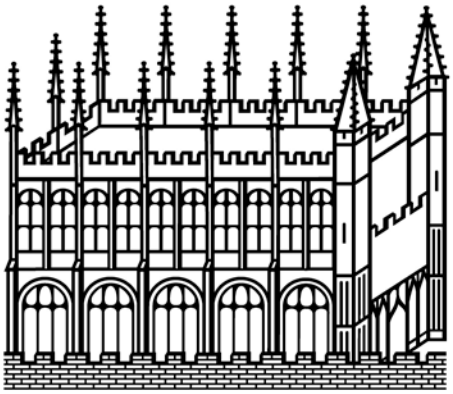

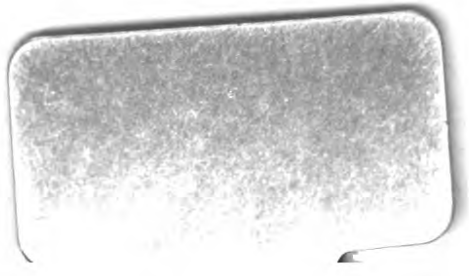

"Albert Lunel" was written by the late Lord Brougham in the year Eighteen Hundred and Forty-four, but for private reasons of his Lordship's, was not published.

London, March 1872.

ALBERT LUNEL.

A Novel.

BY THE LATE

LORD BROUGHAM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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Page 77, line 13, *for* impossible *read* impassable.
80, — 3 from bottom, *for* rigid *read* frigid.

THE CHÂTEAU.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.

"THERE is an intimate connection between all the tender emotions, as I have already said; between pity and love a close connection; between sorrow and love a closer still. The bodily frame which influences the passion of love entirely, the sentiment of love considerably, is powerfully affected by emotions of grief. That which cannot be well named, in its grossness, but

'Through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind,' *

* The lines of Pope render well enough the old French original:

"Ce qui epaisse paraît grossier,
Bien coulée à toute femme sait plaire."

—that stands in the closest relation to emotions of a sorrowful cast. All this I thought not of at the moment; I have often since reflected on it. But now the sun is sinking in the west, and we must reserve our recollections of the past for another day."

The Solitary paused;—and Chatillon, full of the mournful feelings which his narrative had inspired, returned towards the Château, his mind entirely occupied with the image of Emilie Fonrose. He felt deeply the beauties of her simple and touching character; and though anything rather than a sentimental person, for he was indeed as much a man of the world as his wife was a worldly woman, yet, having a heart naturally tender, and the sweetest disposition when not perverted by the follies and vices of society, he nearly wept as he dwelt upon the sad recital of the fate which closed her quiet, innocent life; nor could he get out of his mind Albert and Louise's mournful visit to her homely apartment after her peaceful spirit had fled to the far distant mansions of spirits more peaceful still.

In this frame of mind he arrived at the Château just as the Countess returned from a long walk with the Baron, and finished a discussion on the present state of public affairs, which had lasted during

the long walk. His melancholy and political forebodings were for the moment dispelled by an important addition just made to the party in the person of the Marchioness's brother, the Chevalier Deverell and his son. The original and joyous character of the Chevalier, nay, his very look and gait, seemed to shut out care and almost thought from whatever apartment he was in; he was the picture of English good cheer and good fellowship; and his son, gay, but in another line, was one of the most finished gentlemen of the Parisian circles, the admiration or the envy of all the men, the slave of all the fair ones that adorned these haunts of gaiety and refinement. But between father and son there was so little resemblance, that rumour and her twin sister, slander, were busy on the subject of their relationship, whispering it was rather nominal than real; for the one was slender as the other was gross; the one all airs and affectations, the other plain and simple; the one bent upon making himself talked of and run after; the other resolute in his determination to let nothing ruffle him, or keep him from enjoying the good things of this life. One thing they seemed to have in common, and only one. Neither was deficient in abilities, and wit and

humour they had alike; but both were somewhat disposed towards lending themselves to the mirth their peculiarities occasioned. In this amiable and not unwise humour they indulged, partly from natural joyousness of temper, partly from the fearless and careless tone acquired in good society; both fearless that they should lower their dignity (and both careless if they did so), by contributing to the pleasantry of the society they moved in so conspicuously, and enjoyed with so keen a relish. They were much esteemed by the Marchioness, in spite of the wide difference of their lives and the extreme contrast of their views and observances on religious matters, they being barely tolerant of her puritanical habits, while she daily lamented over their ungracious and alarming state.

The society, to them strange, in which they had fallen, did in nowise embarrass or restrain them; for they proceeded forthwith to take their place and bear their share in the conversation, as if they had been all their lives among the persons present. "Well, sister of mine," exclaimed the Chevalier, "well, I protest the roads of Languedoc be made for the punishment of sin here below."—"Why, brother, what can you mean by your irreverent al-

lusion to so serious a matter ?"—" Serious, I grant you:" said the man of many stone, "never was I less moved to mirth in my days than while suffering the penance between Orange and Avignon. I verily thought his Holiness had from charity put forth a bull, expressly to make a heretic like me pay here in my person, to the end that I might suffer the less hereafter." "I beseech you, dear brother," said the good Marchioness, "do not speak lightly on such sacred subjects."—"On the contrary, fair dame, I feel disposed to comfort my inward man by dining for a certain space, having no whit eaten since I solaced me with a brace or two of Rhone tench, which I much commend, and a flagon of Hermitage, which I more entirely approve: imbibing the same, as I did, in full view of the vineyard itself as I journeyed through Tain in the morn of yesterday. Your delicate nephew there marvelled at my thus breaking my fast, and would needs sip his coffee."—" Truly, sir," answered the slender party, "and my finery, which you were graciously pleased to make merry with, received its due reward. Anything less like coffee I never did taste than the villainous compound of burnt crust, brown sugar, and lean whey which they inflicted on me under the

name of café-au-lait, while you seemed to enjoy yourself absolutely, with your meal and your morning pipe, looking the very picture of contentment. —" I own me," said the larger man, "to have felt comforted inwardly, during that pause in our jolting; but my bones have kept as accurate a register of jolts as ever Napier's did of sums and differences.* But Ernest of mine, hast thou made thy obeisance to the Countess? She has clean forgotten me, who knew her grandfather; thee she may perchance be pleased to recognise, for I made thee known to her one day at Court, more years ago than she may be graciously pleased to recollect." The young gentleman, who, however, was nearer thirty than twenty, went gracefully to the Countess, who had retired into a recess for a few moments, to ask the Count how his second visit to the cave had ended. " Permit," said Ernest, " one of your numerous troop of slaves to bend before you, should you not suffer him to be laid prostrate at your feet." " M. Deverell," said she, " you possibly may remember

* Napier's bones. One of those mechanical contrivances for calculation of that illustrious man's, which would have immortalized him had they not all been eclipsed by his grand discovery of logarithms.

enough of me to be aware that I belong not to the herd who take delight in such effusions, any more than you do to either my or any other person's troop of slaves."—" Thus spoke the great-minded personage, the Maîtresse-femme, so superior to her sex's frivolous follies, so formed to play a first part in the affairs now beginning to occupy our common country."—" At all events," said she, " whether I be so or not, I am happy to meet you again, and especially under the roof of your worthy aunt."—" Be assured, Countess, the happiness is more than mutual."—" Well, possibly it may be; but you think then we are to see stirring times? What news do you bring from Court?"—" Madame, I meddle not in politics; they belong to your caste; they are above my head."—" And why? No one has better abilities than you throw away on frivolous occupations, no one could more easily excel in things of moment."—" Alas, and if I should sacrifice pleasure, and ease, and comfort, for distinctions of the kind you dream of, should I be the happier, or the state the better, for the exchange I had made?"

Some more good advice of the fair stateswoman was then thrown after bad, as happens with counsel

as well as coin; and she retired to her toilette, the only female occupation to which she devoted any of her time and attention. Ernest too retired to the like pursuit; while the Chevalier, ascertaining that one or two Nismes beauties were expected to arrive in the evening, and pass a day or two at the Château, made arrangements for enjoying his pipe in his own room, with his worthy old companion, the land-steward of the Marquess, who had grown grey in the service, and could both amuse the Chevalier and be entertained by him while they quaffed their punch and smoked their tobacco, and occasionally interrupted their talk with a game at picquet.

The Countess was not, this time, so impatient with her husband's unwillingness to repeat the substance of the Solitary's communications. She had become more immersed in public topics, as the Parliament of Grenoble, now assembled, had begun to act upon the contagion caught from the meeting at Vizille; and the ease with which the Baron now lent himself to her political discussions, and even, in some sort, to the schemes of ambition she was framing; had, joined to his unceasing and daily increasing devotion, begun to make an impression upon her wholly new, and excite emotions never before felt

by her. The first effect of this change, unperceived by herself, was to improve her extremely; she became softer and more feminine; she could more easily bear female society, and could, for an hour or so, permit trivial topics to be broached in her presence without showing that she was weary or disgusted. The absolute confidence she reposed in her own coldness, her utter disbelief in the possibility of any one making the slightest impression on her heart, kept her blind to her danger, until she had drunk too deep of the cup of admiration; admiration of the Baron's brilliant talents, seasoned with his far greater admiration of her varied charms, to be capable of stopping, or of rousing herself from the trance it threw her into, or of even wishing she had the power to awake. For awhile, the love of politics, which had paved the way for this revolution in her system, continued to move and to guide her intercourse with the Baron. She felt a daily increased pleasure in his society; she began to count the hours when he was absent, fancying she had lost some opportunity of reaping information from his richly-stored mind, or hints from his long and various experience; she no longer formed plans of leaving Languedoc for Dauphiné, persuading

herself that Nismes was likely to become a centre of political action. She soon prolonged her walks with him; she took an interest in his niece, whose tender simplicity and shining talents alike were formed to interest her now that her own mind had become somewhat softened; she filled her letters with circumstances relating to him, or things which he had told her; she loved to see him mentioned in the letters she received from her many correspondents; she took a pleasure in being associated with him, whether by those correspondents or by the guests of the Château. Secure, as she believed, in her impregnable virtue, she was for ever desiring to be with him, and preferred being alone with him, only, as she flattered herself, that she might have a more undivided share of his conversation. As she was of an unassailable reputation, she was far from disliking the pleasantries of the Count and the Marquess on her intimacy with her new and distinguished friend; and she at length found, and confessed to herself, that she had an indescribable pleasure even in being in the same room with him, and near him, though they conversed not together. This was no sooner confessed to herself, than it was studiously forgotten; but when she saw him pay some little

attention to another, a younger person of some beauty, and considerable talents, one of those who, as we have said, had come from Nismes for a few days, and when he approached not to her part of the saloon as usual in the evening, she felt her colour change, her impatience increase, her bosom heave, her indignation rise. For the first time in her life, she knew what jealousy was; because she, for the first time, had felt love: and hurrying to her room she flung herself on a sofa, and burst into tears, partly of vexation, but partly too of self-abasement, for she could no longer disguise from herself that she shared, and shared to distraction, the passion she had long perceived was raging in the Baron. These tears, however, were not so bitter as might have been expected; they had no avail in quenching the fire they were poured upon; her whole soul was occupied; she could dream of nothing but her love; and she waited with impatience till she could hear from the Baron's own lips that which she never doubted was consuming his heart.

That moment soon arrived. He was obliged to go for some days upon business to Lyons; and he might be absent even longer, though he took not Emmeline with him, that his movements might be

more rapid. He seemed to avoid a walk with her the evening before his departure; he spoke to no one else in the company, when in the drawing-room, but seemed wrapt in thought; he seldom came near her, but she asked him if his going was fixed; he said it was, and made no mention of his sorrow at parting. Could it be that she had been so far mistaken? Was it possible that she had put a wrong construction on phrases of admiration, and falsely supposed compliments lavished upon all bore a peculiar reference to herself? Her pride now came to her aid; she was for the moment aroused to a sense of her danger, and within a hair's breadth of being saved from the precipice that yawned so near her; the fever of indignation succeeded to the wound of pride; she never could forgive either him or herself for this humiliating mortification. Yet, just herself, she could not condemn another unheard; true herself, she liked not to charge another with falsehood; she must ascertain the fact before he went; and it was her fate to be plunged headlong into the abyss, by the very love of truth and of justice which formed the great staple, as it was the bright ornament, of her character.

As he passed her, going towards the Orangery,

she asked if he had any directions to give about Emmeline before he went, and that if he had she could receive them now, as she might not see him in the morning, his plan being to go early. He thanked her courteously, not warmly, and they were soon alone in the Orangery. "Then you must go," she said.—"Yes, Countess," he replied, "I must go."—"And for how long?"—"I know not, perhaps I hardly care."—"What! Is this your interest in us all, and in your niece?"—"I shall send a confidential servant for her and her governess, should I not return."—"Gracious heaven! Not return? Then where are you going? What are you meditating?"—"The truth is, Countess, I find by too many indications that I have remained here too long."—"Why so? How can that be? You see all here delighted to have you among them. You are the very pride of the society. The Marquess and Marchioness are vain of having you here, their guest. The chief persons of the neighbourhood flock hither to enjoy your society. The company hang upon your lips. The Count himself, all careless as his nature is, and alien from deep reflection, has taken more delight in your company than I ever saw him do in any other man's. Even I, little

used to form intimate acquaintances, even I,"—here something stopt her voice; she could go no further; he looked anxiously at her; he seized her hand; he saw some moisture for the first time in her eye; her hand returned the pressure of his; he softly whispered, "Oh, could I but think you would regret my absence!"—when she, with ardour half suppressed, said, "Only promise me you won't go! or promise me you will return. I should take your remaining away very, very unkind. Say you'll come back to me;"—and as he said in a rapture, "Oh, my heavenly love!"—she at once sunk into his arms. He could only fix a burning kiss upon her unresisting lips, when the door of the Orangery opening, the Marchioness entered, and summoned them to supper.

The Countess, however, had received so violent a shock from this scene, that she really felt unwell, and retired to her apartment. The Baron was during the remainder of the evening in a state of gaiety, and even overflowing spirits, which seemed somewhat uncourteous to the society he was on the eve of leaving; and Emmeline could only account for so great a contrast to his wonted depression when about to leave her, for how short a time

soever, by supposing that the effort had thrown him into a morbid state of false spirits, as she had sometimes been thrown herself in similar circumstances. Next morning he set out; but not without leaving a short letter, in which he breathed, with his habitual eloquence and power of imagery as well as of diction, the tender feelings towards the Countess which filled his heart, but carefully avoiding the least indication of the joy he felt at having made the precious and to him most unexpected discovery, that he had won that haughty, obdurate, and cold heart, and made it glow with something of the ardour which warmed his own.

The feelings of the Countess were of a mixed description. She was relieved from all doubt as to the Baron, and had escaped the last humiliation which for a moment she had dreaded as her most unbearable punishment, that of her passion not being returned. She was also occupied with that passion in a mood not unpleasing. Yet she did feel humbled, and she did feel uneasy, at the change which a few weeks had wrought in her position. She no longer could hold her head erect as one of the few women in her rank and of her figure against whom no imputation could be cast. From all guilt, even in

thought, she was free, and she well knew should for ever so remain. But she had listened to a declaration of ardent love; she had confessed that she returned it all but as warmly; she had received a written avowal of the passion, respectful, indeed, even humble, far more so than her conduct the night before warranted her to expect. Yet still she had received a love-letter, and she had a lover. She had a lover, too, whose views of their future intercourse were in all probability far less pure than her own; and she knew that into the plans of men so circumstanced, men who have ascertained that they are beloved, ideas enter of a kind very different from any she would ever tolerate. All this both wounded her pride, and gave her the painful prospect of differences with the object of her attachment in their future intercourse. These feelings alone disturbed the joy she could not help experiencing at the certainty of the Baron's devotion to her. From the Count she had nothing to apprehend. Their union had been one of convenience, merely; and neither was likely to be jealous of the other as long as the due regard was paid to the observances of society. She had long known of his forming attachments elsewhere; but they were so conducted as

not to annoy her by any unpleasant exhibition of a rival's influence; and he never had thought of interfering with her intimacies, hitherto political, and which he knew would always remain such. This source of annoyance, therefore, did not exist, yet still she suffered; her pride was wounded by a consciousness quite strange to her, and her future prospects were clouded with troubles equally new. During the Baron's absence, she said to herself, "I may recover the self-respect I forfeited in an evil hour. I may write to implore he would release me, and help me, if he truly loves me, to regain the peace of mind I have lost. I may before he returns make Chatillon leave the Château and hasten to"—But this idea was too hateful to be entertained; and she at once dismissed it from her mind with the thought, a self-deception certainly, but an easy and a natural one, "How could she quit the charge of Emmeline, committed by the Baron to her care at her own desire, and leave her among strangers?" She wholly forgot that the Marchioness was quite as little a stranger as herself. But she was calmed and reconciled to remain by this suggestion of love, the father of self-deception—and who also has a

pretty numerous progeny of more vulgar and worse dressed lies.

She had, some days before, begged him to write, if any important event came within his knowledge; and she now counted the days till a letter should arrive from him. It was such as she most rejoiced to receive; for with his perfect knowledge of the female heart, and his mastery of those he sought to captivate or to keep enchained, he said not a word of his feelings, at least not a word that any one but herself could have understood; for his vehement expressions of sorrow at his separation from the Château were all referred by him to having left his dear niece; and towards the Countess herself, his language was that of the most studied, distant, and even cold respect. The subject of the letter was, in the main, the state of public feeling in Orange, a place, he said, whose inhabitants struck him as of a peculiarly fierce aspect; and other places, through which he had passed, he made mention of in the same indifferent way: only that he slightly threw in some mention of his own welfare and escape from the fatigues and risks of the long journey. He wrote from Vienne, and was to reach Lyons next day.

The morning that this letter arrived was Sunday; and kept, as usual in the Huguenot Château, with the utmost strictness. The dinner had, on the day before, been graced with the presence of Counsellor Courdemont. Madame de Chatillon, having a head-ache, kept her room to shun the infliction. The rest of the party, however, were all agreed that the former accounts of this evil were much exaggerated, and all had been agreeably surprised with his various information, and his power of language, though they all felt the excess in which the one was administered and the other used. The day was a successful one to the Counsellor, fortunate in the absence of the caustic, intolerant Baron, and only the Chevalier complained. He next morning began the conversation at breakfast with a groan, which startled the company; but it was explained when he excused himself for having left the room in the evening before coffee. "I positively will not be preached at of a Saturday, that's flat. Sunday you have, if you will, sister of me; Saturday is mine own day, and none of your parsons, be they priests or pastors, shall pin me down on that day."—"Why, brother, it was a counsellor, not a clergyman."—"I cry your mercy, Madam, I

thought otherwise; but your lawyer can preach you to the full as long as any priest, and may be not so well. So I went off to my pipe, which is a safe and a silent companion." Ernest did not so much complain; for he had repeatedly broken a lance with the conversationalist, and as often had discomfited him; the play of the professed talker, the book-monger, being nothing to the practised dexterity of the man of the world. It had seemed as if the laugh was ever ready at Ernest's bidding, and the lawyer's expense.

The Chevalier, as soon as breakfast was over, asked the Marchioness to let him have the carriage, that he might visit a neighbouring Baron. "Not for the world, brother, on Sunday," was the answer. But when she soon after wished him to accompany her to church, his reply was, "Not for the world, on a Sunday, sister;"—so she was fain to leave him lounging about the grounds, and to take Emmeline, who wanted to hear M. Gardein preach. "Is that an elderly gentleman?" asked the Count eagerly. "Alas, no," said the Marchioness, "it is his grandson and successor. The dear old pastor has been dead some little time; nor has he left a better man behind him."

The ladies of the party, except the Marchioness, staid at home; meaning to attend mass the following day, which was the great feast of All Souls; so that Ernest had abundant scope for his gay and philandering propensities. He had very soon become familiar with these fair strangers; having that easy confidence which, without being obtrusive, or even appearing forward, soon leaps over the bounds that separate more formal natures; an inoffensive and polite confidence, which only an habitual usage of the great world, perhaps the possession of a certain station in it, can fully bestow. It looked as if, when he entered the room for the first or second time, all the party were his near cousins. He also seemed ever to be so much at his ease, that he did just as he chose; neither speaking to avoid the awkwardness of not knowing how to hold his head and body, or to dispose of his limbs, nor being silent to escape observation; standing up when he was tired of sitting, walking to and fro when he had rested long enough in one place, throwing himself down on a chair, or a sofa, or an ottoman, when he wanted to lounge, taking up a book when he chose, joining the talk when he liked it; in short, doing and saying, and being, exactly what and how he pleased, and as

if he were alone in the room; never as if he thought all eyes were turned upon him, because he had long been aware of the last thing learnt by persons little accustomed to good company, that nobody was thinking of, or looking at, or caring about him, unless when it suited him to address them, or otherwise call their attention. Emmeline, who was extremely shy, remarked these things afterwards to her uncle, adding that she observed Ernest never entered with real zeal or anxiety into any discussion, but seemed somewhat indifferent on all subjects, even those he best knew and must be supposed to care most about; whereas the Counsellor was fiery and vehement on every topic, and never knew when to have done, nor seemed aware how little interest all that heard him took in the different subjects of his discussion. Nevertheless, her acute and true-judging mind, ever guided by right feelings, and unshaken purity of purpose, preferred this tiresome Counsellor, with all his faults, to the amusing man of fashion, in whose conversation she could take no pleasure. With her, sincerity and truth were the first of virtues, and the lawyer was at least sincere; nay, he was considered by the frivolous as tiresome, because of his pedantry—that is to say,

his always being honestly and heartily occupied with his subject; while Ernest never seemed to be serious about anything, and, though possibly incapable of wilful falsehood, to be always in chace of amusement and effect rather than of truth. Whoever attended to Emmeline's own conversation perceived that she carefully avoided all colouring, all exaggeration, and, by a skilful selection of particulars strictly true, or of topics rigorously correct, would produce as great an effect, whether to strike or to entertain, as Ernest and his caste could, with all their romance and rhodomontade.

After the Chevalier and his son had been a day or two at the Château, and she was giving the Baron her opinion of the latter, she took occasion to express her wonder that he should not only be amused with such light material, but should prefer his society to M. Courdemont's. "Really, dearest Zio," said she, "it is so unlike your usual way of estimating men; for who so much as you are in search of valuable qualities? You always strike into the kernel, casting off the husk to get at it. You dig for pure gold, and care little how deep the one lies, so you be sure it is there."—"Love, you are right;" he replied, "and I am perhaps somewhat spoiled by refined

society, which may have infected me with its fastidiousness. But I own that Counsellor does wear me out. Besides, I see no small self-complacency and love of display in him, as well as much prolixity and many corners."—"But always reflect, Zio, that the pedantry in which his hardness and his tiresomeness consists, is the attendant of good. It is the fruit of honest zeal, and the pledge of hard toil."—"Well, positively, my Emmeline, you are taking to the epigrammatic; a style I always thought your severe taste and honest nature rejected. What more could Montesquieu have said, whom I can never get you to endure?"—"Aye! but, dear Zio, his is not only the epigrammatic, it is the enigmatic, the riddle-my-riddle way of writing; and what I can't bear in him is, that he sacrifices truth to style; he seems to be guided in his theories by the sparkling things, the antitheses and the points they lead to."—"As rhymes are said to steer the course of a poet."—"And as, indeed," she replied, "they most certainly very often do." The delight which the Baron never failed to find in the extraordinary sense and nice discernment, as well as perfect purity of his niece, was the exquisite enjoyment of his life, and he consulted her as he would an

older person. "But what think you," he now added, "of Ernest's father, the gay, and jolly, and good humoured Chevalier? He, I am sure, is honest and natural enough." "Yes," answered Emmeline, "but he is too much of a mere voluptuary for me. And his discourse on sacred subjects borders on the profane. However, I fairly own that he has so little of affectation in his amusing buffoonery, that I much prefer him to his refined son, who suits not my fancy at all, at all."

The rest of the female society had a far less severe taste than Mdlle. de Moulin, and it was accordingly with the female part of the company at the Château that Ernest seemed to make most play; though, even with them, he would not leave his habitual indifference; a peculiarity that seemed to Emmeline plainly affected, in order to make them more anxious about him, and she perceived it had the effect it was desired to produce in this way. Before this young person, indeed, he set bounds to his extravagances, and even locked himself up in her presence; but when she went to her apartment, he sallied forth from his temporary confinement. The subject rolled upon his flirtation with a celebrated beauty, on whom the Countess rallied him gaily. "Madam," said

he, "I vow to you, as I have repeatedly to her, that till I saw her I never knew what love was." "Why, did she believe you?" asked Madame Leblanc, who had just arrived. "And why not, Madam?" inquired he. "Why? because you had, to my knowledge, said the same thing to at least three women with whom you were successively supposed to be very well. Two admitted it to me." "Utterly untrue, my good friend!" he rejoined. "Those lovely persons are all three more cold than any icicle; and if I ever used such expressions to them in the course of my devotions, it must have been in some peculiar sense." "But how goes on your suit with the Viscountess?" asked Madame Leblanc. "I protest," said he, "I had, for the moment, forgotten that matter, for truly it is ten weeks old, at the least. Yes; she first taught me to love. I have been at her feet these three moons, or so."—"How do you get on?"—"Indifferent well; I am barely breaking ground; not advanced to my second parallel."—"Any flag of truce yet?" asked the Countess.—"Why, hardly, hardly; but a weak point found upon a late reconnoitring expedition."—"Then how far advanced are you with the Baroness I first spoke of, one of the many

before seeing whom you never knew what love was?"—"Why, I have threatened twice to fly from Europe, and bury myself in Cayenne, where the morasses are fatal; and finding this had little effect, I made an attempt upon my life the morning I quitted Paris. The result was, on the whole, favourable, and I am supposed at present to be confined in a private madhouse. She received a raving, incoherent letter from me a few days back, scrawled with charcoal, on a sheet of brown paper; and my confidant who took it to her observed her to be visibly softened."—"How could she believe in your having attempted suicide?"—"That I know not; but this I know, that when I, by this means, stormed the heart of the Chevalier Mazel's wife, she had the surgeon's certificate. He is an old schoolfellow of mine; he sewed up my throat, and helped to save my life, and to win my love."—"Pray," asked Madame Leblanc, "what came of your affair with the fair widow you met at Château Meuron?"—"Oh! as for your widows, they are as bad as damsels, or thereabouts. Their point is holy matrimony. After a fortnight's siege, and making considerable progress, insomuch that the time seemed come for an assault, I candidly demanded a parley with the

governor; an audience in her room, that we might discuss matters more at our ease when the family should have retired to rest:—she as candidly intimated that the key of her door lay in the porch of the parish church; so I desisted, and raised the siege."

The Countess, though for the moment amused with this young muscadin's eccentricities and coxcombries, became soon sufficiently tired of them, and had rather hear him speak on important subjects in a rational way, as he was well able to do when he chose to be serious. She was therefore not sorry next morning to find the conversation was taking a more grave turn at the breakfast-table. It began with the Marchioness asking the Chevalier, "Did you attend family worship this morning, brother?" "Nay," answered he. "Have you had your pipe before breakfast?" asked the Marquess. "Yea," was the reply. "I wonder much," said the Countess, "at this practice of smoking, which appears to be gaining ground everywhere." "Madam," said the Chevalier with a complacent smile, "whoever hath not known the comforts of a pipe, I may say the genuine, inward comforts, may well so marvel as does your excellency. For me, I hold it a

most special accommodation." "But, how so?" said his fair questioner; "What internal comfort can you derive from drawing the smoke of a weed through a tube and diffusing it in the air?" "Madam, as thus—when I am occupied in this wise, I forget the world, and retiring within mine own individual self, I feel a spiritual abstraction from all outward concerns, framing wisest plans, building choicest castles, indulging fondest hopes, peradventure smiting, with scorn and with power, bitterest foes. As the clouds of smoke veil my head, they exclude the outward world, and elevate me to a higher existence, the rather if I should have nigh my elbow some foaming tankard of a choice liquor, like that wherewithal the worthy steward Gaspar did regale me while we sat at our studies two nights ago." "For my part," said Mdme. Leblanc, "I abominate the practice, deeming the vile weed which you inhale a poisonous defilement, and having always remarked that while men smoke, their imaginations wander in uncharitable directions."—"Wherefore, lady, I do remember me of your divers and sundry times taking large pinches of that same weed, how defiling soever, and placing the same by way of a charge in the two barrels of your gracious nose." It was in vain that

the fair lady sought to prove the difference between tobacco burnt and tobacco ground; so she sheltered her behind ecclesiastical authority, and maintained that the Bishop and all the clergy of the diocese took snuff, whereas not one of them ever smoked. She was going on to cite instances of noted smokers, having to her certain knowledge, "because a lady told her," been guilty of scandalous behaviour, and even of breaking the most important of all the commandments, as she was pleased to term the seventh. "But sister Marchioness," said the Chevalier, turning to Mdme. de Bagnolles, "might I dare to hope the Counsellor, the man of much word, shall this day quit the Château?" "Why, has he talked you to death, brother?" cried the Marchioness. "Aye, truly, hath he, and death beyond the law, now that torture is abolished excepting for the necessary purpose of extracting the truth. Seldom suffered I so much. Wherefore did I suddenly vanish and quit the room, leaving him to torment the residue of the society. Excuse me, Madame Leblanc, for interrupting your abuse of tobacco smoke." "But," said that fair lady (reverting to a more favourite topic), "I had forgot to mention the shocking fate of poor Madame Vidal, the Commissary's

wife, who having been separated by his absence in the army for above a year, was on his return last week unhappily taken in labour, to his infinite horror."—"And I 'll dare swear," said the Chevalier, "to Madame's no small horror too." "Why, yes, Chevalier," said the lady of Nismes, "I don't fancy you yourself would much have liked it." "Why, truth to say," answered he, "it is so long since I was confined myself, that I have well nigh forgotten the taste of caudle, or the look of a monthly nurse." "Now really, Chevalier, will nothing make you serious for a moment on the most grave, and indeed distressing, subjects?" While she thus moralized, Ernest, who had rode over to Nismes before breakfast, returned, bringing with him a rumour from Dauphiné that the flame kindled in that province was now spread to Grenoble, where the parliament of Dauphiné had pronounced Lettres de Cachet illegal, and sentenced to death whosoever should presume to execute them within the province.

A thunderbolt falling on the breakfast-table and suddenly fusing the butter, or an angel alighting upon it and dipping his wing in the cream-pot, would have created less consternation than this sudden and unexpected intelligence, which forthwith became

the subject of the whole discourse. "Heard man ever the like of this?" exclaimed Madame Leblanc. "To what shall we next come, when a worthy man can no longer shut up his perfidious and cruel adversary during pleasure?"—"Ah, me!" sighed the good Abbé, "when I turned me to this hospitable mansion, to the end that I might refresh nature and be more able to prosecute my journey toward home, little dreamt I of having to hear such disastrous tidings! The noblesse are now undone, and so the throne is shaken, and not only the throne, but the state, and not only the state, but the whole lay community, and not only the lay community, but the Church herself, yea, the Church is no longer safe! Preserve us! What are we fated to see, in these awful times?"

"Why, look ye, Father," said the good Chevalier, "I do protest against placing the Church as above the whole community, crown and nobles included. Yet I heartily grieve over this invaluable privilege of the upper classes and of the sovereign. Nor see I very well how society can go on without it. Had I but exerted my right to have a lettre de cachet, and shut up that wild youth from the age of eighteen to his present time of life, what service should I

have rendered him, and how truly grateful would he have proved, being wise for his own interest!"

"Aye, truly, sir," said Ernest, "but fully more grateful for your kind and considerate proceeding in abstaining from exercising that most invaluable privilege, against which, now it is as good as dead and gone, far be it from me to speak any evil at all."

"But, truly," said the Count, "I begin to feel no little alarm at the pace which change, or improvement if you will, is taking. Had it gone on gradually and moderately, I should have felt little uneasiness. But if the Dauphiné spirit should become generally diffused, who can see the end of it?"

"I am exactly of your opinion," the Marquess added. "To excite, all at once, a great people calling into action millions with their ignorance, their rash resolves, their contempt of danger, their utter want of individual responsibility, by preaching to them their rights, and representing all the established institutions of the country as so many wrongs, is an experiment so fraught with peril, so directly leading to an universal explosion, that I dread to contemplate the consequences. I should not wonder if we

had a cry for assembling the States General, which have not met since 1614, and would be as unwieldy as an old obsolete engine."

"No, no," said the Prince Caramelli, to whom the French constitution had of late been explained, "that will never happen. You might as well speak of a limited monarchy in France, as they are said to have in England."

"I hold it," said the Abbé, "well nigh as much out of all question, as if you were to propose the extinction of the sacred right to tithe, a right as old as the Mosaic dispensation, God be praised, and as unalterable."

"Stay a little there, Abbé," said Ernest, "you pray for the conversion of the ancient people of God. Then how unalterable?"—

"Verily, young man," answered the sacred individual, "it little beseemeth any one of thy years to handle the weightier matters of the law. Howbeit, not answering a fool in his folly, it may suffice to note that when we desire that people to be taken into the fold of the New Covenant, we do assume that they bring over with them the blessings of the Old also."

The conversation continued to roll upon the un-

settled aspect of public affairs. The most rational and best informed person in the company, the Marquess, observed, that to imagine, as some crack-brained enthusiasts did, the possibility of a limited government being established in France, was only second in wild extravagance to the notion of those fanatics, who having served in the American war, dreamt of France existing without a monarchy, because the Republicans of Boston, and the Quakers of Philadelphia, had set up a Commonwealth in their new and thinly peopled country. However, the Count de Chatillon viewed, and alone viewed, these things in another light. His clear judgment, unembarrassed by theory, and yet emanciptaed from the trammels of authority, seemed to foresee a far wider spread of the new opinions and a far more universal change than others either hoped or dreaded to arise out of them.

His mind was gloomy and clouded as often as he reflected on the engrossing subject in all men's thoughts; and to relieve him, for his wonted amusements no longer had the power, he again sought the solitary retreat of Albert, who at his request thus continued his narrative.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS.

"The happiness which I tasted in having contrary to all my fears regained Louise's affections, and, as I fervently hoped, chased from her mind the project of taking the veil, for the moment weaned my thoughts both from their late melancholy occupation since poor Emilie's unhappy fate, and also from the alarms in which I still lived for my own safety. The mind cannot easily become the lodging-place of more than one strong feeling at once; nor of more than a single violent passion. So far then my love for Louise, which no longer seemed hopeless, removed me from the state of perpetual apprehension in which I had so long been tortured, and was a change for the better, even under the severe sufferings and successions of disappointments with which it soon was fated to be attended.

" The first few weeks after our recent loss were, on the whole, the happiest, perhaps I should rather say the least wretched, I had for many a long day known. I wandered about with Louise in the beautiful scenery that borders the lake; I made excursions with her to the Alpine scenery at the base of Mont Blanc; we visited together the Château de Chillon, famous for its romantic story; we rowed on the silver lake when tired with walking among the cherry-tree groves, or the huge rocky fragments, that seem to have been torn from the gigantic Dent du Midi, and hurled down along the plain which stretches out below. Now and then, for variety to our rambles, we would set out early in the morning to spend the day at some farm-house, retired far from towns and roads, and embosomed in trees with meadows around, watered by mountain rills. There with the peasants we would partake of their homely fare, and join in their simple conversation; then help them to make their hay or bring home their cows to milk. Some book, generally of a theological cast, was the companion of our walks, and we freely discussed its subject, as well as its merits. Louise's mind was highly cultivated; and as her confidence in me made her

give me credit for having owed my conversion from Romanism to the influence of reason, and not to the accidents of my situation, it was not unnatural that, as our intimacy became closer and our intercourse was prolonged, she should suffer me to relate the steps by which, under the ministration of M. Gardein, the change in my sentiments had been wrought. By degrees she began herself to share those doubts which had first weaned me from monastic observances, and then shaken my faith in the dogmas of Rome. I lived in hope that at no far distant day she would embrace the purer faith which formed the comfort of my life; and at any rate she gave me reason to think that her determination was well nigh fixed to unite her lot with mine. All at once a cruel, though hardly an unlooked-for interruption was given to these prospects. Her uncle, a bigoted Catholic, and not many years older than herself, arrived at St. Gingoulph, with the authority of her mother, and bade her prepare to accompany him home. The education of poor Emilie in the same convent with her, and the belief that she was secretly a Romanist, had alone reconciled the family of Orange to Louise's residing so long in the house of a Protestant pastor; and when

that reason ceased to exist, her stay there could no longer be allowed.

"No sooner did I hear of M. Crenelle's intended arrival, than all my visions of happiness fled. The delightful month which had passed over my head like a morning dream, its sweets no sooner tasted than gone, was succeeded by a period of bitter vexation, not unmingled with alarm. First I had to conceal myself carefully from this uncle, who might make inquiries attended with the risk of discovery. Next I was told by M. Girard, that in his manner to his niece there was something of marked attention not calculated to quiet my fears of what awaited Louise when we should be separated; for, by the Romish law of marriage, a dispensation legalizes an union between uncle and niece as easily as between first cousins. This consideration, if he really aspired to her hand, and was approved by her surviving parent, his sister, was sure to make her conversion to Protestantism still more hateful in the family, much as, independently of any such consideration, it was sure to be disapproved. Watched as she now was, it became hardly possible for us to meet; and the only hour I passed with her before her departure was when one day

M. Crenelle accompanied the pastor to see the waterfall above St. Meurice, called the Pisse-Vache. That hour was spent in solemn promises of eternal fidelity, and above all in her plighting her faith at once to declare that she was a Protestant if her family should insist upon the match we both contemplated with equal horror and disgust. This was resolved upon as a measure of protection, although at that time she was still far from having renounced Popery.

"All interviews of lovers, and indeed all their intercourse, their meetings and their separations, their endearments and their alarms, their alternate raptures and discontents, are and have been from the beginning of time alike; they are moreover sufficiently monotonous from the circumstance that they necessarily turn on one subject, and that when the passions are strong or the feelings acute, they will admit of no interruption from other topics. Nor indeed could Petrarch with all his ingenuity and labour have contrived to make tolerable, if indeed it be tolerable even with the divine sweetness of his diction, this endless dwelling for near three hundred sonnets on the same theme, had he been so exclusively filled with the passion he is describing,

and not worked with his head rather than his heart. He was forced to introduce anything but love, and then connect it with that by some far-fetched link; and even after all, who can read above a sonnet or two at a sitting? The truth is that love-scenes and love-letters are always highly interesting to two individuals, and wholly uninteresting to all the world besides. Therefore I will not weary you with reciting what you are aware must have passed at our last interview, with the pains of our separation, with the sorrowful loneliness which succeeded, with the hope of again meeting.

"The first effect of Louise's departure was to bring back the melancholy in which Emilie's death had plunged me, and this was most unpleasingly checkered with the alarms I felt about my own safety; for it is not with grief as with love: when love is our master, it exalts the spirits, and it will bear no rival near its throne, be it fear or be it prudence: when sorrow depresses us, it admits the fellowship of all other painful emotions; its chill makes way for the chill of fear; and while we are weeping for others, we can easily tremble for ourselves.

"Once more, then, I felt all eyes turned upon

me and trying to penetrate my disguise. Each time I saw a strange face in the neighbourhood, some person seemed to have arrived in search of me. If M. Girard was suddenly called out I never stopt to consider it might be for the purpose of some parish duty; he was sent to be interrogated as to me. If he remained out an hour later than usual, I ascribed it not to his fatigue in the summer heat, or to the length of his visit to some sick or some dying person, but straightway concluded that he had met suspicious persons, or heard bad news which he dreaded to communicate. My relief on finding these alarms groundless was not such as to make compensation for the pain they had given me while they lasted; for no sooner was one apprehension laid to rest than another awoke to disturb me. I remember well seeing a man hastily cross the garden and run into M. Girard's study, having a staff in his hand; I never doubted it was an officer of justice, and fled towards the lake, hardly knowing what I did. It was only the clerk, an elderly man whose person I well knew; and who came in a hurry to fetch the pastor that he might christen a child not expected to live.

"In one instance however there was much more

of reality in the circumstance which tormented me, and, strange to tell, I felt then far less acutely than in the other cases. M. Gardein wrote that suspicions had been excited respecting the long visit which an unknown person had paid his brother-in-law; and that an official person belonging to Avignon had heard from his brother in Vevay, of a clergyman living at the pastor's in St. Gingoulph, yet who never had been known to preach for him, or to do any professional duty in the place. The good man desired me without any delay to leave the neighbourhood and go into Germany, at a distance from the French frontier, so that I might be safe. I cannot tell why this intelligence alarmed me so little, except that it was only heard of, and distant, and connected itself with nothing actually seen and near.

"My reluctance was extreme to follow the prudent and provident advice thus given, for I dreaded as the last of evils the removal from all chance of ever meeting Louise again. I left her exposed to all the arts of her uncle and the bigotry of her family; I dreaded the effects of parental importunity and of clerical art in bringing her back to a church from which she was not yet finally severed; and while I

was wandering in a remote land, she might, in despair at our ever again meeting, be over-persuaded to forget me. I was, however, obliged to make up my mind, and with a heavy heart I set out in company of a vetturino who was well known to M. Girard, and who engaged to take me as far as Zurich. A small sum of money, remitted through M. Gardein from my poor mother, now heart-broken by my absence, and indeed by my whole story, enabled me to subsist until I could obtain some employment whereby I might earn my bread.

"The journey presented for the first day or two nothing remarkable, excepting that my companion seemed exceedingly, and it appeared groundlessly, afraid of robbers. He was unarmed, however, as I was, and on my expressing one evening my surprise at his taking no precautions against a danger he seemed to dread so much, he told me that he never had seen any good come of fire-arms, as they are of no service after a single shot, whereas he always trusted to a heavy and stout piece of wood 'like this (he said, handling the thick bough of a tree). I have more than once thus saved myself when a fellow-traveller has fired his pistol, missed, and been laid low.'

"We took the Lucerne road; and as I passed through the inn-yard where we stopt, my surprise was great to see M. Crenelle's name upon a box. I remembered he had said he should take his niece to see the Little Cantons before she returned to Avignon; but I could not understand how so much time could have been spent in this town; for it was now nearly three weeks since they had set out. I soon, however, found they were in the same inn with me, and that Louise had been seriously ill, which delayed their journey. The joy which filled me at thus unexpectedly being in the same place with her, did not permit me to reckon how short must be its duration, or how difficult it would be to see her. Crenelle had not seen me at St. Gingoulph, but his niece could receive no letter unknown to him, or which would not excite his suspicions. After long racking my brain for some means of letting her know I was at Lucerne, I at last thought of calling to ask if she would buy a spar, of which I had picked up some fragments on the road. These I placed on a piece of paste-board, with labels, and presented myself in the room when her uncle had gone to look after his horse in the stable. We were at once alone, and as instantaneously in each other's

arms. She had only time to apprize me that, as she was now well enough to travel, they intended setting out next morning for Zug. This lay in my vetturino's road, so it was arranged that I should there call with my spars, as this device had been unnecessary at Lucerne. But later in the evening, as I stood in the court-yard of the inn, I heard M. Crenelle giving orders for a char-au-banc to take him next morning to see the lake; and finding his plans changed, I prevailed on my vetturino to delay setting out until the following day. I then resolved to follow the char-au-banc, and was delighted to see Louise get into it with her uncle. They went on and embarked; I got into a boat which was leaving the shore to carry passengers to Brunnen, where we arrived long before M. Crenelle.

"The whole of the scenery here is most striking, and the contrast of some mountains green to their summits, with others wholly composed of barren rock, of fertile plains like that near Brunnen, wholly covered with fruit-trees, with a forest, and precipitous slopes like walls of bare rocks, or mountains whose sides are covered with foliage down to the water's edge, like those on the banks of the Uri branch of the lake, presents a view that

no one can ever forget the effect of, when his eyes first have dwelt upon it. Even agitated as I was with so many hopes and fears, I could not help being deeply interested with this noble scenery. The other boat soon reached Brunnen; and while M. Crenelle was ordering his breakfast, I was delighted to see Louise walk out through a cherry-orchard towards the lake. I hastily followed, and as I passed ascertained that they were next morning to leave Lucerne, she supposed for Zug, as had at first been settled. While lingering to converse with her, I observed Crenelle following, and I instantly moved on. But it was too late; he imperiously asked who I was, and she answered a person she had known at St. Gingoulph, and who had offered her some spars for sale. This barely satisfied him; and we separated. I took my way on foot back to Lucerne, and arrived late in the evening. A violent storm of thunder and lightning had driven me for shelter into a cabin, where I obtained some refreshment: but it prevented Louise from returning before night-fall, and I could not be sure that she would be able to continue her journey next day. This anxiety kept me awake; but on rising very early I found my vetturino in conversation with Crenelle's, and

learnt from him that he expected to set out. I also ascertained the inn at Zug in which he was to put up.

"At six we set out; and reached Zug before evening. We stopt at a different inn from the one named. I soon went to inquire if they had arrived, and found they had not. But lingering near the premises for about an hour, I saw them come, and soon afterwards M. Crenelle came out to make some inquiry about the road. Unfortunately he perceived me, and his look was one of suspicion as well as displeasure. I left the spot; but seeing him go out apparently towards St. Oswald's church to vespers,* I ventured to return after making some circuit to avoid his perceiving my design. I had not, however, knocked at the door of the apartment when he came up the stairs, and asked me in a rude tone what I was doing there. I said I thought he or the young lady might have some commands for St.

* It is singular enough that a prince so very obscure, indeed so entirely unknown in his own country, as this Northumberland king, one of the Heptarchy in the eighth century, should have reached the distinction of being a patron saint in a distant state. It serves to show that Romish saints are a commodity exported as easily as they are manufactured.

Gingoulph, where I proposed to return. 'None whatever,'—was his surly reply, accompanied by an assurance that I could not see her. I retired discomfited. There was no chance of my again being suffered to see Louise, and I could only ascertain that they went to Zurich next day, and that their vetturino used the same inn with mine. Pushed to impatience and almost despair at the prospect of seeing her no more, I imprudently made my vetturino ask theirs to let her know of my being in the Zurich inn next evening, and of my intention to walk in the church at vespers. He accomplished this with secrecy and success. When I had taken a few turns in the centre aisle, I saw her leaning on the maid of the inn, and going towards one of the side altars. She had hardly time to mention that they went the next day but one to Basil, when Crenelle entered the church, accompanied by an officer of police. He no sooner saw me than he gave me in charge to the man. My alarm may well be conceived. I never doubted that I was discovered, and I prepared for the event. What he said to the sergent-de-ville, I could not hear, except 'That 's he—seize him—do your duty.' I accompanied him, and was taken to his house, the

magistrate's office being shut. It was most fortunate for me that the officer was a zealous Protestant, and after listening to the story I thought fit to tell him of my being persecuted as a Reformed pastor, he took upon him to let me escape. I went towards Waldshut the same evening, slept at a wretched country inn; and in an unfrequented part of the road next morning, taking off my late disguise, I put on again my peasant's dress, which I carried with me in a bundle, with the few other clothes I possessed, and which amounted but to a single shirt and a pair of stockings. It was now, however, impossible Crenelle should again know me, and accordingly when I traced him to his inn at Basil, and had given one of the last livres I possessed for a bed and supper, I had the satisfaction of seeing Louise walking out leaning on his arm, and I contrived to look her steadily in the face as she returned following him at a few paces distant. Her look at once showed she recognized me. But whether there was something nervous in her manner on reaching their apartment, or whether the rumour had reached him of my escaping from the officer at Zurich, he was plainly upon the alert, and full of suspicion. He accordingly left Zurich early next day; I caught a

glimpse of Louise as she entered the carriage of a new vetturino, whom I had not made acquaintance with; I followed as long as I could keep up with them; they disappeared in a crowded part of the street; and I had no means of even guessing which road they took. That glimpse caught as she passed, and which I know not if she was aware of, is the last I had of Louise for seven long years after the dismal day I spent in Basil on losing sight of her carriage.

"How many a time during these wearisome years of exile and of wandering, in the lonely forest, among the unfeeling stranger, in the silent watches of the night, pining it may be with want, or stretched on a sick bed—how many a time have I asked myself if it really was come to this, that I should never see Louise more? 'Is it gone,' I have said, 'all the hope of brighter days than once cheered my path, and seemed to make its darkness lightsome, and to bruise the thorns beneath my feet? Are they fled for ever, those pleasing visions on which the troubled mind could dwell and find repose? Never more am I to see those eyes which lighted up with pure affection as often as they turned on me, or hear the

warblings of a voice sweeter than ever awaked the grove? Must I resign all prospect of happiness on earth, because a cruel superstition, doing violence to the first laws of our nature, is enthroned in a despotic church, as intolerant as it is dogmatical, which the whole power of the State maintains in its sovereignty over the Crown and over the nation, to sow falsehoods broad-cast, to keep the mind in thraldom, to vex the body, to destroy the soul?'

"But it was all in vain to repine," added Albert, "and still it is in vain. The time may yet come when the diffusion of sounder knowledge than priests will allow to be taught, may teach men the truth, and awaken nations to a sense of their rights. When that day comes, men will no longer be found to people the cloister with lazy herds, muttering the incantations of their superstition under the cowl. The dross of religion, man's worst bane, will be separated from its pure gold, his most precious inheritance. The unholy alliance of Church and State against the happiness and the rights of the people, will be dissolved;—and I shall no longer be a fugitive and an outlaw.

"I resume my narrative of those long and dismal wanderings in which I so often revolved sentiments like these, sorrows, bitter sorrows, sometimes, but rarely, relieved by faint gleams of hope.

CHAPTER III.

THE WANDERER.

"When I had lost the last hope of rejoining Louise, it remained for me to go whither I could in order to consult my safety and to find such employment as might afford me bread and shelter. I did not hesitate long in choosing a country where literary acquirements, however humble, are secure of a market for whatever they may produce, be it of ever so coarse a fabric. I went into Germany, and I soon was put in a way of earning a moderate weekly payment as a translator from the English and Italian, with both of which languages I was well acquainted. German I knew but indifferently; however, by help of the little I knew and by the universal diffusion of my mother tongue, I was enabled to complete my translation for use, that is, for the press. In that country, where the division of literary labour is perfect, and the manufacture of books has become

almost mechanical, one man could do my French, or my mixed German and French, into good Saxon who knew no English, nor Italian, and a small deduction was made from the price I charged for the translation, in order to pay for his work. I tried an original work, but it did not answer; my fancy was too much under the restraint of critical rules, my style was too much formed on the chaste models of my own country, to suit the appetite for wonders and horrors, vehement excitement and unnatural situation, fantastic sentiment and strange opinion, which seemed to be so prevalent in the constitution of the Germanic mind. Besides, I could receive very little more for a critical dissertation or a romance, than for a translation from some well known foreign author. Again, there was frequently no demand at all for my original productions, not to mention that I was not at all times in a humour of mind to execute them; and in the employment of a literary man, nothing is of such importance as a constant supply of work and of a kind which he can at all times perform. The nearer he brings his work to the common kinds of day labour, the labour at least of artizans, the better for him. He is not paid the worse in the long run, and he toils with compara-

tive ease. The evils of a literary life resolve themselves almost entirely into the ups and downs of imaginative composition, the uncertainty of finding a demand for exertions of genius, the greater uncertainty of being able to make these exertions, the occasional idleness and consequent want which are the result. Hence the anxieties, the sufferings, the various fortunes, the too often unequal spirits, even the recourse to dissipation for relief, which chequer the lives of literary men.

"As my wants were exceedingly limited, I could live by my pen, though I was paid less than many mechanics gained by their labour; for I never could exceed, and seldom quite reached, twenty rix-thalers* a month. But I enjoyed in quiet a rather agreeable literary society among the Germans of Göttingen, where I took up my abode; and I soon became familiar with the respectable character of that honest, single-hearted, well-natured, though somewhat coarse and not a little fantastical people. One of the first things that struck me in their literary condition with which my avocations naturally brought me most acquainted, was the mechanical state into which authorship was come, and the recklessness

* Four pounds.

with which authors would undertake works. The last thing they dreamt of was a conformity to Horace's rule of first calculating their own strength, and avoiding a load which their shoulders refused to bear. A middleman between the publisher and the author, like a regrater between the hop-grower and the hop-merchant or the brewer, a *verlager*, they called him, would come round to make bargains, buying up the MS. which was ready written, or else setting authors to write. Those who wanted a vent for their written works, or sought employment and could not wait till applied to, being unemployed, would go to some *verlager* and make their bargains. When an offer was made to an author by the *verlager*, he only seemed to regard the terms, the time allowed, and the money to be paid for his work, never to consider whether he could well do it or not; while the *verlager* on his part, though he would try to find persons capable of doing the work he wanted, yet continually made mistakes; and when there was a demand for a particular book, would not be very nice as to the qualifications of the writer he engaged with, knowing that if he got it less well done he paid the less for it. I have repeatedly seen men undertake in this way

to write, let me rather say to make books, on subjects they knew hardly anything of. Once I recollect one of our club-fellows, who used to smoke his meerschaum and drink his ale with us of an evening, being rallied on the gross blunders in an Algebraical Treatise which he was known to have written, though it came forth under a feigned name. His defence was comical enough. 'How should it be otherwise? I knew nothing of mathematics.'—'But then why did you undertake it?'—'Why did I undertake it? Would you have refused two rix dollars a sheet, which the *verlager*, Hans Meyer, offered me, on condition of it being finished in six weeks?'—'Then how did you do it with no more blunders, if you knew no mathematics?'—'I had two treatises, Euler and Maclorren,* which were lent me; the former, in German, I abridged easily, making of course some cruel mistakes; the latter in English I had some help from, through the tailor I lodged with, who had been a journeyman in London for some years; so that in what I took from Maclorren, I made more blunders still. But I did my work to the day, and

* The great Scotch mathematician, Maclaurin, friend of Newton, and commentator on his Philosophy; as well as author of an Elementary Treatise on Algebra.

received no less than forty rix-dollars for six weeks' work.'

"I must give the Germans every praise for industry. They labour harder and more conscientiously in every thing they undertake than any people I have ever been among. There is no comparison in this respect between them and the French, though these certainly come next. For patient industry, joined with temperance and economy, the German stands first; the Frenchman next for both. The labour of the former is more unremitting, longer continued, more passive, if I may so speak, more machine-like, less relieved by fancy, less stimulated by impetuosity. The latter works very hard too, and for an extraordinary length of time, compared with any but a German. His labour, however, is more desultory, more prompted by passion, and, therefore, less equally sustained; his industry is warmed by the fire of his temperament; and instead of loving work for work's sake like the Gothic artist, the Celtic performer toils for fame, feels all the while that he is immortalizing himself, and never doubts that in whatever drudgery he may be employed, be it only in making an index, or correcting the press, or abridging another's book, the whole

success of the work depends on himself, just as each actress who plays the soubrette's part thinks the whole fortune of the piece rests upon her performance, and just as each soldier at a review considers that he is the pivot on which the whole manœuvres of the day turn. Happy people, to live in so pleasing a delusion! But happy country, to have its offices filled, its armies recruited, its fleets manned by myriads of such enthusiasts! Less felicitous its lot in times of trouble and change, when the mercurial temperament, the exciteable nature is prone to display its force, and no work of mischief can ever be without leaders, no incendiary leader ever want followers in doing the deeds of destruction!

"There is in the German character, according to my observation, a certain slowness, a reluctance to leave the beaten track; but it is in practical matters; or, if it be a general character of the Teutonick understanding, we must ascribe the strange vagaries of theory and of sentiment into which it plunges, to the effects of an unnatural state, the extremes to which men will go when they once break through their habitual modes of thinking or of acting. Certain it is that no people, generally speaking, are more prone to go on as those have done who lived

before them. Witness the slowness with which they have embraced improvements in the art of war, and the number of times that Frederick II. defeated his enemies by the new tactics, the great scheme of manœuvres he introduced, and which the Dauns and the Laudohns were never beaten into adopting.

"To deny the Germans genius, as some superficial reasoners have done, misled by a heavy exterior and the miracles of a plodding nature, both the one and the other so manifest to the eye, is wholly absurd. Shall we look to the highest subjects, to the sublimer of the sciences, where, except in the country of Newton, do we find such discoveries as those by which Leibnitz gave, like Newton and with Newton, the key to all modern mathematical research, and Kepler and Copernicus first expounded the system of the universe? Is poetry our care, and can we forget Göthe and Klopstock? In music who have surpassed Haydn and Mozart? Painting alone furnishes any exception; though he who denies Rubens to be a German because his family was Flemish, must deny Holbein to be a Switzer because his family was German.

"I have spoken of the effects produced by deviasions from the nature of men, or violent breaches of

habit, their second nature. The women of Germany, perhaps, furnish the materials of a similar remark, in illustration of the Latin saying, that the corruption of the best things makes the worst. The German female is naturally pure, chaste, strict; when she deviates from her appointed path, she falls low indeed; her abandonment exceeds the grovelling, the wallowing, of less virtuous natures.

"I have heard the sobriety of the Germans called in question, and on the Rhine they perhaps drink more wine than the men of some other nations, all those of the south, as of the Spanish and Italian peninsulas, of course being abstemious in the greatest degree. But the general beverage of Germany is beer, and though with their tobacco a good deal of this is consumed, I never saw reason to doubt that the German was sufficiently sober, as he is past all doubt rigidly economical. Indeed, after passing some months in that country, I never either saw or heard of any person who did not live within his means. Having money, the German will indulge, but only in moderation; and if he have but a rix-dollar in his pocket, he will only spend three marcs.

"In a country so full of authors, and so fruitful in productions of the press, it was plain that the

number of readers must be prodigious; nor was it uninteresting to observe that a vast variety of subjects were treated of in their writings so generally read. The speculations of science, and the works on *belles lettres*, were by no means the only ones, not even the principal ones, diffused through the country. History, above all recent history, biography, and of living persons, moral and metaphysical controversy, these often plunging into the most cloudy and abstract mysticism, jurisprudence, even political philosophy, theology, mixed with fierce controversy on all important and on many very trivial points—all these formed the catalogue weekly printed at Göttingen of new publications, and all these furnished food for the labours of the critics and abridgers who had lately set up daily reviews, the former weekly ones proving insufficient to keep pace with the hourly growing crop of books and pamphlets which shot up in so rank a soil, so peopled with hard-working cultivators. The great number of petty principalities into which the empire is divided gives a stimulus to the products of the press, and also affords security to those who live by it; they can move from place to place if in any jeopardy from the freedom of their pens; and some of the princes,

and still more of the ministers, were in those days known to encourage very free opinions upon all subjects. Indeed no two of the petty sovereigns were likely to agree on any point, and still less were such near neighbours, lords of such contracted dominions, capable of living in much amity one with another. Add to all these circumstances, the effect of the Reformed faith, wherever it was established, in emancipating the human mind and causing reason alone to be consulted in all controversial matters.

"It cannot be denied that this state of things was sure to spread among the people a love of freedom, and give them a spirit of inquiry into all existing institutions, and their abuses as well as their foundations. The American revolution had recently produced a great effect in the same direction, and even the Hessian and other troops who had been hired by England to fight against the rising liberties of her colonial subjects, did not cross the Atlantic, or write to their families, or return when paid off to their homes, without bringing notions of a very free kind to spread among their untravelled countrymen. I had not been long at Göttingen when I found that there was a considerable ferment among the people in many parts of the Empire, and not merely in the

Protestant parts, for I should say Munich had fully more of it than either Leipsic or Göttingen. But what interested me more was the associations which I found were formed, and chiefly in university towns, among the young men, but to which no small number of the elderly university men, and even the professors, belonged. Some of these societies were merely public bodies that openly held meetings for discussing literary, historical, or scientific subjects; with which were occasionally mingled political controversies. But others were of a concealed and mysterious character; no one knew who belonged to them; their places of meeting were only revealed to the initiated; and the members recognized one another by secret signs. I was, after a short intimacy with a literary man older than myself, and after many minute examinations of my character, and inquiries into my past history, which I answered as best I could, admitted into one of these associations. It was called the *Fehm-gerichte,* or *Fehmding,* borrowing its name from a famous secret tribunal in Westphalia, established during the middle ages for the enforcement of criminal justice and police, and which was wont to execute capital sentences occasionally on offenders, as well as on those

of its own body who betrayed its secrets. The plans of the society I belonged to soon unfolded themselves to my mind; having been carefully concealed from me until I had bound myself by an awful oath, borrowed like the name from the Fehm-gerichte,—an oath binding me 'by the death which God endured on the cross, to keep the holy secrets from wife and child, from father and mother, from sister and brother, from fire and wind, from all the sun shines on, or the rain falls on, from all between sky and ground, and especially from the man who knows the law.'—When I had thus become bound, and furthermore had taken the equally solemn oath of implicit and unhesitating obedience to my unknown chiefs, I was gradually allowed to know that the designs of the society were utterly incompatible with the security of the established government or the established church. Wild and levelling doctrines of a purely republican nature were freely discussed and were largely inculcated upon the newly admitted members; and the task of zealously aiding in the dissemination of these, both in society, by teaching, through the press, and by all manner of influence, personal, professional, official, was prescribed as the first of duties. The evils under which society as

at present constituted labours, formed the favourite subject of declamation at all our meetings; the glorious prospect of its entire regeneration under the establishment of a more pure, more free, more philosophical system, was the pleasing hope held out to encourage our labours.

"When I found these refined speculations planted in the minds of enthusiasts, and producing fruits of a very exciting and most practical kind, I own my alarm became considerable. For nothing was more common than to hear mention made of vengeance which must be exacted from some one who was suspected of betraying the Society, and on whom a strict watch was therefore set, the office of superintending him being confided to some intimate friend whom he little suspected of such vigilance. Nor was this all. There were certain persons in authority whom the concealed rulers of our body were said to have found counteracting their proceedings, spying into their meetings, and even endeavouring to discover their persons. One and another of these public functionaries was successively named in our meetings as closely watched, and their doom was said to be inevitable were they found to have really done what was imputed. It seemed quite plain to me, however care-

fully wrapt up in general expressions, that assassination was one of the means contemplated as possibly to be used; in extreme cases no doubt, in order to render it safe and prevent the consequences from the active exertions of the government, but still an instrument reserved to be used on those great occasions.

"At length I was allowed to be present at the initiation of one person, whose absolute devotion to the order was deemed an important object from the rank he filled at a neighbouring court; while the great, the more than German enthusiasm of his character gave every hope of his falling an easy victim to the society's designs, and yielding to the yoke sought to be imposed on him. At the dead of the night, and in the inmost recesses of an old house in the thicket of a neighbouring wood, we assembled in no great numbers, only about twenty being present. A short but very striking lecture on the new duties of the neophyte, and above all on the absolute devotion demanded of him to the will of his concealed superiors, was now delivered, while all stood uncovered. The oath of implicit obedience was then pronounced with great solemnity, and to that he swore obedience on his bare knees. Hi-

therto he had only gone through the same ceremonies which attended my own admission two months before. While he remained kneeling, an exhortation was addressed to him in much the same tone; and a chorus of the most pleasing voices then struck up a beautiful hymn, accompanied by a fine though small organ which a brother played, and played well. The newly initiated was then directed to rise, and asked what punishment he expected for treachery to the order in breach of his oath. He answered as he was bid—'Instant death, without knowing from what hand.'—Again he was asked what would be his punishment for refusing obedience to the commands of the secret superiors, in breach of his oath? He gave the same answer.—He was now told that the time had come when his virtue must be tried; he trembled visibly; but answered, 'Lead on!' He was taken, and we accompanied him, into the next room, more dimly lighted, where he saw his own brother bound to a stake with his shirt off, loaded with irons, and in a posture of supplication. The commands of the invisible tyrants were then read with a loud voice. He was ordered to put the victim of stern justice to death, as one who had been treacherous to the order—'That the weakness of

human nature be spared,' said the president rising from his seat, 'your eyes may be bandaged while you perform your duty according to the obligation of your oath.'—He shrunk and seemed ready to faint away; he was blindfolded; he was led up to the victim; a dagger was placed in his right hand; he was bid to feel with his left where the heart beat and so to direct his blow; he convulsively grasped the dagger; and with a loud scream plunged it in. Loud acclamations rose from all present but me; the bandage was removed from his eyes; it was found that he had slain a lamb with the wool shorn, and mouth muzzled; and he was covered with the poor creature's blood. But no one who saw this shocking spectacle could hesitate to believe that in a moral sense, at least, the guilt of murder had been incurred; that his brother's blood lay heavy upon his soul; and that if this trial did not open his eyes and effect the cure of his enthusiasm, it had prepared him, or proved him already prepared, for the last extremities of cruelty, in blind obedience wholly resigned to the sovereign will of an unknown master.

"It should seem that some look of mine, new as I was to such scenes, had not escaped the watchful eyes by which I was surrounded; and the conver-

sation which followed led me to express my sentiments upon the lawfulness of the doctrines that seemed so generally diffused among the initiated. The wrongs I had suffered, and continued to endure under a tyrannical system, civil and religious, had prepared my mind to seek the overthrow of established institutions; for, as the good pastor of Nismes had observed, with the facility of self-deception which the passions, those consummate casuists, possess, we always cast upon others the blame of our own actions, as we always flatter ourselves that our worst deeds are necessary to our self-defence. Yet I was not prepared to attempt, or join in attempting, the much wished-for change, by all and by any means, and I had suffered too severely from the spilling of blood to be indifferent upon embracing so dreadful an extremity. This feeling naturally marked my conversation more after the midnight rehearsal for scenes of slaughter, the *murder-drill,* as I rashly termed it to a brother. Among the Germans at large all speculative opinions are freely ventilated, and all opposition to prevailing belief is fully tolerated; but when men are bound in a secret conspiracy, the case is otherwise, and mistrust becomes the consequence of any difference upon fundamen-

tal articles of the common faith. The imbuing the initiated with feelings as vehement as the principles of the association were extravagant, feelings powerful enough to counteract the strongest sentiments of our nature, was the main object of those able men who projected the Fehm-gerichte; and when it was found that my heart still beat to other measures, the inference immediately followed that I had been prematurely admitted to the inmost mysteries, and should have been stopt in my progress, with a *Sta bene*, outside the threshold of their temple. It was soon clear to me that I was very closely watched. I perceived some one of the brethren always threw himself in my way wheresoever I went. I never could be alone an instant, hardly when I was at my daily work; one or other would make a pretence of his bed-room being taken from him and come to read or write in mine. At last one, most intimate with me, brought a dismal story of his losing some money, and being no longer able to pay his room-rent, it was necessary he should have a bed put up in mine, or he could sleep on the floor. If ever I was seen speaking but for a moment to any uninitiated person, some brother was at my elbow as if to listen. I seldom sent any letter

to the post-office; but now and then I received one from M. Girard, to whom the secret of my retreat was known, and who wrote to me under the name of Henri Claire. The director of the post had a son in the office who was one of the initiated, and I perceived that my letters were opened. Happily they contained nothing of moment; but one that I had written to M. Gardein immediately after the drill at the lone house, contained my confession of having been present, expressed how it had weighed on my mind, and though it forbade him to make any remarks on it when he should write, yet gave a plain intimation of my resolution to quit the Fehm-gerichte, and leave Göttingen also. Perceiving that a letter of M. Girard's had been opened, I could not doubt that this of mine had likewise been seen; indeed, when I recollected, I found that the brother had taken up his abode with me the same evening. I became now beyond measure anxious; never doubting that the first word which escaped me in presence of a stranger, nay, the first rash word I might be overheard to speak in my sleep, would be the signal for what was called 'executing justice,' and that I should be found dead in my bed with some circumstances provided to show that I had destroyed myself.

"The brethren, however, took another course. Resolved to make themselves secure from any disclosure of mine, and determined to do so by my effectual removal, they had set all their energies at work to trace my whole history. I soon found that they knew my name was not Claire, and that I had in Switzerland gone by another appellation. They knew moreover that I had personated a Protestant pastor; and as I had, in obtaining admission, disclosed my having been converted from Romanism, the acquaintance with the language of the Contât which one of them had from having many years before been educated at Avignon, led them to the discovery of my having come from thence. I could not even be certain that my whole history was any longer a secret among them. Certain it is that once or twice when I gave vent to my feelings and scruples on assassination, I was met, and cruelly met, with the observation that if one man could destroy his rival in a fit of mere jealousy, another might possibly make up his mind to do as much for his country and his kind by laying low a tyrant or a persecutor. There seemed to me some reference to myself in this, though it was said in an argument of a general nature. I began to

believe that the Fehm-gerichte were taking their measures for having me seized and delivered up to the French authorities. I became inexpressibly anxious in consequence; and a circumstance soon occurred that left no longer any doubt on my mind. The necessity for moving from Göttingen, and again trusting to chance for concealment and subsistence, became apparent; but the blow was accompanied with a most pleasing compensation, which shed oil into the wound it made.

"It was the afternoon of a day in July, when I walked out in the gardens that surround the town, and was straying towards a stream where I used sometimes to angle for small fish, or to sit and smoke a pipe towards nightfall. The day had been extremely rainy, and even stormy; and when a fine evening succeeds such a day, and the storm is hushed, I know nothing more refreshing. The heats have been allayed; the flowers regain their fragrance; no dust flies about; every thing is fresh, and there is a peculiar balminess in the air, which highly pleases the senses. While enjoying this walk, I was overtaken by our post-office brother, who brought me a letter with M. Girard's hand-writing on the back. I thanked him, and put it in

my pocket, wishing to examine the seal. He soon went away, finding me little disposed to keep up the conversation he had tried to begin. I hurried to the stone seat where I often went to meditate at eventide, and I thought I could perceive no marks of the letter having been opened, for it was protected by a wafer under the wax, and this appearing round the edges of the seal, had probably scared the brother from his attempt upon it, and reduced him to the device of himself delivering it, and endeavouring to discover whence it came. As soon as I opened it, I perceived the well known hand of Louise on the inclosure, and could hardly contain my joy. Three months had now elapsed since I parted from her, and I had but faint hopes of hearing from her again. Her letter was fitted to fill me with rapture; I devoured it again and again; its alarming tidings were not sufficient to damp the joy its perusal shot through my whole frame; it was the only subject of my reading, and my thoughts for that night; it disturbed, but not unpleasingly, my rest, and it has been the cherished companion of my way in all the after wanderings and vicissitudes of my stormy life. Here is that precious relic of true love,"—said the Solitary, as

he plucked it from his bosom, worn and in parts all but defaced, hid in a pocket-book of which it was the only tenant.—"Here it is, and you, Count, may yourself peruse it. I know it by heart."—The Count opened and read as follows :—

"I have learnt, my dearest Albert, from the good pastor with whom I am now on a visit at Nismes, that your retreat is in Germany, and that M. Girard can make a letter sure of reaching you living under your new disguise. I cannot resist the temptation of conversing for an hour once more with you, though only on paper and at a distance that seems impossible. My first object is to warn you that circumstances have come to my knowledge at Avignon which show you to be no longer safe in your present residence, surrounded with associates of whom we find that one was educated in the Contât, knows its dialect, and probably has correspondence with its capital. Fly then elsewhere; change your disguise once more; be even more carefully than ever on your guard against rash confidences and false friends; distrust the post-office everywhere; write nothing that can betray you; let no one but M. Gardein and M. Girard know whither you have fled; and trust to their conveying

the tidings I most value, to her you best love, her who loves you with the truest, the most unalterable affection!

"How delightful, my dearest friend, thus to write without restraint, thus to pour out my whole heart to you, thus to show you how entirely it is filled with your image, and thus, as it were, to breathe my sighs in your ear! The confidence that reigns between us two is as perfect as the affection that knits us together. True, our loves have been hitherto disastrous; they have been cast and they have cast our lives into a deep shade, athwart which but a single gleam of sunshine has ever shot; yet one blessing has attended them; heaven be praised, the curse of jealousy has never blighted them, never for an instant ruffled our souls, since that one fatal moment when its fury broke out upon you, and drove you to madness and to crime. Yes, Albert! far be from me the guilt of veiling over your fault even from your recollection, which I fervently pray it may never escape, because I firmly believe the more bitterly it stings your conscience, the more hope you may indulge of forgiveness from the Father of all mercy, the more guiltlessly pass the remaining days of your trial here below!

"When I parted from you at Basil, my uncle, now became my jealous watch, and since my implacable persecutor, showed plainly that he suspected me of having met you at St. Gingoulph, and was not without his apprehensions that you were still following our steps. If anything could have more indisposed me to hear his hateful and disgusting professions of esteem soon assuming a warmer guise, it was the life of torment his suspicions made me lead. I became really ill; and I feigned that I was worse. I made him bring our excursion to a close. We struck into the road that leads towards the Rhone, and I arrived exhausted and wretched at my mother's house. The reception she gave me showed plainly the tenor of her brother's letters, and it became necessary that I should at once declare to her my fixed resolution never to allow the subject of his attachment, or pretended attachment, to be mentioned in my presence. You know how much she loves me; but her next attachment is to her brother, and my life has since been one of perpetual vexation. The cruel and designing man, finding his passion hopeless, has converted it, by the easy transition from love to hatred, into the bitterest enmity; and he

never has lost any opportunity of giving me pain. There is accordingly no more choice subject of conversation with him than your history. How often has he made me quit the room with a heaving bosom, and with ill-restrained tears in my eyes, to give my sorrow and my indignation vent in the room where every object, the sofa, the guitar, the harpsichord, the library, all recall you to my view! To my mind no such mementos are wanted, for you never have left it.

" Do you remember, dearest, the beautiful evening when we strolled to Meillerie arm in arm, and after reading a few of Julie's letters, threw the book aside, chilled by the cold rhetoric of a composition in which all the love that breathes through it comes from either the head or the senses, and never has warmed the heart? 'It is not even finely written,' you said; 'if any one would see how well Jean Jacques could write French, let him read his Confessions:' and you promised to select the readable parts of that wonderful work for my perusal. 'But at all events,' you said, 'the Nouvelle Héloise is only a mixture of gross passion and rigid declamation, from which the feeling, the sentiment of love is far away.' Well; you then gave me Pascal's Provincial

Letters, and bade me often read that great performance; with another in favour of the Reformed faith. These have been my companions ever since. These have constantly occupied my thoughts, together with the lecture you read me on the lives of the first Reformers, as an antidote to the arguments of our priests drawn from them, and for the purpose of showing how the errors and impurities incident to those who suddenly cast off the restraints of an habitual faith, form no reason whatever for distrusting their reasonings, or disbelieving the facts they prove by evidence.

"In this frame of mind I have cultivated the society, the truly edifying society, of M. Gardein and his amiable family. He has received me more than once under his humble but hospitable roof. He has been made the confidant of all my sad history; of our loves, of our sorrows. My doubts, both on the Romish and on the Reformed schemes, have been freely disclosed to him; he has confirmed me in the one, he has removed the others; and I am now an openly professed follower of the Protestant faith, to the extreme grief of my poor mother, and to the unbounded anger of M. Crenelle.

"How delightful, my dearest friend, was it to

feel that I was following your steps, conversing with your pious instructor, receiving from his lips the same saving lessons wherewith he had chased error from your mind, and won you over to the right faith ; kneeling with the family in the same parlour where you had knelt to worship the God of mercy and of truth ! I felt as if we had met once more ; weaned through the same process, and from the same false doctrines, by the same kindly hand, it seemed as if, after all our earthly wanderings, storms, and perils, we had reached together the blessed haven where peace and rest await us, and where we may taste them together, to part no more !

" This place is filled with recollections of my love. His image seems to float even through the air. When I wander in the beautiful gardens, he has before been wandering there. When I survey the fine monuments of ancient arts in the Temple of Concord, he has before been carried back by the same remains to the Augustan age of Rome. When I worship in the holier Temple whose priest is the venerable pastor, I bend at the same altar where Albert offered up his penitence and his prayers. The room I now write in is the one you occupied. I rest my arm on the desk you wrote on. I see the

traces of the pen which, the night you left Nismes, you used to write down the venerable pastor's wholesome advice; one word reversed by having been laid on the blotting book, I can yet read in your well-known hand; it is *Providence!* Oh, let me implore that gracious power to guide all your steps, that gracious mercy to descend on your head! I fold up this letter with this prayer, breathed from the bottom of my heart, and I go to lay my head on that pillow which you, dearest, dearest love, so often made wet with your tears, as if with them I could mingle my own!

"LOUISE ORANGE."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAY-FARING MAN.

"It was not so easy as dear Louise imagined to follow the course which her important warning directed me to take. Nothing could have given our brethren so great alarm as the least intimation that I intended to quit Göttingen. The constant watch set on me made all preparation impossible. Of this I was soon made aware; for, going to the office of a diligence where I wished to inquire about a place, I found my intrusive fellow lodger, Krützener, there before me, and the postmaster's son was with him. The alarm had been given by my pressing, the morning before, for payment from my bookseller, of a small sum which he owed me; and some inquiry I had made in a Dutch tradesman's shop, as to the nearest way to Holland, had in an unaccountable way become known. A small letter-case in which I kept my writings had

been evidently opened, and it contained a few lines I had written to M. Girard, mentioning my wish to leave the place, which I said was become intolerable to me. What more may have been overheard of my words while asleep I cannot tell; but it was plain from Krützener's altered manner that he was my enemy as well as the watch upon me. Nevertheless I resolved to risk everything, and if no other escape presented itself, to walk away under cloud of night, and take my chance of getting into the coach next day by the road side. Before going to bed at an early hour, which I did on pretence of illness, I was about to take a cooling draught, when I saw Krützener, in the mirror, drop a powder into it. This was quite enough to prevent me taking it, but putting it on the night-table, when he left the room for a few minutes, I contrived to spill it under the pillow. I then went to bed, and feigning after a little while to be asleep, I perceived him come with the lamp in his hand, and holding it near my eyes he stood silent over me. He turned, believing me asleep; when, unable to contain myself, I suddenly rose and sprang upon the assassin, who, being far less powerful, was easily held in my grasp. Seizing a knife that lay on the table, I held it at his

throat, and bade him prepare for the death which he had intended for me. He sank on his knees, and earnestly begged his life, pleading in his defence the dreadful oath he had taken of obedience to the Unknown, whose peremptory orders were to remove me, and charge me with having voluntarily swallowed poison, for which purpose they had found in my letter-case some lines expressing that I was weary of life. I released him on one condition; that he should accompany me to the frontier, in order that I might be safe from the all-seeing eyes and all-pervading myrmidons of the Unknown Superiors. We instantly set out, and after travelling the greater part of the night, I was overtaken by a stuhlwagen, or open diligence, into which I got, leaving the wretched slave to find his way back as he could.

"Nothing particularly worth remembering occurred on the way; I only remember well the feeling of relief which I experienced on finding myself suddenly freed from the jealous and constant inspection of the Fehm-gerichte. Secure in the distance every hour was increasing between me and their odious thraldom, I little cared for any attempts which they might make against me, be-

cause I felt assured they must fail; and I now seemed to breathe after the intolerable servitude I had lately been forced to endure; a servitude which almost abstracted from my mind the fears of being discovered for what I was. Those fears now returned, but with less than their former violence; for I hoped that, as soon as I should reach the Dutch territory, the protection of a free state would be extended to me. In the course of a week our slow-moving vehicle brought us to Emmerich, the frontier town of the Prussian States, and I panted to set my foot, for the first time, in a country governed by a constitution that secured equal rights to its subjects of all classes. Well did I then remember the touching picture which Father Jerome used to paint of the superior virtue that resides in popular governments. He had a care to temper his panegyric with an admission of the mischiefs to which popular excesses lead; but the security of person and property he justly regarded as a paramount excellence of this scheme of policy; and the toleration of the Dutch for all kinds of religious creeds, he had been wont to commend fully as much as a strict Catholic could be expected to do, while he affirmed that the practice of this virtue was

more conformable to the genius of a Protestant commonwealth than to the spirit of uniformity required in a Romish monarchy. The image of the good man was before my eyes while looking forward to the emancipation from alarm which I should feel when I breathed, for the first time, the republican air of the United Provinces; and filled with these hopes, saddened by this reminiscence, I entered Holland, sleeping the first night in Nimeguen, a town of Guelderland.

"My object was to reach Amsterdam or Rotterdam, believing I might have a better chance of obtaining employment in those great towns; a thing very necessary to me, as the small sum I had compelled Krützener to advance (making over to him my claim on the bookseller) was nearly exhausted by the expenses, humble as these were, of the week's journey. I therefore got into a diligence which was to reach Amsterdam in two days. The conversation was in French, between a merchant of Brussels and a commercial traveller. It soon caught my ear, for it turned on a person who had fled from the Austrian Netherlands to Holland, on a charge of forgery; and I found, to my great dismay, that on the simple requisition of the Austrian minister

at the Hague, the criminal was sure, if found, to be delivered up. 'Oh!' said a Dutch gentleman, who was a fellow-passenger, 'of that there is no doubt. God forbid that our free country should ever become the refuge of felons. We might have persons charged with murder flee hither to infect our soil, and escape the laws against which they had offended.' 'Nothing,' said the Fleming, 'can be more just, Sir, than your observation. Nor can anything be more necessary for the purposes of police than a mutual surrender of fugitives between neighbouring states.' 'This,' said the commercial traveller, 'is the more necessary where, as in Germany, and on the left bank of the Rhine, the territory is so much divided into small principalities that an offender can everywhere escape, in a few hours, across the frontier. There can hardly be said to be any law, any civilized society, or any effectual government, where every one country affords an asylum to the fugitives from every other.' To all these remarks I could not refuse my assent; but I felt, cruelly, how they bore upon my own case; and I began to foresee that, even were I able to obtain employment in Holland, I durst not long remain within a

dominion governed by so wise and just a system of police.

"I arrived at Amsterdam, once the great capital of the commercial world, though now far advanced towards its decline, from the natural rise of other countries of which Holland had formerly carried on the trade, sooner or later sure to be domiciled among themselves. My stock of money was exhausted, and I lost no time in applying to a bookseller for employment, never doubting but I should find myself here on the same footing as in Germany. The case, however, was widely different. The man drily told me he had no work for either an author or a translator; that he sold few books, and these only the standard works in French, German, and Dutch; and that all the translations required had long ago been provided. I asked whether he could recommend me to any other publisher? He said they hardly had such a thing as a publisher in Amsterdam; but if I would call at a shop he named, where school-books were sold, it was possible I might find some little thing to do. Thither, accordingly, I went, and I was told that if for ten guilders (about a Louis-d'or) I chose to translate

a small volume of arithmetic and geography, lately printed in London, for the use of schools, I might do so. I agreed; and received, in advance, two guilders. This work took me ten days to do; and I then sought another kind of employment, as I plainly could not earn anything like a subsistence by literary labour in Holland. I wrote a good hand, could cast accounts, should soon learn enough of the language to keep the books of some shopkeeper in a good line of business, whom I might also help as a shopman, to fill up my time and earn his wages. After some days spent in seeking for such a place, I luckily found one at a salary of a guilder or florin a day and my lodging; I had to feed myself out of this poor pittance.

"The knowledge I had acquired of English, as well as German, put a plan into my head which seemed to promise some more comfortable subsistence, and to relieve me from the apprehension I lived in that information from my cruel persecutors at Göttingen might reach the French ambassador, and that I should be discovered as having fled from Nismes. A squadron of five sail of the line and six frigates was about to sail, for the protection of a merchant fleet expected from the Baltic,

and among the frigates was a fine American, the Charlestown, of size almost equal to a ship of the line. I went on board her, and finding that the place of captain's clerk was vacant, I immediately applied for it. I was hired at a salary treble of what the grocer allowed me at Amsterdam; and, fear never forming any part of my nature, I cared not whether I encountered the risks of battle or of shipwreck. After a few days we sailed; but these days gave me a pretty complete notion of the change I had made from the Dutch to the American character of my associates.

"I had, during the short period of my stay in Holland, formed an exceedingly favourable opinion of its people. They are a quiet, orderly, honest race, extremely averse to all that is adventurous or riskful, even in their own line, that of commerce; plodding on in the beaten track, and spurning speculation; content if they can obtain in safety the lowest gain on the capital, which is so overgrown as to bring down profits by almost unlimited competition, and wisely setting this restricted advantage against the risk of loss they thus avoid. Regular and precise in all their habits, they resemble machines rather than human beings; but they are

not more regular than conscientious, and they number economy among their virtues so habitually that the sight of extravagance offends them, as the spectacle of vice shocks others. I recollect meeting with a peasant, in one of the Trekschuyts, when going to join the frigate at Rotterdam, and after complaining of the waste he formerly saw in the English Ambassador's kitchen, which he had supplied with garden stuff, he said he liked it not; it was not good; it looked profligate, and he had therefore ceased to supply them, and let them go to the green-grocers. This seemed to me a purely Dutch trait of character; but from one of that truth-loving nation I could well believe it, for no people have less hypocrisy, or pretence, or cant of any sort, than the worthy Hollanders. Their piety is of a like kind, being very sincere, and quite free from enthusiasm. They are, however, universally a religious people; they look to the reversion; they regard the laying up of a store hereafter, as either a benefit or an indispensable duty, like providing for their family after their decease. But they will avoid extravagance in making the one provision as well as the other; doing the needful,—no more. In a word, they think godliness a great gain, and they

pursue it as they would a profit of three or three-and-a-half per cent. on their capital; nor will they run after any fanatical teacher who would show them new and more advantageous roads to salvation, any more than they would run after a projector who should tempt them with a prospect of making five or six per cent. or some other impossible profit.

"In their domestic virtues they are unimpeachable; showing perfect propriety and purity of conduct, though without any exuberant warmth of attachment. A Dutch lover seems almost a contradiction in terms; it presents to the mind a grotesque image. I saw a love-letter which my employer's son, a youth of twenty-four, wrote and asked me to correct. His mistress's 'last favour' had reached him 'in due course;' he 'noted the contents;' he took as much interest in her affairs, as she did in his; he wished the 'balance might not be on the wrong side of the account;' and he hoped her guardian would agree to let 'them join their stocks together for their mutual benefit.' I observed that he took this composition, after I had made him add a few tender lines, to his father, who gave him much praise for it; but desired him to strike out the addition, which, he

said, he must have taken from some book, or some newspaper, and which, he observed, made nonsense of the whole; besides not being very easily understood. So the letter, after being carefully copied, and the copy posted among his correspondence, was despatched in its original and sensible form.

"The peace and decorum of their household is a prime consideration with the Dutch; and as I have known families that were never suffered to have a poem within their reach, so I believe a novel is rarely to be found in the hands of any. The seeing a single play in a year suffices to most for their measure of theatrical amusement; but concerts are more freely indulged in, for the Hollander has a great love of music, and does not regard indulging it as attended with any danger.

"They are strict economists of every thing, of time as well as of money. You shall see wealthy families, which give but two entertainments in a year, and these, no doubt, on the scale of the miser's feast, for nothing is spared. It is undeniable that, in many fine houses, the great hall door is only opened on occasion of a marriage or a funeral; the gravel walk that leads to it being made of glazed gravel, like cut pebbles, and kept free from weeds

or dust as carefully as a polished table in a drawing-room. Their luxuries savour equally of traffic and abstinence. Your busy merchant will retire once a-week to take the Sabbath rest; but he spends not his hours in either walking, which he is unaccustomed to, and not clever at performing, or reading, of which he has no idea beyond the letters of his correspondents, the price-current, and, perhaps, the weekly Brussels Gazette. He sits in his summer or pleasure-house (*loost-haus*), and either smokes his pipe on the borders of the canal, or fishes for minnow or dace with, perhaps, a stick and strings, or a crooked pin. But his pipe is his chief enjoyment, whether in town, or what he calls country, which is only a few hundred yards from the town. In some things, however, he will take an extraordinary interest; they seem to savour of commerce, or at least of fisheries. The first cargo of herrings that arrives, he will pay ten or twelve florins a-piece for, that he may eat this salt relish on the earliest day. The next day, a dozen or more may be bought for a florin. Flowers sometimes have been an object of enjoyment, and have once given rise to a kind of disease in the country. Fond of gardening, and excelling in the culture of tulips, as well as

garden stuff and some fruits, they gave the most extravagant prices for rare samples of that fine flower, the perfection of the gardening art; and one rich burgomaster was known to pay five hundred louis for a singular specimen which, the moment he possessed it, he crushed to pieces, that none other might enjoy the sight for which he alone had paid so dear. In this, as in other instances which I cited when speaking of the Germans, we plainly see the excesses to which any passion will carry men when indulged contrary to their nature. I have noted more than once their business-like habits, their exclusive devotion to mercantile affairs. A banker, or rather a bill-discounter, a brother-in-law of my employer, had made a large fortune in business; and I remember, on seeing his fine house richly furnished, asking him if he had never thought of fitting up a room for a library. 'Why should I do so?' said he; 'I read none, nor does any one who comes to see me. We have no time for books.' 'But on such a day as this,' I asked, 'when you don't go to your country house?' It was Sunday. 'Oh,' said he, 'I shall, after church, spend it in reading, sure enough; and these are my books,'—said he, showing me a glass case, in which

were many small oblong bundles. He took out one, and I found it was a parcel of bills of exchange; he had brought it home with him for the enjoyment of his holiday, and he told me he would sit half-an-hour at a time, poring over the names on the back of a bill, weighing their solvency, and considering the risk he ran by discounting. 'Believe me,' said he, 'there is no romance, not even any newspaper, affords such pleasant reading as this.'

"The people I now found on board the Charlestown were as different as possible from those I had left; nor did I begin well to know them, though immediately aware of this diversity, till after I had long associated with them both on shipboard and on shore in their own country. The most striking characteristic of the good Dutch, their modesty amounting to humbleness of spirit, I from the first found wanting to my new companions in an extraordinary degree. Not that the Hollander is at all deficient in self-possession; on the contrary, his is a great firmness of purpose,—a cool, collected courage, especially in the form of resolute fortitude, but also rising into contempt of danger,—a perseverance amounting to obstinacy, though also proceeding from fixed and unshaken determination. I do not at all deny that I

found these great qualities also in the crew of the American; but they were not relieved by the Dutchman's tranquillity, and were certainly not adorned with his modesty.

"In a few hours after we had set sail, signals were made by the Admiral Zoutman for an enemy being in sight; soon these were followed by the signal to prepare for action; and our vessel immediately presented a spectacle to me as new as it was striking. The men who had been most noisy an hour before, were become silent, thoughtful, exceedingly intent on their several duties, and all as active, though in perfect quiet, as bees in a hive, which they seemed to resemble most of anything I could call to mind. There was no confusion, no hurry, no jostling of one against another, great mutual goodwill, much readiness to help one the other, and above all perfect obedience of every one to his immediate superior. The ship presented a change as great nearly as her crew had undergone; and the change was far from being an improvement. All the bulkheads of every kind were knocked away; this being the affair of a moment, we at once saw from stem to stern clear between decks; and in another minute all the decks and every part of her

was flooded with water, that no risk of fire might remain which could by any possibility be avoided. The men were soon heated with their work, and were then stript to the middle, and indeed without any clothes but their trowsers. The vessel now presented a sight to the eye as cold and uncomfortable as could well be figured; and the chill was not diminished by the prospect of the scene in which we were presently to be engaged. A distant firing was soon heard, which showed that the action was commenced with one of the Dutch men of war. The captain's glass told him that it was only a repeating frigate stationed to windward; but the battle was now inevitable, and we were nearly ready for it. A single glass of grog (a mixture of spirits and water) was now served out to each seaman and each marine, for we had a quarter company of these also on board, chiefly occupying our tops. After this, orders were given to lock the cellar; and it was proclaimed that whatever seaman having secreted any liquor should presume to taste a drop till night-fall, should instantly be shot dead. Three cheers were given on this order being proclaimed by the boatswain; and the first lieutenant then directed the powder magazine to be unlocked and the communication to be

made with the decks. A wet sheet was then hoisted going round the whole of the way which joined the storehouse of destruction with its engines above; and all being thus prepared for the fight we waited calmly and silently for its commencement.

"The captain paced the quarter-deck, and spoke not a word. He constantly applied his glass to his eye, received reports from his signal lieutenant, and gave his orders in consequence. Once only he took me aside and asked if I had ever been in action. I said I had never even seen the sea till a few days ago, never had slept on board a ship till the night before last, had been sick the whole of the day before and that morning, and had only got well on the signal being given to clear away for action. 'Aye,' said he, 'that is a common case. Some men, even seamen, are never without sickness except in action or in shipwreck, and so hateful is the disease to landsmen, that I have heard them say they cared not, while it lasted, how soon they went down or were shot.' I ventured to ask if he had good hopes of the result. 'Why, look ye, young gentleman,' was his reply, 'this same bank where we be is the Dogger bank by name; some hundred years agone it was here the Englanders and Hollanders fought

many severe actions with equal or varying success, twice almost beating, twice almost beaten ; so I guess we shall this very day of all be having a stiffish thing of it, and you landsmen who are not accustomed to be killed aboard ship may wish night was come and all well.'

" I confess that in the novelty of my present situation I did not derive any great comfort from this remark. It seemed, indeed, to me, that I had needlessly and not very wisely got into a position I had no business whatever to be in; exposed to all the risks of war without being of the military profession. However, I had taken employment on board a frigate, engaged on the same side of the contest with my own country, and it seemed incident to this service that I should occasionally be exposed to other dangers than those of the sea. The great increase of the firing soon put an end to all reflections except those suggested by the business of the hour; the cannonade had become general along half the line, and we soon perceived an English sixty-four (the Bienfaisant, once a French ship) bearing down towards us, after giving a broadside to two or three of the Dutch as she passed. Our vessel, though called a frigate, carried such weight of metal (thirty-six forty-two pounders

on one of her decks), that she was quite a match for the Englishman. Our captain ordered the guns to be all manned, with matches lighted, and not one to be fired until we were within pistol-shot; then aim to be taken at the hull rather than the rigging; for, unlike the French, who fire at the sails in the hope of rendering the enemy's ships unmanageable, he thought his heavy metal well adapted to overpower his adversary by a concentrated fire.

"The pause that succeeded this order was sufficiently awful; it indicated a general consciousness that we were to be fired at by the Englishman and not to return his fire for a while; the bravest among us held his breath, in momentary expectation of the enemy's batteries opening upon us. They opened soon enough. We received the broadside of the sixty-four; it mowed down several of our men and dismounted two of our guns. In less than five minutes from this we returned it with tremendous effect. The enemy seemed to shake and waver, and for some minutes he ceased to fire; but then came a loud cheer from his decks, and his fire was more fierce than before. I was called upon deck at this moment by the captain; two of his messenger-men having been killed by the

first broadside, he wanted me to be useful in carrying orders fore and aft, observing that there was 'no pen and ink work wanted now, and I might help to write a little with gunpowder blacking, or, if I preferred it, with red ink for a change.' I was much struck, as much as I could be with any thing, to see how cool and collected he was, and how calmly and in how few words he gave his orders. His men on their part were all quiet, all obedience, all activity. Not one could be seen but whose whole limbs were in motion. 'There he goes,' said the first lieutenant, as I passed the mainmast; 'dost know, my fine fellow, how we seamen calls that there spot by the mainmast?' I confessed my ignorance; 'Then,' said he, 'we name it Hell, because it is so hot in action.' I presently saw reason to assent to the appellation. A dreadful hail of shot came pelting on us in that quarter, and laid some men dead at their guns. Three loud cheers and a dreadful broadside from our vessel was the answer given to this massacre. I had now a minute or two to look about me from the poop, and turning my eye to the rest of the line, I could see nothing but smoke and flashes in every direction, so that we could with difficulty discover the admiral's signals. That, however, was of little

moment; for, as the captain observed, in a battle there was but one thing to be done, and that was, to fight on. Some cheers, however, were from time to time heard when the wind blew that way, and we made a point of returning these, in defiance if hostile, in accord if friendly. About the same time I was myself struck with a splinter so severely that it stunned me, and I was carried below. I recollect the blow, and that my last thought, for I supposed I was killed, was to think of my mother's grief; I thought not even of Louise Orange.

"When laid on a plank in the cockpit, I recovered, and saw the most ghastly sights that the mind of man can conceive. It was far worse than the blood, sometimes the brains, which I had seen profusely scattered on the deck. The cannon-shot carrying off a man's hand, a chain shot cutting him in two, a shower of grape falling on his head and destroying him at once, obliterating every vestige of his features, seemed to me, though shocking enough, yet nothing compared to what I now witnessed below; for those were only bodily, physical horrors in which the mind seemed not to share: the victim was instantly dead. But in the cockpit, I saw the wounded writhing in agony, some with the joints

of their knees or elbows crushed by a musket or grape shot—some with their spine wounded and their limbs paralysed in consequence—some with their eyes knocked out, and bemoaning their hopeless darkness—some, worst of all, with mortal wounds of which they were dying swiftly, but with their countenances expressive of only agony, whether torture or terror—and once I saw what haunted me for weeks, the eye of a man half dead one instant, dead the next, yet glaring, haggard and fearful, as if he took a last, and terrified, and horrid look of the world.

"When I laid myself down in my berth, and in the silence of the night, penetrated with the contrast of the present stillness to the dreadful turmoil of the day, had offered up my thanks for the mercy which had preserved me; the visions of that horrid cockpit were perpetually before my eyes. 'Gracious God of Heaven!' said I, 'and is it possible that men should exert the powers thou hast endowed them withal to convert the fair earth in which they are placed into a dwelling of savage fiends, letting every fierce and hateful passion of their nature rage uncontrolled, and taxing their faculties to invent for one another the most exqui-

site torments the human frame can endure? Of all crimes surely this of war is the greatest; and it comprises within itself every form of human suffering produced by human guilt.'

"The battle had lasted between three and four hours; neither side could boast a complete victory; for though one Dutch line-of-battle ship, the Hollander, was so disabled, that she went down the night of the engagement, leaving the crew barely time to save their lives, but not to carry out the wounded, and though two others were pronounced incapable of further service, the English had suffered severely, almost all their ships having been so wounded in the rigging and masts, that they were unable to chase and capture even the disabled Dutch vessels. The Charlestown was so severely handled in battle, that she was not expected to keep the sea, and as it was for some time believed she had gone down, we were congratulated on our safety when we reached the Texel the day after. There were said to be eleven hundred killed and wounded, of the former not half so many as of the latter, though one vessel alone, the Admiral's, lost near a hundred men. They cited a remarkable trait, on board the enemy, of a boy's courage, son of a captain killed in the

action, and who was alone close by his father's side at the time. He was but ten years old, and behaved through the fight with the greatest coolness and courage. The English King and Prince received Admiral Parker at dinner in the Royal Yacht, and afterwards went to visit his ship, where this boy was presented to him, and was promised a suitable provision in honour of his father's memory. 'Sire,' said the brave Admiral, 'your Majesty will excuse me; I have already adopted him as my son.'

"A portion of my story," added the Solitary, "remains to be told, but the day wanes, and I am fatigued. When next you come to this Hermitage you shall hear the conclusion of these sad adventures."

The Count returned to the Château, and his mind was deeply impressed with the sample which he had just had of "the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and the effects which a near view of it is calculated to produce upon the mind of a rational being not trained to its ways. Nor could he help reflecting on the strange caprice of men which in all ages has led them with a singular unanimity to reserve for those who most successfully

practise this art, the title of Great, thus holding out to every one who rules their destinies the strongest inducements to betray the high trust committed to his hands, avoid the blessed paths of peace, and cover the fair surface of the earth with rapine and with slaughter.

CHAPTER V.

THE ADVANCE OF CHANGE.

Upon his arrival, he found the Baron had returned from Lyons during his absence, bringing with him a friend, whom he had met there, and craved permission of the Marquess to introduce: this was M. La Croasse, one of the most distinguished men of the day, or rather of the day before, he having served in a high station, during M. Sartine's short naval administration; but he had now retired from active life, and passed his time in literary ease, though still an acute and anxious observer of public events. He was described by the Baron, who intimately knew and greatly esteemed him (albeit not a person prone either to confidence or admiration), as a man of extraordinary talents, great information, and an active mind; a fearless asserter of his principles, which were extremely different from his friend's in some particulars, and one who to further those prin-

ciples was capable of making great sacrifices. He had in early life belonged to the robe or bar, and had attained a high rank in the debates of the Parliament; but this position he gave up to join Sartine's administration, and he retired with him from office. His writings were of very high merit, and although his pen had been variously employed, it was never so active as in the defence of the established institutions of the State. Of these he was a warm supporter, as well of the Church established, as of the King anointed; and to both he rendered strenuous, able, effectual service, whether in office or in retirement. Like all men of great talents and success in life, he had, the Baron observed, his enemies, who pelted him incessantly, sometimes with paper pellets in the daily press, sometimes with the leaden pellets of their books; to which M. La Croasse seemed, he said, sufficiently indifferent, for indeed he had himself, while in active life, been a pretty free dealer in political gymnastics, as the Baron termed such personalities. Emmeline, who esteemed him highly too, added that the new Lion (as she merrily called him) would have his share in the conversation; but as he was of perfectly good breeding, she said, and could

listen as well as talk, this never offended, the rather as he was always sure to contribute something valuable either in wit, in argument, or in narrative.

When the Baron arrived, his first object of course had been to meet his niece, whom, to his great joy, he found in as good health as she ever was used to enjoy. His next care was to see the Countess, whom he had left in a state of more than half regret at the confession unwarily wrung from her, of a passion too strong to be controlled or concealed. Her letter, the only one she wrote to him, had been cold and formal in a degree that alarmed him, and he had answered in the way he deemed best calculated to reassure her, and quiet the alarm her awakened pride seemed to have sounded. There was in his letter a careful avoiding of anything like gladness or even satisfaction: the all but unruly joy that filled his bosom, he kept in a state of close compression; and he trembled as he approached an interview which must decide his fate. Chance would have it that they met alone in the library, M. La Croasse having retired to dress, after being presented to the family in the saloon. The Countess could not resist the impulse to run up and

testify her sincere happiness at again seeing her friend; she suffered him to cover her beautiful hand with ardent kisses, and gently whispered in his ear how slowly the hours of his absence had passed. He felt now satisfied, and all but secure; nothing sinister had happened; no false step had been made by him; no untoward resolution formed by her; no interference of any unfriendly friend had been attempted; and time and patience, and extreme care and indefatigable attention, he trusted would do the rest. In this frame of mind, after a little while they both met the company at dinner, and for the first time he avoided either sitting by her, or giving her his arm from the drawing-room, when it was announced that they "were served."

No day now passed without some event being reported at the Château; and though busy rumour often exaggerated and not seldom created, there was yet quite enough of reality painfully to awaken the attention of the most indifferent, and to fix in anxious forebodings the thoughts of the most careless. The ferment had spread from Dauphiné into Provence, and there were indications of Languedoc being affected. The violence which raged in Dauphiné seemed now certain. There was no longer any

doubt that the decree lately talked of against *lettres de cachet* had been formally passed by the Parliament of Grenoble; and to denounce the penalty of death against persons for executing a royal command, formally signified by the ministers of the crown, seemed a proceeding so extreme as was wholly inconsistent with the allegiance of the body to its sovereign. Men wondered at the pause which followed, and waited in suspense to see what course the government would pursue in circumstances equally novel and alarming.

"This event," said the Marquess as soon as dinner being over, the company were assembled in the salon, "this event appears, too, beyond a doubt, to have happened, and it certainly demands all the attention of the ministers."

"Aye, and all their vigour," the Baron answered. "Can any one doubt that the very monarchy may be shaken to its foundations by such acts going unopposed, and unpunished?"

"But, Baron," the Marquess said, "I have often heard you contend against the abuse at least, of that terrible power by which a minister can shut up his political adversary, or even his rival in private life, as if he were a traitor to the state."

"Not only against the abuse of this power, this detestable power, have you heard me contend," replied the Baron, "but against its use altogether, as utterly incompatible with even the semblance of freedom, and as placing our European monarchies on a footing with the despotisms of the East. I would have it entirely abrogated; but then I dread seeing even a great good attained by violent and lawless means. Let the States General, which must now sooner or later be assembled, effect this salutary reform in our system, with such other improvements as can safely be made; but do not let a provincial assembly set itself up against that which still is the law of the land, and hang men for executing the process of that law."

"But, indeed," said M. La Croasse, who had lately been in the capital, "the Grenoble decree seems not more violent than that of the Parliament of Paris, a few weeks ago, threatening with the galleys whoever should collect the new stamp-tax, just registered by the king's command in a bed of justice."

"I must really observe," the Baron said, "that there is this broad distinction between the two cases. The parliament of the capital had refused to register the edict, and the force applied to compel the

registration was deemed by them unlawful—unconstitutional it certainly was;—whereas the provincial parliament flies in the face of the known and admitted law. Besides, you forget that the Parliament of Paris has been banished to Troyes in consequence of its resistance. No, let both parliaments wait till that convocation of the States General, for which the metropolitan body has nobly and disinterestedly petitioned by a great majority; and that assembly of our ancient representatives will see right and justice done."

"Why," asked the Countess, "should you say those States General are so sure to be assembled? It is but the other day that the Notables were summoned to meet for the second time in order to consider our financial difficulties, and they will probably make salutary conditions with the Crown when they grant the relief which their last meeting did not accede to."

"No doubt, Countess, they are about to meet, and in May we shall again see that assembly. But it is a half-measure, at the most a half-measure; I give it a large allowance when I so call it; and, believe me, we are no longer in that state when any thing short of whole measures, and vigorous ones too,

will do. Why, the Notables are a set of men, not exceeding one hundred and forty-four in number, princes, peers, marshals, prelates, magistrates—every body but deputies of the people, of whom there are but twelve,—and all named by the Crown. This surely is any thing rather than a popular representation, or indeed a representation at all."

"Ah, my dear Baron," interrupted M. La Croasse, "rather let us question whether it was necessary, and if not necessary surely it could not be right, to have even the Notables, such as you justly describe them, assembled at all. In our monarchy, depend upon it, whenever a public body is once assembled for debate, gather them together how you will, a power will be created repugnant to the genius of our institutions; and the government, the government of a single person, will be gotten into a false position. You may say, either go farther, or go not so far. I don't much quarrel with your dilemma, but I firmly say—not so far."

"But, Baron," said the Countess, resuming the place in the conversation from which she had been removed, "what course would you now have the Court take? The banishment to Troyes, you see, has not produced any effect. The parliament is

more popular than ever, and the magnificent remonstrance which it has presented seems to me equally admirable for the talents and for the wisdom which it shows."

"Well, my dear lady," he answered, "I have little fear of our Dauphiné gentry raising themselves by any such efforts, should the same course be taken with them. And were I the Archbishop of Toulouse, I should signalize my undisputed succession to M. de Calonne as minister, by such an act of vigour as should at once show the Grenoble assembly that the law must be reformed by the law and not broken by the authorities of the country. But I doubt his firmness, and I cannot forget that he took office after opposing the truly patriotic plan of M. de Calonne, a wise scheme of Turgot, aiding in the vile factious clamour which drove that great minister into exile for nobly attempting to do his duty, and make all imposts fall upon all ranks."

"Of a truth," here interposed the Abbé, "I do prefer, as is natural and fit in me a churchman, the rule of the most reverend prelate, to that of the man who wished to lay a sacrilegious hand on the goods of the Holy Church. For the first time was there heard, and pray we it may even be for the last, a mention

made of bringing these sacred possessions within the pale of profane, worldly, fleshly, taxation."

The Baron turned not aside from his argument to take any notice of this pious ejaculation, but went on to discuss with the Marquess and the Countess the prospects of the country; and he dwelt with peculiar earnestness upon the risk which the state ran, and above all the cause of sound reform, by such violence as had characterised the Grenoble proceedings, followed by the popular outbreak there and in other quarters. "I really can hardly describe," he said, "how this alarms me. I had long been cherishing the hope that the great diffusion of knowledge, which has in late years taken place among our people of the upper and even middle classes; the example of America, and the intercourse of our army with the republicans; the resort of so many of our nobles to England, and their consequent admiration of free institutions, would, combined with the financial difficulties of the government (for out of evil comes good), have produced some general measures of sound practical improvement in our constitution. But all my hopes must be dashed to the ground, if any illegal acts interpose their baneful influence; for once let loose the lawless spirit of

revolt, once call in the mere multitude, without property, without information, without any wise or moderate spirit to temper their proceedings; once, in short, extend over the country such a popular ferment as we have lately heard at Grenoble immediately succeeded the ill-starred decree of the parliament, and I see but one probable result: all wise and good men will be justly alarmed at the prospect of worse mischiefs from revolution than any we now suffer under from established abuses, and the perpetuation of those abuses in future will be the consequence, beside risking all the evils of anarchy at the present time."

"I do so entirely agree with you," said the Marquess, "that I shall be most anxious till I see the government shows the vigour which can alone fit it to grapple with the occasion. I am not, like you, a reformer at all. My wish is to sit under the quiet shade of the constitution which protected our forefathers; and though dissenting conscientiously from the Established Church, I am not one of those who would see it overthrown, and the State, which leans upon it, thereby shaken."

"Marquess! Marquess!" said the very reverend the Abbé, "there did speak through you, not only the

spirit of your maternal grandfather, a pillar of our Zion, but the spirit of the Holy Church herself. Verily, were all the Reformed like unto you, I should the less earnestly beseech the Blessed Virgin to reinforce and restore to its vigour the godly edict whereby Louis XIV., acting under her warning and the inspiration of the Saints, did root out that disgrace of our country, the Ordinance of Nantes."

"Aye, Abbé," said Ernest, "and also acting under certain female influence. Pray do be pleased to tell us which of all the Saints was it, that by a special miracle took the likeness of a kept-mistress, and, having first secured the king's devotion, then incited him to persecute the pious Protestants for the glory of God?"

"Truly it little becomes weak and erring mortals," rejoined the man of many masses, "to watch closely the instruments whereby the inscrutable wisdom doth compass its holy ends. An ass hath heretofore once been made the minister of heaven."

"Nor mayhap for the last time," quoth the Chevalier, leering archly at the reverend father. "Howbeit," added he, "I will not have too much blame cast on that lady, or on the sisterhood she belongs to. Many of them have I known in my day

—more, good lack, than I now know—and I will aver that there be worse women abroad in the world."

"Why, truly, brother," the good Marchioness said, "I grieve to hear you thus undertaking the defence of sin. Have you so little regard to female virtue as that comes to?"

"On the contrary, sweet sister, on the very contrary, dear heart! Chastity of life do I respect mainly in others, as I strive to maintain it in my own proper person."

"Aye, truly!" said the Marquess; "and your words are chosen with a curious accuracy; for I dare swear you respect it in others pretty exactly in the same proportion in which you maintain it in yourself."

"Well, well! I quarrel not with any man about an adverb, hardly for a noun-substantive—save once knocking a sailor down in Toulon harbour for calling me a land-lubber, after I had been suffering a fortnight in that prison of his, sometimes an hospital too, and always with risk of drowning to boot. But I won't be baulked of my fancy for the character of that kind of woman, and I will maintain anywhere you please, that I have known more kind

hearts, less malice, and more honesty among them than you shall easily find in any of your Paris drawing-rooms among your finest ladies."

"Why, brother," said the Marquess, "do you really mean to reverse the name of honest woman, and not only give it but confine it to your girl (*fille*)?"

"Not quite so," answered the merry knight, "but I only would say that with that caste, with those I may call *professors,* I have seldom found such glibness of lying as with your *amateurs;* and that you shall meet with more malice and uncharitableness in a brace of prudes of the Faubourg, than in a whole nunnery of the Rue Taitbout."

Though the season was far advanced towards Christmas, the delightful climate of Languedoc kept together the party at the Château; and, indeed, now that an intimate friendship had been formed among them by so many weeks' residence in the same house, they were well disposed to converse together on the sum of affairs, the sagacity and information of the Baron, joined to the good sense of Chatillon, the quickness and sagacity of the Countess, and the gay and worldly spirits of Ernest, affording ample means of discussing the interesting matters which each day's intelligence

suggested, while the calm spirit of the Marquess, and the religious habits of his amiable wife, tempered the more lively, not to say impetuous spirit in which some others were disposed to handle political questions.

As the season drew to a close, Madame de Bagnolles ventured to have an apartment fitted up for Albert in a remote corner of the Château, believed by the servants to be haunted, and carefully shunned accordingly ; an apartment to which herself and Chatillon alone had access. But it is needless to add that the Solitary never could form a part of the family circle, though he watched with the most lively interest the course which events were now taking, and which oftentimes formed the subject of his conversation with both his new friend and his kind hostess.

Before the end of November the news arrived of the King having required the registering of two most important edicts, the one for raising an immense loan of nearly twenty millions of louis, the other for granting entire equality of civil rights to the Protestants. The latter measure was universally approved ; the former excited great opposition ; and though the King had begun the meeting by allowing freedom of speech, he was so harassed

by the nine hours' debate and the opposition given to the plan, that he abruptly, as if he had lost all patience and temper, commanded the registering of the edict; and when some of the members, headed by the Duke of Orleans, protested against this proceeding as contrary to law, suddenly left the assembly and issued a *lettre de cachet* banishing the Duke to his country house, and sending two magistrates of the Parliament to different prisons at a distance from Paris. This intelligence was speedily followed by the memorable remonstrance of the parliament, wherein, after agreeing to register the loan edict to save public credit, they demanded the immediate liberation of the three members, unless they should be forthwith brought to trial, and added that they did not solicit this from the sovereign as a favour, but required it as an act of mere justice to which kings are subject like their people; that his ancestor, Henry IV., avowed his having two sovereigns, God and the Law; that punishing men is no part of the King's functions, and that ordering of his own accord exile and arrest without a trial is alike contrary to the laws of the realm and the principles of eternal justice.

" I own," said the Baron, " that in all their pro-

ceedings upon this remarkable occasion, I can see no reason to differ with, much less blame, the Parliament of Paris. But the Court's want of decision, its alternate vigour beyond the law and timidity to enforce the law, its hot fit of violence to-day succeeded by the cold fit of fear to-morrow, presents one of the most pitiable spectacles ever exhibited, and unhappily shows what a broken reed we have to rely upon in the dreadful crisis which is plainly approaching."

"Baron," said the Marquess, "if our reverend friend, the Abbé, would suffer me to say so, I could wish ecclesiastics, such especially as fill the higher places in the Church, would confine their attention to only spiritual concerns, and leave secular men to manage the affairs of this lower world. Can anything be conceived more feeble and inefficient than the Archbishop's administration, unless indeed it be the conduct of the Count d'Artois and the Court?"

"I entirely agree with you," said the Baron "but I go a step further: I hold that a man who obtrudes himself from vanity or from ambition into a station of difficulty which demands capacity, and above all firmness, beyond what he possesses, commits one of the gravest offences against his country.

We are too apt to pity such men as merely weak, and not to reprobate them as ill-meaning. A minister who takes the helm of the state-vessel in perilous circumstances, and is wanting in the skill to steer her through, is in my eyes more criminal than a landsman who risks the lives of a crew by taking the command of a ship when he is utterly unable to direct her course."

"Possibly I may agree in this, but I cannot quite pronounce the same severe censure upon mere want of nerves, want of vigour, and firmness."

"Then of that I am more certain still," said M. La Croasse, "than the Baron can be of his other point. Can anything be more despicable than a man voluntarily putting himself in a position where valour is required, and the safety of an army or a kingdom depends upon his courage, who is not secure in counting on his nerves, and ruins the greatest interests by quailing in the hour of trial? No, no! despicable such a person may be; but assuredly no object of pity. Justly reprobated as well as scorned he must be by every rational observer; nor will his fault, his grievous fault, be expiated by his fate if he perishes under the ruin which he has caused."

"It seems clear to me," said the Marquess, "that neither of you are in much danger of wanting subjects of reprobation according to the canons of political morality which you now lay down. But I own, though disposed to go along with your reasoning as to ministers, I cannot quite consent so severely to blame princes, whose high station is not of their own seeking, and whose firmness as well as their capacity are constantly put to the rudest trials, beside their being really made answerable for all the errors, crimes, and weaknesses of those who serve them. Can anything be more unjust than harshly to visit our present King with the consequences, first of Calonne's rashness, then of the Archbishop's incapacity and feebleness, to say nothing of the Abbé Terray's alternate violence and wavering?"

"Why, as to kings, I grant you," said the Baron, "that, their places not having been of their own seeking, they are not blameable for their natural defects. But a most heavy load of responsibility have they assuredly for the defects and the vices too common to their station, those of negligence in administering public affairs, caprice and other personal motives in the selection of their counsellors, and

indeed want of firmness either to perform their duty, or resign the trust which they dare not execute."

"Do but consider, dear Zio," said Emmeline, "how princes are educated; brought up among flatterers, pampered by indulgence, excluded from almost all wholesome intercourse, scarce ever hearing the truth spoken, but breathing from their birth upwards an atmosphere of lies! Surely this training, which seems the most perfectly fitted both to weaken the judgment and to corrupt the heart, should make us feel some tolerance for their errors; nay, compassion for their infirmities. Especially does it seem to me unjust, that the people who are the first to spoil princes by adulation should always be the loudest to complain of the vices and the follies themselves have engendered in the royal nature."

"Well argued, well declaimed, Mdlle. Emmeline," said the Countess, whose attachment to the Baron had now made her think both better and more kindly of his loved charge. "I don't think the old gentleman can easily answer that."

"Why, indeed," said the Baron, while his eyes glistened with pride at this praise of his niece, from the lips he of all others delighted should charm his

ear with that soft music, "I am very far from wishing to deny Emmeline's position, especially as to the gross injustice of the people; the fond mother that first spoils the child, and then whips it for being spoilt. But though I will so far take the royal training into my account, I am yet quite certain that none but an originally bad nature could prevent a Sovereign from bestowing due care upon the discharge of an office so awfully responsible as his. He can always, if deficient in firmness, strengthen himself with steady ministers; he can always, if incapable, give up the management of affairs to more skilful hands."

"One word more, dear Zio," said Emmeline, "and I have done. Surely the choice of able servants is a proof of capacity; and you will find that weak princes have very seldom been well served; able ones always."

"I grant you this, dear child," said the Baron; "but I am only complaining of great deficiencies in great emergencies; and I really cannot doubt that when a man of a somewhat feeble capacity, and certainly as ill educated as may be, feels a crisis approaching, he must, by the mere instinct of fear, be warned that this is no time for him to govern, or let

his wife and family govern. The storm is raging, and the breakers are nigh; he must have the sense to see his danger, unless he be an idiot, and then his grandees should set him aside, if his Councils or his Parliaments cannot; and, seeing his danger, he can inform himself as to other men's ability, by making pretty general enquiries, if he won't listen to the public voice, and may be thus led to give up the helm into some one's hands strong enough to hold it."

"It is certain," said the Marquess, "that we do pay a price of some amount for the inestimable advantage of a regular and fixed order of succession, which hereditary monarchy secures. A tyrant, a dunce, a profligate, an idiot, an infant, may at any time be called to exercise the most important of human trusts, for the good or for the evil of millions. Nevertheless, the tranquillity thus purchased is well worth the price. God grant we may not be approaching the time when we are to experience how costly this blessing is! As yet, however, I for one am little disposed to cast blame on the King's conduct."

"I must differ widely with you there," the Baron replied. "The King's conduct has been a model

of imbecility in all its forms, almost in all its degrees, even if we acquit him of falsehood and other bad motives, which I own I find it hard to do. He was educated in profound admiration of his father, the Dauphin, who is known to have made the good Duke of Burgundy his model, a prince understood to have determined upon reviving the States General. Yet can anything be more shuffling and fickle, not to say insincere, than his Majesty's whole conduct now is respecting the convocation of that body Then he takes M. de Brienne to his councils as prime minister, a trust very rarely given at all, and takes him merely because he had succeeded by the clamour of interested bodies against Calonne and the public good—a clamour raised on account of the very measures of finance which the King himself most approved. Next comes the refusal to register the stamp-tax, and now we have a little vigour at last; the Parliament is banished to Troyes. The discontent of the Parisians was immediately heard, and the King at once gave up his tax and restored the Parliament. The cold fit passed away; the hot fit followed; and the King in a pet, really like a spoilt child, quarrels with the Parliament for debating the proposition he had desired it to discuss,

and imprisons three of its members. The fruit which he reaps from the whirlwind thus sowed by his incapable hand, is the tempest of which we have just heard the first roaring in the all but revolutionary remonstrance that arrived to-day."

It might be thought that the Lady Countess had now enjoyed a political talk to her very heart's content; for she had been discussing both with the Marquess, the Baron, and a retired statesman, formerly much, still considerably mixed up in public affairs, and whose intimacy was close with the leading politicians of the day. But since her attachment for the Baron, it appeared as if politics formed less than before a portion of her nature, probably because it is always difficult for the female mind to be moved by two strong propensities at one time. She still took an interest, and even a warm interest, in the subject; but it was when she could combine this with the more lively interest which she took in her friend's society; and she soon grew tired of discussions in which others mingled. With him she could walk or sit for hours conversing, and politics in their discussions she referred to all subjects except perhaps that which he preferred to all, his love for her, which

each hour that flew over his head only served to make more engrossing and more fervent.

The debates of the company at large thus affording her less pleasure than formerly, she was rather amused than tired with the humours of the good old knight and the fantastical chat of his son. The latter had indeed a very sufficient sense of the ludicrous, and he gratified it freely in the neighbourhood. The good folks at Nismes thus furnished daily food for his mirth, not seldom of a somewhat pungent quality. All subjects came alike to him; all were welcome. The combined and contrasted vulgarity and conceit of provincial manners was never lost upon this Paris observer. But he soared above such obvious game, and would catch the peculiarities of the church and the sects; of the old trader and the young beau with local rank; of the maiden prude, and the widowed expectant; of the prudent mother looking out for a son-in-law, and the wary sire seeking to endow his damsel cost-free to himself. In this last department he had found some amusement from old M. Faucon, and amused the Countess and the Baron with his judicious and persevering examination into the affairs of a young friend of Ernest, who had lately

come from Paris, and proposed to marry Mdlle. Faucon, his youngest daughter. "Well now, my good friend," said the old gentleman, "what sort of a man, what class of man, should you say he is?"—"Oh," replied Ernest, "excellent; no better man in the world."—"Very good, very good," said the senior, "but how is he in respect of outward and visible signs?"—"Not a finer looking fellow in all Paris," answered his wicked friend.—"Good, good, good again! But let us see whereabout is he? How may his father be, or so?"—"One of the best families in Auvergne; I should say one of the very best."—"Excellent, excellent, nothing can be better—nothing possibly—but his condition, as it were—how should you place him?"—"Why, as a most high-bred, well-born cavalier, who would be the honour and ornament of any family he came into."—"Aye, there it is—there it is—just exactly so—good! good!—But now—what should you say—whereabouts is he as to what may be called, as it might be, as a body may say, his property?"—"Oh," said Ernest, as if he now first saw the drift of the old Faucon's interrogatory—"Oh, as to that, his father has at the least eight thousand louis a-year in land in Auvergne,

besides an excellent house in the Faubourg St. Germain, and Adolphe is the only child."—"Well! well! that you know is neither here nor there," said M. Faucon, calmly. "But, nevertheless, my good friend, as you say the young man is very worthy, and very honourable, and of a good family, and much esteemed by yourself, which I reckon a great recommendation, why then I consider that it will be a suitable match, and I for one feel disposed to give my consent."

By such little scenes as these, which he brought daily home from Nismes, occasionally with the help of the old Chevalier, who joined him in the chace, and by acting the parts amusingly and accurately enough, Ernest agreeably diversified the graver discussions of the Château; and even the fastidious Countess and the more fastidious Baron were fain to laugh heartily, and much as at first it might cost them to confess themselves interested.

The Count too would now and then amuse himself with Ernest; but he preferred stealing away to the apartment of the Solitary; and a few days after he had been established in it for the winter season, Albert thus continued his narrative.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW WORLD.

"As soon as we had refitted the frigate after the sea-fight, we sailed for America, and the weather proved fine till towards the middle of the month. It was then September, and the equinoctial gales came on with more than usual violence. For the first twelve hours of the storm, the men thought nothing of it, relying on their favourite maxim, that a well-found vessel in the open sea has nothing to fear. The captain, too, somewhat rashly foretold, from certain infallible signs, that the gale would go down with the sun, as it had begun at sun-rise. The sailing-master, an old and experienced navigator, was of a different opinion, and told the first lieutenant, on his evening watch, that we had only as yet seen the beginning of mischief. It came to pass as he said; for in the course of an hour after dark the gale increased rapidly, and by midnight it blew a hur-

ricane, though we were not in the tropical latitudes. Never did I conceive beforehand anything like the waves which literally rose like mountains, with a deep and dark abyss between them, and a crest of foam crowning the summits, and seeming to eddy in light blue flame. The ceaseless noise of the wind roaring furiously through the cordage, with only bare poles of masts exposed to its force, all but a small fore-topsail and a storm-jib above the bowsprit, gave the mind a lively idea of a destroying power and of the desolation it was working all around. The extreme labouring of the ship made it necessary to throw most of our guns overboard; at length we had to cut away our main and our mizen masts. Two hours after midnight the alarm was given that we had sprung a leak; but our force on board was such that we expected easily to keep it under. In this however we were disappointed, for the water made upon us sensibly. Believing we must by our reckoning be within two days' sail of the coast, we now fired signal-guns of distress. But no one answered; no flash broke the thick darkness of the night. Meantime the water made more rapidly; the master reckoned that if we should not be relieved in two hours we must founder, and none had a

chance of his life unless the few whom the two boats could save. The captain had met the whole of the emergency with the most calm composure, and the most admirable presence of mind; giving every proper direction, receiving all advice tendered by either his officers or the master, weighing the merits of every suggestion, and finally but firmly deciding for himself, and more than once trusting his own judgment, though standing alone in opposition to his whole staff. The discipline he maintained was perfect. I remember a man using some insolent expression when the precaution was taken of throwing overboard all the spirit-casks. The captain instantly felled him to the ground, and, as I thought, had killed him, with a heavy blow from an iron bar then in his hand. At this period of the night I perceived that the same men who had been as bold as lions in the battle, even while the fire was mowing down their ranks, and who at the early part of the storm were almost careless and gay when fully occupied, now began to sink and lose courage, having no longer either occupation or hope. However, this could last but a short while, and I suppose they all shared the sort of feeling which I had myself, that of sudden and profound despair for the first half-hour of

inactive waiting for death, and afterwards a listless indifference to everything—a calm passive despair.

"When all exertions were unavailing, and only the pumps were kept going, the captain gave orders for prayers. I think I now see him standing reverently upright, between decks, with his hat slowly taken off, his brown weather-beaten face, grave, as usually it was, perhaps a little more pensive than his wont, and his dark grey locks covering his head except in front, where it was bald. He slowly and earnestly read the prayers appointed for the occasion from a small book which the lamp let him see to use. They are extremely short, and occupied but a minute or two. The carpenters having again sounded and examined the leak, made no more favourable report; but in half an hour more the gale slacked, and it seemed to the same men that the pumps were now keeping the water under, from which it was conjectured that some of the loose lumber, some flax or other soft matter, had got jammed into the leak. This gave the seamen fresh spirits, and, by redoubled exertions, a favourable report at length was obtained; the water in the well had diminished half a foot. This good symptom continued during the next hour; and we now were

suddenly raised from the lowest despair to the other extreme of a hope too sanguine, possibly groundless. Our thanks to the Great Disposer were heartily poured forth, and the men were visibly thrown into gay spirits by the change. The captain alone retained his perfect and his wonted calmness; he appeared to feel no kind of elation; he continued unmoved to give his orders, and maintain the most exact discipline; and, to do the crew justice, he was universally respected and implicitly obeyed.

"The day broke with a great mitigation of the tempest. Before night the weather was moderate. Fortunately the wind favoured our making the land, for as the leak had again begun to pour in upon us, had we not got into Charlestown harbour next morning there was every reason to believe that we must have gone to the bottom after all. We did not see a single vessel, nor did one gun answer our signals, the hurricane having driven every thing that was spared into port.

"I landed in the New World, and felt at once the change perceptible in every direction, whether I looked at the buildings, or the trees, or the waters, or the people. The town is finely built; many of the houses large palaces; not a plant or a flower that

I had ever before seen. But the thing which most arrested my attention was the people, a full half of whom were blacks. The woolly heads, flat noses, snow-white teeth, and jet black skin of these crowds, intermixed with some of a like form but a brown hue in all shades from dark to light, presented a sight wholly new and unexpected. But I soon found more to wonder at, not certainly to admire. One of these negroes was lying in the heat of the day across a stair which a boy who might be nine years old, wished to go up. Instead of asking him to rise, the urchin gave him a severe kick on the face, which made his nose bleed, and the poor creature, with many humble apologies for not making way in time, ran off smarting under the blow. The inn I went to was served, of course, only by these people, but none of them durst go to the ship to fetch my box ; the fear of their escape prevented any from being allowed ever to cross the threshold. During the two or three days that I remained in Charlestown the air continually resounded with the lash applied to punish the slaves, and the mistress of the house was the person who chiefly inflicted it, sometimes with her own hands, sometimes, when fatigued, by ordering others to take the whip. I never remember to have seen more ferocious pas-

sions painted in the expression of a human countenance than I saw in that of this woman-fiend. Though far from ugly she was frightful.

"It happened to me that I saw some people crowding round a door, and on asking what was going on in the building, I learnt it was a slave court. I entered, and found a single justice trying a slave for some offence against his master's property, with two or three persons, freeholders or owners of land, near to assist him. The poor wretch was condemned to death, and soon after executed. A French gentleman who stood near me said that there were no less than seventy offences capital in a slave, for which a white man could only be punished by imprisonment or fine; that no black could give evidence against a white, but that fellow-slaves could be witnesses against one another; and that the Trial by Jury, which the English, both of the Old and the New World, regard as their most precious right, is not known in the case of the poor negro. This statement prepared me to see grievous injustice; but on going to a white court, one of the leading tribunals of the place, I found all my previous ideas had fallen very far short of the truth; for I there saw a master

tried for having cruelly ordered a slave to be tied down to a plank, and another negro to saw off his head, and then fling the blood-streaming and half living corpse into the river. The jury found the monster guilty on the clearest evidence; indeed, he hardly denied the charge, having been seen in the act of murder by a neighbouring householder; and the utmost punishment the law allowed was awarded,—he was ordered to be confined in the prison. The fine for wilful murder of a slave was, I found, about fifty louis (100*l.* of state or local currency), and seven for pulling out the wretched creature's tongue. This is, I understand, the general law of the slave-countries in America. The law of an English island, the oldest and the most peopled by whites, and called by them Little England, was quoted to me, which enacts that if 'any one maims or kills a slave in punishing him, he shall pay no fine; but if any one of wantonness, or bloody-mindedness, or cruel intention, wilfully kill a negro or other slave, he shall pay 11*l.* 4*s.* (about twelve louis d'or).' They said the title of this law was 'An act for the security of the subject, to prevent the forfeiture of life and alike upon killing a negro or other slave.'

" I found that a wholesale system of punishment is established in this town. There is an apparatus at the common gaol, where a public flogger attends, and any master who has suspected his slaves of rebellious designs or other offences, sends them to the place; they are tied up with their limbs stretched over a rack, and the number of stripes is then accurately administered. But I speak not of private individuals only; official authorities hold the self-same course. I read myself an advertisement signed by the keeper of a prison and the Marshal announcing that a female of colour had been sent to the gaol suspected of being a runaway slave; that she was in a state of mental derangement; and that if she should not be claimed immediately, she must be sold to pay the prison fees. This happened in a country the inhabitants of which pride themselves upon their famous Declaration of Independence, one of the finest compositions I ever read. It proclaims as 'a truth fundamental and self-evident, that all men are created equal, and endowed by God with inalienable rights, whereof one is the title to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'—Can this passage ever be read by the American lawgivers of the south without a blush?

"I began to think I had seen enough, and expressed myself so to the captain when he came to ask me how I did after our voyage and storm. He was a man from the Eastern States, and not the slave country; and on my saying I believed I had seen slavery in its worst form, he said, 'Oh, nor any thing like it. You have but seen slavery in its holiday-dress, the slavery of the house-servants, who are tolerably well fed, not overworked, and never exposed to the sun or the night cold of this variable climate. Go to the plantations, where they perish in the unwholesome rice-grounds, and I am told that the sugar planting beats even this. But at any rate go to the market.' 'And why to the market?' asked I. 'Are the slaves sent there to bear burthens, or to wash away the offal in this sultry weather?' 'No, no,' said the Captain, 'but they be the beasts as is sold from hand to hand, after being turned up to be overhauled like other cattle. I 'm agone (a-going) there as now to meet a friend, and I 'll take you.'

"To this scene of special cruelty and suffering we accordingly went, and I shall not soon forget its effects on my mind. There did I see some six or seven score of human beings, fellow-creatures of our-

selves, children of the same common father, Christians and heirs of the same blessed hope, penned together, men and women, the old and the young, like the beasts which perish; and all exposed to sale by their owners, who stood by explaining their merits, descanting on the healthiness of one, the strength and agility of another, the good temper of this woman to her children, the tendency of that other easily to breed. They would show the persons of their live stock, and make the purchaser feel the joints how they were knit, the muscles how firm, the sinews how powerful; affirm there was no blemish or speck; desire a torch to be brought and held near that the eyesight might be proved clear. One fine youth I observed was offered at a peculiarly high price. It seems that he had been on board ship, and by this accident had learnt to read and write, so that he might be worked as a clerk in a warehouse, or even a book-keeper in a counting-house. 'Then if he is expected to fetch so very much higher a price,' I asked, 'how happens it that more are not thus taught?' 'Oh, no,' said the captain, 'you are no American lawyer, I guess, or you would not ask the question. It is forbidden under the severest penalties to teach any slave or indeed any free person of

colour, reading and writing; and in some of the States this is even an offence punishable with death.' 'Gracious heavens!'—I exclaimed; but my cry was stopt by the sight I now saw. A poor woman was going down on her knees, weeping and wailing more piteously than I ever remember to have before seen. But the barbarian she addressed turned a deaf ear. She was sold, and her tender infant of a year old was not sold with her, the price asked having been refused. Her agony was grievous at being now first separated from this infant, whose little swarthy arms were stretched out towards her neck. The master, the seller 'of the lot,' as they termed it, was inexorable; the baby was rudely torn from her; and she was hauled away by the purchaser, and driven with kicks and blows off the ground. In as plain English as I could command, I expressed my horror, and said how willingly I would make up the difference in the price had I the money. I only raised a grin on the man's countenance:—'Very pretty fool you 'd make on yourself, if you did such nonsense. Why, master, you must be an outlandish sort of a person, as is heard in your tongue, to think them there creatures like us. Why, they be but niggers, man, and not white like us. What would you

have?'—I saw but too truly in this the fundamental principle of the whole—they were not regarded as of the same species with their masters. Everywhere in the market you saw the poor child clinging to its mother's knees, terrified at the thoughts of being torn from her. Each family group seemed frightened to distraction as often as any one of the purchasers in going round the market approached to examine them; for all had present to their minds as the worst of dangers, the risk of a separation.

Painful as were these sensations which the separation of the young gave, I know not that I felt less at the sight of age stript of all honours, which I witnessed at a sale I presently after attended. It was by auction, and the subject was an old woman, of a mild though suffering aspect. The salesman described her as fit for a good housekeeper, one who might go for a few hundred dollars, and save yearly as much; for 'who,' he asked, 'could get any help (servant) for less than two or three hundred dollars wages, a-year? What young lady (female servant) would work for less?'—A bidder came up and began feeling under the poor creature's ribs; she coughed, and he asked if she was well? 'Oh, no; I am very

ill,' answered she softly, and in a mournful tone of voice. 'And what ails you?' 'Oh, I have had a cough and pain in the side for three months.' 'Ah, the cunning old creature,' said the auctioneer, 'she but shams and shirks. A taste of the cow-hide (whip) will cure her fast enough.' However, all his puffing, which he interlarded with the most coarse, unfeeling, and often indecent jests, would not avail, and she was 'knocked down' at seventy dollars. 'A bloody lot of skin and bone,' said a bystander. 'I guess,' said another, 'the land-crabs will soon have a taste of her.' And the poor dying creature was led off by her purchaser to lay down her head, first on the ground of his plantation, and soon afterwards under it, being plainly on her passage to those realms where all are indeed equal, where none suffer, and where masters can torment no more. Here, again, I felt and expressed the inference at each moment coming over the mind on surveying such scenes, that the slave is not regarded as of his master's species. My captain, who under a somewhat rough weather-beaten outside, had really a heart in its right place, confirmed me in this observation. He added, that strange to tell, the prejudice was not confined to slaves, but went along

with the colour. Even free negroes were not suffered to be taught; and so strict was the superintendence exercised over them, that no one was suffered to leave the State, on penalty should he cross the border of never being permitted to return. 'It thus happens,' said he, 'that if you have a free black in your employment, who is married and has a family here like, should you send him, inadvertently, a message across the boundary line that separates the one Carolina from the other, he is for ever banished from his family, and the same law holds as to even those who are in easy circumstances, many who are wealthy inhabitants.' I asked if there was such risk of insurrection as to account for all these precautions. 'That there is no such risk is more than I will just go to affirm,' he said, 'though I am sure the apprehension greatly exaggerates it. But with regard to the free people of colour it is quite absurd; for they have always been found to take part with the whites, in cases of negro revolt. I guess they are proud of seeming to belong to the upper class, and drawing a distinction as wide as may be between themselves and the slaves, just,' he added, 'as you very generally see your shopkeepers to be more aristocratic and more apt to look down

upon common labourers, than even gentlefolks. So at least we find it in this free country.'

"'This free country!' I cried, 'Gracious God! and is this country, where I have within the last eight and forty hours witnessed more scenes of tyranny, of cruel capricious tyranny, not in one man but pervading the whole community—this country where half its human inhabitants are groaning, smarting, wailing in a state of bondage more bitter than any with which the far-famed despots of the East can bind their subjects—this country in which the labouring classes are all without one exception held, not metaphorically but actually, in chains and fetters, scourged, tortured, murdered, treated like cattle, and worse than any cattle are treated, only suffered to have the feelings of man that their pride may be insulted, their affections outraged, their hearts torn by every torment that a sentient nature can endure—is this country to be called free, to boast of its liberty, and its inhabitants even to look down upon the rest of mankind as enslaved and enthralled compared with themselves?'—When some such exclamations burst from me, the captain generally agreed with what I expressed, that is to say after his colder fashion, and with some national feeling for his countrymen.

He said he felt as all in the North and East of the States did, how deeply humiliating this great blot was upon the American character. 'But,' he said, 'let us all the while be just, even to slave-holders and slave-traders. The difficulty of dealing with the question is greater than may at first appear. To free the slaves at once is quite impossible. Then as long as slavery exists, the manners of the people must be changed, nay the nature of men must be changed before the miseries of the poor slave can be greatly mitigated. And one grand difficulty stands in the way of a legislative change; even of a gradual one, as gradual it must be to have a chance of being safe. The black people multiply so fast that they are sure, everywhere in the south, greatly to outnumber the whites. This much augments the embarrassment, and will speedily reduce both the local governments of the States, and the individual proprietors, to great straits in the management of the coloured population. However,' added the captain, 'bad as all you have seen is, the worst part of the dismal picture remains to appal you; I mean the import traffic by which all this misery and shame has been occasioned, the African Slave Trade; and, let us be just to the colonies,—they

wished long ago to prevent it, and then desired to abolish it, as if they had foreseen the evils of which it was to prove the fruitful parent. The mother country, England, our severer tyrant, the King and the Parliament of England, to the utter disgrace both of their humanity and their wisdom, would not hear of it, and compelled the southern States to continue importing negroes, whether they would or no.'

"To all that my friend the captain could urge upon the great difficulty of an emancipation, and his demand of a plan which might be feasible and safe, I had only to answer, that in one direction I could clearly enough see my way. 'There may be,' said I, 'some difficulty in freeing the negroes now in your States; but surely there can be none in stopping the frightful enormity which brings, yearly, more of these wretched beings over from Africa; and which, while you call it a trade, you describe as a crime of the most heinous kind, telling me that the sight of it (which you have undergone) would drive from my recollection all that I have seen of negro misery in this country.' 'Why, that measure I hold to be quite inevitable,' said he. 'The total abolition of the slave-traffic, I am clear, must take place as soon as

our new federal government is well settled.' 'But then,' I added, 'surely another step, in the self-same direction, must swiftly follow. Why not, at once, prohibit the internal slave-traffic; the removing, by force, without the semblance, or any pretence, of a consent on their part, thousands of negro slaves bred in one part of your territory, to be worked in another, in clearing new land, the most unhealthy of employments, as you the other day allowed, and torn, by compulsion, from the place of their birth and the society of their families?'—The captain did not feel disposed to question this position; but he also said that there was some difficulty attending its practical adoption from the overbalance of hands in some slave-settlements.

"While discussing the subject we had walked a little way out of the town, and were on the road towards the west, where Georgia lies. We saw a crowd before us, but moving though slowly, in regular order; and, on coming up with their line, it proved to be formed of negroes, yoked together like so many cattle, and secured by wooden billets or beams, through holes in which their heads seemed thrust, while the rest of the timber weighed upon them to prevent either resistance or escape.

These were slaves going, or rather driven, to the Western States, from the well supplied market of Charlestown. No slave-trader had arrived for some weeks from Africa (from 'the coast,' as it was familiarly called); so that these people had all been born and bred in the country. They were of both sexes, and of various ages, but for the most part young; some were little older than children. All were forced to keep the same pace, in order that a single driver or two, I may say drover, might suffice to superintend the convoy or herd. Being all creoles, (or American born negroes) they spoke English, and understood it perfectly; and we entered into conversation with some of them, who appeared sufficiently intelligent, though I should say that generally their faculties are inferior in acuteness to those of Europeans. What moved me, however, beyond anything I can describe, was the feelings these poor creatures experienced, and which they expressed with a simplicity more touching than any finished eloquence could have been.—'Oh dear, dear Master' (Massa, meaning only Sir) 'I must no more see my poor old mother! she is left near Charlestown; and I have a sister with her. It grieves me very sore.' A little girl, whose mother had died long

ago, kept crying all the way, that her young brother was not brought away; but most, she said, because her father never again would see her, and this, she knew, would break the poor nigger-man's old heart. It was an affecting thing to hear, as the train moved on, a low, rather sweet, sound rising from it, as of voices chaunting a hymn. In fact, these poor creatures, partly to beguile the way, but also with religious feelings that thus formed some consolation for their misery, occasionally sung one of the hymns the methodist preachers had taught them. Some of them, however, held aloof from this exercise, as if in proud disdain, and not choosing to complain. 'They tell me,' said one of a deep jet-black, and of a haughty, even fierce aspect, whom the captain at once recognized as of Koromantyn blood, 'They tell me the country we are going to in the west is good for us;—it is unwholesome; and the work in it is sure to kill us! What better can a slave to the white man desire than to be relieved from a world made for white men's pleasure, and the place of the black men's torment?'—The driver heard a few of the last words, and immediately gave the negro a heavy blow on the back, and another on the face, adding, with a sneer, 'Take that, you rebellious,

discontented brute, you! You 've no more religion than a black-beetle, for all you were sold at the price of a Christian.'—The look of the Koromantyn was such, so mixed with fury and scorn, that I felt for the moment relieved when I saw how heavily he was loaded, bitterly as I felt with him on his wrongs.—'Look you, then,' said the driver, 'my fine young gentleman, it 's no more nor no less than right down nonsense of you to jabber with them niggers as if they were Americans or Englishers; 'cause I expect they 've got no more sense than oxen, and are as obstinate as outright pigs, I calculate.' A remark which his unfeeling behaviour and stupid words drew from me gave offence to this republican. 'What, truly!' cried he, 'would you have us free-born Americans deprived of our rights? Shall we have no property in our own cattle, and our own niggers? A pretty use we 've got of our long war if it is come to that! Why, I calculate we might better have been as we were than fight it hard out to be slaves, forsooth, of our own blacks!'

"The captain took me one day to visit a friend of his, in a very handsome country house, about a league from Charlestown. The grounds were agree-

ably laid out the woods were beautiful, and the house fitted up and kept with every luxury which wealth could command. The family were not unpleasing; the ladies had been educated in Paris, and the master of the house had served in the Carolina militia during a part of the war, till a wound obliged him to return home. We passed two days at this villa; and I might have passed them agreeably, but the curse of the country was upon it, and upon all within it. Negro slavery!—the master, the owner and his human chattel—the tyrant and the slave!—this monstrous state of things not only filled the imagination and distressed the feelings, but exerted its baneful influence on the whole constitution of the society I was in. A blow, or a kick, was the admonition to a servant who made any mistake which in France would have called forth a word of reproof. The young ladies would hardly give themselves the trouble to turn aside the silver tea-kettle that was ready to scald the man who held the tea-pot under it. One of the men was desired to go catch a copper-head (a most poisonous snake) to shew me, and if he could find a rattle-snake in th thicket a little way off, to be sure to bring it living, that I might hear the rattle. I found

that slaves were so little regarded as human beings that their presence in a room no more restrained a person than if so many dogs were there. The master and mistress of the house had a negro girl, of twenty, always sleeping, on the floor, in the same bed-room with themselves. 'Else,' said the lady, 'how should I possibly do if I wanted a glass of water in the night? Truly, there is nothing in that; she's but a nigger-girl!' The captain told me that the most delicate women will lace their stays and put on most of their clothes, while a negro-man stands by to deliver a message or take an order. Worst of all, in this house, one of the most respectable in Carolina, I was asked by an upper-servant, a kind of house steward, on going to bed, if I wished to have a negress girl brought to me as a companion for the night. The greatest laxity prevails in this respect, among even persons who would shrink from encouraging any illicit intercourse among whites. Most of the country gentlemen, the planters, were the fathers of many mulattos still held in slavery on their estates, and even in their families; nor was it supposed that great nicety was observed in avoiding impure connection with their own nearest relatives thus produced. In North America it is

possible this may be little known, though it seemed not to be much doubted. I have since found it quite usual in the West Indies. The captain further assured me, that the breeding of slaves was carried on in Virginia and the Carolinas, precisely as that of cattle would be. A barren woman fetched a lower price than one who had just had her first child. A man would be compelled to have several wives, with a view to offspring; and, with the same view, a woman would occasionally be obliged to change her husband. In a word, all feelings of delicacy, all consideration of the slave, all thoughts of him as a fellow-creature, seem to be banished from the country, and extirpated from the minds of its inhabitants by this accursed system, which appears to disfigure not only the mind of man, but the very face of Nature.

"And yet all these scenes of human wretchedness, and of perverted human feelings, I witnessed in a country into whose lap bountiful Nature has poured her choicest gifts, enriching it with every variety that man's wants can require, of the most fertile soil, and adorning it with matchless beauties to please his senses. There are, perhaps, no magnificent forests in this part of the Union, nor have the rivers,

noble as they are, the prodigious grandeur of the northern streams. But any thing more rich than the luxuriant and infinitely varied foliage, with every fine form and tint of flower, and every fantastic shape of leaf, and every shade of green on which the eye can dwell for refreshment or repose, it is impossible to imagine. Nor is it only such permanent hues that the American forest wears. A night of frost in autumn suddenly variegates the foliage like magic. Then the wood literally is in a blaze of orange and brown, yellow and deep red, even flaming scarlet tints. No untravelled person can picture to himself a more delightful scene. The air, too, is filled with splendour. Even to me, bred in Languedoc, the illumination of the fire-fly was almost new, so greatly did it exceed in brilliancy all that I had known at home. No sooner was the sun down than the night seemed filled, and the air peopled with myriads of this restless insect, glancing to and fro, darting their train of soft, lambent flame from twig to twig, till they seemed to light up the whole grove. But the wood was more lively by day, not only from its vegetable but its insect wonders. The flowers seemed to have taken wing, so great was the number of butterflies that painted the air, flying about in every fantastic

course, and shining in the sun with all the colours of the rainbow, beside two which the rainbow has not, and which, by their contrast with each other and with the rest, form a pleasing variety, pure white and jet black, often combined in the same insect. Rose-colour, orange, bright blue, with or without spots to mottle them, on wings of a breadth and form unknown in our latitudes, flit before the eyes and dance through the air in endless variety. Here there is found also the curse of the southern clime, the reptile with the insect. The terrible rattle-snake does not approach the town; but not less venomous is the copper-head, which the Americans, with their faculty of giving everything a vulgar abbreviation when they cannot confer on it a grotesque name, call 'a *copper;*' and in some moist situations the plague of huge and noisy frogs is felt, and the unpleasant though harmless lizard, of prodigious size, is far from a pleasing variety in the infinite luxuriance of animal life which forms the great characteristic of the southern country, and is, I am told, still more remarkable in South America, beyond the Gulf and the Isthmus.

"It became necessary for me to think of a subsistence, and I consulted the honest captain, who

found me disinclined to continue in the sea-service, now that the war being over, his frigate was sure to be paid off. He recommended me to apply for employment as a clerk in a merchant's house. But nothing could induce me to fill any place that might bring me in contact with slavery and the slave-trade, to which the dealings of all mercantile houses in these countries must have some relation. It was therefore settled that with the small sum due to me for my wages during the three months I had served on board ship, I should travel to the Northern States, where I could have little difficulty in being engaged at a moderate salary. Accordingly I set out from Charlestown by a diligence which went at a slow but steady pace, and carried me through magnificent forests, and over a number of broad and clear rivers, towards Philadelphia, where we arrived in about a week.

CHAPTER VII.

A SECOND CHAPTER :—THE NEW WORLD.

"THERE are seasons when a particular idea will enter the mind, take possession of it, and give rise to a train of thought, without our being able either to account for its commencement, or to break the thread and put an end to it; but I have more commonly observed this to happen with associations of a calm and not unpleasing kind than with those which agitate and harass, as if the mind had some power of rejecting the more disagreeable thoughts. Accordingly I have very rarely been visited in my dreams with any such unwelcome images, any more than indeed one is apt to dream of recent scenes; we rather go back to early life. On this tedious journey, while slowly traversing one of the vast forests filled with oaks of a truly prodigious girth as well as height, and which for want of underwood, showed their massive trunks to the eye, I found my-

self dwelling upon the recollections of Avignon, but above all of my beloved mother. I could not get out of my mind the picture of her sitting over her missal, praying for me or looking at some letter respecting me, and sadly heaving a sigh to think she should never see me more. The security in which I had felt ever since my arrival in America, the certainty I was in that nothing could now disturb me, provided I only obtained employment enough to support life, had no doubt relieved my mind from all the anxiety I so long suffered under, and only left a bitter recollection of the melancholy beginning of my troubles. The idea of Father Jerome had haunted me in the stillness of the voyage before the storm began; that of my parent was now the companion of my way. I felt as if I could no longer bear the thought that we should never again meet on earth. I seemed ready to resolve that I would encounter any hazard in order once more to lay my head on the bosom that had so often cherished me. It is strange how entirely these images prevented me from thinking of Louise. It seemed as if I felt all my remorse awakened with my filial affection, and that I charged myself with the sufferings my mother was enduring in her lonely hours when she

thought of her wandering son as lost. But months had passed since I had had any tidings from the Contât, and months must again roll over my head ere I could hear. For until I should be settled in some one place, I could not apprize either the good pastor of Nismes or M. Girard of my address.

"There was not much difficulty on arriving at Philadelphia in procuring employment. I was not very nice as to terms, and agreed for my board and fifty louis a-year to keep a small merchant's books, whose only clerk had left him to clear a wood track and live as all do that can scrape together a few hundred dollars, and have a wife and family to help them in their speculations; for, unlike a person's situation in Europe, his having a wife and children is, in this country of cheap and good land and few inhabitants, a relief and not a burthen.

"In Philadelphia I remained for above two years thus employed; my situation was not uncomfortable. But though I respected the family I lived in, I found no inclination to cultivate the friendship of persons so entirely different from myself in their habits of thinking, and all whose feelings seemed centered in one pursuit, the acquiring of money.

My hours too passed wearily; for in the whole of the time I had but one letter from Nismes, and it gave an indifferent account of Louise's health. From herself I heard not a word; and the great age of M. Girard led me to dread that the heavy blow from which he in vain strove to seem as if he had recovered, had laid him prostrate, and that affliction had shortened his life and his misery. My hope was that had it been so M. Gardein would have apprized me of our loss.

"Having now saved some three hundred dollars, I relieved my mind from the load of anxiety that pressed upon it, by several excursions to New York and its beautiful neighbourhood, and to the Eastern cities, where the genuine character and manners of the Americans are to be seen in their most perfect state. The scenery of the north also had its attractions. The Hudson river, its rocky passes, the extent of its bays, the variety of the ground which bounds it, sometimes rocky and precipitous, sometimes champaign, here bare and awful, there crowned or fringed with wood, has certainly no equal for beauty in any stream I have ever seen. But the St. Lawrence, which I went on purpose to see, not so much for the sake of the

famous falls, of which I could form an idea, but for the sake of gazing on one of the giant rivers of the earth, the mighty stream that drains a whole continent, flows a thousand leagues, and forms or traverses lakes like seas, one of three hundred leagues in length; to fill my eyes with such a spectacle seemed a kind of duty while I was residing in its neighbourhood. Accordingly I went thither, and though it did not quite answer my expectation, because it had the breadth, where I first saw it, of a frith or arm of the sea rather than a river, and moved so slow as not to have a perceptible current, yet its prodigious width, across which the eye could not reach, coupled with the certainty that it was a flowing stream, was calculated to impress the mind with awe rather than mere wonder. Some way higher up, I had a full view of it as a current; I stood in mute astonishment at the majestic stream, four leagues in width, rolling slowly its prodigious body of waters to the Atlantic main. The mind was lost in contemplation of the mighty works of nature; the creature sank into insignificance in presence of the marvels of his Maker's omnipotence; the spectacle of power on the most boundless scale laid the soul prostrate; the idea of vast magnitude seemed alone to fill the

mind, to shut out all other thoughts, and to constitute the true sublime; the imagination was carried back to the creation of all things when the great tide was let loose, and piercing the iron wall of huge rock, had rolled onward through countless ages; the mind was then carried forward towards the yet more remote ages through which its flood was appointed still to roll, feeding the ocean with its waters.

"About the beginning of the year 1784, the unbroken peace abroad and at home had left the Congress free to discuss the plans of a permanent constitution for the country; but no progress had as yet been made in framing it. There were many misgivings among public men that this new, untried experiment of a great and populous country living under a purely republican government, might not be found successful in practice. But there was one comfort ever present to all men's minds; there was one man ever in their eyes upon whose wisdom, firmness, and virtue, boundless reliance might be placed in whatever difficulties the State might be involved. Washington, who had borne them triumphant through all their perils, yet lived, though retired, in the vigour of his faculties; and what form of government soever the people might ultimately shape for

themselves, at its head he was sure to be set, if his unaffected preference of a private station could be overcome by the unanimous entreaties of his fellow citizens. I had a natural desire to see this extraordinary man, and a deputation of the Philosophic Society of Philadelphia having been directed to wait upon him with an address, asking him to be an honorary member, I obtained permission through a literary friend to accompany them. We arrived at Mount Vernon, his spacious, classical country-seat, like himself, grand but simple and unostentatious; and we had the high honour of being invited to dine with him and his family.

"The presence of this truly great man struck me with reverence. He was upwards of fifty years old, above the middle size, of a mild, reflecting, and noble countenance, and his manners were as calm, and, if I may so speak, as majestic, as suited his character, simple and serene. He engaged but little in conversation, though perfectly at his ease, and exceedingly affable without the least appearance of vulgar condescension. There was something at once benevolent and decided in the expression of his mouth, but I never once observed him to smile; his eyes were intelligent, but with no fire; and although

he is known to be a man of vehement temper, it is still better known that he has this temper under strict and habitual control. The subjects that seemed most to interest him were those connected with farming, and the care of cattle and of woods, on which he asked several questions. Of politics he said little; nor indeed did the news of the day furnish any topics of importance, except only that I remember his pronouncing a decided opinion in favour of Lord Lansdowne, and of Mr. Pitt, both of whom he said had been attacked most unjustly and most factiously by a set of men from part, at least, of whom—the old Whig party—he should have expected better things. Of Lord Chatham he spoke with respect for his vigour, and his free spirit; his eloquence he valued less, and in wisdom he was, according to the General, wholly deficient; nor did he think a person who had no command of himself ever could command others. He considered his son as certain to make the greater statesman of the two in all respects, but that his coming so early to power deprived him of the discipline of experience. Mr. Fox he praised, saying he supposed the character he lately had seen of him was just, that he was the most amiable of great

men, and the greatest among amiable. But the General said he seemed the slave of faction, and was little likely to be set free, because he appeared to exalt party spirit into a principle of duty. Of Lord North he spoke with exemplary candour, expressing his conviction that his persisting in the American contest was owing much less to his own opinions than to his deference towards the English King; but he added that such deference was to be severely blamed, inasmuch as it deprived the country of its only security against a weak or a wicked prince, and made monarchy the very worst of all governments.

"One of our deputation made a remark on the accounts from England of some steps to be taken for reforming the representation, and some for doing away with civil disabilities on account of religious opinions. The General highly approved both proceedings; and shortly expressed his belief that some extension of the elective franchise, if granted in time, would prop up the ancient and time-worn monarchy; but on the question of toleration he was still more decided; and related an anecdote (the only one he told, and the only allusion he made to the War of Independence), that finding

there was to be a Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered while he lay encamped in New Jersey, he asked the clergyman, a sectary, if other religigionists might join, whose answer was, 'It is the Lord's table, and not the Calvinists';' upon which, said the General, 'highly approving his principle, I attended myself, though of another persuasion, and sat down with my fellow Christians of all denominations, as why should I not?'—There never was, I believe, a fouler aspersion than the story propagated by some free-thinkers, that he is a man of no religion. His education has been very confined; he knows no ancient language, hardly a little French; his reading is confined to history. Of poetry he may have read somewhat; and it is said, when a youth, he excerpted and copied some hymns, and other religious writings, and no more. Of science he is only possessed to the extent of arithmetic and land-surveying, including of course a little plane geometry and trigonometry. But his celebrated address on retiring from the chief command of the army, breathes the most ardent wishes for human improvement, and the utmost reverence for the great masters of philosophy who have enlightened the world; and I heard him reprehend some one

who was cited as holding cheap the votaries of religion. 'He is not so clever as many who have believed,' said the General. 'No man knew more of physical evidence than Newton, or of moral than Locke, or of legal than Hale, and all of these were sincere Christians.' 'Your young friend,' I ventured to add, 'would not perhaps be in company he should be ashamed of were he to join them.' The General nodded in assent to my remark, and seemed to testify his approval by asking me to drink a glass of wine with him after the American and English fashion.

"I came away from Mount Vernon with the deepest veneration for this great man. Many of more brilliant faculties have been seen both in civil and military life; to what is called genius he makes no pretence; his fame as a captain is so obscure that his defeats and failures are much more easily reckoned up than his victories; learning, eloquence, whatever most strikes mankind, and is most imposing, are wholly foreign to him; yet by his inflexible firmness under every difficulty, his undaunted contempt of danger, whether we regard his personal courage or his moral, his bearing manfully up at times when the stoutest hearts might well have

despaired, and steadfastly persevering when any continued exertion seemed but hopeless pertinacity; he maintained the elements of a wild and undisciplined democracy in subordination and in union; he wore out the most disciplined troops and the most experienced commanders; he supplied the want of all other resources, with the inexhaustible resource of his own indomitable will; and he carried his country through her struggle—her all but hopeless struggle—to a triumph which enthroned free principles upon the ruins of a tyranny that he had crumbled in the dust, called into existence a great nation, and gave it from its birth a first place among the powers of the civilized world.

"Wherever you go in America, in whatever company—among the Federalists, as they are termed, or among the Democrats—even among the friends of monarchy, of whom there are very few indeed, but these much respected for their sacrifices and the ill-treatment they have undergone—you hear but one opinion, see but one feeling, respecting this extraordinary man; all admire, love and trust him. The moderate party, who lean more to England, know that against England he is implacable, and that the only way to ruffle his temper is

to praise her, or to speak respectfully of General Arnold; yet that party look up to him as their refuge in a season of trouble. The high republicans, who would level all existing institutions, and wish to see the world parcelled out among commonwealths, regard him with equal veneration as the father of liberty and their safeguard against the return of both English power and monarchy. All men are as confident as they can be of a future event, that were he placed at the head of the Federacy, as he must be by common consent when the constitution is formed, he would only keep office for the public good; would hold the balance even among contending parties; would religiously avoid all encroachments on the rights of the people; and would, after maintaining the country in unbroken peace abroad and tranquillity at home, insist upon resigning his authority the instant that the safety of the State permitted him to return once more into the privacy which he loves.

"I returned to Philadelphia well pleased with my expedition to Virginia, and I was still more pleased with seeing a letter from the dear pastor of Nismes, in which, and indeed on the same sheet of paper, were these delightful lines from Louise.

'Dearest Friend—I am wearing away my days in hopeless solitude, beginning to give up all expectation of our ever again meeting in this world. Oh, Albert! if you only knew how I have been harassed on your account, and because of my unchangeable fidelity to our vows! But God knows it is no fault of yours, dearest, and we must submit patiently to the decrees of the Great Disposer. I desire you would look to the moon's mild silver face on the first of the next month but one, at about two in the morning. I reckon that this will be six weeks hence. I shall be turning my eyes at the same silent hour towards the same sweet lamp of the sky (which however will be gone down from its meridian by two hours here, and will want three hours of its height when you see it). It will give me a pleasing sensation to think that we are gazing on the same object at the same time. Look for half an hour, that the time may be sure to agree.'

"Another year passed away in the same regular routine, without any incident worth relating. But I had more opportunity than before to witness the singular spectacle, wholly new to me of course, but also novel in the history of our species, of an ex-

tensive and populous country ruled by a pure democracy, a great state the people of which governed themselves, without a monarch, without hereditary aristocracy, without an established church. This system of policy had been far too recently formed to afford the means of judging what might be the success of so new an experiment; the government was indeed not yet framed, the first administration of the Union continuing to manage the public concerns. But that administration was purely republican; the popular voice guided the whole movements of the machine; and I had thus the means of observing the effects of democratic power. I was struck, beyond every other feature, with the unceasing, all-pervading, and absolutely uncontrolled action of this central force. Under no despotic government can the ruling authority be so searching; under none can it be more irresistible. The tyrant is everywhere; he approaches close to each of his subjects. The majority of the people is that tyrant, and none can escape him. There must be no opposition to his will, no undervaluing of his authority, no treating him lightly; the least disrespect either towards his person, or his will, or his measures, or even

his language, is visited severely; and the very man who in private may have joined in expressing some sentiment contrary to the prevailing opinion, or some opinion disapproving the conduct of the ruling party, would be the first to shrink from a public repetition of the same statements as soon as the public indignation should be roused and pointed against the offending dissident.

"The laws, too, are executed, as well as made, under the immediate and direct influence of the majority; their execution is thus interfered with, and not rarely opposed. While I was at New York a newspaper editor had expressed an unpopular opinion respecting the relations of the Union with Old England. The multitude assembled; they broke the printing-presses; they attacked the dwelling-house of one editor; the armed force, the militia, was called out; no one dared come to the muster; to save the men's lives they were thrown into prison; the mob forced the gaol doors, and killed one of the editors upon the spot, severely wounding the others. When the offenders were brought to trial, the mob again prevailed, the jury not daring to give a verdict of conviction. This is certainly a kind of outrage that cannot be often committed, but it may be occa-

sionally; and in a lesser degree the same mob-law often prevails. The total want of support from any quarter which whoever ventures to go against public opinion is sure to experience, is among the most cruel inflictions of this democratic tyranny; and it is a most bitter ingredient in the cup of popular government. My hope for America is that her new constitution may provide salutary checks upon the supreme power; and as a king or a nobility are equally beyond her reach, I naturally turn to her legal aristocracy, the body of those able and learned men who are intrusted with the administration of justice. Upon them is my first reliance placed; my next is upon the system of municipal and county government now of old date in the Union, indeed coeval with the plantation of the colonies; that system which has always been established for the local administration of affairs.

"Having now seen as much of the new republic as I desired, I began, towards the winter of 1784, to feel some impatience of the life I led; and having often heard my acquaintance who had travelled speak of the scenes which the West Indies presented to an observing mind, I resolved to go thither the first convenient opportunity. One soon

offered, and I took leave of my American friends with kindness; with thanks for the hospitality I had experienced among them, but without much feeling of regret.

"The Americans of English extraction are a mixed race, and differ exceedingly both in their character and in their habits, as we travel among them from the Eastern to the Middle States, and from these to the Southern. They have, notwithstanding this diversity, a good deal in common, but it is modified in degree, and it is varied in kind. If one were to pronounce a sweeping judgment, it would be that the Eastern States have the most respectable character in point of honesty and principle, the Southern the most refined in both manners and taste. But this would be an unsatisfactory estimate; it would leave out much that is common to both North and South; it would assume by omission things to be common to both which are materially varied. Nor do I in any wise doubt that as time advances, and as political causes operate more powerfully, these diversities will be lessened, and more of an uniform national character will prevail throughout all the Union.

"The American generally is of an intelligent,

acute, sagacious, bold, enterprising, persevering character. Always on the alert to protect himself, he will neither be overreached nor subdued; and beside the regard for his own credit individually which always animates him, he feels a national pride in his caste, and a contempt of all others, which makes him neither easy to deceive, nor safe to attack, nor agreeable to deal with. The intercourse of this people with the people of other countries presents them in their least amiable aspect. As among themselves, especially in the newly-settled territory, the constant feeling of the individual is, '*I am as good as you*,' so this same feeling seems ever present to the mind of the whole people when they are brought into contact with any other nation. But it is a feeling which necessarily offends, because it always assumes that those they are dealing with are making some encroachment, putting forward some claim of superiority. 'You won't find us Yankees behind you Englishers either in pride or merit,' said a man I knew at New York to one who had never uttered a word claiming any superiority whatever for his nation. 'No doubt of it,' was the Englishman's reply, 'but had I said one word to show I questioned it?' Akin to this is a most vulgar and

offensive spirit of braggadocio on their national prowess or force, a spirit I never have seen exhibited in any other nation—neither in the vain French, nor in the proud English, nor in the haughty Spaniards, nor in the half-mad Poles, the four nations according to my observation the most inflated with self-conceit and patriotic enthusiasm. In truth, it is not quite correct to say that the Americans always reckon themselves equal to every other people with whom they come in contact; they never seem to doubt for a moment that they are far superior to any; and though this feeling is frequently found to prevail in the hearts of other nations, and to be sufficiently displayed among themselves—witness the English of Europe, witness, too, our own countrymen of France,—yet the Americans bear it in their countenance and have it in their language beyond all the people I have ever seen. They have it each individually, as others share it collectively among them; you would always suppose when conversing with one of them, however humble in station, that he contained within his own person the whole Federacy of the United States. I remember meeting one of these in company with an English gentleman at the Havanna, and I shall not soon forget the American's tone in speaking of the

United States Navy (' the National Marine,' as he was pleased to term it), of the things it had done, I suppose by way of privateering, during the late war, and the prodigious things it would do if war should come again, which he seemed to consider would be the making of his country's fortune. The well-bred Englishman was not at all discomposed, but he quietly said, 'All I hope is that as you are powerful, so you will be merciful, and not sail up the Thames and burn London.' The American did not appear to perceive the sneer, but gave a look as much as to say, ' Well, possibly we may spare you.'

" The vulgarity generally imputed to them I think a good deal less of, partly because I am aware that this term of reproach is so often lavished upon those who differ from ourselves merely on account of their differing from ourselves—partly because I really believe that what is called vulgarity often consists in the plain honest expression of very natural feelings. Yet I do allow that the American sensitive suspicion of offence never intended, their anxiety to defend themselves against imagined attacks, their eagerness to assert prerogatives which no one disputes, their zealous putting forward of pretensions to qualities which all possess or assume

they possess as a matter of course—may savour a little of vulgarity. However, let that pass: I heed it little. A far more important defect is that the Americans seem to me deficient in the sense of honour and even of common honesty. They so exclusively direct all their faculties, all their industry, to the bettering of their condition, that they regard all means of succeeding lawful, or at least consider success as covering over the means used, and constituting a set-off to their baseness. The admiration of skill, the bowing to success, has plainly got the better of their natural sense of justice. They are industrious as the Scotch; they are thrifty as the Dutch; they are avaricious as the Jews; but they are only to be likened to themselves in their unbounded admiration of successful cunning, and their absolute carelessness of the means by which their object is attained.

"The whole race is careful and wary; and they all are like townspeople. There is a peasantry, or rather what should be a peasantry, of many hundred thousands, occupying a measureless extent of country, and far removed from all cultivation in many of its districts. Myriads of them inhabit the forest, never see the walled city, or hear the

busy hum of men, or view the shores of commerce, or throng to the places where traders most do congregate; yet in the whole of this vast country you shall not meet with any vestige of the true rustic character; there is nothing rural, nothing simple, in a word, nothing *peasant;* all is care, if not cunning; it is a race of traders, scattered, indeed insulated, rural in their position, dispersed over a wide expanse of country, but still traders, with all the attributes of the money-getting tribe, as if they were gathered together and concentrated upon any given exchange in the Old World or in the New. Nothing struck me in America more forcibly than this peculiarity, and nothing could be less pleasing to my contemplation.

"I have purposely passed over the local characteristics of the different States. That there is much more real piety in the Eastern or New England settlements, though certainly a good deal mixed with fanaticism, cannot be doubted. But I must exempt them from all charge of either hypocrisy or intolerance. With a deep sense of religious truth, and a strong determination to abide each by his own form of faith, all the various sectaries seem to live on terms of kindness one with another, and none

of them ever objects to hear the most unrestrained discussion of its tenets and its ritual. You may in one company, in a stage-coach for example, hear every shade of opinion openly professed and zealously defended, from strict Calvinism to deism and almost atheism, without the least offence being taken by any person, or the least ill-humour being testified. Probably the want of a national establishment gives rise to this freedom of thought and speech—it certainly proceeds from anything rather than indifference. In the Southern States the bane of slavery has cast a darker shade over the national character. No human being can, safely to his feelings and principles, exercise uncontrolled power, especially when the victims of his oppression are not unseen and remote, but ever before his eye and maltreated by his own hand. The manner of bringing up their children as companions and playmates of the young negroes, gives the worst effect to the dominion they are afterwards to exercise over them, and even to their early education. They learn betimes to tyrannize and to torment; and the subjects of their oppression are their playfellows. Am I wrong in tracing to slavery the disgusting cruelty of the sports in the

Southern States? I have seen a Virginian fighting with another, when the object of each savage was to maim his adversary, which one, sometimes both, fully accomplished. I once saw a brute in the shape of a man tear out the eye of another and show it on the palm of his hand with a grin of exultation to the assembled crowd, who shouted applause, while I turned away sick with disgust. 'But see there,' said a by-stander, 'My! if he as wants the eye hav'nt bit off t'other fellow's nose.'

"I pass over the outward peculiarities as less important—their offensive manners; their proneness to give offence by so easily taking it; their rudeness where they dare venture; their sulkiness where they may not find it convenient to be so bold—these things I pass over, partly because they are of inferior moment in weighing a national character—partly because they will inevitably be cured in the progress of time—partly for the reasons I have before given. But respecting, as I sincerely do, the American people, I most anxiously hope that their graver imperfections may never from individual spread to become national; that public faith may ever remain inviolate; that they may always reflect with just pride on their high lineage, the

children and followers of the purest statesman who ever governed the affairs of men; and that nothing in their future annals may ever tarnish the renown which they achieved under his governance.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WEST INDIES.—SLAVE PEASANTRY.

"HAVING resolved to visit the islands of the Mexican Gulf, I left New York in an American vessel bound for St. Domingo. My knowledge of the English language was now quite sufficient to enable me to pass for an American; so that I apprehended no inconvenience or risk from once more coming within the power of the French laws. We had a prosperous voyage of less than three weeks; we reached the Bay of Gonaives, and soon entered the fine harbour of Port-au-Prince, where I obtained accommodation at a boarding-house upon reasonable terms.

"It was the month of May, and the finest season of the year in that tropical climate; for the first rains were over; all was fresh and green; the air was cooled to an agreeable temperature, and this delightful summer lasts for five months without any very oppressive heat, certainly with none beyond the

power of the refreshing sea breezes to cool. There was a grateful feeling in the atmosphere, above all in evening and night, which even in Languedoc I had never felt, delicious as our climate is. The heavenly bodies too are here far more splendid than in Europe. I could easily read by moonlight; when the moon failed us the brightness of the stars was almost a substitute for the lamp of night, and the planet Venus, in particular, shed a light that was dazzling. My mind was irresistibly carried back to the lessons and the discussions of dear Father Jerome, and I almost thought I might see the great Croix du Midi, of which he had always spoken as the singular glory of the southern hemisphere. But one appearance I was not prepared for; the moon, and indeed the sun, had not the same flat look with which we are familiar in the northern latitudes. They assumed a convex form, and the moon when not full was lit up round her edges, while the central portion was more wrapt in shade. In a word, the globular aspect of those great orbs was manifest, and they no longer wore the look of circular planes.

"The firefly could not be more abundant than in Carolina, or more bright than I had seen it there, nor the butterflies more gaudy. But here swarmed

other most brilliant insects, as beetles studded with diamond-spots. No venomous reptiles, as on the continent, rendered the evening walk perilous, or disquieted the wanderer by day in his search of a cooling shade. The rich and gay plumage of the birds exceeded all I could have fancied. These shone through the thickets in all the luxuriance of green and yellow, alternating with blue of every shade, and red from bright scarlet to the deepest crimson; while the singular clearness of the atmosphere gave to each tint redoubled brilliancy. Some of them sung, and filled the woods with their melody, insomuch that Columbus imagined that it was the nightingale herself warbled here. The foliage of the trees and their flowers and those of the shrubs formed the body of the forest scene; orange-trees in golden fruit and aromatic flower; the vast mahogany shooting up its straight stem, bright red blossoms and oval fruit; the pomegranate and sweet-smelling acacia; the great banana with its luxuriant fruit and long graceful purple flower, sometimes delicately red streaked; the lower quassia blazing in scarlet; but above all the pimento, scenting the air with the most grateful perfume, while its blossoms filled the eye with the most elegant forms and de-

licate colours, but suffering nothing to grow beneath its shade, and so reigning alone over a carpet of the most splendid green turf, the effect of abundant rain in these islands, and a beauty which in our Languedoc climate we never can possess.

"The mountain districts are more wild and picturesque, the heights in the back ground being lofty and the summits deeply tinged with blue. Even near the plain and in the forest are limpid brooks of perfect transparency, rocks that rise abruptly among the trees, or form grottoes in the wood, or hang over the deep blue fountains. Streams of stainless clearness flow in all directions, sometimes forming reservoirs that resemble small lakes, sometimes fertilizing the plain to whose irrigation they easily lend themselves, not unfrequently dashing over ledges of rock in falls, but falls of a beautiful and pleasing aspect, the sight of which from their limpid water is grateful to the eye as their noise steals musically on the ear, unlike the roaring, thundering cataracts of the continent, which are an object of dread more than of admiration.

"But if such be the natural beauties of this fair land, the miracles of its cultivation present to the eye another prospect as much to be admired. The

vast plain of Artibonite is the most fertile, I believe, in the world; I only at first surveyed it in the short morning twilight of the Sunday, the day after I landed; and before the noise of its waking inhabitants was heard, or their persons could be seen; and never did my eye light on a more beautiful spectacle: it seemed the triumph of human industry in turning to much profit every inch of this useful plain, and making each particle of its rich red mould carry some plant that bears fruit to man. The cane prevailed generally, and its bright green gave the whole ground the aspect of a finely cultivated garden, more than any produce I have ever seen. But coffee-plantations were also interspersed with the graceful though less picturesque green leaves of that shrub, its elegant jasmine-like white flower, and its rich red clusters of the berry. Everywhere the eye met marks of skill, of labour, of wealth, in the finely drawn canals to distribute the water, in the clean kept fences, formed of aloe hedges, to separate the properties of this precious soil, in the solid structure of the planters' houses, the substantial machinery of his water-wheels and his sugar-engines, and the countless cottages where his peasantry were lodged. Such was the scene over which as

the sun rose to gild the landscape my eye wandered, and on which at that silent hour of morning it delighted to repose.

"I was fatigued with my early walk, and could not leave the house till after breakfast next day. All that landscape was changed; and my eye now shrank back with horror from the sight. For the sun, which before had only shown me the effects of industry, had now risen, and lighted to their toil, their endless toil, that hapless race whose extorted labour, having not any semblance of industry, had covered the vast plain with all the works, and all the water-courses, and all the vegetable riches I had before admired—the tenants of the numberless cottages I had seen—the victims of Christian oppression stimulated by Christian avarice, which, in return for the inexhaustible riches of such a soil and such a climate, showed its gratitude to the Giver of all Good by the torture and the murder of his most harmless and peaceful children. Yes! I was in the greatest slave-colony in the world; I saw before me the utmost effects of this accursed system! Spread out as on a map were the fruits of the scourge and the chain; and the air, fragrant with a thousand perfumes, variegated with

every colour on which the eye could dwell with most delight, pure and transparent to the sight of man, tempered to his senses with the most genial warmth, kept cool by the most healthful breeze which could fan his limbs—that air resounded with the merciless lash, echoed the clanking chain, from the rising to the going down of the sun.

"I had not recovered from my horror at finding myself, for the first time, in a slave and sugar colony, when I next had time to reflect on the other unnatural circumstances in this state of things. Of the thousands whom I saw toiling in all directions, there was scarcely scattered here and there a single white. The fields were swarming with negroes, of both sexes and of every age. In a line they all worked, the strong and the weak, the old and the young, women and men, nay, women whose form plainly indicated that they were far advanced in pregnancy —all were at work, and all must keep up with the strongest or the nimblest, at the pace prescribed; and by whom? By another slave, who moved backwards and forwards, armed with a long whip, which he sometimes only cracked over the heads of the gang, as it was called, but oftentimes laid severely upon the backs of such as he deemed indolent or

found feeble. After waiting an hour or more, suffering but a little less than they, I at last perceived a white man, a person of a pale and sickly aspect, with a loose light-coloured dress, a broad straw hat lined with green silk, a parasol in one hand, and a cane in the other. He walked listlessly towards the driver, the whip-holding slave, who superintended one of the lines or gangs, and chid him for negligence, which was the name I found given to the offence of sparing the slaves. The defence of the driver was only answered with a blow from the white man's cane. He went round to several other gangs, and then, exhausted by this effort to discharge his duty, he retired to a summer-house, where I observed him regale himself with what had the appearance of a fruit-ice. The reprimand enforced with the cane of the white overseer was not thrown away upon the negro-driver. Before many minutes were over, he had secured one of the pregnant women, and threw her on the ground, in a hollow which he had scraped to allow her belly to rest, and he thus gave her a flogging with his cart-whip, while the poor creature's screams rent the air. I left the spot, and hurried home. As I again surveyed this scene of cultivation carried to its utter-

most pitch, all seemed to have changed its aspect since the morning before, when I had first seen it. The fruits of negro toil were no longer pleasing to the eye; all was stained with negro blood: the canals made me shudder, not admire, for the skill that planned could not have executed them without the scourge: I hastened away from the hamlets that on the day before, the day of rest, had seemed entirely the abode of the peasantry, who I then supposed were enjoying under their shade the Sabbath repose.

"Revolting as the sight of West India slavery was, so much worse than all of what I saw in Carolina had led me to expect, I was doomed to witness horrors yet greater; and only a few days after I first saw the noble plain of Artibonite. An unusual stir was observed one morning in the streets of Port-au-Prince; clerks were seen running to and fro; signals were making at the pier head of the harbour; two vessels, one of about two hundred and the other of three hundred and fifty tons were in the offing; they were expected from the African coast; and they arrived to the exceeding great contentment of the merchants, a satisfaction shared by the neighbouring planters, and even those who

had come down from a distance in expectation of the important event. Not many hours elapsed before placards were to be seen all over the place announcing that the cargoes of these two ships would be exposed for sale early next day at an African merchant's yard; and every face in the town seemed radiant with joy. Whatever gang had been diminished by death through the maltreatment of the 'stock' (as those human creatures were termed) could now be completed; whatever new work remained to be begun, at least such as newly-imported negroes could be set upon, might now be commenced, or 'seasoned hands' might be taken from common labour, their place being supplied with the raw new comers. The merchants in the town, the ship-builders and ship-fitters, who looked to the vessels speedily returning for fresh importations; the clerks, the planters, their book-keepers or overseers, the medical practitioners, the tavern-keepers, all kept the arrival from 'the coast' as a holiday. I was probably the only person in Port-au-Prince who shared not in the general joy, that some hundreds of my fellow-creatures were about to be sold like beasts to the highest bidder, and worked to death under a tropical

sun, in tilling the ground for those most cruel of task-masters, until the death they desired should put an end to their sufferings, and give them a welcome release from their toil.

"I had not remained in Carolina or Virginia long enough to see a slave-ship, or a sale of her human cargo: it was, therefore, fit that this sight should be added to the many which had made me loathe the agriculture of the Western world. And first I went on board the smaller vessel. The innkeeper who accompanied me, and had been once steward of a slave-ship, pointed out to me the interior economy of the vessel. I at first did not believe it was the slaver; and thought we had come to a wrong ship; for I saw no room, no places for accommodating two hundred and eighty negroes, the number she was advertised as having landed, to say nothing of those who might have died on the passage. My conductor took me between decks, and I there perceived a height, in most places of only eighteen inches, and nowhere above two feet. In this contracted space above three hundred human beings had been crammed; they were chained together by the legs and by the neck, for the vessel had so small a crew that mutiny was

apprehended; the supply of water had been so scanty that many had died of raging fever; and one morning when thirty of them were brought upon deck to ventilate the vessel in part (for it was filled with filth and every pestilential abomination), twelve, arm in arm, before they could be stopped, had jumped overboard, grinning horribly at their tormentors, and shouting that now they must surely go to nigger-land, as they termed Africa, and be protected by the good spirit. In all, forty had died or been drowned. Some of the women had been delivered while bound in the same tier with sick and dying men; nay one, whom it drove mad, had actually brought forth the fruit of the womb while close touching a slave who had died the day before, but being chained to one yet living, and the fetters rivetted, he could not be separated before his body, in that place, in that climate, became one mass of putrefaction. These particulars we learnt from a lad who had then made his first voyage, and was so haunted with the horrors he had witnessed, that he determined to leave the ship and beg his bread rather than return to that terrible charnel-house. 'But,' said my conductor, 'bad as this is, I have seen worse in my time. Once the ophthalmia broke

out in a slave-ship, in which I sailed; and thirty-nine of the miserable negroes became blind; the inhuman captain, having no chance of selling them, brought them out on deck, and threw them all overboard. Above forty still had the disease, and he allowed them to remain on board, in hopes of a cure; but they were all landed stone blind.' The horror which this excited may be imagined; whereupon he added that during the war he had himself seen as wicked an act, and repeatedly seen it. 'When the vessel was chased by an English frigate, or privateer, the murderous captain would coolly put as many of his wretched negroes into casks, as he thought would lighten the ship and enable him to escape by throwing them into the sea. I have seen them so thrown without being put in casks; and devoured immediately by the sharks which ever attend such vessels in confident expectation of their prey, from the mortality that constantly reigns on board slavers.'

"Sick of the sight I had seen, of the pestilential air that had not yet left the ship, and of the innkeeper's relations thus connected with her, I came on shore and resolved to see the slaves' yard, or market, the same day, that such horrors might not

break in upon another. To the advertised place of sale, then, we went. The negroes were all marked on the breast or back with a red hot iron; they were many of them in a sickly state after their dreadful voyage; but some were pronounced marketable, and many of those brought by the larger vessel were of this description. I now saw the same lamentable sights, but more piteous still, which had harrowed up my feelings, when I was in the house-slave mart of Charlestown. The children clinging to their mothers' neck; the mothers grasping them to their bosoms; these unhappy creatures embracing the knees of their purchaser, and beseeching him to take their infants along with them; the clinging of those together who had been rivetted during the voyage to one chain, and thus contracted a friendship now about to be severed, when loaded with separate fetters; the various expressions of grief, of tenderness, of despair, and in some of a rage which not even the chain and the lash, and the fever of the passage had been able to quell—all presented a picture, extremely sad it is true, but also very striking. My conductor told me that the negroes, whose fury I had remarked, were from the Gold Coast, or Koromantyns; while the less

deep black, of milder temper, and more subdued demeanour, were chiefly Eboes. He related the history of a Koromantyn who had been concerned in a mutiny, only quelled by the captain firing upon those engaged, and killing upwards of thirty. The man was believed to have jumped overboard, as several did upon the revolt being subdued. But he had escaped and concealed himself in the hold where the stowage was dark. He vowed vengeance; and taking a light was detected when on the point of rushing into the powder magazine with a candle in his hand, determined to blow up the ship. The captain had him secured and brought upon deck; he prepared instruments of torture; he was giving his orders to have them applied; the negro, a powerful man, shook himself loose, rushed overboard, and was drowned, uttering the most fearful imprecations against his tyrant. 'But, indeed,' added my guide, 'I have seen equal desperation in a white man. A Spanish captain, having five hundred slaves on board, had committed some acts of piracy on his voyage to Africa; for many slave-ships are fitted up as pirates, and seize weaker vessels with slave-cargoes on board, in order to obtain or to complete their complement cheaper than by bartering on the

coast. She was chased by an English vessel, and being sure of punishment for the piracy if taken, the captain placed a lighted candle over his powder magazine, and took to his boat with his white crew, in hopes that the whole vessel, captors, negroes, and all, might be blown up, as soon as the candle burnt down to the powder.' I asked what became of the ship, and he said, that when she was boarded, an English sailor coolly put his hand under the candle and brought it away from the powder—thus saving the lives of above five hundred persons whom the monster had doomed to instant destruction.

"When I saw the price paid for these miserable people, and found that seventy or eighty louis were given for a 'prime negro,' who probably cost a few beads in Africa, and was brought over at the cost of four or five louis, I at once could comprehend how deep a root this infernal traffic had taken in the minds of the merchants, both of St. Domingo and of Nantes and Bordeaux. The same was the case, I found, with the Spaniards, and Portuguese, and Dutch; with the English, the traffic was great, but not so extensive, owing to the smaller extent of uncleared and fertile land in their colonies. The great demand for new slaves is, I find, to clear new land, the

most lucrative speculation to the master, and the greatest favourite of the whites, while it is at the same time the employment most fatal to negro life. The importation into St. Domingo was at this period immense, greater than it ever had before been, and in all the intercourse which I had with the people of that island, and in all my observation of their slaves, one idea constantly forced itself upon my mind. How patient soever these negroes may be, however inferior to their masters in skill and in the power of combining together, they form the great bulk of the people. The whites are not here, as I had seen them on the continent, nearly as numerous as the blacks, but there are fourteen or fifteen slaves for one free person. In this state of things, thousands of new negroes are forced into the colony every year; men wholly uncivilized, having no kind of local attachment, still less any feeling of attachment, or even any habit of submission, to their task-masters. Can such a state of things exist without the most imminent hazard of an insurrection, that may carry destruction over the whole of this noble possession? For one thing seemed quite clear; to strike a spark might be difficult, watched as are the slaves; but once struck, it must needs fall into a heap of matter so combustible

that an instantaneous explosion is the inevitable result. Shall I confess it? When I reflected on the horrors of the market, the field, above all, the slave-ship, I felt that such a consummation would seem a just judgment on crimes so enormous; and that I could reconcile my mind to the catastrophe, if I believed no other chance existed of extirpating such horrors, and bringing such sufferings to a close.

"After I had remained in Port-au-Prince a few weeks, enjoying the surpassing beauty of the climate and the scenery, as far as the dreadful taint of negro slavery would permit any enjoyment, I was invited by a gentleman in the country, with whom I had become acquainted on the voyage from New York, to pass a day or two at his country-house; this I knew meant at his plantation, for he was an extensive coffee-planter. The sufferings of the slaves on such an estate are as nothing compared with what they undergo in the cultivation of the sugar-cane; for they are not worked in gangs, and drilled and dressed in lines under the lash; nor is their toil by any means severe, the labour of coffee-picking being more frequently performed by task-work. The repugnance which I always felt to sugar-planting, I

own, would have made a visit to a sugar-estate a season of pain rather than of relaxation.

"I arrived at the house early in the morning, before the heat had begun, and I found a villa of great beauty, and even magnificence. The house was fitted up with every elegance, and the inhabitants seemed to enjoy all the luxuries and almost all the refinements of Parisian life. The owner was of a noble family, long settled in St. Domingo, and, except sending over his children for education in the mother country, and transporting his produce for sale at Nantes, he had little or no intercourse with France. Among the comforts of a country-house, I did not observe a library; and there was no chapel, nor any parish church nearer than the town, which, being three leagues off, the family seldom went to mass. 'We perform our Easter rites' (*fesons nos pâques*) my host said, 'but do not often go to mass, except on some extraordinary occasion.' I found that his religion went into nearly as moderate a compass as his literature. He bore the character of a kind master; and his negroes rather increased on his old estate; but he was bringing new land into cultivation for the cane, on a plantation a league or two distant; and he complained of the loss of life with which this

operation was attended. 'An old sugar-plantation,' he said, 'which we have had for many generations, costs me only about four or at most five per cent. of my slaves in the year; but this new land stands me in twelve or fifteen.' This person who thus coolly spoke of human life, and set the waste of it on the debit side of his profit-and-loss account, against the gross proceeds of his farming speculations, was a man of kindly disposition, a good father and husband, an indulgent master to his domestic slaves, a gentleman of polite, even refined manners, representing an ancient and honourable family, that had often served the king with distinction; he had been educated in Europe, and brought up among the first circles of its most polished capital. Could I wonder that habit, the sight of human suffering, prolonged till it becomes an usual occurrence and blunts the feelings, the sight of human crimes exhibited till it ceases to shock, and then hardens the heart, producing so great a havoc in a character such as this, should cause a far more dreadful havoc in men of other natures, and other education? Could I wonder that it should finally lead to the desperate and hateful excesses which reign in the slave-market and the slave-ship?

"In the course of my walks among the richly-cultivated grounds, and in the fine scenery that surrounded the villa, I had occasion to see and converse with some of the slaves, and one, who presented a very striking appearance, greatly engaged my attention. He was a tall, finely-formed person, somewhat under the middle age, born in the island, indeed on the estate, but of parents who had been brought from Africa. His hue was a deep black of extraordinary lustre; his features expressive, though having the negro contour of thick lips and flat nose; his eye singularly animated, his voice strong and shrill. Nothing could be more active or graceful than all his motions, nothing more quick and lively than his apprehension. Wholly destitute of all education, he had yet conversed much with his fellow-slaves, and much also with the new comers, if by that name we may designate those who are by force or fraud brought across the ocean from the Old World to augment the mass of their kindred's wretchedness in the New. With these he had delighted to talk; he took a pleasure in hearing of their cruel sufferings—of their sorrow at being torn from their peaceful homes and their innocent pursuits—of their agonies at after-separations in the

slave-market—of their usage when first broke in to the toils of West Indian husbandry. In these images he had a singular pleasure individually; to recount them gave him boundless gratification; he loved to converse with me because I showed my sympathy with his race, and would listen for an hour together while he repeated to me what he had heard of the negro-man's wrongs—more hard to bear than any he had himself to endure. His own mother, he said, was the daughter of a chief, inveigled by a native slave-dealer, and kidnapped at the age of sixteen; his father had been captured in an expedition undertaken expressly to obtain a cargo for a French slave-ship, which had unexpectedly come upon the coast when there were no slaves in the factory. At home both the one and the other used to be waited upon by slaves of their father's household; and neither had ever known what distress, much less work, least of all the scourge, was, until the horrid slave-ship made them familiar with wretchedness and fetters, and the driver's whip taught them to toil. While he himself was yet a child, and the comfort of their lives, they had been sold to a planter living far away, near Cape François; his mother had broken her heart at the separation, and his father had before her

death been compelled, owing to the fineness of his person, to marry or cohabit with another woman for a breed. 'My solace,' said the Koromantyn negro, 'is to think of my mother's grave and my father's degradation! It refreshes my soul to drink in at these inexhaustible sources the sweet waters of a revenge that never can sleep until I too slumber in the grave. It is a new, and varied, and never-ending refreshment to quaff the same cup of vengeance from the hands of the sufferers who have just landed from the slave-ships. The white glutton is less insatiable in the masses which he devours; the pampered white epicure is less choice in the delicacies he culls to tickle his palate; the white drunkard is less assiduous in applying provocatives to stimulate his jaded appetite and excite an artificial thirst,—than I to glut myself with new horrors committed by the execrable race upon my harmless and hapless kinsmen! My sympathy with the sufferer is lost in my hatred of his tormentors; I grudge him not all he endures, so it adds fuel to the fire of my revenge, and makes it to burn more fierce. And, oh! if there be a God above, surely he will reward my long suffering with an opportunity of satisfying this craving thirst for the blood of the fiends whose pale, sickly aspect, can

only inspire disgust in all beholders, as their cruelty spreads horror over all that witness or hear it!'—As he spoke his eyes seemed to glare with fire; his face was distorted with rage; his mouth showed snow-white teeth that seemed to grind as he uttered his fiery exclamation; he grasped a huge club in his hand, and, as in a paroxysm which he had lost all power to control, he dashed it wildly and fiercely upon a white stucco figure placed in the grass walk where we were standing, nor could stay his hand until he had shivered it to atoms.—'And now I know full well,' said he, 'that I have by this act of mutiny forfeited this hateful and worthless life! But not hateful shall my death be, nor yet worthless, if I can sound the trumpet of just, of holy rebellion, and rouse my countrymen to assert their freedom, and call them to join with me in slaking, or endeavouring to slake, our burning, our unquenchable thirst of Christian blood!'

"I felt deeply alarmed at the extremity to which this conversation had gone. I besought the Koromantyn to calm himself; I assured him I would take upon myself the destruction of the figure; and I prevailed upon him to walk quietly away, and leave the rest to me. But the scene made a deep impres-

sion upon my mind, and I plainly saw that the negroes would not want either instigators or leaders, if ever a time should come when the impossibility of longer endurance prepared them for a great revolt.

"But before long I had an opportunity of seeing that followers would be no more wanting than leaders in the work of destruction should an opportunity be afforded for taking their revenge. I had accompanied my former guide, the innkeeper, to the town of Cape François, in the north of the island; and we went to see the beautiful cultivation of that vast and fertile plain in its immediate neighbourhood. It even exceeds that of Artibonite, near Port-au-Prince, in wealth of every kind. The plantation which chiefly arrested my attention was that of M. Gallifet, the most extensive and valuable of the whole district, and situated about three leagues from Cape Town. The owner is of the noble and much respected family of Gallifet, near Aix, in Provence; the management of this fine property has generally been excellent, humane as well as skilful; and the treatment of the negroes so kind, that it was a proverb in St. Domingo, 'as happy as one of Gallifet's negroes' (heureux comme un negre de Gallifet)

when any person wanted to describe the comfortable circumstances of one of the humbler class of whites. Some years, however, before my arrival, the manager had been changed; a contrary system had been introduced; the numbers of the slaves were no longer kept up by breeding; the loss of hands had to be supplied from the slave-market; and, as always happens in such cases of change, the contrast between the present and the former condition of the poor negroes made their treatment the more felt and their discontent the greater, although very possibly they were not worse off than their fellow labourers in the other plantations.

"In the evening of the day on which we visited the place, a threatening aspect of the sky gave warning of a storm, which an old negro had foretold several hours before, with the sure instinct that never fails the blacks respecting changes in the weather. We perceived huge masses of cloud, soaring up aloft in a distant part of the sky, assuming fantastic shapes, sometimes rent asunder and sometimes tumbled together, but tinged with a dull light of a red or copper colour. The sun had set in the same hue and having a larger appearance than usual; the hill tops looked blue and clear, and seemed as if close by;

when the moon appeared, her colour was as of blood; and each star partook of the same tint, having also a halo round it like the greater light. The air was dead calm; but in its upper regions the restless and capricious movements of the clouds indicated various currents afloat. Not a note could now be heard from any bird; the cooing of the wood-pigeon was hushed, and even the humming of the enamel-beetle had ceased. All the domestic animals about the negro huts seemed to await in mute suspense the commencement of the elemental strife, now on the eve of being engaged. We shared in this prevalent feeling; and at length heard distant peals of thunder, echoed among the surrounding mountains. Suddenly it seemed close upon us, and a tremendous clap, preceded but an instant by vivid forked lightning, seemed to break hard by. The conch or gong now sounded the signal that calls the slaves to work; it was the alarm given by the superintendent. The negroes all left their huts, as if dreading these might not be safe under the fury of the tempest. Still there was no wind, no rain—not a breath, not a drop; but endless flashes of fire lit up the firmament, and the roaring of the sea at times drowned that of the thunder. I heard the negroes speaking low to one

another, but as if watching the storm with extreme interest.—'Why should we be called? We cannot help the master if his house is shaken.'—'No,' said another, 'but if our huts fall while his is shaken, we may be killed, and so he might lose his slaves.' Suddenly I saw them all pointing to one spot, and I observed a whole cane-place, house, trees, and all, whirled up in the air, the sugar-mill destroyed, and numbers of huts levelled with the ground. A chorus of triumph instantly burst from the negroes, as they beheld this havoc of the hurricane, and feasted their eyes on the ruin of their master's hopes. 'No sugar this year, thank God,' said one. 'No coffee, neither,' answered another, 'for the high grounds are swept as bare as the plain.' 'But,' said an old negress, 'our own provision-grounds are destroyed. What shall we do?' 'Hurrah!' said a Koromantyn youth close by. 'What shall we do? Why laugh to see the white man weep, and look more hideous with his pale leprosy face than ever!' 'I have no more any cottage to shelter me,' said an old female, as the rain began to descend in torrents, more like a river than a shower. 'I, too, have none,' answered a woman near her. 'But I have no longer a child to keep dry and warm; they took my boy away

from me; they drove my husband to another district; let the weather fall on me as it pleases; if I can but see that great house, as ugly white as its owner, torn down by the tempest, I care not what becomes of my poor hut.' 'Saw you the lightning strike the chimney?' said the Koromantyn. 'There is smoke! God for his mercy be praised! There is smoke!—Ah! no, no—the rain has put out the fire. Oh, fetch me a pitch-ball and some flax that is dry; I will steal to the house in the dark, and see if the fire of the lightning may not be kindled anew.'

"But at this moment an alarm was spread that the white driver had fallen into a river swollen by the rain to a torrent, and the superintendent ran about for help to him, ordering all who could dive or swim to assist. Many ran, but slowly; none would bestir themselves; they saw the wretched man struggling with the flood; he cast a piteous look, discernable every other minute in the gleams of the lightning and sometimes by the torch-light; but no helping hand was stretched out, and he was carried down towards the wheels of the mill, where the flood-gate, a large fragment of which was left standing, stopped his now lifeless body; and it was taken

out with sufficient alacrity by the negroes, their eyes glaring, and the whole countenance expressive of perfect delight. This was the end of the under-manager, who had been employed for several years in executing the new plans, since the manager of the plantation was changed, and with the manager the system of kindly treatment.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEST INDIES—SLAVE OWNERS.

"THE reflections to which this scene gave rise, were calculated to fill the mind with gloomy forebodings. I could easily perceive how rotten all the foundations were on which so noble a structure of wealth in this fine colony had been reared. If the creole or home-born negroes seemed thus animated with such inextinguishable hatred towards their masters, what might be expected from those newly imported, of whom above thirty thousand yearly were introduced among the old and seasoned slaves? After remaining a few days at the Cape, we returned to Port-au-Prince; and I soon had an opportunity of visiting the largest of all the islands, in company with a Catholic priest, who was going upon the business of his bishop to the Havanna.

"The trade wind favours this voyage; and though

the distance is nearly two hundred and fifty leagues, we arrived in little more than a week from the day we left Gonaives Bay. I was exceedingly struck with the magnificence of this noble city, by far the finest, as I take it, in the New World, and which bears quite the appearance in all respects of the great towns in the Old. The deep spacious harbour, where whole fleets may find shelter secure under the protection of the two strong forts at its entrance; the ample quays; the streets, narrow indeed in the town, wide in the suburbs, of houses many of which resemble the palaces of our European nobles; the numberless churches crowned with towers and spires; the great places for public resort; the convents, the University, the theatres; the splendid equipages of the inhabitants; the appearance of the well-appointed troops; above every thing the vast proportion of whites, exceeding considerably that of the slave population; all brings to mind the other side of the Atlantic; indeed it seemed the only part of America which was not of yesterday in its whole form and aspect. The Spaniards of the West Indies, too, are somewhat more hospitable than those of the Peninsula; I was introduced by the priest to several of their houses, and I found the magnificence of their style of living—

their plate, their table, their servants,—all on the scale of the wealthiest European grandees.

"The warm praise lavished on these Spaniards by my reverend fellow-traveller prepared me to expect a most Catholic generation. In no place have I ever seen the observances of the Romish Church so much made the business of men's lives. The endless recurrence of mere ceremonial matters appears to fill up the whole day; while the bells of the churches never cease to toll, nor the chant to rise, nor the procession to darken the street. The priests are numerous, as might be expected; but that strife is not banished by raising images, telling beads, saying masses, and signing crosses, may be gathered from the countless legions of lawyers who swarm in the town, four times more than in St. Domingo, compared with the number of the people.

"In the hands of the priests, however, is the whole education, if such it can be called, of the upper classes, who alone have anything that can be designated by such a name; and the influence of the same order of men is unbounded in private families. The ignorance of the community, even of those in the better condition of life, exceeds anything I could

have conceived possible in our days: it seems as if, like the inhabitants of the East, they had stood stock still, and knew no more than their ancestors who first settled in America three centuries ago.

"The character of the people is partly influenced by their extreme ignorance; but partly, too, by the two inherent vices of the Spanish nature—the love of inactive ease, and pride, hardening the heart to humane feelings and opening it to cruel passions. The Cuba planter, even, is a lazy, a listless being; he leaves to the hands of hired agents the care of his fortune and of his slaves, neither exerting himself to prevent the mismanagement of the one, nor to check the maltreatment of the other. With one branch of West Indian industry, indeed, his religious feelings interfere—he will have no direct concern in the slave-traffic. But then the whispers of piety and conscience combined are easily drowned in the louder accents of avarice; he quietly buys the slaves which others have imported, and he works them to death under the merciless cart-whip, in the burning sun, among the pestilential marshes of this great island. The Spanish planter, however, in one respect differs from the English, the Dutch, and even the French; the strict temperance of the Castilian

character is maintained in its tropical variety: the indulgence, and even loose habits, prevailing among the other European settlers are in like manner unknown. Most of the proprietors reside in the island. Indeed no very great number of absentees are to be found in the French colonies, especially in St. Domingo. A far larger proportion of the property, in both the English and the Dutch settlements, is owned by persons who never see their estates, and leave all to their managers, without any control or superintendence. The sad and inevitable consequences of this, upon the treatment of the poor slaves, are apparent; but the Cuba negroes gain much less than might be expected from their master's residence in the colony; he hardly pays any attention to his concerns, and leaves the overseer almost as uncontrolled as if he lived in Cadiz or Madrid. Nor must we forget the cruel disposition shown by the Spaniards in their treatment of the native Indians, millions of whom were sacrificed to the Spanish lust of gold. They who invented the African slave-trade to mitigate the lot of their Indian serfs, are not very likely now to treat the black men more mercifully than they once did the brown.

"I was travelling in a wood some two days'

journey from the Havanna, when I heard the baying of hounds. The sound was loud, and fell heavily upon the ear; it directed my steps to the quarter whence it seemed to proceed. I soon perceived two hounds of a strange appearance; they were of extraordinary strength, and had a look of singular ferocity, so much so that I prepared to defend myself, and presented a staff to keep them off. My companion, a person living in the neighbourhood, and who had come to show me the way, desired me to stand aside behind a large mahogany-tree close by, and assured me that the dogs would not touch us. 'They are blood-hounds,' said he, 'and are trained to hunt down the runaway negroes. A white man they will always let alone.' I found they were followed at some distance by the overseer of an estate a good way off; and I joined him in following them, for I soon found that the dogs were not merely exercising, but were in their horrid quest of human game. After half-an-hour's chase we came to an opening, which they coasted half round, going by the scent, and soon burying themselves in the thicket. But I thought I perceived on the opposite side to that where they had been before they disappeared, some large body moving among the trees. Could

it be a fugitive negro? I ran across the open space in hopes of being able to rescue the miserable man, if it were one; I presently saw that it was a negro, as I had supposed; he was crouching behind a projecting fragment of rock on the other side of a small brook, which he appeared to have passed, probably conceiving that the scent would be interrupted by the stream. His face was convulsed with terror, but his eye glared at the same time, as he anxiously listened to the distant baying of the hounds. My companion cautioned me against taking any part, or even seeming to encourage the slave's escape, the heaviest penalties being denounced against all such interference, which is regarded as abetting a kind of treason—the treason most reprobated in the West Indies, that against the superior authority of the master or man-owner. The poor creature continued fixed to the spot, and I was in hopes that, the river having cut off the means of tracing him, the hounds had gone away; when suddenly the dreadful sound again opened, and, with an approaching, became an unceasing loudness. No chance remained but the water interposed between the ferocious animals and their prey. Soon they came up baying more keenly than before; they

approached the stream; the huntsman followed close, but saw not the negro, else he would have probably interfered to save his master's property, however careless he might have been of his fellow-creature's life. One of the hounds came to the water's edge, the other skirted the wood. The Spaniard hallooed him across a few steps above; and to my unutterable horror I saw the savage animal, though not more fierce than the huntsman, rush fiercely upon the negro, throttle him with his teeth, and in an instant stretch him dead on the spot, weltering in his gore. The huntsman came up too late to save the planter's purse, the only loss that vexed him; and when I expressed my horror at this melancholy catastrophe, 'Yes, indeed,' said the high-minded and devout Castilian, 'yes, indeed! Oh, Holy Virgin and St. Jago, protect me! this is a sad loss! How dare I face my master or his manager? The negro was well worth two hundred and fifty dollars. A dreadful thing to think of so much money sunk in the sea!'— I confess that, after all I had seen of the West Indian character, and of negro-slavery, this scene made a deeper impression on me, and shocked me more severely, than any thing I had before witnessed. Nothing had ever brought so home to

my mind the entire perversion of all human feelings, which suffering man to hold man in possession as property is inevitably fitted to produce.

"I found that these cruel Spaniards not only used their blood-hounds for hunting down their own run-away slaves, but hired them out to the planters of the other islands for the same purpose. As many as forty and fifty huntsmen have been known to be hired, with their hounds, ninety or a hundred in number, to perform this work, when a great body of negroes in any island has taken flight, and established themselves in the woods. And it was no novelty with the Spaniards thus to hunt their fellow-creatures for the lucre of gain. Many original settlers in South America, those men whom sordid avarice prompted thus to acts of cruelty wholly without a parallel in the history of the most blood-thirsty of savage tribes, chased and massacred the unhappy Indians by packs of blood-hounds. It was the remains of this breed that I saw employed by the descendants of those Spaniards, when I visited Cuba.

"During this excursion into the interior of the island, I chanced to see the negro character in a perfectly new position. There are far more whites

in proportion to blacks in the Havanna than in any other town of the West Indies; but there are also far more free people of colour in that than in any other place which I have seen. Some of them have acquired property to a considerable amount; and with one of these, Don Francesco Moreno, I made acquaintance, through the priest, who knew his confessor. I found him an agreeable and well-informed man. I saw him once or twice when he came to wait upon the Governor, during my stay at the Havanna, and I accepted his invitation to visit his plantation near the high land, when I went up the country. It was a singular, and to me a most gratifying sight to see this worthy man, living in all the refinement of civilized society, with its tastes and its habits as familiar to him as to one of our own race, surrounded by an amiable and accomplished family, and exercising a liberal hospitality to persons of all ranks, who favoured him with their company. I had found no Spaniard in the Havanna so well informed as this excellent negro, certainly none whose manners so much pleased me; for he had all the dignity of the Spanish decorum, without any of its over-done stateliness, or exaggerated self-importance. His conversation, too, was agreeable and

racy; for he never at any time forgot his origin, nor lowered the dignity of his race by needless compliances; and occasionally, forgetting with whom he was conversing, he would rather think aloud the thoughts that might naturally correspond with his own prejudices, than adapt himself very nicely to ours.

" Talking at table after dinner, of liberality, national feeling, and the narrow-mindedness these so often engender, he said, 'For my own part, I cannot enter into such notions at all. If I find a man well-conditioned, honourable in his conduct, and correct in his behaviour, I can hold out my hand to him as a friend, though he be as white as that table-cloth.'— This remark he saw made me smile, and that led to some discussion upon the difference of the races. 'Shall we never,' said I, 'live to see our inveterate prejudice against mixing the breeds by intermarriage, wear away among us?' 'I hardly expect it,' he answered; 'there would be probably little difficulty on your parts, for obvious reasons. But I can scarcely think that any length of time or closeness of intercourse will ever get over our very strong feeling of aversion to the unnatural white colour of the European skin; to say nothing of the lank, un-

graceful hair, of various grotesque colours, even before gluttony and drunkenness and all other kinds of indulgence have made it as white as the skin it covers. Besides, one not only feels the colour, and necessarily feels it, as a hideous deformity, but the idea of it is invariably connected with that of disease. I should as soon think of throwing my arms around the neck of a leper, as one of your fair countrywomen.' I asked him 'had he ever seen the Marchesa Grua, the great beauty of the Havanna,—for surely there was warmth enough in her complexion, which was even bordering upon darkish.' 'Why yes,' he said, 'and if she had not that frightful brown hair, she might approach to a mulatto beauty; a pale, plain, and diseased mulatto, however; and, observe, I don't admit the possibility of mulatto beauty, though it is of a hue less disgusting than the white. But,' added he, 'I once bought a miniature of your other Havanna beauty, Condesa Calderon, who is frightful white itself; I took it home as a curiosity to show my family what Spaniards admire; and it was used for some time in the house as a monster to frighten the young children when they cried.' His family had no intercourse with the city; his lady

Donna Isabella alone had ever been there; and being a well-educated and accomplished person, herself superintended the education of her only remaining daughter, as Don Francesco did that of his two boys. I observed that these children were well brought up, and could easily conceal any feelings which my appearance had a tendency to excite; all but the youngest boy, who ran away on my entering the room, and raised a cry as if he had seen some hideous wild animal. His mamma excused him by saying that this was the first time they had been favoured with the company of a European, except on one occasion when the Governor passed through, and then the children were all gone to bed.

"On many points, even of some delicacy, my worthy host conversed with me freely enough in the course of the evening, during the intervals of Donna Isabella and the young lady playing and singing, and of an old negro actor and a younger one amusing us with their African airs and droll buffooneries. I found, however, that any approach to one subject was extremely painful to him. The subjection of slaves to black masters he quite understood, and his own plantation was worked by a sable peasantry, all in servitude, though treated like do-

mestics rather than slaves. This seemed to him quite in the natural order of things; as long as his countrymen would not labour for hire, and while some were rich and others poor, no other arrangement could grow out of the circumstances of society. But nothing could reconcile his mind to a white being the owner, and master, and tyrant of blacks. He admitted the great superiority of our race in knowledge, in wealth, and in cultivation; but still it seemed like a subversion of the fundamental laws of nature that our 'pale, miserable figures should be seen domineering over the children of the sun, rejoicing in their indomitable strength, their boundless activity, and glowing with all the luxuriant warmth of their splendid beauty.' He seemed to think it like the lower animals holding man in subjection. 'But this,' he said, 'is by very far too unnatural a state of things to last. That it has endured so long seems wholly inexplicable. Every hour now brings it nearer its close. That close is hastened by the insane measures of the whites, above all by their wicked prosecution of the African traffic. Depend upon it we shall ere long see the fruits of this accursed tree gathered by our black people, who must, and will, and shall, regain the mastery,

and either exterminate the whites, or subdue them.'

"I did not on this occasion thwart my worthy friend, by keeping up the argument, which I must have done had I continued the conversation. But he afterwards mentioned a circumstance to illustrate the deep feelings with which the negroes, especially of the French colonies, cherish their remembrance of oppression and degradation. A friend of his in St. Domingo now free, having been enabled to purchase his liberty by an accidental bequest of money, had thriven in the world, and become a considerable proprietor of coffee-grounds. 'I sometimes go to pay him a visit,' said Don Francesco, 'and he lives in comfort, and even in the elegance of civilized society, having a house in Cape François, from which his coffee-plantation is somewhat distant. But I always find that he retains possession of two trinkets, lodged in a box, which he keeps as carefully as any of our ladies do their jewel-caskets—an iron once round his wrist as a fetter on some apprehended disobedience and mutiny, and a lash with which he had once been scourged, and which he afterwards secured and secreted. Sometimes when we are canvassing confidentially the prospects of our noble but unhappy race, he will

bring out this casket and draw forth these precious relics, the emblems of his former sufferings. When he views them his eyes sparkle, his teeth gnash; it is easy to see that his imagination is on fire, that he is intoxicating himself with the sweets of anticipated revenge upon the cruel oppressors of his kindred.'

"My curiosity was powerfully excited by these conversations, and by what I had myself seen in St. Domingo. I made many inquiries touching the negro people. My excellent host said that he could enable me to see them in peculiar circumstances, as he had the means of taking me to some of their midnight orgies, where, having no fear of the driver's lash, or the overseer's superintendence, they give a loose to their naturally gay temper, spending the night in sports, as they have been compelled to pass the day in toil; but also, he said, their naturally superstitious habits break out on the same occasion, and the turns of their affrighted and bewildered imaginations frequently have as free a scope as their mirthful disposition. It was agreed that we should repair to one of those resorts; and we chose the estate of a white planter, whose negroes were known to my friend, and would, from their confidence in him, let us be present, not only at their dances, but at their

more gloomy mysteries. About eleven at night we arrived among them, and the first hour was passed in all the frolics of African humour, grotesque dances, extravagant, but not bad acting, ludicrous buffoonery, music, sometimes plaintive, more frequently noisy. Twelve o'clock came; and a body of them, not very numerous, collected itself together and retired to a cave, whither we followed. Two huge sacks were produced, and a third of lesser size. Instantly the contents of the larger ones were discharged, and the negroes, as if by a single movement, paved the cave with human skulls, hard, dry, and bleached white. In another minute the walls were hung with bloody skulls and bloody jaw-bones, all as if the life had been recently taken. The horrid mysteries of Obi were now performed, to a dismal, drawling air, which all present, but our two selves, bore their part in chaunting. The skulls of three cats were then laid upon a board in the centre of the cavern; the beak of a bird, and a tiger's tooth, as an old negro explained to us, were laid close by the skulls, with a plantain leaf, on which he said grave-dust was spread. These, we were told, were fetiches or charms. The Fetisser or priest now muttered over the board certain incantations, which, we were told, consisted of prayers

to a large serpent; and then it was produced, stuffed, of hideous size, and was addressed as the 'grandfather of snakes.' I asked if these were not Christians' 'No, no,' said my friend, 'not one of them. Outwardly they conform, and pretend to be converted; but their horror of a religion whose votaries make the misery of their lives is in exact proportion to their abhorrence of its professors, and I firmly believe that a Catholic priest's life would not be safe in this cavern, though they might have confessed to him, or pretended to confess, the week or the day before. I wish we may not before we leave this spot see samples of their feelings towards the Christians and the whites. Thus, I know that such of them as are redeemed from the most degrading of their African superstitions, and no longer worship serpents, have a black idol as the good spirit, and a white as the evil one.'

"He had hardly spoken when I saw two negroes bring in a small figure, seemingly of wax, representing a man reclining on a bed. The Fetisser took it up in his arms, and approached it to the small fire, which had been lit in one corner of the cave.—'Burn thee! melt thee! end thee! curse thee!'—he said or sung, as he gradually roasted and

melted and consumed each limb.—'This,' said the old negro, who had instructed us, 'this is our overseer's figure, and Obi is laid for him. He cannot escape.'—Don Francesco told me that every negro believes implicitly in the omnipotence of the Obi charms, and that as soon as it is known that Obi is laid for any one of them by the procurement of an enemy, or from jealousy, or to detect any offence, he gives himself up for lost, never doubts of his fate, and, unless his spirit is of an undaunted nature, pines away and dies. Instances had been known of one plantation losing as many as a hundred negroes in the course of a few years from the incantations of an old Fetisser, or Obi man. The laws of most colonies forbid these practices under even important penalties, and when this man was discovered and banished the island, the negroes regained their cheerfulness as if by miracle. But these men whom we now saw at their incantations implicitly believed in the fate of the overseer being now sealed; 'and indeed,' added my friend, 'if the consummation of the sorcery be long delayed, I fear means will not be wanting to the Fetisser of accomplishing his own predictions; the overseer will be found poisoned in his bed.'

"This operation of roasting apparently formed the

main business of the night. But a more horrid sight was presented to the eye than the melting of an image. A procession moved through the cavern, headed by a standard-bearer, and the standard was the body of an infant, at least the image of an infant's body, impaled on a long spear. While they moved through the cave, an alarm-bell was heard to toll, as if to give warning of some fire, and this implied a muster of negroes on the estate, perhaps a visitation of their haunts. In less time than it had taken to lay them down, the skulls were taken up, and, with the bloody bones on the wall, were conveyed to the sacks, which with the fetiche board were buried in a deep recess of the cave; the fire was put out; the cavern was deserted; and all the negroes were again dancing and singing and acting on the open space near the concealed recess. It proved to be a false alarm of fire; and I accompanied my friend and host to his house, deeply impressed with the marked abhorrence of his white oppressors, and the fixed determination to have his revenge on them, which fills the mind of the negro, and bursts forth as often as an occasion is found of indulging it with safety. The words of Don Francesco, also, recurred to my mind, when, in dis-

cussing the subject he exclaimed, 'Ere long our black people must, and will, and shall regain the mastery, and exterminate the whites or subdue them'"

END OF VOL. II.

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