the murder of the sweetest and most promising child that was ever born to breathe the vital air?"

It was about twelve months after this, that Cloudesley himself was taken ill. He had been engaged in a hunting party; the chace was long; and he had come home exceedingly heated, and quite worn out with fatigue. He had retired early to bed; but, before morning, all the symptoms of a virulent fever showed themselves in him. He was delirious for several days; and it was only by the care of a very skilful physician that he was at length restored. Julian was, to the extent of his power, his indefatigable attendant. Not Eudocia herself was more careful; and the patient, when insensible to every thing else, always showed tokens of being particularly soothed by the kindness of the boy. Julian watched all his symptoms with unwearied care; when they appeared most threatening, he would for a few moments leave the room, that he might indulge in a passion of tears; and, when they were favourable, his eye would glisten, his cheek was suffused with a glow of intense pleasure, and he would give vent to his feelings by running to embrace his pretended mother. When Cloudesley was recovering,

the convalescent a thousand times called up to his recollection those beautiful verses of Shakspeare,

> He with his hand at midnight held my head;
> And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
> Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
> Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
> Or what good love may I perform for you?
> Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
> And ne'er have spoke a loving word to him—
> But I, at my sick service, had a prince.

"I am in truth the serpent that stung him, the conspirator that stripped him of all his rights. And this innocent, unsuspicious, affectionate boy, in return for all this evil, watches over my infirmity, and is perhaps the saviour of my life. I, who, if I were known for what I am, and if I were innocent, am scarcely worthy to perform for him the most menial offices, have a young cherub, rich with noble blood and kingly virtues, to watch at my pillow. Had I been void of fraud and of crime, he, perhaps, in the thoughtless pride of his lofty heart, would have disdained me; and now, because I am unworthy to live, and deserve to be held up a warning and an execration to mankind, he calls me father, and performs towards me more than the duties of a son."

Soon after his recovery I received a letter from Cloudesley, which you shall read. [It was as follows.]

I write from the overflowings of a contrite heart. May what I have to say be read with feelings like mine, which it well deserves to excite in the bosom of him to whom it is addressed!

It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe to you the beauty and the admirable qualities of the child under my care. His rosy hue is like the first blush of a glorious morning in an Italian sky. The motion of his limbs is like that of the gazelle in the hills and the forests of Arabia. His eyes send out sparkles of fire, yet softened by the feelings of the tenderest heart that ever beat in a human bosom. His lips are red, pulpy,

and varied with every expression that can charm and subdue the beholder. His voice is soft and clear, and has in it the model and extract of the divinest music. He is all affection and sweetness. To me and to his reputed mother he never gave a moment's pain. He is all compliance, all love, and the very soul of sympathy.

His understanding is of a very extraordinary nature. He comprehends every thing, and retains every thing. What would be a severe trial and a task to others, is sport to him. He has an unquenchable desire to know, and whatever is presented to him that is new, instantly rouses all his faculties. He learns, because learning is a passion in him, and for the sake of giving pleasure to the gentleman who teaches him, and to those whom he believes to be his parents. He is delighted with tales of adventure; and it is not to be told, with what intenseness he listens to and anticipates the fortunes of the persons to whom the tale relates, and with what generous sentiment he enters into the heroism and the virtues which the relater undertakes to describe. He bursts into tears of uncontrollable sympathy with the feelings that occur, and can no longer restrain his posture and his station, when the story approaches to a crisis. He threatens the evil-doer, and strains as it were to his heart the imagined figures of those who merit his regard. He clenches his fists with the earnestness of his emotions, while involuntary ejaculations ever and anon burst from his lips.

He is exceedingly ingenious. His soul is stirred up within him, when he contemplates the trumpet and clangour of war. The enterprises related in the poems of Ariosto and Bojardo rouse up his whole spirit. He amuses himself in the field adjoining to the house with cutting mimic trenches, and carrying on imaginary sieges. All that he hears of an exciting and glorious character he imitates. He shows in every motion, that he belongs to another sphere, and that the spring and soaring of his nature cannot be subdued. He is

born for high things; and his soul claims the place to which the rights of his birth had destined him.

Had it been otherwise, I could have been contented. I would have endeavoured to make him happy, and to have reconciled him to a humble lot. But, no! he is out of his place. I cannot look at him, without seeing the exalted and high-born nature which betrays itself in him at every instant. I must not be the obstacle to press down this aspiring plant, and bend its vigorous branches to the earth, which in their own nature are destined to "dally with the wind, and scorn the sun."

In your case and mine, virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment. I boldly appeal to your own heart; have you ever known a serene and a tranquil hour, since you robbed your brother's son of his birth-right? "The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy," are the indispensable conditions of pleasure to man. When our hearts are furrowed with care, and we have the thorns of conscience to prick and sting us within, in vain are all the dainties that would solicit our appetite, and the generous wines that would elevate our spirit. All the wealth in the world will not in that case make us truly rich; all the water in the ocean will not wash us clean. We carry that for ever about with us, that poisons every enjoyment, that fades the fairest colours, that clouds the brightest sky, that turns the most exuberant field into a barren heath, and makes life itself wearisome and insupportable. I appeal to yourself, whether you have ever forgotten for twenty-four hours the act, by which you profaned your brother's ashes, and made a mock of the most sacred tie that could in any case bind the spirit of man.

Even I have one consolation that you have not. I have this blessed child for ever under my eye. I can exert myself at every moment to drive away the shadow of evil from his sacred head; and I can apply all my power to do him good. I can do him some justice, and purvey for his intellectual improvement. I can

see that he is happy; I can administer to his enjoyments. Yet all this comes tainted to me by the thought, that I am his jailer, his robber, his worst enemy, presenting myself to him with treacherous smiles under the guise of a friend.

But you,—you cared not what became of him. All you thought of was, that you would take to yourself what was his. You cared not to whom you intrusted him; even I was for a moment his enemy. You cast him out to perish; the sooner the better, you thought, provided you were not charged with his murder. You cast him out to what was worse than murder—the chance of many years of destitution and misery, or, as it might be, of many years of all that disgrace and crime, to which destitution and misery are usually the prologue.

I most earnestly adjure you to turn round. It is never too late to do an act of justice. What a load of remorse and self-accusation will you take off from your mind! How will you "cleanse your overcharged bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart?" You are the natural guardian of the child; every rule of equity will allow you some compensation in that character. You are not without a younger brother's provision, as the son of the first lord Alton. But what are wealth and luxury in comparison of an honest mind? How happy is the man, confined to the barest necessaries, whose heart brings against him no accusation? Give to this child his proper title, and his true name. Clear to him the space assigned, that he may run the career of honour. Let him know what he is destined to, that he may prepare his weapons in time, and gird himself for the combat.

Meanwhile, act as you will, my part is determined. I will no longer be a sharer in this complicated villany. I will tell the boy what he is: he is already capable of apprehending the difference between a prince and a peasant. I will bring him to England; I will present him to lord Danvers; I will lay his true

story before the king and the peers of England. The tale I shall tell, and the proofs I shall bring, will carry conviction to every honourable mind. I only wait your answer, to commence the proceeding, which I have no doubt will procure justice to my much-injured ward.

CHAPTER XXV.

This expostulation, and these menaces, resumed lord Danvers, I resisted. The most exemplary of women had already borne me a son and a daughter. Could I break up this little establishment? could I overturn the prospects of creatures tied to me by the most sacred and heart-felt bonds, and record myself, the husband of the one, the father of the others, as the most pernicious of villains? No. I had put my hand to the plough, and could not draw back. I had engaged in a voyage, that could never be terminated as long as I lived, and they lived; and I must proceed.

No words can describe the agonies this letter inflicted upon me. Cloudesley threatened in it, that he would come to England, that he would bring with him my brother's son, that he would lay his appeal before the king and the house of peers, and would present to the English nation the tale he had to unfold. He said he would wait for my answer, before he proceeded. What security had I for that? But I sent my answer. I could not trifle with so formidable an adversary.

Hitherto the story had slept in the profoundest obscurity. The infernal legend had never found access to mortal ear; I stood to all that knew me an honourable man, a well educated and universally received peer of Ireland, against whom no word of censure had ever been breathed, whose character no one pre-

sumed to question. Henceforth I knew not, any morning that I rose, that the fatal blow would not be struck, or that the evening sun would not witness my eternal disgrace. It was not a question of fortune and station merely. The same blast that took them from me, would also tear away the cloak that covered me, and the mask behind which my true features were hid, and show me to all the world an unheard-of monster, from the sight of whom every human creature would instinctively shrink.

For six months from the time at which my letter must be supposed to reach the depositary of my secret, I looked upon it as unquestionably certain that this was to be the issue. It might be a little sooner, or a little later: an adverse wind might defer for weeks the arrival of the vessel, that had in its cargo the fatal box freighted with destruction to the fortune and character of me and every thing that was mine. But it would not the less certainly arrive at last.

Yet on one thing I determined; I would not be a party in any way to effect the ruin that by rapid and unceasing strides was coming upon me. It might never come. That was possible. I would cling to the last fragment of the vessel in which I had embarked my peace. My destruction was suspended by a hair; and every hour, every moment, this miserable security might break, and I should be overwhelmed.

It is astonishing that, amid these terrors, these mortal thrills, these shudderings of the frame, the well known forerunners of death, I continued to live. I slept not; or, if I forgot myself for a moment, that was the signal for all undescribable and unendurable visions to crowd on my soul. I had no appetite. Whatever was called by the name of pleasure was decreed never to come within my grasp, within my sight, within my hope. I was wasted to a shadow.

How different was my state of mind now, from that in which I had left Vienna, and come to England, after my brother's death, seven years ago! I had then been

divorced from my innocence and my honour; a foul mass of loathsomeness and moral putrefaction had been fastened on my heart, which no operation, and no incision-knife, though guided by the most skilful hand, could ever extirpate. From the hour of the death of Arthur by the sword of Fabroni, I had never known an instant's peace.

But that was a question of sentiment only. When I retired into my closet, when, by the reaction of my human spirit, I withdrew from the world, and communed with my own soul, I felt that there was one companion that went with me into my solitude, and that no doors and no bolts could ever shut out: and that was the image and representation of my guilt, my worthlessness, my unparalleled, my complicated, my cold-hearted and remorseless crime.

Still, whatever it were that my conscience secretly whispered to me, I held up my head in the face of the world, and challenged any man to cast an imputation on my integrity. Richard lord Alton, returned from the campaigns in Hungary against the Turks, was every where greeted with welcome, was embraced as the successor of his virtuous ancestors, as the gallant Englishman who had served with honour under the imperial standard, and had the attestation of the immortal Eugene to his achievements performed, and his courage displayed on the most trying occasions. Even the exploits of my brother swelled my honours, and were entwined in the laurels that crowned me. Fathers pointed me out to their sons as the pattern after which they should copy; and female beauty, in its most brilliant constellations, sought to distinguish me with its smiles, as what was unquestionably my due.

I had guilt in my heart. But I sheltered it under the panoply of honour, so that not the slightest glimpse ever betrayed it to the most penetrating eye. The scheme of my usurpation was so perfectly arranged, that nothing could ever assail it. I had the most authentic attestations to my brother's death, and to the

interment of his consort and his child. My pernicious secret was confined to only one human bosom, besides my own. For the fidelity of that confidant I had every security that the most prosperous criminal could desire. Cloudesley received from me a regularly remitted income of five hundred pounds *per annum;* and I could imagine no motive that could prompt him to betray so gainful a trust. If I could learn the art to tranquillize the vivacious, the never sleeping monitor in my own bosom (it was thus I reasoned),

> I had then been perfect,
> Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
> As broad and general as the casing air.

In how different a position did the repentance of my confederate place me? I had thought myself miserable before. But that I had to myself. The curious and well-constructed fabric, that before had hid me from mortal observation, was now shivered into dust. I was to be like Cacus, when Hercules demolished the den in which he had dwelt secure, and laid all his secret plunder open to the observation of the triumphant and insulting multitude.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Cloudesley had no sooner despatched his letter, than he began again, and with redoubled earnestness, to ruminate on the conduct he should pursue. He of course entertained a very uncertain hope that his expostulation, however fervent, would have the effect, to recall me to the path of duty, and to induce me to tread back again the devious steps in which I had involved myself. He had also threatened me. He had not felt sure, even while he wrote, that he would launch into

the hostile proceeding he had menaced. But he had judged it right to strengthen with this additional force the considerations with which he assailed me.

The purpose that was uppermost in his thoughts, was to promote the real interests of the little Julian. He had taken the blooming child for the centre of all his designs. He had made an idol of him; if it can be called idolatry, resolutely to pursue that which his understanding pointed out to him as most eligible. Julian was not of an age to judge for himself: Cloudesley therefore felt that he had the double task, to fix on what was best, and to take on himself the awful responsibility of proceeding, where the result of that proceeding would be virtually to affect the future respectability and happiness of a child.

There was nothing that Cloudesley so devoutly desired, as to see his ward recognised as the undoubted son and heir of his late master, as to see him admitted to the family honours, and acknowledged as the unquestioned proprietor of the Alton estates. This he regarded as the consummation to be wished for.

But there were two sides to this question. Was it certain that the exertions of Cloudesley would be effectual to secure to him this just and merited triumph? If there were much to be gained there was also something to lose. Up to the present moment the little Julian knew nothing of titles and honours, and luxuries and splendour. He was happy, and might be for ever happy in his ignorance. It was in the power of Cloudesley to supply him with a humble competence. He was now an inhabitant of the delicious climate of Italy; he was now, and might be for ever, happy in moderate pursuits and humble pleasures. No one with whom he would need to be in intercourse, would look down upon and despise him. He would have the most valuable of all inheritances, independence. He would have no cares, no vain pursuits, no contentious vexations. The sun would for ever shine upon, or the shade for ever protect, his unambitious brow.

This, however, was not his proper place. No one felt more keenly than his present generous protector, that this would be a fit situation for the real son of Cloudesley, but not for the heir of the proud family of Herbert. What Julian had at present, and in prospect not to be disputed, was something not to be thrown away, without mature deliberation.

The exertions of Cloudesley might be ineffectual to secure him a just and merited triumph. Supposing this to be the event, then what would happen? Julian would be the most contemptible of all spectacles, a pretender, a needy and disappointed adventurer. A perpetual blight would follow him; he would feel himself an outcast. The more equitable were his claims, the more acute would be his sense of the wretched figure he made in his own eyes. He would hate the world; he would be dissatisfied with himself; he would fly into the most impenetrable retreat, that so he might be concealed from the scorn of the multitude. No, said Cloudesley to himself with unalterable firmness; my beloved Julian shall never be an adventurer.

But what reason had Cloudesley to anticipate an unsuccessful issue? He knew that he had a tale to tell, full of truth, full of power, capable, it may be, of carrying conviction to every unprejudiced mind. But it is not thus that the graver affairs of this world, as they are called, are settled. Cloudesley knew that world. He had perhaps no proofs to adduce, that, in a court of law, could put down the formal attestations with which I was furnished. Then, in a court of law, money is every thing. It is no trifling undertaking, to thrust from his place a nobleman, whose title is already authentically recorded, and who has been admitted to the possession of the estates and the income annexed to that title. What a delightful resource is to be found in the procrastination of the law, where the steps to be multiplied in behalf of the rich man are eternal, and every step requires all but the purse of a monarch, before it can be surmounted!

Cloudesley had talked of going to the earl Danvers, and there in person laying before that nobleman, in his princely mansion of Milwood Park, the true case of the youthful Julian, and the cogent reasons with which it was supported. Lord Danvers was already advanced beyond the middle period of human life, full of ideas of his personal consequence, and of the unstained honour of his race. I had been beforehand with lord Danvers; and this question of a pretender he had never heard of before, would have appeared the question of an upstart. I had laid before him my certificates and attestations; his lordship had examined them with all due solemnity; and he had in the sequel admitted me to his bosom, and which was more, to the honour of his protection and countenance. No; lord Danvers was not a man that would ever submit to the disgrace of retraction, and the recording himself (such would be his version of the proceeding) a dolt and a driveller in the face of the world. He had made my case his own; and now no argument and no evidence would ever prevail upon him to separate himself from me.

Another consideration, calculated to make Cloudesley's application to lord Danvers desperate, was his lordship's impression as to the unstained honour of his race. His family had been in possession of the peerage for centuries; they traced the distinctions of their house in regular progression from father to son, from the time of William the Conqueror. Some of them had acquired laurels in the Holy Land; some of them had taken a distinguished part in the conquest of France by Edward the Third; they had contended before monarchs in the listed field; they had immortalized themselves by deeds of chivalry, had protected innocence and put down the oppressor of female honour by the dint of the sword. Lord Danvers looked through the long table of his family genealogy, without encountering the name of an individual for whose actions he felt he had reason to blush. When he was

gathered to his fathers, which in the course of nature must occur in no long time, he would be succeeded by Richard lord Alton, who had fought with honour in the wars against the Turks, and whose elder brother had died abroad, being a volunteer in those wars. Richard lord Alton, again had one son, and would probably have more, to perpetuate the honours of the family.

What was the purpose of Cloudesley, if he came into the presence of lord Danvers, and gained a hearing from him? To tell him that there was one base villain, whose name was inscribed in the roll of his genealogy, a man who had perpetrated the most ignominious of crimes, had taken advantage of the premature deaths of his brother and his brother's wife, had stripped the helpless orphan, and turned him out nameless to the world, and had usurped the estates his only claim to which was founded upon the perpetration of this crime. The act which was charged upon him, stamped him at once, if proved, a man without courage, feeling, honour, or principle.

In what temper of mind would lord Danvers listen to the tale? He would have said to the late lord Alton's menial, who had come over to England to prefer such a charge, Who are you, that I should give credence to your story? If you persist in it, go before the king, before the assembled lords, and the courts of law; but come not to me. But no; you are conscious that it is all an imposture, and think that with a specious narrative you can impose on my declining age. But I have still the strength of mind to resist your intrigue, and the firmness of temper to drive you from my house. Have not I the certificates of lord Alton's death, and of the interment of his wife and child, and what can you bring that in point of cogency can compete with these? Thank God, my name is still undishonoured; and this base conspiracy against it shall be detected, as all other base conspiracies are, by the all-seeing eye and the righteous judgment of my God!

In fine, the decision of Cloudesley was, that, unless he could strike my heart with compunction, things should remain as they were. He resolved, that his beloved ward should never become that most pitiful of all things, a defeated adventurer, an animal crawling on the earth, claiming things that should never be conceded to him, and exhibiting to every one he met, his barren hopes, his secret repinings, the brand of defeat and discontent for ever conspicuous on his brow. Cloudesley was able to bring him up obscurely, but with tranquillity and cheerfulness. The worm of disappointment should never prey on his soul. Meanwhile, he would secure to him every advantage of education that Italy could afford, and render him the admiration and envy of all his contemporaries, as by his natural gifts he was so well qualified to be. Cloudesley in reality still retained in his heart the sanguine persuasion, that the day would come, when the friendless Julian should be restored to all his honours, and when, adorned with every accomplishment, and instinct with the sublimest virtues, he should be acknowledged for the honourable representative and successor to an illustrious race. He purposed to expect the fulness of times that should bring all this to bear.

It was long, however, before I became acquainted with the alteration that had taken place in the mind of Cloudesley. For six months I expected every day when the storm would burst upon me. By degrees the intenseness of my anticipation subsided. But it left behind it an entirely new tone in the feelings of my mind. I was like a man lying in prison for a long time under sentence of death. The execution was deferred year after year; but the warrant was drawn, and only waited for the executive magistrate to affix his signature. The world in reality was nothing to me. Pleasure was not pleasure; and amusement ceased to be amusement. I lived under the oppression of an obscure and opaque atmosphere, which took away all

spring and content from my soul. I could not rise, I could not be moved, to joy. Life was a burthen.

And, if I were wretched from conscious guilt even at the best, there were seasons in which I suffered an anxiety and excitement of soul that baffles description. I anticipated the fatal blow that would fall upon me before the setting sun. On these occasions society was insupportable to me, and exertions of every kind not to be endured. I shut myself up in solitude. Every whispering wind seemed to bring with it the intelligence of my ruin. If the floor but creaked, it was converted into the creaking of chariot-wheels, that brought with them the intruder who was to drive me in nakedness and execration from the roof that sheltered me. When the door of my apartment opened, it shook every limb in my frame. I shivered, like a man overtaken with mortal agonies. Cold drops of sweat stood on my brow. And when, at length, after the long and endless hours of the day were passed, the darkness of night showed itself, I was lost in astonishment that the luminary of the world went down, no otherwise marked than the suns of all the preceding days had been already.

It is farther necessary to observe, that I could not reason on lord Danvers as Cloudesley did. His premises were true: the earl was decidedly my friend; and he was as sensitively alive to the honour of his family as the cherisher of Julian supposed. But could I look forward to the issue of an appeal made to his understanding and justice with heart unmoved? Lord Danvers was a man of penetration and judgment. Cloudesley had a tale to relate, the very kernel of which was truth. He was capable of doing justice to it; and his deep feelings of compunction for the crime to which he had been accessory, would give to his narrative irresistible energy. With what feelings could I enter upon the trial, a trial for what was to me much dearer than life, my good name in the face of the world? I should be called upon to hear Cloudesley's

relation, to encounter his eye, to face his earnest appeal addressed to myself for the truth of what he said. I should have to confront, to answer, to overturn, as I could, his various allegations. What would be the issue of our mortal contention?

If it had been a trial in a court of justice, the case would be different. I should have to instruct a hired advocate; and he would varnish over the circumstances with all the speciousness and effrontery that belong to his trade. He would shrink at nothing; he would feel no trembling, no secret misgivings; he would be disgraced for ever in his profession, if he did. I need not utter a sound; I need not be even present at the awful crisis. He would have to produce the precise documents the law requires; and he would have them in readiness and full. He would have to disarm the circuitous and indirect circumstances which were brought against him. The judge and the jury would be called upon to decide, not according to the instinctive feelings by which an ingenuous mind is led to the touchstone of truth, but by rules of evidence, by acts of parliament, and all those musty precedents by which truth is ever and anon overwhelmed with discomfiture and confusion.

But, in reality, it was not the issue of the trial, be it which way it would, that I regarded with the greatest terror. That the disgraceful tale should be gravely and publicly canvassed, was the thing that, more than death, I was desirous to avoid. If the story were divulged, every man in every street would make his judgment of it as he pleased. My character and good name would be torn into a thousand fragments. Nothing could satisfy me and give peace to my soul, but the assurance that the story should be for ever suppressed, and that my dishonour, my fabrication and cold-blooded plot to circumvent the child of my dying brother, should never be whispered in the ear of the meanest individual, dwelling in the obscurest corner of the earth. This was what my welfare demanded; what chance had I to obtain it?

In a certain sense I had perhaps a right to consider the letter of Cloudesley as having dissolved our contract on his part, and giving me a right to depart from it on mine. I might withhold from him the income, which had hitherto regularly been paid. He was in a country at a formidable distance both from England and Ireland; and under these circumstances might I not defy him to do his worst? If his supplies were ever so suddenly cut off, I might perhaps conclude that he would have wherewithal to defray the expenses of his journey home with his wife and the child under his care. But these expenses might probably make a fearful reduction of his means; and he had in all likelihood no resource from which to supply himself in future. He would come home poor, and would every day grow poorer. A poor suitor always labours under great disadvantages. Might I not rely upon my power to prevent his making a friend of lord Danvers? And without ample means he would have small hopes of obtaining success to his plea in the courts of law.

But I could not reason thus. To think of his arriving in England on any terms was no less an evil than death to me. He had my secret in his keeping. What he would do respecting that secret, if provoked, and what success would attend his hostility, were problems I could not bear to reflect on. No: the only part that I conceived was left me, was to sooth him to the utmost of my power. He was like a wild beast, which I could not shut up, and which therefore by blandishment and temporizing I must endeavour to disarm of its ferocity. I accordingly resolved that I would neither subtract from nor delay the instalments of the income I had engaged he should receive; and I took care to signify to him that such should be my conduct, as long as he did not throw away the scabbard, and proceed to the last extremities against me.

I was besides not dead to some remains of sympathy for my brother's son. The wonderful accounts of him that Cloudesley transmitted to me were not without

their effect on my choice. I wished him no farther evil. I had already done him mischief enough. I quieted my conscience with the reflection, that the distinction of ranks was artificial and ideal. To me it was much, for I had been brought up in the lap of aristocracy. But to him, if he were educated as the son of Cloudesley, I persuaded myself that his chances for happiness would be fully as great, as if the expectation of inheriting the fortunes and rank of his fathers had been instilled into his infant mind. I would not for worlds, that he should, by any proceeding on my part, be reduced to poverty and destitution, and all the evils and temptations that too often fall to the lot of an unprotected vagabond.

CHAPTER XXVII.

From this time forward Cloudesley applied his principal attention to the education of his ward. It was his resolution that Julian should not be the son of disappointment; and he therefore determined that he should be bred in profound ignorance of his real parentage. He was to be brought up as the son of an English yeoman, who, with means sufficient for content and abundance, had fixed his residence in Italy; and he was never to know any other father than Cloudesley, unless a new and truer career in the vicissitudes of human life should be opened to him under the most auspicious circumstances. There did not exist in Italy any other person acquainted with his real origin, except Cloudesley and Eudocia; and she was accustomed in all matters of primary importance to conform implicitly to the will of her husband. It was therefore entirely in the power of his protector, to save Julian from that ambiguous character and fortune, which his affec-

tionate guardian justly regarded with indescribable horror.

Cloudesley was anxious in the first place for the robustness and sound health of the corporal frame of his pupil. He knew, that without health the enjoyments of a human being must be greatly curtailed, and that moral courage, that first of intellectual qualities, is intimately connected with animal strength and dexterity. The life of Julian's protector, like the lives of all human beings, was of an uncertain tenure; and Cloudesley wished that his ward should be able to make his own way in the world. It is the destiny of man, like that of the animals inferior and brute, to grow up for a certain time under the parental wing, and then to be launched in the world, and enter upon his independence in turn, the only difference being that the brute undergoes this change a little earlier, and man a little later.

Cloudesley took the child with him in the fields, assoon as in the fine climate of Lombardy he was capable of this discipline; and he kept him as much as possible in the open air. He taught him to run and to vault, inciting him to the first by the view of some object to be overtaken and seized; and to the last he found the pleasure annexed to the development and play of the limbs to be motive enough. One of the first exercises he taught to his pupil, different from those which were as constantly resorted to as the day came round, was swimming. There are days, when the Benacus, or Lago di Garda, though frequently subject to storms scarcely inferior to those of the Adriatic, is as serene and smooth as glass; and on those days Cloudesley unhesitatingly committed the child to the beautiful element under his own protection and care. After this, and when Julian was seven and eight years of age, he suggested to him shooting with the bow, wrestling, and horsemanship. Cloudesley was curious in the breeding and management of horses; and under his tuition Julian became expert in equestrian exercises, at an earlier age than is usual even with boys who possess the greatest advantages for that purpose.

Cloudesley wished him to associate with other boys and from the trials of animal strength, the collision of the passions of that age, and the competition and characteristic dexterity of childish wit, practically to prepare himself for the more serious intercourses and rivalship of mature age. He found the peasant children of Lombardy admirably adapted to his wish in that respect. They were animated and well tempered. They had warm hearts and frolicsome dispositions. Their eyes flashed with a dark fire, which, however, seldom failed to be tempered with benignity. They were for the most part sympathetic and generous. Yet they had an earnestness in their pursuits, and a quickness in their desires, which gave to their sports all the advantages of emulation, at the same time that they seldom degenerated into anger and the fierceness of muscular contention.

While Cloudesley was attentive to the advancement of his ward in corporal strength and dexterity, the improvement of his mind was not neglected. The protector of Julian had been fortunate in his selection of the young man from the university, whom he had received as an inmate under his roof. It was little to be wondered at that Giuseppe, such was his ordinary appellation, soon become partial to the boy ; for nature had been so bountiful in her provisions for the infant Julian, that, wherever he commenced even the slightest intercourse, he scarcely ever failed to make an entire friend. But, in addition to this, it fortunately happened that Giuseppe was very young. He was only seventeen years of age, when he became the inmate of the family, at which time Julian was little more than three. To the recollection of the child therefore it seemed as if he had always been a member of the establishment. He appeared to Julian more in the character of an elder brother, than any thing else. Giuseppe would be his playfellow, tossing him in his arms, bearing him on his shoulder, and assisting him in his games, with no other conspicuous advantage over the child than what

consisted in greater judgment to choose their sports, and greater strength to execute what was consulted on between them.

Even almost from the first, when Giuseppe was giving Cloudesley lessons in Italian, the child would often plant himself near them unperceived; and, as he was endowed with surprising quickness of memory, he would con over a stanza or two of Ariosto or Bojardo in a subdued voice, and then would surprise them with a high-toned and somewhat theatrical recitation of the passage, partly caught by his ear from the animated manner of Giuseppe, and partly suggested by his anticipated feeling of the poet. Sometimes he would trip from a sudden defect of memory, or perhaps because the syllables of the verse were too complicated for his childish organs; but this even added a grace at his time of life, and excited his hearers to break in on his rehearsal with a thousand kisses.

Cloudesley in his more serious discourse, when they two were alone, applied himself to stimulate Giuseppe to do the greatest justice he could to the quick apprehension and superior intellectual faculties of his pupil. He remarked, that the boy was born to no station, that he should be able to provide for him slender and moderate means only, and that Julian must look therefore for the figure he should make in future life to his personal resources and acquisitions. It was too early to determine, to what pursuit or engagement in life he should hereafter be devoted, but there were many things that would be useful and ornamental in all.

Giuseppe did not need to be excited. He sincerely loved the boy, and was therefore anxious to impart to him every benefit in his power. The studies of Julian could scarcely be said to cost the child labour or pains; at the same time that the preceptor endeavoured in every practicable case to make him feel the *cui bono*, the satisfaction and advantage he would reap from his acquisitions. The instructor and the pupil played the game into each other's hands; they were both enthu-

siastic, both earnest; and therefore what they did had seldom the formality of a lesson; but each, almost unconsciously and unintentionally, strung his nerves for the task, and strove which of the two should most amply perform the part which the nature of things assigned him. In a school, the preceptor cannot apply himself to the peculiarities of each boy in his class, but must to a great degree make a common rule for all, bringing forward, as nearly as may be, the dull and the ingenious, the mercurial and the reflecting, to the same point. But, where the instructor has only a single pupil to attend to, the case is widely different. Giuseppe watched the variations of Julian, even as an experienced navigator watches the variations of the needle. When excursion and sport was the order of the day, Giuseppe appeared to think of nothing but excursion and sport. And yet even in the wildest of their sallies, an apt quotation from the poets, a hint for science, or an observation on nature and the general system of things, would come in, and, instead of throwing a damp on their gayety, would give to the feast of gayety a zest unknown before.

Italian was to the boy in a manner his native language; and therefore at a comparatively early age his tutor began to initiate him in the rudiments of the Latin tongue. But all this was without formality. The inflections of nouns and verbs were treated as a sort of game. When Julian had laughed sufficiently at the sing-song of declensions and conjugations, they were laid aside for something else. The next day Giuseppe would propose that the boy should try how much he could recollect of the exercise of the day before; and, when he did well, his instructor would commend him, and perhaps turn the whole into an agreeable recollection by a toy, a tool, an amusement, a promenade, happily interposed, so as to produce unconsciously a pleasing combination of ideas between the lesson and the gratuity. The meaning of sentences in Latin was acquired, by Julian's first learning by heart a distich

or stanza for its musical cadence, at which he had a marvellous facility: and then his inquisitive mind instinctively prompted him to inquire after the sense, which, by means of the lively and prepossessing manner of Giuseppe in expounding, he was well contented to learn word by word, till he had mastered the whole. Thus they entered together upon the first steps of an acquisition, which, as the boy grew up, was to be pursued with a graver method, and a more defined conception on the part of the learner, of the value of his studies.

In this manner the years of the child for the most part rolled on in uninterrupted happiness. One incident, however, is perhaps worth relating, consisting as it did of a dissension of a more weighty nature between Giuseppe and Julian. It occurred when the latter was about eight or nine years of age. Cloudesley had gone, which was somewhat rare with him, on a journey for some urgent purpose to Venice, and had left the household consisting of Eudocia, Giuseppe, Julian, and the servants. One day Julian was missing. He had gone out early in the morning before breakfast, and did not return either to dinner, or at the usual hour of evening refreshment. This was a circumstance wholly unprecedented, and produced considerable alarm. Eudocia, who loved the boy as entirely as if he had been her own, was overwhelmed with agitation, and her uneasiness rendered the incident additionally impressive to Giuseppe. He considered also the deep responsibility in which he held himself bound to Cloudesley for the safety of his pupil. He had just returned from his classes at the university, and set out immediately in quest of the vagrant. The sun had already gone down, and every thing was considerably darkening in the shades of evening, when Giuseppe met him returning homeward from the banks of the Menzo, a quiet stream which discharges into the Adige two miles below Verona, in company with some peasant boys. Giuseppe immediately separated him from his associates with an

air of much seriousness, and conducted him towards the *podere*.

As they passed along, the student questioned his pupil where he had been all day. Julian answered, with unsuspecting simplicity, that he had gone out in the public road to amuse himself for a few minutes only, that there he had met with these boys, who had proposed to him a ramble to a copse at no great distance, where he would find plenty of nuts. In the amusement of nutting hour after hour had crept on unperceived, and, when they were tired of this pursuit, they had wandered to the banks of the Menzo, where they stripped, and refreshed themselves with bathing and swimming.

Giuseppe represented to his pupil, how improper it was that he should absent himself for so long a time, without the smallest intimation to his mother or any one else, and described the exceeding anxiety and uneasiness he had occasioned to Eudocia. Julian was struck with this account, and immediately acknowledged the fault he had committed, and promised it should not happen again. But the tutor aggravated the matter, by enlarging on the impropriety of his associating with these village-boys in their sports, who were very unfit company for a young gentleman like him. From this remonstrance Julian dissented, and told Giuseppe in plain terms, that his father [Cloudesley] had sanctioned the acquaintance.

This struck the preceptor as an untruth; and he immediately reproved the boy for endeavouring to cover a fault by a falsehood. Julian defended himself, and persisted in his assertion. Giuseppe was offended with the child for his obstinacy in reiterating a tale, that he supposed had first been uttered without consideration. The most scrupulous care had always been taken about the boy's morals; and indeed, indulgently as he had been brought up, and happily as his days had passed, he could scarcely have any temptation to say the thing that was not. Accordingly, truth and Julian had never

for a moment been divorced; and whatever he asserted was always sure to be believed. This however appeared to Giuseppe not to be reasonable in the present instance; and he lectured the child emphatically upon the disgrace he would incur if he persisted in such a practice, and the pernicious consequences that would follow. He told him that sincerity and plain dealing were the characteristics of an honourable mind, and added that he hoped he should never again have occasion to apply to him a reprimand, which should be addressed only to the worthless.

Julian could scarcely believe his senses, that such language should be used to him, and by a person for whom he had always felt both respect and love. This was the first time in his life that the thought of dishonour had ever approached him. He replied to Giuseppe somewhat indignantly, and with an air not unmingled with scorn, I have told you the truth.

A person of greater discernment would at least have been made doubtful of the judgment he had passed, by the firm and unhesitating manner in which the boy repelled it. But the student had been bred to the vocation of a priest; and, though not yet in orders, something of the spirit of the vocation had already taken possession of him. He was offended that the child should presume to say that he was in error. He had addressed to Julian a brief discourse of a religious character; and his penitent, instead of listening submissively, and improving by the lesson, had stood erect, and scornfully rejected the charge that was brought against him.

As soon as they got home, Giuseppe with much gravity led him to his chamber, and ordered him to bed. He left him with a dry "good night," and added, I shall talk to you farther in the morning. The boy took all this grievously to heart. It was the first time injustice had ever been committed towards him. Giuseppe and he had lived together, not like tutor and pupil, but as brothers. Add to which, he felt with poignancy the

meanness that was imputed to him, and the dishonour with which he was branded. The longer he reflected on it, the less he could endure it. He became choaked with a sense of the unworthy treatment he had received, and was almost in convulsions. He then burst into an agony of tears. Eudocia came to his bedside, and soothed him in the best manner she could. She sat by him, till he was asleep. But his slumbers were disturbed. He called out in the night, I cannot bear it. I did go with you; my father bid me; I swear it; bear witness for me! Did I ever think I should be treated so? At another time he rose from his bed; he passed into the sitting-room, and thence into the garden.

Cloudesley arrived early in the forenoon of the following day, and immediately vindicated the veracity of Julian. He said he had been struck with the uncommon good qualities of the peasant family with which Julian had rambled, and had observed to him, Though they are dressed in homely clothes, I have found them full of address and right-mindedness, and you will meet with no companions with whom I should be more happy to trust you.

Cloudesley, as has already appeared, was in the highest degree attached to his ward, and made him in some sort his idol. He passed him for his son; but he secretly regarded him as belonging to another order of beings, and was therefore full of indignation that Giuseppe should have treated him with such severity, and especially on an occasion in which the boy had really told nothing but the truth. Julian inherited the noble blood of all his ancestors; and Cloudesley deemed it little less than sacrilege, that base and plebeian vices should be imputed to him, of which he scarcely ought to know the name.

The generous yeoman expressed his wrath against Giuseppe in his absence, the student having already gone to his classes at the university when Cloudesley arrived. The impressions of Julian were at first of a mixed nature. He felt the relief of which he stood

greatly in need, when he found his father acquitting him, and vouching for the truth of his statement. But Cloudesley proceeded to censure in unmeasured terms the folly and insolence of the upstart probationer, who had dared unmeritedly to tax Julian with a lie. He declared that there should be an end of all intercourse between them, and the fellow should never have an opportunity of so much rashness a second time.

At this harsh decision the feelings of the boy suddenly changed. He recollected all the causes he had to love the youthful student, his kindness, their mutual frolics, the way in which Giuseppe had a thousand times condescended to his little freaks and fancies, the good humour of his lessons, the patience of his explanations. He was at an age now to understand all this much better than he had done at the time, and to feel the intrinsic superiority of Giuseppe, when he had most put himself upon a level with his pupil.

Julian burst into a flood of tears. He entreated Cloudesley not to be angry with the student, who had done all with the best intention. He entreated him not to take his friendly monitor from him. He protested that he could never be easy without him, and could never follow his little lessons and tasks with any body else.

The wrath of Cloudesley was appeased by the passion of the boy. He drew Julian to him, kissed his forehead, and told him it should be as he desired. He was delighted with the strong marks of a forgiving spirit and an affectionate disposition, which this incident brought to view.

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