



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07602412 8

LIBRARY

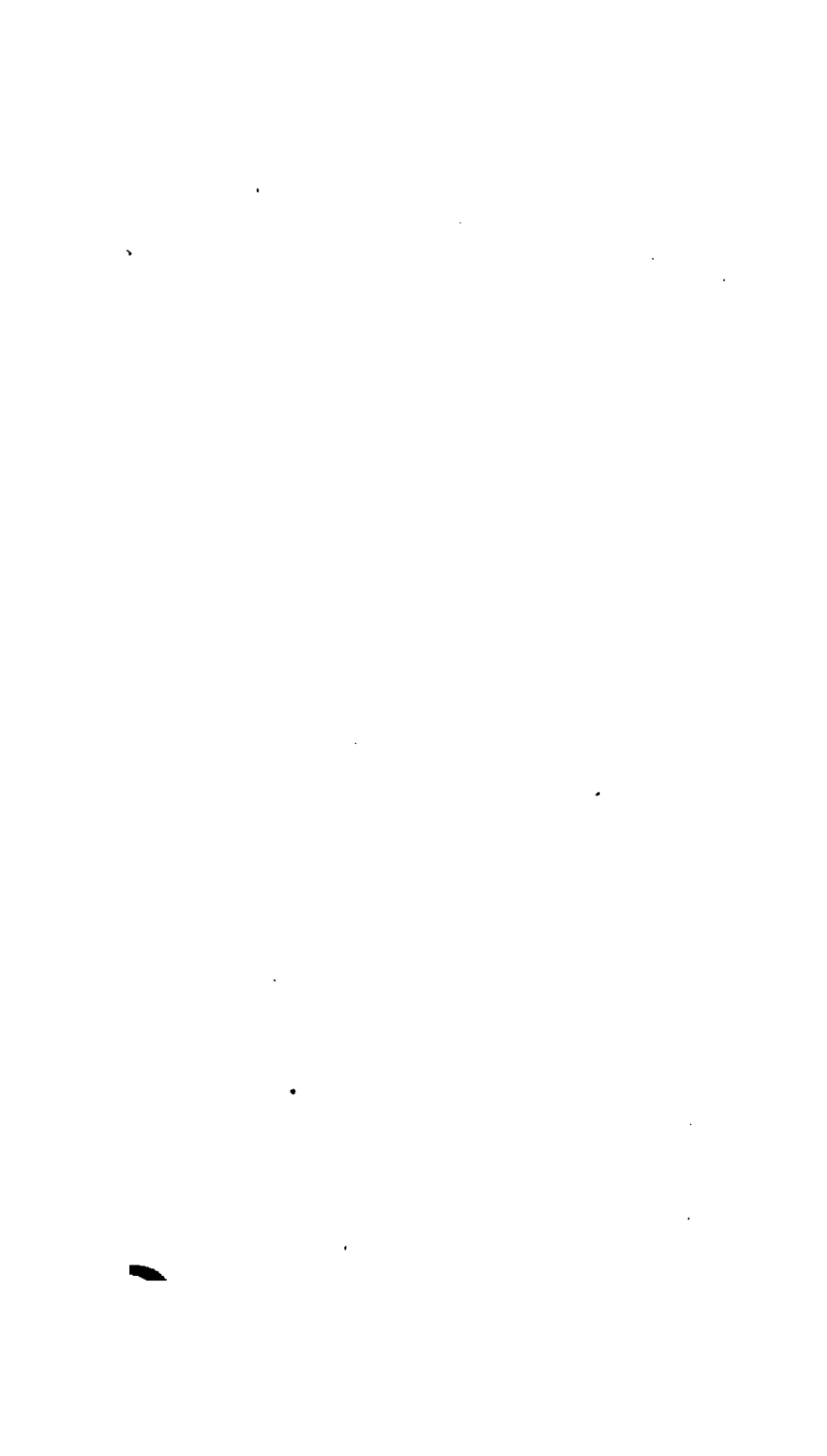


Collection.
formed in 1827.









CONFESIONS

OF

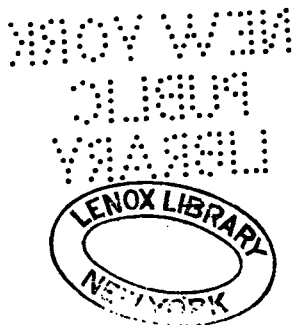
A POET.

VOLUME FIRST.

PHILADELPHIA.

CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

MDCCCXXXV.



[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Ὁ δ' αὐτὸς ἀπὸ ἡμαρτύροιο καὶ ὅταν τῆν' εὐρίαν ἵκουμένης, ἰδοῖς οὖσα
γυνῆα καὶ ἀγαθὴν παιδίαν ἐνδὸς γένεται, πάλαι τοῖς χριστοῖς ἴμου φαῦλα
συναποτίεται, ὥσπερ ἐν γῆν χῶραν ἐν γαργύρα θεραπείας μὴ τυχεύσας.

PLUT.—*in vita Coriolani.*

PROY W3B
2.007
V.001

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	<i>Page.</i>
CHAPTER I. Proem <i>post obit</i> of a suicide, - - -	13
II. The poet's family. Eunice, - - -	20
III. The uncle. [Fruit of the tree of the know- ledge of good and evil,] - - -	24
IV. Fierce passions of the poet's nature, -	30
V. Ambition. <i>Tête-à-tête</i> with an enemy,	44
VI. The explosion, - - - -	54
VII. Margaret Mancel. A dark beauty. [What is the charm of extreme youth.] The first step to crime not always in iron shoes, - - - -	61
VIII. The imagination and the heart, -	67
IX. Love's skirmishes, - - - -	72
X. Romance. [Love, platonic, sentimental- ism, ugly women, a fine complexion and clean linen <i>vs.</i> morality and a good heart, requisites of the gay passion,—what it all is, &c. &c.] - - - -	75
XI. <i>Jamais honteux n'eut belle amie</i> , - - -	90
XII. The rose. <i>La nuit tous chats sont gris</i> ,	95

	<i>Page.</i>
CHAPTER XIII. Folly in retrospect. The way love works in the breast of a young and innocent girl, - - - -	98
XIV. Coyness. A running fight. Defeat,	106
XV. <i>Appoggiatura</i> - - - -	113
XVI. The poet's opinion of the sex. How we compromise with conscience. A quarrel from pure love. The way with women. What sober men laugh at, - - - -	114
XVII. The shower. <i>Il ne faut jamais dire: Fontaine, je ne boirai pas de ton eau,</i>	131
XVIII. The moonlight promenade. The poet on his hobby. [Love a sophister.] Platonic agreement. The first kiss,	136
XIX. Love throws off the mask. Passion. Danger. Escape, - - - -	148
XX. The three letters. Julian's generosity. Margaret's self-abandonment. Julian's resolution, - - - -	156
XXI. Return from exile. A terrible suspicion. Margaret's shame. Conflict of passion in a noble nature. The tears of remorse, - - - -	163
XXII. A night piece. Desperation, - - - -	169
XXIII. Julian yields, - - - -	178
XXIV. Lake Leman. Its remembrance awakes the poet's misery, - - - -	184

CHAPTER XXV. Troubles in a narrow household. The mountain path. Euphrasia De Gironcourt. Misanthropy. [Pope's "honest man."] Even nature has ceased to please for Julian, -	188
XXVI. Margaret and Euphrasia compared. [Expression in the human countenance,] - - - - -	201
XXVII. The prison in Chillon. Agreeable surprise, - - - - -	207
XXVIII. Self-deceit. Honour ceases to be such when it becomes a matter of calculation, - - - - -	212
XXIX. Rationality—or rascality, as the reader pleases, - - - - -	217
XXX. An Alpine view. The flame which is hidden by the door will out at the window, - - - - -	220
XXXI. The dream, - - - - -	227
XXXII. Honour and right principle. [Lord Byron <i>monstrosified</i> by Dr. Faustus, and his own vanity, (over and above the romantic defamation of extravagant admirers.)] The heart and the lips, - - - - -	235



CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	<i>Page.</i>
CHAPTER XXXIII. A walk by the lake. The warfare of daily life: pitched battle and secret stratagem,—a truce, to give breath to both sides, or to bury the dead,—battering in breach, with mine and counter-mine igniting under,	3
XXXIV. A trifle. Judgment and the senses, one to five, - - - -	8
XXXV. Wetting the brands and fanning the coals, - - - -	11
XXXVI. A sister's appeal. The poet's reputation shot at, - - - -	15
XXXVII. <i>Con spirito</i> , - - - -	22
XXXVIII. <i>Con furia</i> , - - - -	24
XXXIX. Prelude to Gothic murder. False note, and the harmony marred. A common step in cabinet policy—a step out to prevent a turn out,	29
XL. <i>So near—yet could not harm him!</i>	36

	<i>Page.</i>
CHAPTER XLI. A mother's death-bed, - - -	38
XLII. <i>Ignes suppositi</i> , - - - -	40
XLIII. The devil a good friend to those who believe in him, - - - -	52
XLIV. The cartel, - - - -	54
XLV. Homicide forestalled, - - - -	58
XLVI. "Alone with thee!" - - - -	62
XLVII. The evil leaven, - - - -	64
XLVIII. The skull, - - - -	69
XLIX. The gentle nurse, - - - -	71
L. The heart's senescence, - - -	79
LI. [True friendship and the ordinary stuff.] Duncan McCrae. [<i>Infinity and eter-</i> <i>nity impossible ideas. The finiteness</i> <i>of the intellect one of the best inter-</i> <i>nal evidences of the existence of a</i> <i>Deity. Milton's Heaven,]</i> - - -	83
LII. Pleasure and pain, - - - -	84
LIII. After the shock. <i>The treachery of</i> <i>self-deceit.</i> [The imperfection of hu- manity the cradle of the intellect. Vines and fig-trees. Physical enjoy- ment man's chief happiness, if he durst avow it. Human perfectibility. The Millenium. Adam and the Count de Gabalis,] - - - -	99
LIV. The visit. Gravity of married people. [Tails and teakettles.] Interesting de- velopements. A sister's affection sometimes mischievous, - - -	103

Page.

CHAPTER LV. <i>The rack of mental question.</i> [Thorough selfishness of our nature: the grossest selfishness that we should expect it otherwise. Our dislike of egotism in others arises from our own,] - -	111
LVI. Over the bottle, - - - -	121
LVII. The withered flowers, - - -	128
LVIII. The poet shrinks from continuing his confessions, - - - -	150
LIX. Julian's farewell to the sun, - -	161
LX. His address to the star of evening,	165
LXI. He resumes his task. The warning,	169
LXII. The dangerous confidence, - -	173
LXIII. The pet starling, - - - -	179
LXIV. The false step, - - - -	185
LXV. Twilight of folly and night of despair,	195
LXVI. A noble forbearance, - - - -	203
LXVII. The last struggle of virtue, - -	208
LXVIII. The master passion. The beaten path. Rapture and remorse, - - - -	221
LXIX. Virtue avenged, - - - -	225
LXX. The death-wake, - - - -	235
LXXI. The brother and sister, - - -	243
LXXII. The catastrophe, - - - -	262
LXXIII. Noble in death, - - - -	269
LXXIV. The last kiss, - - - -	273
LXXV. The closing scene, - - - -	278

ERRORS.

Page 77, first line, for *crawling* read *motions*.

89, last line, for *Cela* read *Celle-là*.

115, thirteenth line, for *cut* read *n'cut*.

116, eighth line, for *poil* read *le poil*.

CONFESSIONS OF A POET.

CHAPTER I.

It matters little where I was born,—as little, when. The language of my birth is English, my education English. It is best that a record of crime and shame should have no locality—no date.

I call myself a *Poet*, yet I never wrote a line that was meant for publication; I name these pages my *Confessions*, yet in the eyes of men I have lived without offence. The deeds herein set down in their proper colours and their due proportions, where not a tint is either heightened or softened, not a line either shortened or extended,—the feelings here expressed, all glowing as they rise, or as they are recalled in all the vivid-

ness of their first impression,—the words, perhaps, in which, caught as they float upon the very current of the thoughts, I have endeavoured to make the one and the other intelligible, will prove how well both titles are deserved(1). There are more hearts of fire

(1) If the reader expect to find this intimation of the hero's poetical abilities made good in his "Confessions," he will be sadly disappointed. Though the editor knows not whether he should say "*sadly*" either; since, in his opinion, poetical prose is no better than prosaic poetry,—except where the subject is of that exalted nature to permit much of the warmth of colour which belongs to poetry; as in some of the books of scripture for example; though even there we allow not a little to the peculiar genius of the East, and receive, as proper illustration and embellishment, what in English composition would be justly rated as extravagancies.

In styling himself *a Poet*, the unfortunate subject of these "Confessions" seems to have been guided rather by a consciousness of what he knew himself to be, than by a sense of what he meant to make himself appear; for though he asserts that he never wrote

than sparkle in the measured lines of a rhyming stanza; there are more deeds of darkness than human justice ever brings to light.

a line that was meant for publication, yet we have the fact before us of his having left a poem completed for the very purpose, as will be afterwards seen, (Note to Chap. II.) Indeed, we cannot conceive how he could utter that absurdity about "hearts of fire," and the fling conveyed in the words "a rhyming stanza;" as if he could discover poetry to be something independent of "measured lines!" What is called the *mechanical* part of poetry, to wit, its rhythm and its rhyme, seems to us to be a very essential feature in its character; and that it depends upon a totally distinct faculty, or the union of certain faculties totally distinct, from the inventive power and enthusiasm of mere *genius*, is evident from the fact that many men emit smooth verses who cannot put a decent idea into them, while others have crowded "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" into such shambling anapaests as rack the ear. If a fervid imagination, a fulgidity or a *farcedness* of diction, and a copiousness of figurative embellishment, be all that is required of your bard, then Mac Pherson's stuff is what the

Oh, never was truer confession made by criminal on the eve of execution than that

title page would have it, and Mr. Pilgrim Bulwer, (who cannot write a verse that is *readable*,) is a better poet than Thomas Campbell. If *poet* means a *maker*, there are other *makers* who consider it important to their art to understand the use of its tools; but under the impression, I suppose, that the inventive faculty is the all in all in Helicon, young men with monstrous *ideality* whip themselves into a rage of imagination, and the world is deluged with torrents of mysterious inequalities(*a*), or with the ditch-water stagnation of decasyllabic blank verses(*b*).

(*a*) In Murray's new edition of Byron, a book which would be benefited in matter as well as margin, had the comments, (Jeffrey's among the rest,) been left out, I have chanced to see this note of Wilson's, on an invocation in the "Mystery" of "Heaven and Earth": "*—its chief beauty (!) lies in the continuous and meandering flow of its impassioned versification. At its close,—and it might well win down to earth erring angels from heaven (!) &c.*" . . . *Impassioned!* Ah! there it is! it is that word which is playing the devil with modern verse and novel making.

(*b*) It is hardly meant to be insinuated that all blank verse is blank "in fact, as well as name." Shakspeare seldom or

I now shall make! for I too stand at the door with Life; and when this task shall be completed I have undertaken,—and strong,—more strong than strange,—is the fierce, stern pleasure I shall find in its fulfilment, the parting will be said, and the world shall pass forever from my tired eyes.

Before me, ready, lies the weapon which controls my fate. There shall it lie, day after day, and cheer my labour to its close,—and I will grow familiar with its presence. Ay, be thou there, thou mute but honest friend! Thy shock, more welcome than a brother's grasp, sets me and Misery equal, whenever I shall will it: and I fancy that thy fatal tube smiles wholesomely, as runs

never fails in it. Thomson, Armstrong, Akenside, are always smooth. But even *Paradise Lost* you might frequently write without capitals or breaks, and never know it from grandiloquent prose; thanks to its author's scholastic predilections, which made him fancy he could imitate in accentuated English what is music in the measured longs and shorts of the ancients.

my rapid pen along the paper and each new word brings nearer to my touch the minute of thy service. Yes, be thou there, and grow familiar; though I dread thee not. Why should I? when to me this world is what Religion paints her Hell, and of a future state I have no fear.

Yet let not therefore those, for whose instruction partly I shall make this record, shrink from its perusal. Here shall they find no subtle arguments to sap their honest creed,—no levity or ridicule to shock the purity of their belief. Deprived of hope myself, (and such apathy to *me* is bliss,) I would not close the eyes of others on the beacon-light which makes them look beyond the grave; guilty though I have been, wretched though I am, I would not take from audacious vice its only positive restraint, nor strip from suffering virtue its last and most sustaining solace.

No—let me sink alone. I ask no partner

in my feelings or opinions. And, while I leave to men the warning of my foul example, the baneful reasoning shall perish with me, which, flinging loose the reins that should have held in check my headlong passions, has helped to make me—what I am.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS in my nineteenth year; proud, jealous, and impetuous; yet not ungenerous; and where my gentler feelings were summoned into play, tender as a woman.

My passions had grown up without restraint, until they were become my masters; for my father died while I was in my cradle, and my poor mother was a weak, indulgent woman. She could have found the courage to shed her blood for me, were such a sacrifice demanded, yet her timid nature shrunk before the haughty spirit of her child, and when in my bursts of passion I have forgotten the reverence she never cared to remind me of, I have seen her tremble and turn pale before me as a guilty and fettered slave at the footstool of an angry tyrant.

My sister—Dear and gentle Eunice! I who murdered thy peace, and destroyed thee

mercilessly through thy best affections—
if the tears that now drop slow and scalding,
from eyes whose choked up channels I never
thought would flow again, could wash—
could wash out the stain— No! they
should be blood for that!—they should, they
should! Well

My sister, I say—Oh, she was a seraph of
God's own making! I see them now—those
long blue eyes, where all our mother's better
nature shone without her weakness—They
would have tempered in its rage a heart of
fire—Why did I not have thee ever near
me, my only friend as only sister? But
mine was more—a heart of hell! It would
have scorched and shrivelled up thy delicate
spirit. And did it not?

Those lips, pure as an infant's, yet rich in
perfect woman's loveliness,—the unerring
index of thy soul's virginity—They smile
upon me now, my girl, as in thy dying
hour—and the vulture of remorse renews its
gnawing—deeper—deeper—still deeper.

Thy perfect form, light as the fabled dryads', hovers round me. It flits before the table where I write! It leans upon me! I feel thy innocent bosom throb against my shoulder! My sister! O, my sister!

* * * * *

Gentlest of beings, Eunice,—she could subdue me in my wildest mood: but she adored her brother—idolized him; and her fond devotion fostered in his temper the faults it should have weeded out—had it but essayed I dream.

This was our little family,—my mother, my young sister, and myself (1).

We were not wealthy; yet we lived in elegance. My mother and sister's portions were sufficient for their wants; and my plea-

(1) The virtues and gentle graces of his sister seem to have entwined themselves inseparably with the poet's best affections. In the romance which he has left, (and of which the two first cantos will be shortly put to press under the supervision of the present editor,) he pays a tribute to her excellence through

suers were never of a kind to lead me to intrench upon their competence.

the lips of his hero, in whose fictitious person he seems to have portrayed much of his own real character.

We quote the passage without apology:—

“ My mother long was dead, — I was a child
 “ When with my sire I walk’d behind her bier;
 “ That sire—may God forgive him!—young and wild,
 “ Was far away, had been for many a year;
 “ Of all that I could love there was none near,
 “ Save a young sister, and from her I kept
 “ My heart close-lock’d,—not but the maid was dear—
 “ O, Edith! since my manhood I have wept
 “ Man’s tears for thee——!

——’Tis twice twelve summers since
 she slept.

“ My timid, gentle-hearted sister! thy blue eyes
 “ Smile sweetly on my vision. Years shall glide,
 “ Forgotten, past me; and the last that lies
 “ On the dim Future’s verge shall downward slide,
 “ Sweeping before it memories which Pride
 “ Hath garner’d from all time; but still of thee
 “ The faintest reminiscence shall abide,
 “ Store for a future world—if such there be.
 “ Is there? And art thou there? Sweet sister, pray for me!”

“THE OUTCAST.—*Canto L—11, 12.*

CHAPTER III.

WE had one relative, who was an intimate of our family—and, strange to say, my mother loved him— But I wrong her; she was amiable to weakness, and could not penetrate his filthy character. It was her husband's brother.

I never liked him. Nor did my sister: though, poor girl, she saw but through my judgment, and turned from what I hated, as she clung to all I loved.

The world called him libertine; and it did him justice. His sensuality stood out in every feature of his countenance, though this was handsome. I knew him for an animal, and I despised him; I found him out my enemy, and I loathed him.

I know not that I am of a suspicious temper. I believe that insight into human frailty,

and penetration into the hidden motives of men's actions, are as much a gift of intellect, the power of a natural faculty, as the genius, and the taste, for painting, poetry, or music, and not to be acquired by any instruction from experience alone. The world argues differently; for bald-head fools, denied the merits they would most assume, if so they could, to wit, smooth features and brown flowing locks, the step of twenty and the vigour of their prime, arrogate what is most speciously their own, and claim their precedence in judgment by the date of their experience, and the wrinkles of their brow. Be this as it may. *I* had an early insight into human nature; I saw the springs of action that were hidden even from their movers; and, while yet a boy, could read the heart's black secrets, even through the flowers which Hypocrisy scatters in profusion on that whited sepulchre, and the false inscriptions which

Cant and Adulation have there graved and gilded, for the noontide sun to glare upon and make conspicuous.

I was *not* suspicious; but I watched my uncle; and I saw what made me cold to his advances. And then I saw, what changed this coldness into strong disgust, and roused my spirit often into anger.

I never liked much *outward* fondness to be shown between the sexes, with persons near of kin. Even with children of one parent, this kissing, palming, and embracing,

* * * * *

Let me not revolt the pure and simple-minded by this bold assertion. The indulgence may be innocent yet have its rise in feelings, which, under higher excitement, and directed to a different object, would be passion(1).

(1) Such opinions, while unpleasant in themselves, (and whose very expression we were obliged,

To those, then, who worry not themselves with the secrets of man's mixed nature, (*and happy, ô thrice happy! are they who are thus* in part, to omit, lest it should offend the scruples of some among our readers,) at the same time excite compassion for the unhappy man whom a licentious daring of philosophy, or a vain assumption of superior wisdom, had taught to entertain them. Unhappy indeed he must have been, who had thus with his own hand shut himself out from the enjoyment of the common blessings of social nature, and closed his eyes upon a world of beauty that he might look within the depths of his own mind for the springs that feed its mysterious system! Thus seeing, as it were, in all things living, but the gross elements of their existence, and, where other men respect and love, or feel delighted to admire, watching with disgust the vile dribbling of the water-drops which form the current of human thought and impulse, or with gloomy vision forestalling dissolution to feed the worm upon the cheek of comeliness, and to wrap the limbs, that bound with ruddy health, in the grim livery of the charnel-house. Unhappy, thrice unhappy!

Alas! the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and

content!) these acts are all pure manifestations of a strictly spiritual emotion; but to me, whom a miserable philosophy had taught to see all things in nature as it were in an undress, and while delighting in the splendour of man's outward form to have before my mental gaze the earthy skeleton that is its framework, and the common juices that propel its motions, to me this fondling was always displeasing; and when I saw my uncle kissing repeatedly my sister's or my mother's cheek, or paddling with that innocent young creature's fingers, or her virgin neck, while she, poor girl, would shrink, she knew not why, from his caresses—she would, by Hea-

evil is indeed bitter as death to him who bites it to the core; and he who lifts the veil which the Deity has thrown upon creation, to hide its framework from the common eye, must pay the penalty of his presumption, and bear what is held back in mercy from his fellows—the *knowledge of himself*.

ven! I watched his features, and I saw the flush of pleasure kindle on his brow, and the fire of passion sparkle in his eye! I did! and in my heart I damned him.

Abhorred villain! Even now, dead as thou art—resolved into the dust that was thy nature—even now I hate thee—abhor thee—and spit at thy memory! The thought of thee kindles, anew, the rage which burned within my heart—terrible as on that night of horrors!—when, maddened by my wrongs

CHAPTER IV.

My disposition towards my uncle had continued unaltered;—it was indeed a negative state of feeling, so to speak; I cared too little for the man to think about him or his sordid qualities, and only felt that I despised his character, when reminded of its amiability by his presence; when a trifling occurrence, related to me by too partial an observer, set the inert materials fermenting, and the chalice bubbled to the brim, the poison hatred. Now that the world is fading from my view, and even this once restless heart lies still, save when Memory,—unbidden power! that makes man's heaven or hell within him,—calls up from the grave of the past the ghosts of buried days,—the sweets of young desire, and the fiercer, dearer, joy of gratified revenge,—

now, to me, ambition, vanity, is as a dream of yesternight, and I should not dwell upon the petty circumstance, but that it caused my earliest quarrel with my father's brother, and thus fired the train to mines that might have lain quiescent, but whose fierce explosion has blasted my existence, and left me a blackened ruin, shapeless and unsightly.

I was courted and admired in society; at least I thought so; I bore a reputation for early talents and acquirements; my personal recommendations were more than respectable; and my proud mother looked fondly for the day when I should be an honour to her husband's name, and smiled upon the lying friends who told her so. God knows I say this not in pride: to me, whose minutes are all numbered, it matters not what men shall think of me; the sod upon my breast will not lie lighter that my praise is whispered, nor will my dreamless sleep be broken by their

scoffs who mock at my fatuity. But then—*then*—when youth was warm in me, and hope, ambition, all other goodly feelings, had not drunk their surfeit at life's double fountain, and found even the sweet grow bitter—then, I say,—derision! I took a pride in my abilities! and my uncle seemed to flatter it.

My sister was returned from a visit, to all appearance irritated.

“What is the matter?” I said, as I observed the little indications of a mood remarkable in that so gentle being. She did not speak.

“Dear Eunice; you are not composed, as is your wont; something unpleasant has occurred.”

Eunice hesitated, and then :

“Yet I know not why I should not tell you (That he should be such a hypocrite!) for I think, Julian, you should know him as he is. I *will* speak it;” and the eloquent blood

mounted to her pure cheek, and her wakened spirit sparkled in her eyes. "You think, Julian, our uncle loves you?" I smiled,—no doubt unpleasantly; but Eunice did not notice the expression. "How much you are deceived! Will you believe me? he takes every opportunity to underrate your talents with our friends, and speaks with such contempt"—

"Eunice, my love," said our mother, "I am astonished at you"—

"Nay, dear mother, you must permit me to speak. Julian is too good and generous to be imposed upon; and he is so, most shamefully!"—

"Why, Eunice!" again interrupted my mother, her meek eyes opened in great surprise at the girl's unusual warmth, "you surely forget yourself! You must remember, my dear, you are speaking of your father's brother."

“And what then, ma’m?” I said: “Is the name of uncle so sacred, or are the rights of blood so omnipotent, that we should submit to oppression from the one, or fear to profane the other? If Mr. Farquharson deceives me, let me know it, that I may tell him so. Say on, my sister. As how?”

My mother was borne down, as usual, by my vehemence. But Eunice too was silent: she saw my temper rising, and feared to look upon the demon she evoked. I restrained myself and encouraged her.

“Poh, poh, child,” I said; “don’t be frightened. Do you judge so meanly of your brother, as to think he would turn pale at the teeth of a backbiter?” I was eating up my vitals while I spoke.

“But you know, Julian, you are so very impetuous. I really fear to tell you. I would not for the world that you should quarrel with uncle.”

“And who says I shall quarrel with him? Is your brother a fool, Eunice, to declare war against every man that thinks ill of him, or speaks slightingly of his abilities! If Mr. William Farquharson thinks but lightly of his nephew, perhaps his nephew does as much by him: and there we’re equal, are we not?”

“But you will tell him, Julian, what I say to you.”

“Faith! and so I will. If I do not——!”

“There!” exclaimed my mother, in alarm; “see what mischief you have done, Eunice. I warned you of it. You know his temper.”

My poor sister looked pale and distressed. I took her hand. “Come, come,” I said, mildly, “let us know the rest of your story, Eunice.”

“No, no! not for worlds! For God’s sake! I command you, Eunice!” exclaimed my mother.

“Nay, my dear madam,” I interposed :
“If you do not let her tell it, I shall think
the matter much worse than it is : and I’m
sure it’s but a trifle, after all ; isn’t it, sis ?”
And patting my sister’s beautiful head, I
smiled. At least I thought I did, for I *tried*
to.

Eunice looked to her mother, and meeting
in that quarter no further interruption to her
wishes, resumed her story.

“Dear brother, it is nothing more than
this—nothing more, I assure you. You
know you have some reputation as a poet.”
It was true : I had : but God knows how ac-
quired : certainly it was one of my greatest
vexations. “Well ; I called upon your old
friend Miss Temple this morning ; and whom
should I find with her but uncle William.
‘O,’ said Miss Temple, ‘you are come just
in ~~time~~ to decide a dispute between us. Here
are some verses which were presented by Mr.

Farquharson to a friend of ours, and written at her suggestion. *I* declare that they read like Julian's, and Mr. Farquharson here would have me think they are his own! 'O no. I beg your pardon, Miss Temple'—interposed our uncle 'Well then, would leave me to infer so much; for he will not tell me whose they are. Come, lend us your eyes, Eunice, and see for us if there's not something in these verses extremely *Ju-
lianic.*' "

"What was the title, Eunice?"

"A Dream of the Flowers, I think."

"Hum!" This was the scrapbook label of the very folly I had perpetrated a short time before at the particular instance of my uncle, who had been desired by a lady to furnish her something of the kind.

Eunice continued :

"I said that it did read a little like Julian's composition, though the handwriting was

certainly not his. 'There!' cried Miss Temple, 'you hear the verdict, Mr. Farquharson! The composition is Julian's, but the penmanship his uncle's. Besides, do we not all know, my good gentleman, that you have not a trace of the poetic *verve* in your whole composition, while Julian is made up of it, heart, soul, and body?' . . . 'Psha,' said uncle William, who did not seem to relish Miss Temple's raillery at all, 'Julian is but a boy, and scarcely can be said to know what poetry is, let alone to write it. Though undoubtedly he is a lad of some promise; and when he has read a little more, and seen a great deal more of the world, he will do very well, if his mother and sister do not spoil him. At present, what you take for singing is but the chirping of an unfledged sparrow; and every young nest will furnish similar music.' . . .

"D——n him!" I muttered.

Neither my mother nor my sister heard

me, and the latter proceeded, carried away, by increasing anger at her own narration, so far as to forget her amiability in a manner it must have much surprised her afterward to recollect.

“He took his leave very soon after this speech, and Ellen Temple, turning to me with that peculiar sarcastic expression of her’s, remarked—But, Julian, I had better not continue; you look strange, now that I regard you. I am so sorry that I have suffered my own resentment”—

“Pray, go on, Eunice; go on; I am not a child.”

“‘How odd it is,’ said Ellen, ‘that your uncle will never allow any thing in poor Julian’s favour! One would really think he were jealous of him, were such a thing possible’ ‘O, I only suppose,’ I answered, ‘that he was in bad humour to-day: he admires my brother very much; I

know he does.' . . . 'He takes a very singular way of showing it then,' said Miss Temple; 'for I never heard him speak well of Julian yet; and did I credit his description better than my own senses and judgment, I should look upon your brother as an overgrown conceited school-boy.' "

My outraged vanity could hold no longer; and I was about to give it vent; when my uncle entered the room, just in time to hear my mother's burst of surprise, and implied reproof, at her daughter's unamiable contempt of prudence.

"What is the matter with you all?" he said in his soft, unmoved tone of voice, his light gray eyes glancing from my mother's anxious and excited countenance, and my sister's downcast look of confusion, to rest upon my flushed cheek and speaking brow.

"You had better ask that question, sir," I replied disdainfully, "at head-quarters,—of

my sister, and *Miss Ellen Temple*; for 'tis thence I draw *my* information."

"You are pert, Master Julian," he retorted, colouring however. Then turning to my mother, he seated himself beside her on the sofa, took her hand in his, and repeated his question:

"What is the matter, sister? You seem all out of sorts; and Julian here has grown six inches since I last saw him!"

My mother answered with a quickness that spoke, to me, her fear of my resenting this contemptuous sarcasm.

"Nothing, nothing, dear William; only a trifling escapade of Julian's, who is warm and impetuous, but really not a bad-tempered boy."

This peace-making equivocation seemed to me absolutely mean. "I will answer you, sir;" I said, striding up to my uncle, and standing directly before him,—“I will

answer you, since my mother is afraid.—
Have done, Eunice! let go my arm! I *will*
tell this arrogant man what I think of him:
he shall not be *my* master, if he is my
mother's. The matter, Mr. Farquharson, is
this: What is the reason, sir, that you are
pleased to wear a mask in this society? *Why*
do you fool my mother's easy nature by flatter-
ing her son's vanity when she is by, that you
may make your jest of him abroad?"

"Julian!" cried my mother, with an energy
I never saw in her before; "ungrateful boy!
Leave the room! leave it this instant, sir!"

"By no means, madam," said my uncle,
smiling, "let him stay, I beg of you, and
rant till the fit has spent itself. I have not
lived forty years to be frightened by the
crowing of a cock-chicken, or moved to
anger by the insulting riddles of a beardless
boy."

"*Boy!* d——tion! I beg your pardon,

mother; I did not mean to say any thing disrespectful to your presence. For *you*, sir, Mr. William Farquharson, I bid you be careful! *The boy will soon be man.*"

I left the room.

CHAPTER V.

To be able to conceive my feelings, and understand my behaviour in this unpleasant scene, the reader must be made to know the peculiar nature of the vanity which there betrayed itself.

While I assume the name of poet for these guilt-stained memoirs, I have said that I never wrote, under that character, any thing that was meant for publication; because my whole youth has been eaten up by folly and by passion, and my ambition only was to gain me honour in my *youth*. While yet a boy, then,—nay, from the very spring-day of my puberty,—I exulted in the hope that ere my one-and-twentieth year, I should have laid the key-stone of my immortality, in a work whose daring structure, proud as my ambi-

tion, should claim no little of its merit from the date of its erection. I knew that *boys* before my time have written verses,—as they will write them after me, while albums and *New-Monthlies* are the vehicles of nonsense,—and that one had even made the name I thirsted for, and more, I am told, deserved it; but I knew too, that no one at this early period of life had united with real poetry an intimate knowledge of human passions, both in their course and at their springs, a clear train of deep philosophical reflection, and a power of metaphysical speculation; and such I thought I could produce. My pride, then, was not in the strength or versatility of my talents; for such was shared with me by others,—and I hated partnership; but in their, as I deemed it, strange precociousness.

Let none smile, or turn with disgust from this exhibition of enormous vanity. Were it


not essential to the elucidation of my feelings, I surely were not fool enough to advance a claim that must seem so monstrously ridiculous, except I can produce the wherewithal to back it; and, alas! at *six-and-twenty* my days are now but resting for a moment on their close,—and I have done nothing—nothing—nothing that I meant to do! for, my God! have I not done every thing that I meant *not* to do?

I left the room, and took refuge in my own apartment; there to exercise that mastery on my passions which I never practised but in solitude. But now, the power was feeble; or I cared but little to exert its influence.

He has wronged me, I said within myself; I have been fooled! egregiously fooled! my easy and confiding temper has been made the dupe of a mean and jea-

lous hypocrite I was wrong, perhaps, to give way to my resentment, and certainly forgot my duty to my mother: but who, when he had waked and seen the snake coiled up beside him, would close his eyes again to slumber? I will not forgive him Yes, yes, I know well it is my vanity only that is outraged. I am hurt to find myself so little in the esteem of a man whose opinions I affect to despise: I have lived content in darkness, and my feeble vision is pained to open to the light. Yet it is well: I do not choose to be on terms with one I cannot value. I will not forgive him!

A gentle tap sounded at the door. Was it Eunice? Had she come to regret to me her affectionate imprudence; to lay, with her seraph's voice and eyes of heaven, the tumult of my swollen pride? And I too



would console the gentle spirit I had grieved, and as I kissed away the tears that rained for love of me, and hushed upon my breast the throbbing of her bosom, lull my evil nature to repose, and find in a sister's pure affection the reason and relief philosophy could not impart.

“Come in,” I said; “if it be you, my sister.”

The door directly opened, and gave admittance to my uncle.

The storm, which had seemed to be passing off, gathered again in an instant, to sweep with tenfold violence the blackened ocean of my passions.

I rose, and stood upright. “Mr. Farquharson”—I began.

“Gently, gently, Julian,” said my uncle, approaching me with perfect composure: “I am not come to renew a foolish quarrel, but to beg you to forget it. I do

not ask you to explain your conduct; and for my own part, if I have done you wrong, you may believe me I am sorry for it." He tried to take my hand.

I drew back. "I do not want your sorrow, sir," I said: "go back to my mother, who sent you to me, and tell her that I appreciate the kindness of her interference, but that I am old enough to act for myself, and shall show it in future by following my own suggestions, and choosing for myself my friends."

"Julian, had any one told me this of you, I should not have believed him. It is not what I expected from your generosity."

Was it the malice of my nature that whispered to me, it is his scorn that serves itself with that apparent compliment? for he had laid no peculiar emphasis upon the word that stung me, nor had the slightest

change distorted his smooth features, which were serious even to sadness.

“Mr. Farquharson,” I replied, “would you have me think still worse of you than I do already, that you affect this simplicity? Is it not enough, sir, to have deceived my youth, and forward confidence in your honour, by affecting an interest in my welfare, and flattering my ambition by praises that your heart disowned; would you try also to make me discredit the evidence of my own senses, as you would coax to slumber a fretful child? I would be left alone, sir.”

“Come, come, nephew,” said my uncle; “I will not affect ignorance of the cause of your displeasure. I see where I have hurt you: but believe me, I can explain it all to your satisfaction. Come, come, Julian, sit down; I cannot think you will refuse your uncle the justice of a fair hearing?”

He sat down himself, took me gently by the arm, and drew me to a seat beside him. I did not resist; but folded my arms, and awaited his explanation.

“Your mother has told me, Julian, the story your sister brought home from Miss Temple’s. Now, Miss Temple, as you know, is a very flippant young lady”—

“I know no such thing, sir: Miss Ellen Temple is an excellent and sensible girl.”

“Well, well, have it as you will: but you should know well enough that a story never loses by narration, and I have that pride to say I trust you will believe your uncle’s account as worthy of credit as that of another. Indeed, my good nephew, what interest could I have in deceiving you? Ask yourself that simple question, and you will see at once you must have wronged me. What possible advantage could I propose to myself by *affecting* an

interest in your welfare? and surely you will not believe that even Satan himself would practise deceit without some object. Is not my relationship, my dear Julian, a sufficient reason that I should take a real, a vivid interest, in all that concerns you? Do be a man, and leave such childish fancies to weaker minds."

"Why, there it is, sir!" I exclaimed; for I saw that he was leading me from the subject, which his last words recalled to my recollection: "Why is it that abroad you take the trouble to destroy what you have built up at home? Speak to the point, sir,—if you really would explain yourself."

"Speak to the point, Julian? And how can I, when you talk enigmas?"

"The riddle is soon read then. In society abroad, among our mutual acquaintance, you sir,—you, Mr. Farquharson,—

you make a jest of my *boyish talents* whenever they are idly made the subject of conversation, and take pains to undervalue me wherever you suspect that I am held in favour. I am ashamed, sir, to mention this myself; but you would force me to it, and now, explain it if you can. Though I do not ask you to, and would rather you should leave it as it stands."

CHAPTER VI.

HE was silent for some seconds; but his composure was unshaken; and then turning to me with an appearance of great candour, said:

“I will not deny it, Julian. I did say the words you allude to; but not in the manner it has been represented. I say now to you as I said then, with the same feelings, and in the same manner,—for I hope it will be of service to you:—Your talents are more than considerable; and you know it: you look to make them instruments to your ambition: but, my dear Julian, you are beginning where you should end. Young as you are, and mixing so little with society, you can know nothing of the world. You spend your

hours in solitary thought ; you do not even study the books which should serve you at once for instructors and for models. You are too vain—excuse me, Julian,—of your genius. You feel its vigour, and forget that its ill-directed efforts must be but the gambols of a young giant, more likely to be of mischief than of profit to either yourself or others. Consider, sir, you are not yet twenty; you have opportunities now offered to you, that, used with judgment, will yield you permanent and rich advantage. Emerge from your hermit-like seclusion: one hour's conversation with men of the world will profit you more than a whole week of mornings passed in musing at your study window. Study the best authors in the line you have chalked out for yourself. Lay aside your foolish pride, and stoop—if so you call it—to copy their style; for the most original writers in every

age are the most skilful copyists. And with perseverance, perhaps, when you have attained to perfect manhood, say in some seven or eight years, you may begin to lay the foundation of the fame I suspect you covet, and I dare say will do very well."

My blood was always ready to boil at such patronizing suggestions. For I had often heard their kind before, from cousins as well as uncles, who, when Julian would advance some heterodox opinion, would pat him condescendingly upon the shoulder, or smile encouragingly in the boy's face, and tell him, *you'll know better one of these days. You are young now, and scarcely understand your own mind, etc. etc.*, while *the boy* was conscious that he saw further through *their* dirty natures than they ever could into *his* character, were they to run the devil's race of John Melmoth; and burned with rage to tell

them so. My blood, I say, always boiled at such intrusion of advice and unauthorized correction ; and now, coming from a man I already hated, my uncle's language was outrageous to my irritable feelings, nor needed I, to work me into perfect phrenzy, to mark the sneer that played upon his lip, and the gleam of exultation in his eye, as he concluded his ridiculous prescription. He had, indeed, spoken *with the same feelings, and in the same manner* as before Miss Temple.

I listened with a beating heart till he had finished, completely finished, and then spoke with what might be called a devilish calmness.

“ Mr. Farquharson, I see my sister and Miss Temple were quite wrong: they knew as little of you, sir, as you know much of me. I thank you for your learned counsel ; and in return for it permit me to

tell you, that, were it spoken by any other man than my father's brother, I should call it gross impertinence."

"And no doubt, under those circumstances," drawled my uncle, "your hardihood, or perhaps you would call it your valour, Master Julian, would have carried you so far as to challenge him on the spot." The volcano burst.

"By heaven, you have said it! We will make the *circumstances*, if we don't find them."

I had a case of pistols in my room. I had been practising with them that very morning. They were both loaded.

I sprang to the door of the room. I fastened it, and threw the key upon the table. Then opening the case, I drew out one of the weapons, cocked it, and offering it to my uncle, took the other for myself.

"Now sir," I said, "uncle and nephew

no longer, one of us only shall leave this spot alive. Take it,—I tell you! all ties are at an end between us; we now stand man to man.”

“Hardly, sir, unless you stand as *madman*,—which I am much disposed to believe;” and he thrust back the pistol contemptuously.

“Liar and villain! take it, or I’ll shoot you like a dog!”

“*Boy and fool*,” he coolly retorted, “you dare not, lest you hang as one.” My uncle, as he spoke, took the weapon from my hand, and flung it carelessly to a corner of the apartment. It exploded. A shriek was heard from the room below, and, directly after, the voice of Eunice at the door, as she made violent efforts to enter.

My tormentor took the key from the table, and deliberately opened the door. For I was too much confounded by his

coolness to interrupt him, and stood, with the pistol in my hand, as if turned into stone. Eunice rushed into the room.

“My God! what is the matter?”

“Your brother, Miss Farquharson, has been drinking deep at Helicon. The fountain is more potent than I had thought!”

I sprang at the speaker like a tiger. But the door closed between us; and my sister, her soft arms thrown around me, clung sobbing to my neck.

CHAPTER VII.

OPPOSITE to my mother's residence, there lived a poor widow and her only daughter.

The girl was in her sixteenth year; the age when women look best,—at least, loveliest. For what they then want of maturity in beauty is more than counterbalanced by the charm of freshness; that undefinable attractiveness which lies in youth, often when every other element of the power to please is wanting(1); as we love the rose

(1) The poet is right, as every one will feel; though in terming this charm of juvenility, "undefinable," he must have been governed rather by the nature and occasion of his writing than by his knowledge and capability of moral analysis.

It will be generally supposed that the charm of

more in the bud than in the flower, though neither is its odour then so lively, nor its form so admirable.

Margaret Mancel was in her sixteenth

youth lies in the association in our minds of its freshness with the idea of moral innocence. If this were true, then where moral innocence were wanting, I mean wanting in appearance, (for of the fact we cannot judge,) the charm would lose its power. That this is not the case we are well assured; for it but too often happens that the firm round cheek and polished eye, are the feelers, as it were, of a wanton spirit, and that the full red lip owes its most seducing witchery to its ripe voluptuousness. It were hard indeed if a fine skin, and etceteras, were the only indexes of unsophisticated feelings. The ugly and rough-coated would be truly in a desperate way, shut out from both esteem and true affection as well as from sexual love!

It is simply, then, because it supposes freshness and purity of person. It is an unconscious and physical, (yet pure,) desire, which prompts us to

year, but with a figure as near to perfection as any one may well look for in real life, and features that were noble even to haughtiness. A high and queenly head, set upon a long, round neck, to shadow out whose stately grace it were not easy for comparison; shoulders shaped so truly, that one could almost gaze on them for ever, and gazing wonder what charm could lie in the peculiarity of a line where the difference of its drawing from that of others was too minute to be defined; (I talk extravagance; but it is pardonable in praise of

prefer these particular forms and colours, without the mind's having any thing to do with forming associations and comparisons. A wild man of the woods would have the same leaning to these delicacies as a moralist, and be as competent to pronounce upon their excellence. JULIAN, while speaking of the "bud," forgets to name its *colour* and *firmness*; which surely do not go for nothing.

a fine woman; and the language of admiration from men for women is always hyperbolic;) the high, expanded forehead, and the lofty, yet delicate nose; the full, curved lips, and too decided brow;—attracted more than they might please: and Margaret, with these attractions, had been thought a cold and stately girl, admired when she moved, forgotten or scarce noticed while she sat; but then, she had those large long eyes of charcoal blackness, with close and silky lashes deeper in their shadow than the fall of night, and lids that seemed too large and heavy even for the orbs they canopied, and that passionate complexion, the lovely, glowing yellow of a rich ripe peach, where a tinge of red, deliciously and intimately blended throughout, sets with a deeper hue in one spot towards the centre, soft, warm, luxuriously tempting,—or like the *orange-saffron* tint

that decks a southern sky at evening twilight. Yet were those eyes, in their habitual expression, far too proud, or too severe; and their occasional softness, seducing though it was, yet like that of the clear sunny skin, spoke not the peculiar tenderness of woman's nature, but a languor of voluptuousness, borrowed from passion that was common to mine own(1).

(1) The editor has seen this *Margaret*—and though much altered by years and harsh vicissitude, and wearing deep the brand of fiery and vindictive passions, she was, he thinks, (perhaps is still,) the finest woman as to head and person he ever beheld. Even her hands and feet partook of this rare perfection.

The description in the text is faithful, even to precision,—except that the eyes appeared to the writer of this note not to be of that peculiar blackness which is there assigned to them, and the complexion to be rather cold than warm, without a trace of having ever approached to the “passionate” character which JULIAN has given it. It is probable

Such was Margaret Mancel. And being such, had I but seen her once, or merely met her from time to time, as one meets hundreds of fine women,—for a moment, and with a momentary though pleasant impression,—her image had been to my mind as a reflection on a mirror, passing with the object that made it. But, alas! she lived opposite, I have said; and the windows of my study looked down into the little room where Margaret sat and sewed. Thus I saw her daily; and seeing— Ah me! the seeds are often sown in gladness whose fruits we gather in affliction; and the first step to crime is not unfrequently the holyday gait of youthful and well-meaning folly.

the poet coloured it after some favourite Italian beauty, or from the copy of his own warm fancy. Your fancy is a rare gallery for Lauras, Maries, and Margarets.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE imagination and *the heart*, (to use a most unphilosophical, though very common and well understood, distinction,) are so nigh as neighbours, that the secrets of the former are often taken into keeping of the latter and made its own; and an indulgence which is meant for one only is not uncommonly shared insurreptitiously by the other. Where the imagination is over warm it goes further; it makes the heart its room-mate and confederate: and the intimacy usually becomes so strict that the acts of either are readily assumed as those of its partner; and *fancy*, as a term, might well be made synonymous with *friendship*, as it has been heretofore with *love*. In love indeed, in nine cases out of ten, the

imagination is alone concerned. It is indulged. Habit deepens the impression, and makes the indulgence necessary, and the heart is called in to sympathize, and proves accordant; or at least has the credit of such kindness; and with good reason; for, in a union so intimate, it requires nice eyes to distinguish one party from the other, and even then it is seen that an appeal from either is sure to find favour with its dear ally and second self.

By nature and refinement a passionate admirer of beauty, it is not extraordinary I should admire Margaret; nor is it wonderful that in the occasional weariness of my lonely life I should find, and love to find, diversion in the contemplation of her attractions. And then, as from the nature of my occupations it mattered little where I sat, it was so convenient and so pleasant to place me at my window, where I could

at once both gratify and employ my mind. It was so charmingly to mingle *the useful with the agreeable*. And as my window was concealed by blinds, I could look from it for hours together, if so it pleased me, without ever being visible; while Margaret's was unshaded, and she could not be at it, fair occupant, a moment without being seen.—But it is mockery for me, for *me*, to jest on such a subject. Methinks I should look now like the devil, thus grinning damnably over my own wretchedness, the steps that led to its accumulation the very theme of my false pleasantry, and the instruments before me that mark its destined termination, and warn me, in their grim quiescence, that I dally with the stroke! It is as though one should wreath a death's head with flowers, and thrust a grape between its gumless jaws.

The girl grew every day more beautiful in my eyes. She dressed so well; simply—simply as her poverty could wish, yet with such skill that nothing ever seemed there to be wanting that money could have added; and in that chiefest point of female ornament, a true adjustment of the hair, she was so finished: and then her motions were so graceful; each new position seeming always to display her person to the best advantage. My books, my drawings, and my music, the luxurious ease and sacred solitude of my apartment, these, were now its least attractions; and its very twilight atmosphere, which I used so much to love, was gloom, except at certain hours; and these hours always found me at my post. I became an early riser too; for Margaret was one.

Soon I grew tired of this tame idolatry: I would have my adoration known, and

answered to.—I gave myself a *coup de poigne*, and throwing back the blinds, looked boldly at my neighbour. She saw me. I endeavoured to express in looks what was speaking at my heart. She dropped her dark eyes, blushed, and retired from the window. This was very natural in *her*, but very foolish. A woman of the world had known better. I knew she *must* think of me, and I drew again behind my barbican, well satisfied with this first sally.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Margaret next appeared, her hair seemed parted on her brow with even still more care; and she took her seat with evident consciousness of being overlooked. Indeed, I thought I could detect her exploring a little from the corner of those dark-fringed lids.

After a little while I made a second sally. Margaret was again unwise: for she looked, and meeting in my eyes what she might have expected, reddened still more deeply than before, and in a seeming pet, which marked the pleasurable suggestions of her own conscience rather than offence at my behaviour, drew one of the shutters between her and the glass. I knew, from experience, that one sees in

safety, and with satisfaction, through a crevice; so I kept my position like a good general, and practised all the simple show of tenderness my nature taught me.

What need of more detail? Margaret grew shy; and showed herself at times embarrassed; especially when she was looking particularly well: and then the weather grew unusually unsettled; for the large black eyes were frequently upturned, to mark the aspect of the heavens. The poison, (not of love; the poison of flattery) had taken.

And these looks to heaven, and of heaven, for *me!*—— I knew not whether she who directed them could be aware of their peculiar beauty. Their *Madonna cast*, (for such it was, although the inspiration was not holy,) made the beating of my heart grow quicker; and when in their descent the lovely orbs would glance upon

her neighbour's blinds,—they could not help it, sure, in passing,—and rest there an uncounted instant, the ecstasy of passion quivered through my frame till its thrill was sickness.

I have jested villainously through this petty sketch of Cupid's skirmishes; for I could not help it; (though I felt the while the pangs of hell.) I have jested *like a villain!* But I tell you that this pleasant trifling—curses and derision! this youthful frolic, I say—the enjoyment, here set down, of a few mad hours of thoughtless luxury—was taken in exchange for a bond on life!—*and the date of payment is now ap.*

CHAPTER X.

HAD I to relate a tale of ordinary seduction, it were soon done. I should jump at once to its conclusion, without stopping to shock or *corrupt* the reader, by a detailed account of its devilish machinery. But, however monstrous I may be in crime, I am not a villain made by nature: I could not knowingly and intentionally deceive. To delude others I must first o'erreach myself.

I meant no wrong to Margaret. For I was pure—ay, let those doubt it that will—pure and chivalrous in my sentiments. For I had lived in solitude,—in a world of my own peopling. I had not even friend or acquaintance to spread the infection of his worldly converse and ma-

terial thought on the pure atmosphere of my spirit: mine were the creatures of fancy: I had pored over the pages of ideal virtue, and lived with heroes whose fabulous lives none perhaps had ever read, beside me, since the days of Cervantes; and I was—I *was*—for why should I hesitate to say it? pure, noble, and high-spirited, as they. A thought of gross desire, of sensual indulgence, purchased at the expense of moral right and honour—the ruin of her happiness and the defilement of my own honour—how could I have nourished such—blushed over its unhallowed fire a single moment—and looked without confusion in the angelic face of my sister? No! God—that God whose unimaginable power and mysterious existence I never questioned, though his intervention in this paltry bubble of his will I cannot credit—God himself—if he do o'erlook this insect world, and read the

secret of its crawlings—be my judge, if I ever mingled aught of the dross of sordid passion with the romantic and refined affection wherewith I loved poor Margaret!

No! my heart yearned, in the fullness of its young and yet untried affections, to pour itself upon some sympathetic bosom. That *besoin d'aimer*, that “strong necessity of loving,” which is the parent of all social feeling, the chain whose varied links bind man and man together in different states and stages of this strange existence,—that unshared solitude of the hermit heart which presses with its dull monotony, and drowsy inaction, on the very springs of life, choking up their wholesome currents with mischief of neglect, and gives to every thing within its shade one gray, tame, leaden, tinge, forcing us from very weariness, and sickness of ourselves, to seek some fellow on whom to rest the burden of accumulated

thought, and, reposing while he bears its pressure, see in the confided task but the transferring of the labour to a second self, the shifting of the pack, as it were, but to the other shoulder : it was this—the yearning of the spirit for communion with a soul congenial—impelled me onward. I pined in the desolateness of my unwedded heart for something more than the fellowship of a sister. I was lonely, visionary, and romantic. I looked to my neighbour's window, and I saw her like myself, lonely,—and with features that seemed the index of a soul that should be, if it were not, fellow to mine own. Yes ! I said to myself, as I ran over the beautiful lineaments of my fair opposite,—those eyes of fire, with depth like night—that bold proud brow—the haughty setting of that neck—the full small lip—the passion of that skin—all speak a spirit that is mine ! Strong, im-

petuous, imperious, untameable by aught save by affection, and to that—tender, submissive, impassionedly devoted, and boundless in its confidence. O, what delight it were to teach her young mind all that I feel, and which she cannot know! to lay open to her the close recesses of a bosom whose depths no mortal yet might fathom, and which none but woman's fondness should gain the right to look into! What joy to murmur in her ear the aspiring thoughts whose greatness makes my unsupported spirit heave with their conception! to give those very thoughts the words in which the eloquence of passion could alone invest them! to watch her fond eyes resting upon mine, and her attentive spirit hanging on my lips as on the breathing of an oracle! And then, to teach her own weak wings to soar with mine, and follow in their daring flight the pinions that check-

ed at heaven ! to measure with flattered eye the growing power myself had given move to, and encourage its exertions !—and my heart leapt at the thought. And ô, more ! in my fonder hour—when dizzied of elevation, melancholy from abstraction, and fevered with excitement,—or when checked by those intrusive thoughts, that will steal upon us, of the vanity of all human ambition, mocking like demons at our task, —to fling aside the unending page of mental study, and lay my head in the lap of affection, and have her lull my tired soul to rest ! My tears flowed at the picture.

Then would Reason come and croak to me:

You have no right to gain the affections of this girl ; or even to offer her your own. No good can possibly come of it ; but very possibly much evil may. Are you to measure out your passion ? spin it off, inch by inch, and stop when you have all you are

allowed by bargain? Or, is it honourable to woo without serious purpose the liking of an innocent young creature, to trifle with her dearest feelings for mere pastime? You are shocked at this imputation of meditated dishonour. Yet what is it but dishonour, to suffer a woman to conceive a hope of success with you which you never mean she shall obtain? for you cannot think she is deficient in ambition, her sex's vice and virtue? You do not mean to allow her any such expectance! You will act openly, and *honourably*, from the first! You will tell her that you never can be more than friend to her! and in this name and character you will execute your romantic scheme of forming her young mind and storing it with wealth beyond her station! There can be no harm in all this! No more than in simply unfitting her for the life she is born to lead. That is,—sup-

posing your fine scheme feasible, and that the girl has all the talents and good dispositions you give her credit for, (the which is by no means certain,) you will prevent her entering the sphere in which you move yourself, and exclude her effectually from all communion with her own! Is *this* honourable? Is it kind? You know it is not.—Nay, do not shut your eyes—You know it is not. Give up this arrant folly; leave the girl to her needle, and more humble lovers—when she gets them; and think no more of her.

And when Reason would thus argue with me, I could not but be staggered. But I looked from my window. The large dark eyes were resting full upon it—so soft, so lovelily yet unconsciously seducing. Reason, thou hast no such eyes! And now—her mother speaks to her. See! That glance of fire! the arching of that haughty

neck—the curling of that lip! the head flung back—the reddening brow! Little reverent, to be sure, all this; but then, full of mind. Reason, thou liest! I must and will have her. O! had I but that spirit in my hands to mould, I could make it glorious! I could, by Heaven! I must, I will, attempt it: it was made for me! Look, look! is it not a shame that such a fire should burn to waste? a flame so free, so grand, so spiritual! I will cherish it, place it in a censer, and feed it with my own incense. What rapture to watch its blaze!(1)

(1) Ce sont(a) de beaux sentiments; mais la belle contrariété qu'y présentent les procédés de notre Céladon! Il admire sa maîtresse pour les qualités de son Ame, (qu'il ne connaît point,) et il rêve de sa

(a) Ce n'est pas par affectation que j'aie mis en français ces remarques, mais pour les détourner de la connaissance du vulgaire. Les inconvénients de telles opinions ne se trouvent

I ran my fingers through my curls to loosen them becomingly, stole a peep at the

beauté, (qu'il comprend à merveille) il veut cultiver ses talents et fait des projets pour l'embellissement de son esprit, et il s'assied à la fenêtre pour y contempler ses yeux de ciel et pour faire des observations sur la simplicité de ses habits et sur l'arrangement ravissant de ses cheveux; il se résoud à tâcher d'obtenir son amitié, et pour exprimer cette modeste résolution il se sert du langage de l'amour—(comme l'on verra bientôt.) Il se coupe même par ses propres discours. Il parle du pressant besoin qu'avait son âme de la société d'une autre âme qui lui ressemblait, nous dit comme son pauvre cœur palpait pour quelque chose de plus tendre que l'amitié d'une sœur, et, quand la raison lui donnait de très bonnes leçons, comme il regar-

point dans les opinions ellesmêmes—(la vérité, quelquefois incommode, n'a jamais tort—) mais en ce qu'elles puissent faire du mal aux ignorants et à ceux qui ne réfléchissent guère, qui courraient risque d'en tirer pernicieux encouragement pour leurs mauvais penchants et leurs motifs corrompus. Le temple de la nature ne doit s'ouvrir qu'à ceux qui en puissent contempler les mystères sans devenir aveugles.

mirror, and with cheeks flushed and eyes flashing, for heart and brain were kindled,

da au travers de la jalousie, et y rencontrant de grands yeux noirs qui le lorgnaient modestement dit au préneur, *Raison, tu n'as point de tels yeux!* et malgré cela il ne sentait point de désir. Comme si l'amour jamais saurait exister sans désir! Le monde en parle comme d'un sentiment du cœur; et pourtant dans le monde on en use comme si le cœur ne s'y mêlait guère. L'amour n'est ni l'amitié ni l'estime. Il entre par les yeux, et même, quand la voix est douce, par les oreilles, mais jamais par le cœur. Ce dernier, sans doute, peut donner son aide, et quelquefois le fait, vers la crue de la passion, (cependant l'amour, puisqu'il est aveugle, sera rarement délicat sur les qualités qu'il ne puisse voir) (b), mais jamais il ne la fait naître.

(b) Il faut que les imperfections de caractère d'une maîtresse soient bien nombreuses pour qu'on prenne la peine de les compter. Orgueil, caprice, légèreté, tromperie, duplicité, tout ce que vous voulez, on excuse tout, à moins qu'il n'y ait rien qui porte préjudice à sa beauté. En amour, du beau linge et le teint frais valent bien un bon cœur et des mœurs sans tache. Démêlez en Marguerite mille dé-

threw back the blind to worship unmasked, and tempt my bright divinity.

Dans l'homme de sentiments les plus épurés, et dans la plus délicate et la plus pudique fille, que sont les signes de cette sublime passion? Une voluptueuse mélancolie en l'absence de l'objet aimé; la longue inquiétude quand on l'attend; l'émotion de plaisir soudain et vif comme l'éclair, et qu'on ne saurait définir, qui s'empare de tous les sens quand il se présente; le tremblement de voix aux premières paroles qu'on lui adresse; le doux frissonnement qui passe par tout le corps, quand par accident on lui touche la main; et d'autres signes qui sont autant de preuves, même moins équivoques, d'une action soudaine et violente sur les nerfs par l'entremise des sens, outre les opérations internes des facultés de l'âme. Et tout cela n'est pas désir! O,

fauts qui vous inquiètent, vous en aimez davantage; donnez-lui la petite vérole, et l'amour va s'enterrer dans les creux.

Aimer, c'est abandonner sa raison et se laisser conduire par une imagination fouguese, la bride sur le cou. En effet, c'est s'oublier soi-même,—connaissance qu'on conserve facilement partout ailleurs—même dans l'amitié.

What have I said before ?

THE FIRST STEP TO CRIME IS

que non ! rien moins que cela. Est-ce donc bien le magnétisme ? ou si c'est un diable ? Toutefois, puisqu'il vient par la vue, entre aux oreilles, et joue du tact, il devrait être un bon diable physique que ce petit diable-là. Et voilà une belle définition d'une sympathie inexplicable. Sans doute il peut y avoir dans le monde des hommes et des femmes bien singuliers. Je n'y ai rien à dire. *Saltem, eunuchum amorem excitasse, vel concepisse, nunquam audivisse memini.* (c)

Je ne veux point qu'on m'accuse de plaisanter d'une manière profane, ou même indécemment, sur ce sujet. Le corps de l'homme n'est pas moins admirable de ce qu'on sait que c'est le sang qui lui donne la beauté et le pouvoir de durer; ni l'es-

(c) On parle du véritable amour comme s'il naissait de l'estime. Affection peut, et l'amitié doit, avoir cette origine, mais l'amour, "le véritable amour," assurément n'en a pas. Qui suppose qu'il ressent cette passion pour une laide se trompe. Où il ne se trouve ni la beauté de symétrie ni l'enchantement d'expression, ni d'autres attraits de taille, ou de figure, on peut aimer—oui; c'est peut-être l'affection

NOT UNFREQUENTLY THE HOLYDAY GAIT
OF YOUTHFUL AND WELL MEANING FOLLY.

O, believe me ! that for one who encoun-

prit n'est il moins spirituel parce que son agent est de grosse matière, ni cet agent moins élevé vu que par sa condition il est sujet à l'estomac. Superbe et glorieuse, la nature humaine veut toujours s'exalter par sublimation de ses plus viles propriétés et de ses penchants les plus bas. C'est abominable, crie-t-on, c'est une lâche calomnie, que de réduire ce bon amour, qui forme le principal emploi, (après le manger, le boire, et le dormir,) de la belle saison de notre courte existence, à un si bas étage qu' on a fait dans ces absurdes et ces fausses remarques.

d'un ami, d'un frère; mais cela n'est pas l'amour.* Le véritable amour n'est ni plus ni moins que ce que nous l'ayons décrit. Cependant il faut se souvenir de ce que l'amour, si c'est quelque chose de différent d'avec l'affection, ce soit bien autre chose de l'impureté. L'impureté est une difformité de la passion, ou bien, (dans ceux qui sont libertins par habitude,) la lie après qu'on en a bu tout l'esprit.

* On dit, charitablement, d'une laide, qu'elle est faite *comme il plait à Dieu*. C'est peut-être par reverence qu'on s'en passe. On n'aime pas se mêler de choses divines.

ters Evil knowing her to be such, there are two that embrace the demon in disguise; though, 'tis true, the mask is fitted on her with their own fond hands.

C'est une calomnie des plus noires: oui, c'est abominable. Mais, n'en est-il pas de même des plus élèves de nos sentiments et de nos sensations quand on les dépouille? Je n'en sais pas, moi, un seul qui mérite le rang qu'on en a donné à tous et de tous temps. Regardez ce peloton. Que la soie en est précieuse! Molle, déliée, luisante, dorée. Que l'étoffe qui en est fabriquée est belle! Ecoutez. *Cela vient des entrailles d'un ver.*

CHAPTER XI.

I MUST see Margaret—I must speak with her. Will she permit it? She will deem it an insult—she will think herself outraged. I cannot help it. I must break to her, or with her. She must expect it: she knows I cannot be content with eternally gazing.

It was three, four, going on to five months, since I had preferred my courtship with the eyes. I was eaten up with impatience.

There she is going—down the street; and all alone! coward that I am! why do I not join her? 'Tis but an effort—a word—a step. Ah! it is too late now! Well,—to-morrow.

And the morrow saw Margaret go out

again: but a little child—a pet of her's—and I would of mine, since it was of her's—went with the beauty. No matter; I had made up my mind.

I followed her: I neared her: my heart beat as though it would stifle me: I heard my breath quick breathing on her neck: I felt that it was burning. She must have felt it too. She bent down and spoke to the child. God in heaven!

I was always fastidious with the voice, and over-susceptible to a fine one. Margaret's went through and through me: so soft, so mellow, and so deep, deep and rounded as I never yet had heard it in woman, yet feminine withal, and delicate as the whisper of a dream.

I cannot dare it! It is like imposing on her mean condition to address her so abruptly. She will think it so.—The street was narrow: I brushed by her as if by ac-

oident,—between her and the wall. I meant to touch her roughly, *yet I scarcely moved her shawl.*

“Have I hurt you?” I whispered; “indeed I did not mean to.”

What an effect love has upon the speech! Even in that moment of excitement, the tones of my own voice, low and tremulous, yet silvery distinct, sounded delicious even in my own ears.

Margaret knew I was beside her; she knew that I had followed her; she expected it, perhaps! for she did not start, but answered simply, “No, sir;” and her voice too trembled, and was low, and deliciously soft.

I fancied at the moment, (and what fantastical absurdity!) I fancied that these simple *words* breathed *cool and fragrant* from those lips of roses!

“I am glad to hear it. Believe me”—

I stammered—"O, believe me, Miss Margaret—I would not have hurt you ever so little—for worlds!"

This was consummately ridiculous. I felt it so. Yet what to say next! *'Tis but the first step that costs.* True; but here the first was taken, and I could not make the second. Had I wished it, I could not have had a better opportunity to commence a conversation: it had been so easy to continue the apology and slide imperceptibly into other subjects till we should be at home with each other. Very easy—to an indifferent speaker; but not to me; not then. And, ass that I was, thrice-sodden ass, I added in a low voice, "But you have hurt *me*—incurably," and rushed from her side like lightning.

I damned myself over and over. (I could do it now.) I felt I had been a fool. What must she think? Women do so

However, he went about his business with a very knowing look. Intrigue makes such fellows odiously familiar.

The rose was put through the window, very handily, and very handily, and almost immediately, rejected. It fell to the pavement. An honest citizen, just then passing, smooth shaven and with white gloves, picked up the flower; and I know not whether the note went with it, to be conveyed perhaps to his astonished mistress—or confounded wife, or whether Margaret had slyly stolen the honey ere she threw away the cup. I saw her not for all the rest of that day; nor the next; nor yet again the next. She did not go out either.

I was vexed. I was angry at her and at myself. I was sick.

The evening of the third day was all calm and moonshine. I perceived a figure in white seated at a certain window. My heart leapt. It must be she.

I took my guitar. I had a song and air I had been busy with all day. In the quiet of the night, and the loneliness of the deserted street, she must hear me. I sung it. . . . It is not worth repeating here: the words were nothing extraordinary, and the music was neither Mozart's nor Rossini's.

Gathering courage as I proceeded, and feeling deeply all I sung, I had never sung, I thought, so well. As quite delighted with my own execution I hung over the instrument when I had finished, and strained my eyes to see if I could gather in the imperfect light the effect I had produced, some one approached with a candle in the room I was watching. I looked. Good Heaven! it was Margaret herself. She bore the candle. I had been singing profitably to her old mother.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOLLY of love! O, folly of love! Is it not strange that the used appetite should tingle at the mere remembrance of its sweets, even when we have fully tasted all the after bitterness? Strange that it should have made me all forget myself, my *self* even! that the simple drawing of this silly picture of past luxury should cause me for a time to lose sight of my grim purpose and rise superior to my long agony,—rejuvenating, as it were, in the very lap of decrepitude! for is it not such, the fatal, miserable folly in which my young heart has grown aged and withered, shrivelled like a leaf untimely fallen and rotting in midsummer? Yet it is well—well that it is so—well that I can be but six-and-twenty even for a

few moments, when in fact, though not in count, I want but little of a hundred,—it is well; my task will be the easier—lighter for the reader as for me; and soon enough, when all is ended—and yet late enough—will come the black hour once again—once more—and the last, last time—ere I lay my head upon my mother earth, and dreamless sleep for ever.

My passion for Margaret increased daily; for the simple reason that I indulged it daily. I thought of nothing else: by day I watched her, or watched for her,—neglecting actually the ordinary wants of nature to feed my dazzled eyes with beauty, and my sick brain with images of pleasure; and when I retired for the night, it was with hope to dream of her presence, and with certainty of waking to behold its loveliness. Secure in the fancied innocence and real purity of my intentions, I set

right Reason and true Honour at defiance, or if I listened to their kind suggestions, it was to overrule them with the sophistry of romantic sentiment. I was in a rapturous dream in fact, and enjoyed it not the less that I was dimly conscious of its unreality.

And Margaret too—or I deceived myself—began to thaw before the breath of passion. Young desire, sudden and subtle as the lightning, more subtle than the serpent, had crept into her veins, and glanced along the unused nerves with a thrill whose newness was brief paradise to her youthful and unjaded senses. It fed on fruits of Fancy's planting and of Hope's own gathering, and couched on roses of their strewing. Its dreams were all of ecstasy; and its promptings spoke in the luxury of involuntary revery, in unbidden sadness and voluptuous listlessness suc-

ceeding to contented equanimity and cheerful activity, in increased tenderness in all the feminine and simple affections. The innocent and unsophisticated heart shrunk from sensations it could not, or would not, interpret: not daring to own them to itself, yet deliciously conscious of their existence, and forced, from their alternated subsiding and renewed impulsion, to note their intervals and moments of recurrence, and suspect the cause, it trembled and blushed at its own weakness; and unpractised in deceit, nor taught to hide the secrets of the bosom with the close cape of reserve, the girl in her demeanour grew embarrassed, and caprice betrayed the struggle that was going on between sexual delicacy and awakened passion.

To leave the bright obscurity of figurative expression, which, like the sun's light transmitted through the stained glass of a

Gothic window, is frequently more gorgeous than *eclaircive*(1):

My fair neighbour came less frequently to the window, and retired sooner. I suspected indeed—and, I believe, with justice—that she was not really absent from her little sitting-room, but kept in the background to observe if I would miss her and betray a longing for her re-appearance. When she did present herself, it was, as I have intimated, with evident embarrassment: she seemed conscious of being overlooked; and her motions were studied, yet uneasy and abrupt. Occasionally I could detect a covert glance directed at my window, and withdrawn in some confusion,

(1) This strange word appears to be of Julian's coining, from the French verb *éclaircir*, (to make clear, to brighten.) The word is much wanted, it is true; *de plus, il se présente bien*; yet perhaps it was bold doing to make it.

though there was nothing there that Margaret could see, whatever she might fancy, to excite emotion. At other times, the lady was all pride and coldness, sitting demurely at her work with an affectation of indifference, so poorly worn, that were it not a veil of Nature's constant recommending in such like emergencies, I should have laughed to see its flimsiness. Then, the fondness for her little pet grew more conspicuous. She would hold it in her lap for hours, look earnestly into its eyes, or kiss their lids, then clasp the child with sudden ardour to her breast, play with its small soft fingers as if enamoured of their silky touch, or bending down press to its rosy mouth her own young lips, clinging there a moment as if she would inhale the innocent breath, and parting from it but to shower on cheek, and neck, and brow, a storm of kisses, each softer, closer, more impassion-

ed, than the rest. All this said much; and its effect on me—need I mention it?

I watched my opportunity. It came. Again Margaret left the house, and alone. I joined her. I poured into her ear a volley of the most unintelligible nonsense; I know not what; but I remember well I was so agitated I could scarce articulate, and that, instead of acting as though I were about the most ordinary, at least the most customary and proper affair in the world, I deprecated her resentment; thus reminding her that I was taking an unwarrantable liberty, and that I looked for nothing more than to be rated for my presumption. What could she do with such a fool? Of course she bade him leave her. But her voice was more agitated even than mine own. It spoke any thing but indifference, any thing but resentment. I felt it, and persisted. Again, and again, I heard, "I desire you will

leave me, sir," more and more positive; and at last the girl said something to me that I deemed offensive. She charged me with voluntary insult. I suffered myself to be worked into a rage, retorted like a fool, and left her.

CHAPTER XIV.

WEEK after week passed away: and where was I? Even where I stood at first; or rather, I had retrograded. For though I knew that Margaret's repulse of me meant nothing, but was merely the respect which Modesty deems herself obliged to render to the sovereignty of Custom(1),

(1) Not so: it is the homage which she owes to *Nature*; or better, in another and clearer sense, the reverence which Nature owes to *her*. (See what Julian says himself a little later: Chap. xvi.) Men and women play a totally opposite part in the economy of love, though with the same end in view. It is ours to press with ardour, to pursue: it is theirs to fly, to affect indifference, reluctance, or disdain, *afin qu'elles puissent redoubler l'ardeur de la chasse, et tenir toujours fraîche cette incertitude piquante qui est la vie de l'amour vagabond. C'est-là*

yet I could not readily bring myself again to encounter her abuse. All went the same, however, with my neighbour. You would have thought that I had dreamt the scene between us. By turns, cold, susceptible; now inviting, then repelling; the same, just the same, as though nothing had occurred. And she went out too. I gnawed my nails in pure vexation; yet I could not follow her.

But as no resolution can hold out forever, so uncertainty must yield by slow degrees—thanks to the Wisdom which has made this nature any thing but constant or *Pordonnance de la nature; un éperon, (pour traduire l'extravagance de Shakspeare,) un éperon à piquer les flancs à notre dessein.*

We think there are observations to a similar effect in one of the notes to "Isidore." In either case they are only not impertinent because it is a fashion of the day to consider men and women the same in all things, except—in being different.

consistent(1). And so one day, when Margaret had seemed particularly gentle, or I was more than ever deep in folly, I accosted her again.

“Miss Margaret”——

The head was turned from me a little——very little way, and the delicate foot stepped quicker than before.

“Miss Margaret”——(my voice trembled like a guilty schoolboy’s deprecating flagellation——) “I was hasty when I last addressed you——very hasty, I own it; but I felt that I was wronged by your reproaches, since you must have known that nothing could be further from my thoughts than an intention to offend you. Nay, Miss Margaret, do not turn away——surely if any man has a right to speak to you uncalled on, I have——not merely as a neighbour”——

(1) A man may say this *seriously*, and have good reason for it, may he not?

(my voice was still a little tremulous, but vehement and clear—) “but in reward of my long, steady, and respectful attention. We are *not* strangers to each other, Miss Margaret: if we have not held intercourse by speech, my eyes have long told you what I only waited opportunity to whisper to your ear. Yet you still disdain to listen to me—and even now shrink from my side as if I were an object of aversion.”

“You know, sir, the difference in our conditions.”

This was coming to the point indeed! I felt it so. Moreover, it struck me that the language was studied and premeditated. Yet well I marked the accent; and strangely mixed it was of decision and timidity.— I answered with sufficient readiness:

“Love, Miss Margaret, takes no notice of conditions. Besides, if I am willing to

pass this difference, I cannot see why you should stop to measure it. This is an excess of caution, permit me to say it, that does more injury to my honour than credit to your own justice." Mark how easy it is to practise seduction, even unintentionally(1)! Without designing wrong, *I was using the language of a seducer*; and to an evil profit.

I had been too violent—too roughly honest—(I say it—honest,) in my vindication; for Margaret, with some asperity, desired me to leave her.

"O! this is too unkind," I urged, per-

(1) Precisely so. When we are bent to persuade, we use those arguments which we think are most likely to avail us, without stopping to examine them. A lover, thus, in the heat of the moment will say what he should not say, though at the time his conscience cannot well reproach him. There is such a thing as a man's being *damnably* honest.

sisting, "too unjust! Why will you not hear me? At least that, if we then part. Can my *words* do you so much injury? Or is it my presence that offends you?"

"It is, it is. Leave me, sir—leave me directly. Your company is in—is in—it is an insult."

My devilish temper! I could not stand this treatment: though to a more experienced, and cooler hand, the feminine agitation, the affected anger and real uncertainty of the girl's voice and manner, speaking a fear of herself rather than dislike of her admirer, would have neutralized all there was of acid in her mere language.

"Very well," I exclaimed passionately, "I *will* leave you! Only for the future, Miss Margaret, have the common charity not to delude beggars by holding out the hand you never mean to open to them. Give me no encouragement, I say; take

no notice of my folly when you see me weak enough to gaze upon you."

"I never did give you encouragement. I never once looked at you—no more than I have at other men."

"Fool—fool—that I am!"

And thus ended the ridiculous scene with the utter discomfiture and precipitate retreat of the hero! Childhood—childhood at nineteen! I crush my pen to think on it.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER, and another, equal and similar scene of folly. They must come. I tie myself down to the wearisome detail: not merely that the wantonness it points to, and explains, is the keystone, so to speak, to my brief history,—a fraction,—yet without which my sum of misery could not be counted; but because I would do service to spirits like mine own, (I would say like mine *was*, before it knew contamination,) by showing them how easily the generous mind may be led to the commission of the foulest wrong, and of the basest, as the meanest, of crimes.

I hold, as it were, a lantern in the vault of Error, that these who follow me may see the steps down which myself have been precipitated darkling.

CHAPTER XVI.

WERE it asked how all this tallies with my boasted moral knowledge, I should answer, Do men always *practise what they know?* or square their actions with their cautious precepts? Is not love,—as well the love confirmed by habit and made reasonable by esteem, as the momentary passion,—is it not a moral intoxication, under which we are aware we stagger and talk thick, yet have no power to steady step or tongue? I knew that no acknowledgment of sympathy could be expected from my neighbour: for I held as an opinion, that all women, where the heart is put to commerce with the heart of men, are hypocrites—false in despite of themselves,—the very delicacy demanded of their sex en-

forcing them to mask their feelings, and disown them—unequivocally when they are once asserted to exist(1). I knew it

(1) En dépit qu'elles en aient? Vraiment, cela est bien complaisant de notre poète, mais peu philosophique. Comme qui dirait que les femmes, (que Dieu les bénisse!) ne prennent pas plaisir à se tirer d'affaire par ces petites innocentes échappatoires-là! Il faut nous inscrire en faux contre cette proposition galante. Voyons-y.

Quoi qu'on en puisse dire, tenez ceci pour une vérité incontestable: Jamais femme, qui était femme, eut la sincérité d'un honnête homme. Aux meilleures de ce sexe le but justifie toujours le moyen, et un mensonge, s'il vient à propos, n'en coûte qu'autant de paroles—ou qu'une grimace au plus.

Sans doute plus le naturel des femmes s'éloigne de celui des hommes plus leur morale s'affaiblit(a), et chez celles qui sont très-femmes il n'y a guère d'autre guide pour la conduite que le

(a) Et à grand profit. Comme on a dit plus bas, c'est-là leur plus puissant charme. Une femme qui obéit à son

well. Moreover, I had marked at all times, even when in full career, borne on-

seul caprice(b). Du reste, ce qui est encore de plus étrange c'est que c'est effectivement ce caprice-là qui est le plus fort de tous les fils dont elles se servent pour nous attirer, nous autres hommes, et nous attacher à elles.

C'est rebrousser poil que parler ainsi(c). Soit. Quoique tout le monde se récrie contre, cela ne laisse pas d'être vrai.

jugement ne plait qu'à peu de monde. Elle s'attire peut-être beaucoup d'estime, point d'amour. Elle est "Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cycno:" on la regarde avec empressement, mais n'a point d'envie de posséder ses plumes. On s'en passe d'oiseaux de cette sorte-là sans difficulté.

Mais, c'est grand'pitié! Dites. Je n'en sais rien; je prends les choses comme elles viennent. Toutefois, vous pouvez m'en croire; c'est l'évangile.

(b) Il y a des occasions quand un homme fait ce qui est juste par la seule conscience. Alors il dit, *C'est mon devoir*: cela suffit. Une femme dit, *C'est plaisant, C'est convenable*, *Je ne veux*. Quel bonheur pour elle, et pour nous, que ses désirs ne tendent presque jamais qu'à des bagatelles!

(c) Quelques-uns m'ont déjà fait l'honneur de m'appeler

ward by the unchecked vivacity of my mettled temper, I had marked, with the cunning of a leech, all changes in the girl's demeanour, and gathered from them sure prognostics of the case. I knew besides, and credited, as I do still, the proverb which tells us that the fortress which parleys, and the woman that listens, will both surrender. I knew all this: yet when the time for action came about, invariably my feelings gave my knowledge the slip, and left her just behind to chafe and murmur at their progress.

I could easily imagine how stood the little world within Miss Margaret all this time. It had, I believe, no passions like my own, strong and rebellious, to threaten its subversion; but there was an interregnum in the petty government, and matters

grossier. Peut-être ont-ils raison. Je le suis, si l'on veut, à l'égard de mes discours, et ils le sont, je suppose, par leurs procédés.

were of course in sad disorder. New-born Love, scarce conscious of his own existence, lay struggling with the helplessness of infancy, and moved his little limbs for help, while loud officious Vanity, shy maiden-like Timidity, and feeble Prudence, low-voiced, though harsh of feature, were jarring, and distracting the kingdom with their rival claims, masters as well as ministers to the baby monarch.

They were no suggestions of my vanity that led me to suppose this state of mind for my fair and most coy neighbour. Vanity is a weakness which, I may safely say, never ruled my counsels when women were in question. I knew too well that this equitable sex seldom admire but where they are admired, and never offer love till a similar present has been made to them in form, sometimes not even then. Margaret would doubtless have preferred me to a monster: but had the monster held a

mirror to her eyes, while Julian kept one merely for his own, the monster must have proved the better man. "Beauty and the Beast" has more than one moral.

It was not self-flattery then which fattered my belief. So far indeed I was from being satisfied of the reasonableness of my conjectures, that I usually destroyed one day the structure I had raised the preceding, and laid by night foundations that were sure to vanish on the morrow. In a word: what my observation and my judgment inclined me to believe, the jealousy of passion, suspicious, from its very sensitiveness, of the sincerity of a return, and the habitual mistrust I had taught myself for woman's innate art, made me welcome with diffidence, and frequently repel with scepticism. And as I oscillated between hope and doubt, so Margaret vacillated amongst more points than she could count—or I account for. On my part, masculine

ardour curvetting under the manege of acquired craft, on hers feminine caprice and inborn art,—a pretty train they were leading me!

Week trod upon the heels of week in fickle weather, the alternate cold and warmth, sunshine and cloud, that form Love's atmosphere of changes. Then came a spell of more than usual brightness, and melted by its rays my doubts all vanished, and my reluctance to encounter Margaret's disdain yielded suddenly to the very first occasion.

“In despite of myself, Miss Margaret, I again run the risk of your unkind treatment.” (Why must I play the fool and be always putting it into her woman's head to treat me unkindly!) “You will not refuse to listen to me now, I trust.” (She turned her head aside, and walked more rapidly.) “Nay, why will you persist in

this strange behaviour? Why will you treat me thus, when you *must* know, when you must *feel*, that I can have no intention to offend you? Miss Margaret, I would risk my life ere a single hair of your head should be injured; is it likely then that I should have the most remote idea of offering you an insult? You cannot—you do not, believe it!”

It will be perceived that, in my interviews with Margaret, invariably I commenced with some silly speech which I had previously prepared; but that something was always sure to intervene to make me forget the line of conduct I had purposed to pursue; and that the end of our brief dialogues was more in accordance with my temper than their beginning.

Margaret replied, and with her usual agitation: “Leave me, sir—or I will complain of you—to my mother.” It was no

by my honour, foul wrong! Have I acted like one that sought to take advantage of the circumstance you mention?" (I had most certainly.) "Have not my actions ever marked"—

"Leave me, sir."

"Then—Then, since you will force me to remind you of it, why have you given encouragement to my folly, when you meant, all the time, to disappoint it?"—

"I did not—I never did give you encouragement."

"Pardon me, you have indeed told me so again and again; and again and again your actions have contradicted your assertions. In future, Miss Margaret"—(She began to walk at a tremendous rate—) "In future, I say, remember never to look as you have done! never to make with the eye acknowledgments which you knew I am the vain fool to interpret as welcoming my

admiration, and which I must consider so as long as you repeat them! Be generous enough"—

I was interrupted. Margaret while I spoke had seemed to be ready to burst with passion; and now, the explosion was sufficiently abrupt and singular. She said,—panting as if under the saddle of an incubus—"You have followed me like a little dog!" (*Little!* I stand six feet in my stockings!)

"Yes, Miss Margaret," I rejoined with bitterness, "*that is whistled after.*" As the words issued through my teeth, the lady crossed the street, and left me the satisfaction to add to the empty air, and whatever other things might be in hearing: "But I shall follow you no longer. For the future some other cur must serve your turn."

A man of sense would have shouted to

himself, "On my life, she loves me! or she never would take the trouble to abuse me. Women don't fling dogs at men they hate—ay, or are indifferent to:" I went home, and screamed aloud, "To be so insulted! ridiculed! made an ass of! and by a"——*sewing-girl*, I did not add.

Instead of laughing at the absurd mixture of childishness and womanly spirit which Margaret had displayed, I whipped myself into a comfortable passion in my study, by retracing a scene which should have convinced me,—and had so done, were I reasoning on it for another,—that the girl stood more than ever in my danger, and that my own want of self-command was to be censured, not her unmeaning epithets, which were let fall as the first that came to hand, and because, while she wished to hide from me her real feelings, she thought the abuse was called for

by maiden modesty: instead of being amused with all this play of nature, I gave way to irritated pride; and it was many months before I could bear to think of the affair with any thing like equanimity.

I no longer practised my occasional little gallantries at the open window; but, keeping close behind the blinds, I watched the enemy, and found the strange creature using, in despite of all my warnings, the very same artifices which had before deceived me, and showing ten times the lover-like solicitude and voluptuous pensiveness she had ever before betrayed. The devil was in her surely! No—she was a woman.

One evening, some two months after this event, Margaret had an unusual concourse of friends at tea with her, both male and female. Ensnconced behind the window of the dining-room, I looked into my neigh-

hour's modest parlour, and watched the whole proceedings of the party. It was not merely to contemplate Margaret's beauty that I played the spy upon her actions, but through a solicitude, which I was constantly indulging, of discovering aught in her behaviour that should either confirm my high opinion of her character, or, by showing me I was deceived, dissipate at once my fond delusion. Though I need not assure the reader that many chances offered for the latter object of which I never made the use I promised myself.

All went on well at first. Margaret's elegant figure showed to great advantage as she moved about in quality of hostess, and her manners appeared to my partial judgment to be far above her station. I was vexed however that she should be gay—forgetting that I could be gay myself in company, yet think of her the while—and

consequently I was not in the best of humours to witness the many little liberties that pass between the sexes in that sphere of life.

Presently one of the young men attempted to snatch a kiss from Margaret. She escaped, and ran round a table which was in the centre of the room. I followed the chase with my eyes, my heart beating the whilst as if it would break its prison. Suddenly the girl darted from the room; the street door opened; and I saw her rush out with the impertinent behind her.

To spring after them was the thought and execution of one moment. I had no object, nothing but an insensate and indefinite jealousy to urge me to this mad extent of folly. They stopped before a church at no great distance. The boy attempted no liberty, and as I had had the sense to clap a hat upon my head, passed me without sus-

picion. For a long long minute I leaned against the iron rails of the church fence, and was sick to faintness.

I relate this petty incident to evidence the passion of my temper and the strength of the feeling which blinded me for Margaret Mancel.

The next day I bade adieu to my loved study, and set out for the country.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was late in autumn. I had returned to my home, my sister, and my books. I had returned to Margaret too; for her dear eyes still had power on me. I had ceased to hope to win her to my love,—my friendship, as I chose to call it; but I could not deny myself the luxury of watching the beautiful girl, when, resting on her arm, her lustrous eyes upturned and fixed upon my window, she would sit for many minutes gazing thus, with a melancholy tenderness of appeal in her whole manner that seemed to say to me, Can you be angry with me for what I do not of my will? I reeled in the intoxication of the pleasure: but my pride sustained me; for I knew that Margaret looked but to betray, and I felt

assured that to be tempted was only to expose myself to fresh confusion.

It was late in autumn, on an afternoon which threatened rain. I was returning from a solitary walk, when my attention was drawn to a young and well dressed girl who was endeavouring to escape the importunities of a drunken wretch who, staggering about her, was peering insolently under her bonnet. The girl was Margaret. I came up with them, just when the fellow had actually contrived to hem her in against a wall, as you have seen a player at draughts confine a weak antagonist in a corner of the draught-board. The frightened girl stretched out her hands to me, and implored my aid in a tone of delighted relief that went to my heart. I flung the obscene brute into the kennel, walked a step or two beside Margaret in silence, and then said, "The way is clear now. I will leave you."

“Yes—thank you”—she replied, stammering,—“I can go alone now—I—I don’t think it will rain.”

Rain? Was this a hint? The drops were indeed beginning to fall. How could I help offering my umbrella, and holding it over her?

Not a word was said. We walked close; so close together that we touched. It could not be avoided. The contact made me shiver. Margaret timidly shrunk from me. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously beneath the modest shawl that wrapped it, and betrayed her agitation to increase my own. Had I spoken, it would have been better: silence gives such scope to thought. Margaret’s confusion grew still greater. She stumbled; and would have fallen but for my support.

“I see,” I said with trembling, “that I must lead you my assistance, whether you

will or no. And why not?" I added low, as I gently passed within my own the little arm I still retained—"Why not, Miss Margaret? Chance has made us neighbours, and Fate seems to will it that we should be friends. Why not yield to her direction, forget the past, and let this meeting, which is of her own contriving, be the first of our acquaintance?"

As usual with me, I was getting on too fast. My companion drew her arm from mine, and seemed to be about to leave me. I took the warning in time, changed the subject artfully, and for the rest of the way, which I took care should have no short cuts, we were excellent companions. Margaret indeed spoke little; but she listened most eloquently.

When we came to the head of the street which led to both our houses, I said: "For your sake, Miss Margaret, we must part

here. Take the umbrella with you; but keep it till I send for it. Good bye." To my surprise, she showed no symptom of offended pride; but did as I desired her: and this accidental meeting proved indeed "the first of our acquaintance."

CHAPTER XVIII.

I NEED not detail how next we met; nor how, from passively receiving my attentions, Margaret began to respond to them; nor how, from meeting apparently without design, we soon forgot this compliment to delicacy, and found the termination of one interview regularly inviting to the appointment of the next: but I must relate how Margaret was taught my true intentions, and what reception they encountered.

One moonlight evening, when we had met as usual, I proposed that we should take a turn in —— Park. The disclosure which I meditated was trembling on my lips, and the lateness of the season promised the perfect solitude I needed to carry through my purpose.

The solemn stillness, the holy light which streamed at intervals along the avenues, the trees whose dark masses closed them in, swelling in full and beautiful relief against the brilliant heaven, the shadows which stretched diagonal across the path, grotesque and huge, and opening here and there in spots of light, shadows of treillage as it were, the plaintive murmur of the leaves, which seemed to mourn their coming dissolution and made the freedom from all sounds of living things the deeper stillness; all invited to voluptuous languor, and moved the mind to revery of love: yet I came there to dissipate the soft delusion and check the hasty current of deceitful passion.

“Do you remember, Margaret,” I said to my companion, when we had walked for some time in silence, “Do you remember what you urged to me one day before

we were acquainted? I mean—do not be offended—I mean, before you would permit me to lay claim to your acquaintance?”

No reply: but the arm that lay in mine trembled a little, and, forgetful of the night, the proud head drooped and looked towards the ground, in a natural effort to conceal emotion.

“You reminded me of the disparity in our stations. . . . Margaret, have you ever since given a thought to that subject?”

“Sir?—I—— Let us return, if you please.”

“No—pardon me—I have brought you here for the very purpose. It is necessary we should understand each other. . . . Margaret, *I* have thought of it; and it would be dishonourable in me any longer to withhold from you my real intentions as respects our future intercourse.”

Here my companion, with that suscepti-

bility which I had observed on sundry former occasions, and have described, became much agitated, almost dragging me along with her in the rapidity of her unequal step, turning aside her face as if she feared to have the light shine on it, and trembling excessively; which marks of excitement grew so violent as I proceeded, that when I ceased to speak her breathing was become actually audible. For myself, finding the matter, when once begun, more easily managed than I had looked for, I continued with all the firmness I could desire.

“Marriage between us, Margaret,—I must speak it plainly,—is *impossible*. It *never* can be. To enjoy your love on other terms—Nay, do be patient—you have no cause for anger—such a course, I tell thee, were as much beneath the honour of Julian Farquharson to adopt, as it were degrad-

ing to either of us to dream of it! But—there is another union, Margaret, purer, loftier, which requires in us but the subjugation of our passions to make us happier and better in each other's society than we could ever hope to be apart. Tell me; have you what is termed a friend? I mean, of your own sex; one on whose sympathy you love to lean, and in whose confidence and true affection you find your pleasures best participated, and your griefs most fondly solaced? the inciter of your highest virtues, and the corrector of your little weaknesses; your counsel and partaker in the hour of joy, and your firm support in every time of trial? Have you such a one? You need not answer me. I know you have not. I know that *you* would never look for such in your own class of life—and no where, trust me, would you meet with such in women. I too am lonely, Margaret. I too

have no friend in whose fond bosom I could look for sympathy—none who would listen to my idle fancies without weariness, or who would deem it worth his while to soothe my sorrows to repose. For *me*, such a friend, fond without weakness, kind without deceit, such a friend, for *me*, must not be man. I love my sister—I revere and cherish her; but Nature, in making us of kin, denied the right and wish of closer intimacy(1). It is to thee, to thee alone, Margaret, that I look. Say then, shall we not be friends? friends, dear and intimate, as I have spoken of them?”

“I—I do not understand you, sir. I—I do not. It is growing late—let us go. Let me go, Mr. Farquharson.”

“Nay, but a moment longer. I will re-

(1) What a sophister is Love! I believe he would insinuate craft into the bosom of an angel, and might refine the subtlety of the old Serpent himself.

turn with you then, Margaret; only listen to me now. Let me explain myself. I am too extravagant perhaps. I will be plainer. You will listen to me? You will believe me, and trust me?

“Margaret, I have long loved you—loved you sincerely, and tenderly. Never was purer, more disinterested affection felt by man for woman than that I bear to you. It looks for no gratification at the expense of your honour or your happiness, it seeks for no advantage but by and through your own. Among my first day-dreams, from my earliest youth, I nourished the idea of one day meeting with some lovely and gentle being of your sex, whose mind twin spirit of my own I might fashion on a like model, till she was become a second self, a counterpart of my own essence in a brighter mould. I thought with rapture of our intercourse, I dwelt in fancy on the

close communion of our spirits, when I should have taught her all the secret knowledge of my own mind, when I should have opened to her wondering eyes the treasures of my reason and imagination, and bid her share them with me, for they were all hers. I hung in pictured ecstasy on the breathing of her praise, I watched with fancied intoxication of delight the glow of admiration on her cheek, and the fire of reciprocated feeling in her eye. Genius seemed to reign triumphant in her forehead, and affection, kindled by gratitude and by awakened sympathy, to animate each sparkling feature. I clasped the expanded spirit to my own, and found them grow immortal. Ah, Margaret,—when I gazed on thee, and read in thy expressive beauty that my glorious visions might at length be realized, could you blame me that I spread my arms to welcome such a fortune, and tried my

best to make it dwell with me? Tell me, shall we not be friends, friends of this new fashion? O! I will teach thee, Margaret, more than in thy fondest aspiration thou could'st ever dream to know, yet which thou shalt deem all simple, falling from the impassioned lips of love! I will discourse to thee of man's dark heart, unfold its inmost cabinets, and dustiest recesses, to thy clear research, or, mounting with thee nigher heaven, show how the eternal stars roll on their courses, or tell thee how the hand of God swept together through the illimitable ether the senseless particles that made the mass of chaos, from whose fated coalescence the round world rose in the abysm, the soil put forth her varied vegetation, and countless tribes of procreative being swarmed vivacious in the new-hung sphere. Or—But I am talking wild in my enthusiasm. Do, tell me, Margaret—dear

Margaret—may not all this be? Shall we not share together this elysium?”

I had clasped the dear 'girl's hand in mine; and in the ardour of my proposed friendship I passed about her little waist the arm I had at liberty, and pressed her to assent. She resisted me but faintly, raised her lustrous eyes, on which the moonlight was directly shining, met my own orbs, glowing doubtless with the ecstasy of my *improvisation*, then gently bending down her head, sighed—but made no reply.

“Speak, dear girl. We cannot, must not for both our sakes, be aught else to one another; but we may, we should, be friends.”

“*Friends?*” The murmur of the lips that faintly thus repeated my last word, told of sad disappointment, softened by the tenderness of feelings which our interview,

under all the circumstances, had not failed to excite.

“Yes, friends—such as we are now. Surely you do not wish that we should cease to be such—do you, Margaret?”

Margaret sighed again, but not so sadly as before, and once more looked up to my face; and her tone was even cheerful, as she answered softly with her most melodious of voices:

“Well. But let us go now, Mr. Farquharson, or we shall have to pass the night here: they are locking the gates.”

“Yes, but call me Julian. Friends do not Miss and Mr. one another.”

“Well then—*Julian*”—(I could feel her thrill at the first pronouncing of my name—)
“it’s a sweet name too—when will you give me these pretty lessons, and tell me of the stars, and sky, and all these wondrous things? Shall it be soon? I think the night to-morrow will be clear.”

“Sweet! Yes, I will tell thee of the stars, and of the sky, and of what is brighter still than these, and more seducing to the thoughts to muse upon,—thy beauty, Margaret.”

“Let us go.”

We turned to quit the walk. The moon, I have said, shone through the screen-work of the grove; here giving light, there throwing shadow. We stopped beneath a tree one little moment. No eye was near to watch us; both Margaret's hands were folded in mine own; the modest leaves hid Margaret's blushes from the tell-tale light; and so—

Our contract was of friendship; but the seal we put upon it was the kiss of love.

CHAPTER XIX.

Now all was joy within my breast. Margaret's mind proved what I had imagined it; and though her temper was quick, at times exceedingly tormenting, yet in her fonder moods she was so soft of soul, so winning from the sweetness of her voice, that I drew almost unmixed delight from every interview; the more so that her naturally arbitrary disposition was yielding gradually and involuntarily to the yoke of my still more imperious and stronger spirit. My mother and my sister wondered, but were happy, at my increased gayety; and my uncle with his own *thin* smile remarked, that *the work must be drawing to a close, our student was in such fine spirits*. I was in too good a humour then to

translate him closely, and I believe I even smiled, sincerely, in return.

Soon the weather grew too foul for walking. The fogs, the rain, and the cold, of drear November, forbade my taking Margaret abroad. I persuaded her to let me see her at her home: and when her mother was retired for the night, I tapped at the house-door, and my neighbour with her own fair hand admitted me all darkling to the little parlour, where we sate for hours together with no other light than what the street afforded through the uncurtained window.

Alas! we now discoursed but rarely on my darling themes. The flimsy mask of friendship began too to slip aside. The very lowness of the tones in which we were obliged to speak, the hour, the close contact of our persons, the habit of our intimacy, which each new day was strengthening,

and adding to its passionate sensibility, all suggested thoughts that were too warm for friends. And often we would sit in silence, side by side, the greater part of our interview, wrapped in the dangerous communion of our hearts, Margaret's little hand in mine, her head inclined upon my shoulder, the fragrant hair pressed by my warm cheek and trembling lips, and my burning breath, expired audibly, felt and heard with treacherous distinctness. Thus would we sit, counting the feverish pulses of each other's fingers as they beat voluptuously together, while now and then a sigh would break from the full soul that, listened and responded to, made the excited nerves quiver with ecstasy. It was a perilous, most perilous, intercourse. It came to a speedy and a sudden termination.

I was seated with Margaret one evening,

precisely in the manner I have just described. We had ceased to speak for many, many minutes. Where Margaret's thoughts were fixed, or whither wandering, I know not; but I remarked that she was fonder even than her wont. Her sighs were more frequent, more prolonged; and her delicate frame, as it leaned deliciously upon my arm, thrilled and trembled to the very ends of the small fingers. Suddenly she sighed heavily, and a single tear fell hot upon my hand. My heart bounded. I knew it was not *pain* had caused those sighs, this tear.

“Are you not well, Margaret?” I whispered. The tremulous yet sweetly earnest and affectionate tone of my voice betrayed but too much feeling.

“Not well? *Oh! Julian!*” murmured the beautiful girl; when, as if prompted by some uncontrollable emotion,

she raised my hand impetuously, and pressed it with ardour to her glowing lips.

My blood took fire, my brain reeled; I drew my arm still closer round the slender waist, and strained the impassioned creature to my breast. Our hearts beat together, heart to heart, wildly and loud; yet Margaret drew not back. She put her own arm round my neck; she raised her face to mine; "Dear, dear Julian!" I heard her murmur; and our hot lips met, were pressed, glued, convulsively, deliriously together.

A light flashed down upon my eyes. I looked up. Its pure rays issued from the bedroom of my sister. It lingered a moment: the waiting-maid closed the shutter: and we were in the dark again. But I was saved. Pure spirit, who could think on thee, and sin in, as it were, thy very presence!

“Good night—Margaret—Good night!”

“My God!—What—? Julian—will you leave me?—so soon?—so abruptly? Will you leave me, Julian?”

“Will I leave you? Would I shut the gates of hell, were they opening to enclose you? Good night—Margaret—Good night for ever!”

“Julian!—Sir—Mr. Farquharson! He is gone! No. . . . Dear Julian, say, is it I that have offended you? Have I been too free? O! have I been guilty?”

“Loose me, Margaret! Loose me, I say—I beg of you! Nay—it is for your own sake, dear girl. I am a mad, rude spirit—and I act hastily, unkindly, in my vehemence; but believe me, Margaret, it is not meant. Yet—once again—Good night. One kiss. Thus” . . .

“You will not leave me then so soon? One hour more—one little hour, Julian?”

“One hour? A dozen! We will sit, love, till the morning breaks; and the fleeting hours shall seem so many minutes, ended ere they’re well begun. There—this is my seat: let us sit. Sit down. Sweet, you are too maidenly; lean on my breast; can the night betray your blushes?”

“Julian”—

“Love?”

“I fear you are too hasty, too fiery to be long constant”—

“So? I must close those false little lips: they speak treason. There, naughty one; and there; and there! Sure, Paradise is in thy breath!”

“Nay—fie now—you will wake my mother. Ah Julian! How your breath heaves! And your heart beats so loud you may hear it in this stillness. You are too passionate, I fear me, to be true: hot love, they tell us, Julian, soon grows

cold. Is it so? Ju Julian
re release me! in the name of
God! Ah! We must meet here no
more, and at this hour: Margaret is too
fond; and you will swear to love her, and
will leave her."

"Leave thee? O, thou art too dear
to me! By these eyes whose lids I kiss
—by these soft cheeks—these lips of roses
—Margaret, never! *My sister's
light breaks through the crevice!* Perdi-
tion! Good night—*for ever!*"

I darted from the room—I rushed from
the house, without caring for the noise I
made, and gained the street—my door.

Eunice! dear sister! *Thou hast saved
me!*

CHAPTER XX.

Letter to Margaret.

I HAVE been the fool of my imagination—the dupe of a dream! I am now awake. Farewell—farewell forever, Margaret! In two days I shall be in France. We meet not again. Friends we cannot be: if we meet again, 't will be as lovers: and as such we must no more encounter. It would cost thee too dear, and afford me but a short-lived satisfaction. Do not reproach me; I am already wild with thinking. God knows I never meant you wrong—and I believe I have done you none. If led away by the ardour of my temperament I have taught you what it were better you had been left ignorant of, the secrets of your own bo-

som, may the real good I flatter myself I have done you, by drawing out the hidden powers of your mind and setting them upon their course, be put in balance against the unmeditated evil.

Heaven bless you, Margaret! I enclose a ring. Wear it, not as a token of my affection, but as a remembrance of a danger happily escaped, and a pledge of security for the future. Like this jewel is thine honour, Margaret; spotless and brilliant. The hot breath of passion dulled its lustre for a moment, but has left it without flaw. O, may no similar encounter ever again subject it to even a momentary dimness!

Farewell! If you feel but a pang at this parting, let your imagination swell it to a pitch next key to madness, and you may conceive what I suffer in the conflict between duty and passion.

The Reply.

Julian! Julian! take me with you! I will fly with you! You shall not part from me! Friend, lover, mistress, any thing,—make me what you please; I will be all to you,—every thing—or nothing—so that I be not from you! Talk not to me of danger: no state can be so dreadful as the void where Julian is not, where Julian will not come! O, take me with you, false, cruel, deceitful, Julian! Why tell me of duty and of honour! What should duty or honour be doing where faith and constancy are not? Ah, did you love me, you would not reason on my danger! you would not calculate it. But it is not mine—it is your own, affrights you.

I am writing wildly, I fear; but I have bid Manuel wait; and I write in agony that were enough distracting without this hurry. But why do you go at all? Why

should you fear? or what? Is it *me* you dread? Could you write this to me without blushing? I should be angry; I feel I should; but Margaret's love is too strong to suffer resentment to chase it from her bosom. Dear, dear, Julian! Will you leave me? Will you leave your friend, your pupil? We were so happy together! What should suggest this madness to you—this sudden frenzy? except it be that you have changed in a little, very little time, and are no more *my* Julian—the Julian who has formed me, and made me all I am, by rendering me a part of him—living only in his nature.—Yet it cannot be either. I weep to think it. And I would tear this scrawl, nor send the blotted record of my weakness, but that time presses and I must try some effort to bring back your false heart. Manuel knocks. Julian, I *will* write it—come of it what may! I am yours

—or nothing. Take me with you! make me what you please; but leave me not behind!

I shall be in misery worse than death till your reply. Let it be but to bid me come—to tell me that we shall not part—and call me by what name you please: I will bear it all; I will—I will indeed! O, take me with you, dear, dear, Julian!

Second Letter to Margaret.

Are you mad? Or would you drive me so? Margaret! Margaret! think of what you do. Grief or disappointment has made you forget your own nature and what you owe to your sex as woman. *I* take you with me? *You* be my *mistress*? Name it not! Think not of it for a moment, imprudent, unreasonable girl! But you know not what you write; and were it my place to blame you, when the fault is all

mine own, how could I, when I feel distracted myself—and see nothing clear before me—nothing, Margaret, but the rock you would dash against, and which you do not see, whose perils you cannot know. You would go with me? For what? I shame to write it to you—to remind you of my own weakness—or the force of our mutual passion; but hear me, dear, confiding, thoughtless girl. Hear me, I say, Margaret! Rather than see you what you tremble not to think of, nor blush to name; because you know not what you mean, and see not what you write; rather than plunge you into such misery—I would stab you with my own hand—and suffer for a righteous and merciful deed. I must *go* from you; and I must go *alone*. Your very letter is an argument for my departure. A passion so ardent as that which is drying up the reason of our youth, and would re-

duce us morally to ashes, is not to be trusted one moment. If we meet again, I tell thee, we meet to thy dishonour, and my own eternal shame and remorse! I write with apparent coolness—but I burn in a hell of feeling, whose torments, could you witness them, would move you to pity and a better sense of my conduct than I fear you will at present experience. Good b'ye. Think not of me again; or think of me but as a friend—a real friend—whom you will show best love to, by doing what you know will best please him. I speak of the cultivation of your mind: make that but what I have made it easy for you to make it, and I shall have less cause to reproach myself. . . . Farewell. Think not of seeing me; expect not to hear from me. When time has wrought a change for both of us—and which I will know to calculate—I will be back. JULIAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TWELVEMONTH passed in exile—I was home again.

The young and the romantic, and the moral aged and demi-wise, will think that I was unsuccessful, and Margaret unforgotten. Self-flattering humanity will whisper it. But self-flattery is wall-eyed, and humanity would have itself be thought as stable as the rock, when it is weaker than water. I am even so miserable as to have known as much of love as most men, and I know that love as an impression must yield to new impressions, which efface it, and that it is none but the infirm of mind who, excluding all fresher feelings to brood upon one cherished passion, pine with ungratified desire. But we need not experience to

teach this knowledge. He who sees the origin of all passions and affections, notes at the same time a cause for their decline. Grief, anger, liking, friendship, and dislike, wear away by time, are blunted, or suspended: and there is no reason for supposing that love forms an exception to the rule. Affections, like ideas, may be forgotten, or give place to others, until some circumstance, no matter what, calls them back, we know not how or whence, to resume their former station. The love which has burned freely for awhile, may lie smothered and to all appearance extinct in its own ashes; but a breath removes them, and the coals rekindle,—and one may have a fire—while the fuel lasts. Thus a passion of this sort has remained so long in hybernation that its very existence has been thought of with a smile, something monstrous or absurd, when lo! the re-appear-

ance of the object calls up at once the train of old familiar ideas, and though not always, still oftentimes, '*on revient à ses premières amours.*'

A twelvemonth passed, and I was home again. I was quite indifferent to Margaret I flattered myself; for while abroad I had seldom thought of my fair neighbour, except when some little French girl, looking mischievously like her, had caused the heart to flutter in me with a tribute to past frailty. And how was she! It was a natural curiosity to be gratified; and I took to my observatory.

Good Heaven! how pale she was! how thin! how sorrowful! Could it be on my account? Yet she looked no more up at my study window, she sought not to attract my attention, she never went abroad. And yet she must have known I was arrived! Hour after hour, on particular days, would

I observe her leaning mournfully upon her hand, her eyes fixed—not upon the windows of my own apartment—but, strange enough, upon other windows of the house, as though she were watching my mother, or my sister. A damning suspicion shot athwart my brain. There was more than regret or grief in Margaret's paleness. Had the devil been at work in my absence?

I watched—and watched. A feeling that was more than jealousy,—a feeling which, I almost blush now to say it,—though now only am I aware of its true character,—was in reality a shameful and libidinous regret of disappointed passion,—a feeling that made me curse my own righteousness, and execrate the timid virtue which had turned me from the field of my own tilling that others might reap the easy and to them unlaboured harvest,—a jealousy, degrading, basely animal in its

character, gave keenness to my eyes. I watched—and gnawed my heart in watching. It was but too plain; the appearances were on her! I had fled the house and left the door behind me open, that thieves might creep in darkling and strip it of its treasure: I had set a trap, and left it set for others to appropriate its profits: abomination! I had ripened the tree to bearing—nay, had shaken down its mellow fruit, and let it lie for chance gathering!

I cannot describe the hell which raged in full torments in my breast at this discovery. My nobler nature, for a moment, a long moment, for a day, a night, completely sunk, and all my fouler passions stood astride it and grinned gross triumph. And while they kept the field, I was so base, so filthily depraved, so meanly sensual, as to thirst for the polluted draught, whose waters of pleasure, when they bubbled

free for my parched appetite, and tempted with sparkling freshness, I had shrunk from tasting!

But the night of darkness passed; the morning broke, clear, holy, and reviving. I thought upon the share I had had in Margaret's too evident ruin. It was I that by my false friendship, and insidious caresses, had roused the sleeping passion in her bosom, and infused into her innocent veins the venom whose prurience no medicine of reason would allay; it was I that had dismantled the walls of her chastity, and laid the city open to the spoiler. I thought—I groaned in spirit—and my heart wept. Alas! the tears of remorse fall like rain upon the flowers when the long drought has withered leaf and stem, and burned into the very roots of their existence.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was three weeks after my return. Night had begun to settle down upon the earth. I took my hat, threw around me my heavy foreign cloak, and thus, at the hour, and muffled in the obscurity, I love, I stole from the house to take my wonted sad and solitary walk.

It was weather of the gloomiest of black December. A heavy and motionless mass of vapour lay like a crust upon the vault of heaven; a thin, slimy mud coated the uncomfortable streets; and a cold, fine rain, which seemed to permeate the very texture of one's clothes, drizzled incessant in the unwholesome atmosphere. The sluggish silence of the lonesome street, remote from business, the uncertain light of the strag-

gling lamps, which shone dim through their wet glass and the humid air, the inhospitable and repelling gloom of the close-shut dwellings, relieved at far intervals by the glare of a butcher's shop, or by the dull red curtain in the dingy window of a spirit-dealer, were in keeping with the sombre climate of my thoughts, and I strode along with an odd feeling of satisfaction, the effect of my recluse habits and my then peculiar mood, as if I were the spirit of the fog and damp, or as if darkness, rain, and I, were made to be companions.

A gentle touch—a soft and trembling voice that breathes my name. The voice was Margaret's! It seemed the echo of my thoughts: and, I know not why, I wrapped my face the closer in the skirt of my mantle, and walked on, as if the voice, the touch, had not been real, but the illusion of a dream.

Again the touch—but bolder; and again the voice—but more imploring. Distressfully earnest, and almost choked with sobs, it called on me to stop. “Will you leave me to die in the streets?” Could it be indeed Margaret that clung to my cloak, and spoke such words as these?

“Margaret?”

“Yes: do you not know me, Jul— Mr. Farnharson, I mean. Has a twelvemonth so much changed you?”

“No—not me, Margaret; I am the same: but, O God! how has it changed you!”

She smote her hands together, and hid her face.

“Unhappy girl! How is it that we meet here? Why do you wander out alone, and at this hour, and on such a night? What have I to do with thee? What now?”

“Have I then no claim to your compassion? none? No—no! I have none. Good night, sir—God forgive you—I can die like other creatures wretched like me—I *can live like them.*”

I took her arm as she was moving off. She *had* a claim to my compassion—a strong claim. I recollected it; and I resolved that I would meet it.

“Stay, Margaret. What does all this mean? Speak to me!”

“Mean? Oh—Julian! I am a poor, unhappy girl. Why did you leave me? Why did you not let me follow you?” She burst into tears; she clung to me and hid her pale thin face in the dark folds of my mantle.

I could not be cold to her; I felt not the absurdity of our situation, thus standing shelterless amid the rain, and in the public streets.

“Poor girl!” I put my arm, still covered with my cloak, about her, and drew her like a mortified and repentant child to my bosom. “Speak, Margaret. What is it distresses you? Why have you come to seek me on such a night, when all the day is open to you? Is it merely to renew our?— *Our connection!* I grew cold at once. I thought of that connection so broken by her frailty. Never again must it be renewed! And was she come to entice me back to it?”

“Let me hide my shame in your mantle, and I will tell you. . . . My mother died this morning. The last friend I had on earth is cold in the house I can no more inhabit. I killed her: my dishonour broke her heart. She has left nothing. Our little furniture must go to pay our debts. Tomorrow—to-morrow, Julian—Margaret is without a home to shelter her, without a

bed to lie on, or a crust to eat. O, believe her, she would not appeal to your pity, were it otherwise; but—but—I cannot live the life of shame! I cannot indeed, Julian.” She sobbed; she wept sincerely.

“Lift up your head, Margaret. You have a right to claim my protection: and it is yours. You need not quit your home; or you shall change it for a better. To-morrow I will see that you are comfortable.”

She raised her head; she looked up to my face. My tone had doubtless been chilling: for, without a word in reply, she turned from me, and walked away.

Was she going home? It was strange, this deportment! I stood for a minute confounded. I then stepped quickly after her.

As I approached, I heard her sob distinctly; and ere I touched her, the poor

creature had set herself upon the cold damp stone at the door of a house, in the utter helplessness of feminine despair.

I tried to raise her. "Why, Margaret, what is this? Did you not hear me?"

"Go—Go!" she answered, motioning me away: "Leave me. I will not tax your cold, forced charity. I can starve, and rot, first; and I will—I will. Go away, Mr. Farquharson— Leave me to my misery"—and, wringing her hands, she added with a frightful mockery, "I may as well begin my trade now as a month hence."

"Margaret!"—

"Go—Go, sir—Leave me, I say, directly—unless you wish to purchase the first fruits of my common shame? You wont be my first customer, will you? *you?*" The forced levity was too much for her; the wretched girl choked at its bitterness: she again abandoned herself to tears.

How painfully did I reckon then the wages of my folly! It was *I* that had reduced her thus; but for me, the villain that had wronged and left her had never perhaps assailed her virgin heart, or had left it whole and unshaken, her mother would be living, and she were happy, because contented.

I tried again to raise her; I sought to soothe her by all the kind words and gentle blandishments that occurred to me. For a long time my efforts were ineffectual: all she would answer was to beg me to leave her, or with angry vehemence to order me begone. But at last she permitted me to draw her arm through mine, and I persuaded her to trust to my relief. I even succeeded—though with much real difficulty—in pressing my purse upon her; and promising to see her the next evening when her mother's funeral, (which I would

provide for secretly,) should be over, I left the poor orphan at the door of her now desolate home—the home I had darkened of its sunshine, and left vacant of all but doubt and despair.

O had I *then* known the name of her betrayer! had I *then* known it— But I could not ask it of her—not then. It would have seemed like referring the friendless orphan to *his* reluctant care and dishonouring protection. . . . Villain! double-damned villain!— But the time is not yet come for *thee*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“Now, Margaret, I have done my duty by you, and you are in a neighbourhood where no one knows you, and where you need not fear that prying eyes will mark your situation. Let me speak plainly. I shall see that you want nothing; but I shall visit you but rarely. While the mark of your misfortune is upon you, it would only be a sorrow to yourself to have me by, and too hard a trial for my friendship. I know not but dislike might follow.”

Margaret bowed down her head in the mortification of a proud and wounded spirit. She wept not—murmured not. The small hands crossed upon her bosom marked a resignation to my will and submission to my censure that was pleasing and affecting.

“And you will not tell me who is your betrayer?”

“Tell *you* ? you? No—no! never!”

“Well . . . perhaps it is as well. Yet you could love this serpent?” (The epithet belonged to me more properly.)
“Methinks, Margaret, the heart that was sick to death, for Julian’s absence, recovered wonderfully to learn a new affection in six little months.”

“Do not speak so bitterly, sir!. Do not! Indeed, I am not light of faith. I am a ruined creature; but my heart has never swerved a moment from its first and only affection.”

Shameless hypocrite!—I thought—Can you speak this to my face—to *me*—with the evidence of your falsehood on your very body? . . . My lips curled with scorn; and Margaret perceived they did.

“By the corpse of my poor murdered

mother!" she exclaimed, rising abruptly, and with startling vehemence,—the humility which shame had taught her, swept away by the awakened energy of her high spirit—"that mother whose heart I broke by my dishonour! By the abused and wounded soul that is even now kneeling to God for vengeance on my head(1)!—But you will not believe me—it is no matter." She sat down again, tearful and dejected.

(1) It would seem that while beautifying Margaret's mind with other knowledge, the Poet had carefully preserved it from the taint of his own fatal religious infidelity; a trait of real conscientiousness, which should not be forgotten in the balance-sheet of his imperfect but not ungenerous character. It shows moreover, like his opening chapter, that while regarding the hope of all religion as mere delusion, he was firmly convinced of its indispensableness for every state of social order; like the sermon of his life—a salutary lesson.

And from that hour, till her confinement was over, I scarcely saw the girl.

When she was recovered, I went to her, and unfolded my plans.

“Margaret,” I said, “we must now decide. . . . Are you ready to confide implicitly, and solely, in my friendship? Do you embrace my protection?”

“And what other have I to look to? What other could I wish to look to, Julian?”

I knew she had no other when I offered mine; and it was simply because of her destitution that I had offered. She could look no more to her friends, the circle she had moved in, for support or countenance; she must live with me—be under my protection,—or resort to infamy. Could I hesitate? Could she? But then the girl had added, *What other could I wish to look to?* and her voice, always musical, was at the

time so sad, so tender! so touchingly sad, so affectionately, fondly tender; and though still thin and pale, her beauty had not lost its power on my senses; the small mouth wooed forgiveness, and the large dark eyes, whose tears yet trembled on the silken lashes, seemed to say for her, *Can you doubt me, Julian?* Eternal shame! I forgot that I was treading in the soiled track of another: I took her little hand; I pressed the still red lip; and Margaret was all again to me: for I again was all weakness and passion,—man's truer nature—the naked thing itself—stripped of the mail of prudence and the scarf of refinement—governed by an impulse, joying to bask enervate in the dreamy warmth of pleasure(1.)

(1) Bitter truth: yet none but a *confesado* would have acknowledged such a shame. Unamiable as is the character of Julian, and criminal as were his actions, this is the sole point in either that is *low*.

“Well then, Margaret, we will off to France; to Switzerland. England frowns on such illegal ties as ours. Shall we go, sweet, to some other land, where men are less inquisitive and women are more free?”
“Where thou wilt, Julian? Are not all lands one, so thou art with me?”

So Margaret and I crossed to the continent together, and the little Canton of Vaud received us on its vine-clad slopes.

I know not what became of Margaret's child. She never told me. And I never asked her.

Dare we say it is the very point which brings him most to the *level* of humanity? He who can lay his hand upon his heart, and say, *I have never done any thing as filthy*, is a demigod. . . . No, no—thousands will say it—and think it: they only want eyes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEAUTIFUL Lake Lemman! Thousands have writ of thee, spoken of thee, mused enraptured on thy shelving banks, and trod in ecstasy thy shore-like strand; and other thousands shall pay like tribute to thy charms while the eternal mountains look down upon thy purple water and the green vine makes the summer welcome on thy nearer marge. I, who have seen thee in all seasons, at all times, in all changes; in storm and calm; at morning twilight when the single star rode high and bright in heaven, at roseate even, and the solemn midnight; now, in that early month, when the little hamlets on thy northern side are seen far out reflected on thy mirror, within the deeper shadow of

the hills they whiten, or when the sun sinks clear and faint of colour behind the blackening ridges of rude Meillerie(1); and now in that dearer quarter of the year(2), when day yet young flings scarce an image on thy glittering wave, save the inconstant shadow of the gull, which only then is seen to turn his white breast to thy crystal flood, or when the setting planet, throned gloriously on clouds, rich crimson, orange, and deep gold, shoots his level rays along thy surface to lighten up the glittering windows and white walls of Villeneuve(3), and dyes thy bosom lovelily a roseate reflected hue; shall it not be for me to pause upon the recollection of thy beauty? for nature—that

(1) On the south or Savoy side of the lake, facing in prospect the promenade at Vevey.

(2) Autumn.

(3) A very small but ancient town at the S. E. extremity of the lake.

nature which is nothing human, though the slave of man—ever speaks a comfort to my jaded breast. Ah! even now, dear Lemna, that I think on thee,—thou temple where the Deity invites, not drives, to prayer,—even now—scared and withered as I am in spirit—I find one small green spot still left to feel, and freshen with, the dews of thy inspiration. Let me yield a moment to their influence. . . . Yes, there—upon thy banks—my happiest hours were passed. There—a part of the nature that surrounded us—holy, pure, and beautiful, as it—I met Euphrasia.

O met too late, and known too briefly! Not three years gone it is, since with thee, Euphrasia, I wandered in those wondrous scenes—with *thee!* . . . not three years since—with thee, Euphrasia! . . . And where art thou now? O! has Heaven set us here to mock at our agonies? Is there

a thorn to every flower? Must there be a groan for every smile? Leman, thy banks are broken! thy waters are all slime! thy mountains are a chaos! Pleasure, beauty,—no more to me! The night of wo and desolation gapes for the yellow sunshine ere it struggle from her womb, and swallows it, relentless, at its birth. On with my task! On!

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT any tie between the sexes which is merely voluntary can be permanent, it will never be maintained, or believed, but by those who know men's names much better than their nature. It is with marriage as with the relation between parents and children, or between the law and the governed of the law; one rarely thinks of shaking off the chain, however galling, because of the consciousness of its infrangibility and the fashion of society. We keep to the bond *as a thing of course*. Very few dispute it, because to very few does it ever occur to dispute it. It is rarely one thinks of calling in question a universal and established custom. But where there is no necessity to bind us, the conscience that our

liberty depends upon ourselves will obtrude itself, however stealthily, and fret us into entertaining it. And what then shall give us check? Honour? *Bagatelle!* Where love exists but on one side, it is as though a living body were united to a corse. Though the bond were even a caprice of Nature's, we would cut it that the other half might live. Where there is life on neither side, the union will drop to pieces of itself.

With persons of my habits of life it is scarcely possible to maintain any of the usual domestic relations without some annoyance. Where the system is exposed to such unequal excitement the temper cannot be equable. I am naturally courageous, high-spirited, and strong of nerves, yet from watching, fasting, and long-sustained and intense mental exertion, I have often strained the powers of sensation to such a pitch of exquisite irritability, that I dread-

ed to look around me in the loneliness of my apartment, started at the echo of my own footsteps, and shuddered if the curtains of my bed rustled, or my pillow got twisted underneath my cheek, nay, sometimes woke in terror of I knew not what, while my pride of manhood and strength of reason backed my courage against the delusion and I could not bring it to obey: I am naturally good-humoured and obliging, yet by abstraction I have been rendered so irritable and ill-natured as to be really ashamed of myself: I am affectionate and fond of endearment, yet I have often driven away my dear sister with harshness, and repelled her caresses with contempt. It will be seen how thoroughly one ought to understand the ways of such an individual in order to live with him in quiet. My mother and my sister were both of gentle and submissive temper, and my

sister had so clear an insight into my character, that we agreed together very well. The latter especially seemed to love me only the more for my waywardness. Sometimes, unaware that I was occupied, she would break upon my meditation, and put to flight some favourite idea. Probably at the moment I was suffering for want of rest, dizzy from long abstinence, and I would stamp my foot impatiently, and with great asperity bid the girl begone. Eunice would turn from me meekly and with tearful eyes, and the next minute my arm would be around her neck, and stung to the heart with self-reproach I would beg her forgiveness, and we were better friends than ever. But Margaret never knew this secret charm to soothe a proud spirit; or if she did, it was not in her nature to practise it. High-spirited herself, instead of tears and meek submission, which would

have brought me to her arms at once, she retorted with reproaches, which only worked me into rage, or made me vindictively sarcastic. Hence there were frequent quarrels in our narrow household.

Moreover, the same cause which has driven me from other society was gradually weaning me from her's. I had no new ideas to gain from Margaret; and to listen to what I knew myself, when the mind was occupied with other matter, seemed flat and wearisome. The delight too I had thought to find, in making her the confidant and partner of my high aspirings and most secret and lofty meditations, soon ceased to be felt when I discovered that Margaret listened from pure complaisance, and that she better loved to look into my eyes than to hear my bold opinions. And whereas my sister—(I have no idea of comparing the two, but wish simply to contrast their different man-

agement of my temper—) and whereas my sister never was inquisitive of my seclusion, or vexed, as I have shown, at my occasional apparent coldness, but, always gentle, received with gladness what affection I bestowed, and was grateful for the gift, Margaret, on the other hand, was too exacting in her love; she complained that I left her for entire days alone, and took it ill that I sometimes passed the night away from her bed. This naturally produced estrangement, and I only sought the oftener my dear seclusion. Poor Margaret, left to herself, chafed at my indifference, and grew sullen. Our friendship hung upon a hair.

It was then that that occurred which set the knife to the frail bond of our union.

The villages and hamlets which compose the parish of Montreux, at the foot of the Dent de Jaman, are scattered picturesque

enough on the fertile and luxuriant declivity, relieving gracefully its lofty scene. But this is the charm of distance. A nearer acquaintance shows them, to an English eye, to be, if not uncleanly, at least very far from neat. It was therefore, and in order to live more retired, that I took a cottage to the east of Chillon, between the old white castle and the little town of Villeneuve. But the country on the other, or Vevey side of Chillon, has greatly the advantage in points of view: and consequently my walks were almost always in this direction.

There is a footpath cut from Veytaux(1) along the declivity of the mountain to the church at Montreux(2). It was made by the people of the former village, (and in

(1) The last village you pass, and *above* you, on your way to Chillon from Vevey.

(2) Half way between Vevey and Chillon.

the night, I am told,) simply for their convenience in attending worship, and though a very good path considering all the circumstances, is in some places extremely narrow, having the slant face of the mountain on either side, here towering hundreds of feet above your head, there stretching downward with an easy slope, planted every where with rich *vignobles*(1) to the very water's edge.

Where, in one place, the latter side of the path is abrupt, almost precipitous, in its descent, a rough rail, made of the boughs of trees with the bark still on, is set up for about a length of six or seven feet, probably to guard against the risk of accidents. The view from this precise spot is delightful. Beneath you the lake, whether placid or tempestuous, ever beautiful; before you my favourite dark Meillerie, seamed with

(1) Vine-plots.

the beds of torrents, savage, superbly menacing; on your left the Dent du Midi crested magnificent with sempiternal snow; on your right the Jorat and the Jura, bland and sunny, yet majestic; while far away, between its mountain banks, which mellow in the distance, spreads the purple water, lovely, lovelier, most lovely, to the last. Here one delights to pause upon his way; for the rest is needful, and the picture is refreshing.

I was leaning on the rail in not unpleasant sadness; for dissatisfaction at home often fits one peculiarly for the silent intercourse, the tongueless eloquence, of nature. Voices startled me; the voices of women—and speaking the language of my native isle. I turned, and observed, a servant behind them, two ladies of distinguished mein whose passage I was carelessly obstructing by keeping my feet in the middle of the

path. I bowed of course, and made way for them. One of them was young; one of them was beautiful, very beautiful; one of them spoke English with a delicately foreign accent; one of them, as with a slight inclination of the head she acknowledged my politeness, blushed at the involuntary admiration and pleasure I betrayed when my eyes met her's a single moment. O! could the mist which lay before the future have then parted, and shown to us our mingled fates, united, severed, re-united, to both dark trouble, and to each a grave, would we have threaded together the brief but perplexing maze,—anguish, misery, dishonour, bloodshed? Creatures of circumstances, slaves to the minute's action, vessels in the whirlwind of events, with helm to steer but not to save, *Yes, yes, I say!* we should. . . . It was *Euphrasie de Gironcourt*—It was my *Euphrasia*.

I took delight in nature at that time; nature, as she is well called—*nature*, by excellence—since man is art, his life a vile sophistication; I loved her well. The mountains had for me a voice, the trees were my companions(1), and the small birds which sung, made of the same ele-

(1) This thought again occurs in the poem, if we may say so of the work of prior date. We quote the stanza, as we did the others, as well in illustration of the Poet's character, as that, when hereafter published, it may not be thought a mere translation from the pages of the "Confessions."

"Here stretch'd my realm—the world of solitude!

"'Twas here I liv'd,—and but in scenes like these;

"The stars in heaven, the surge upon the flood,

"The mountain cataracts, and whisp'ring trees,

"My people, my companions. There at ease,

"The heart's beat was of joy: but, mid the crowd,

"Where dull-eyed Hate frown'd o'er the smile to please,

"Mean Scandal flatter'd, and veil'd Malice bow'd,

"I shrunk within myself,—shy, distant, cold, and proud."

Canto I. 10.

ments with myself—less, yet, if goodness were indeed greatness(1), more than I—made me smile not sneer at the gross humanity in whose livery I flaunted.

Even he who hates the world may fly to the green wood and the river's side, and find a comfort, and a compensation that will repay him, and repay him over and over again, for all he hath abandoned. The heart is yet unfrozen in him. But when the shade of the forest pleases not, nor the verdure of the bank, when the stream has

(1) If Pope's aphoristic cant be just ; that

“ An honest man's the noblest work of God ; ”

a fellow with a head like a Dutch cheese, or perhaps a born idiot, may be the *opus magnum* of Divine manipulation. And by a parity of reasoning, a toadstool, since it does no harm, if one dont take it for a mushroom, is a finer specimen of the Maker's handicraft than Vesuvius, which occasionally buries cities and makes hecatombs of incinerated humanity.


no murmur, and the birds no song, when the heart in us is old, and the sources of affection and of sympathy are ossified, when we hang to the tree sapless and useless, like the last leaf of autumn, waiting the gust that will sweep it to its fellows,—where *then* shall one bend him for relief from pain, for still forgetfulness? *Where? Where* the rain soaks through but wets not, and the chirp of the grasshopper falls as heavy on the ear as the resonant thunder.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHALL I attempt to paint Euphrasia?

On our return to England, Margaret and myself, we left Vevey at evening, for Lausanne. The sun had set all golden, and that loveliest of colours which looks a blended tint of orange, green and pink, suffused far up the western heaven; the lake lay robed in glory; and a rosy light, warm yet mellow, and delicately indistinct, as though there were some subtile and impalpable medium between it and the eye, the warmth and life of sunshine with the mellow tone and dreamy repose of moonlight, wrapt the mountains, smoothing their rude sublimity to touching gracefulness, like the flattered landscape of a fine painting. The mind yielded to the influence of

the hour, and lay lapped in the listless consciousness of voluptuous revery. Its thoughts were of love. We left Lausanne at the first peep of daybreak, to profit by the coolness of the morning. The stars had lost their glimmer, and, dim before the advancing dawn, were lessening in the west and in the pale blue middle sky; a few thin clouds of fleecy lightness, and of the most beautiful and delicate rose colour, stood motionless in the east as heralding the sun; the dew shone heavy on bush and herbage; the atmosphere had a reviving fragrance, a transparency which betokened pureness, and a freshness and buoyancy that told of youth. All was clear, serene, and cool, and vigorous,—the waking of a new day. The elastic mind quickened to the early breath of nature, and, stainless yet a moment, turned to the blue heaven with reverence devout. Its thoughts were of religion.



And such even as this contrast were Margaret and Euphrasia; the sunset, and the morning twilight. Both beautiful; but one, though spiritual, all passionate and glowing,—Psyche bending o'er the couch of Love; the other chastely delicate, and lovely from very purity,—Diana ere she was enamoured of Endymion. Such beauty was Euphrasia's as we give the angels; (yet we never make them women.) Features regular and exquisitely feminine: a brow serene and purely intellectual, shadowed by soft fine tresses of the palest brown, that shade of brown which has a life and *sunniness* of colour and seems itself expressive of a mind unstained and virginal; eyes whose colour was a mixture of the deepest blue with the darkest gray, and whose look was fascination; long they were and large, the violet-veined lids of that shape which gives both softness and perfection to the orb, and the lashes all dis-

tinged, straight, drooping, and much darker than her hair; a mouth rose-tinted, fashioned like a cherub's, and with that innocence and freshness of character and colour which, alas! even with the purest women are seldom seen much after childhood; (when she smiled, the upper lip curled upward from the pearly teeth, and rested thus a brief delightful moment,—a peculiarity which they who have been fortunate enough to witness it in beauty's lip well know to be enchanting;) a complexion very fair and transparent, but almost colourless, save underneath the eyes, where it took a darker tinge, and added much to their effect(1). Rupsia's face was all soul: the touching sadness of her eyes evinced the tenderness that is

(1) We observe that Julian's descriptions of personal beauty are all what may be termed *physical*. It is of form, of colour, of dimension, that he speaks. Yet, is he not right? Were it not so; that what is named *expression* lies in these physical con-

alone of woman's nature—of woman, when she is best and purest; while Margaret's dark orbs, quick and powerful in their glances, were never soft but when the stir of sexual passion was busy with her senses. Like Margaret's, Euphrasia's form was nearly perfect: but Margaret's step was proud, and her carriage, were her person taller and less slight, had been majestic; while Euphrasia's extreme but symmetrical slenderness, considered with her colourless complexion, looked like fragility, tingencies; how could we ever paint a portrait, or give to inanimate matter the impressed semblance of intellectual existence? We cannot catch immateriality and embody it, on canvass or in marble. We represent it by its known indexes; and a touch of the pencil, or a stroke of the chisel, converts the forehead of an idiot into the brow of Jupiter. Mind immaterial flashes forth in outline; or sleeps confessed in shadow; and immortality stands out in cubic inches.

and every motion that she made seemed to woo support. You thought, as you gazed on her, how you would like to shelter so timid and defenceless a creature, and guard her with your own broad breast from the rains, the frost, and the storms, of a wintry and ungenial world. Margaret was a being to admire, to live for; Euphrasie to love, to bless, to idolize, to die for. O! she was a creature made up of purity and winning gentleness! Her flesh was of the snowdrift, her blood was of the dew! A delicate, confiding being, such as a proud man loves to draw to his bosom and whisper courage to. I know not that thing, how poor soever or how vile, to which she could have been ungentle. And for herself—unkindness would have worn away her seraph's spirit, a harsh reproach have killed her.

CHAPTER XXVII

I SAT in Chillon Castle, sketching the *souterrain*(1). A party of ladies entered to view the place. It was the same I had met upon the mountain slope the day before, and similarly attended. When I had recognised them, I bent down my head, not to betray the pleasure which I really felt at our re-encounter, and resumed my occupation. When they had satisfied their curiosity and were about to leave, the younger expressed her surprise to her companion, that there should be nothing further worth seeing in so old a castle, once the residence of a prince of Savoy. She spoke in English; and her companion

(1) Since eternized by the erratic muse of Byron.

answered, in the same language, that there were doubtless other parts of the *château* which might repay them for a visit, but that the *gendarme* had the secret; and for his interest and ease, took care to show as little as possible, and always the same for all sorts of fees.


“Pardon the liberty,” I said, approaching them respectfully: “If you will do me the honour to look over these sketches, you will be able to satisfy yourselves at once whether it is worth your while to, look further. I have taken every point, I believe, that is of any interest in the old *château*. . . . This,” I continued, pointing to one of the drawings, as, much to my gratification, the ladies held the book between them and turned over the leaves, “this, I think, is the only part that will repay you for a visit. It is a large saloon, probably of old devoted to the ban-

quet or the council. Its marble columns, curiously carved ceiling, and antique windows, are well worth seeing, and even yet elegant."

The ladies agreed to visit the saloon; and the *gendarme's* visage being smoothed down by a bribe slyly administered, we all left the vault together. Taking advantage of my little service, I walked beside the ladies as far as the middle court of the castle, and had quite a conversation with them while the guide was gone for the keys. But when the gate was opened, and I had desired the Swiss to show the party the various other little spots which they might consider curiosities, the chapel, cemetery, &c., I could no longer in decency intrude, and we separated, with some pretty but trifling acknowledgments on the ladies' part of my brief courtesy.

Ah! when I had returned to my cottage,

how little relish did I find in Margaret's haughty beauty! The newer and more gentle graces of the stranger made me discontented with the charms I had so lately and so ardently admired. In simple charity to my companion, as well as in strict honour, I should have thought no more of my adventure, or but thought of it as of many similar incidents, pleasant while passing, pleasing to recall, and to be stored away with other little keepsakes of the memory; yet long that night I lay awake by Margaret's side, contriving plans to undermine her peace whose cheek reposed confidently upon my pillow. I was not yet in love with the unknown beauty of the mountain path and castle dungeon, nor was, I thought, about to be; but she interested my imagination, and I determined to see more of her; and when common sense suggested what the indul-



gence might lead to, and conscience was for bidding me beware, I fell asleep, to dream I was at Chillon *ciceroning* it agreeably, a modest *gendarme* of the republic of Vaud.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE dean and pastor of Montrenx was a Mons. Bridel(1), a gentleman to whom I had taken letters of introduction on my former visit to the continent. Since my present stay in his neighbourhood, with Margaret, I had not solicited his attentions, as may well be supposed; but now, setting aside this delicacy, I thought proper to renew the acquaintance; for the pastor's family received every body of consideration that visited their part of the country, and would be likely to know the party I should question them concerning.

As I turned the corner of the crooked

(1) This truly respectable man is still living, (or was in 1833,) and holds no inconsiderable rank in what I may call the *local* literature of his country.

street, whom should I see entering the very house I was about to visit but the stranger ladies themselves. Was it a fatality which sent them there? I know not. Could I believe in immortality for *man*, it would be as a fatalist.

Mr. Bridel received me kindly, and introduced me to *Madam* and *Mademoiselle de Gironcourt*. Madame de Gironcourt was, I afterwards learned, an English lady, the widow of a French exile of ancient and highly respectable family. Euphrasia was her only child.

It was with a blush from Euphrasia, and a compliment from her mother, that our previous meeting was alluded to, and gracefully opened an acquaintance which was henceforth to become so strict.

Presently we passed into the garden, which commands one of the noblest views in the world. Madame de Gironcourt

walked forward with the pastor's daughter; and, with a delight unqualified by one twinge of conscience, I devoted myself to Euphrasia.

With the lake before me, and with her beside me, the sky all beauty, and the air all balm, need I say that I was eloquent? I had no agitation to confound me, as when with Margaret; for no anxious expectation, nor long indulged desire, had unstrung my nerves. The brain felt the stimulus of pleasure free from doubt, and language flowed with a rapidity, a fervour, and a colouring from fancy, that surprised even myself. Euphrasia listened in deep silence, and seemed to feel it was her presence which inspired.

But when on my return home I found poor Margaret lonely at the window, the trace of recent tears upon her cheek, and her eyes fixed in that melancholy abstrac-

tion which excludes all outward vision, the flush of pleasure and excitement was driven back to the heart, and my unkindness to the orphan, my dishonesty, stared me in the face. Had Margaret known to profit by this revulsion of feeling, had she tried to nourish my yet surviving affection, had she thrown herself upon my faith with that uncomplaining yet tearful gentleness, and that unhesitating confidence, which are so dear to masculine pride, O! had she looked on me with those dark eyes as I have seen her look, or spoken to me with that delicious voice as I have heard her speak, all had yet been well: but no; when I approached her softly, kissed her cold cheek, and tried to soothe her with the usual unmeaning, yet well meant inquiry, of what ailed her, she turned away, and answered proudly: "Nothing more than common—You have used me to ne-

glect." There was nothing of girlish pettishness in her manner. It was womanly and strong resentment she evinced. And my own proud temper rose accordingly. Is it for her—I thought—to show resentment? Her, who first slighted my affection, and then dishonoured it? Her, to whom I am bound by no tie whatever, that is not voluntary? Whom I could this very moment No, no! I must not think so: I am bound to protect her. Yet it is unwise in her to act thus; very unwise, if not ungrateful.— When a man begins to calculate his means of doing evil, he is but a step removed from putting them to trial; and he who listens to the suggestions of Dishonour, though he do not make a friend of her, may be thought at least to treat her with civility.


CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT business had I to be visiting Euphrasia? I could not, for I would not, marry her; unless Margaret should voluntarily abandon my protection. Did I mean to play with her young feelings? to make myself amusement in angling for her maiden heart? Or, did I know myself so little as not to see the approaches of a passion which was sure to triumph over every honourable resolve if I should suffer it to gather head? No, no—No! I saw what I was doing well enough: I marked the blush upon the cheek of Euphrasie: I counted all the steps, step after step, by which we should both descend, or mount, if you prefer this word, till we were gone past all return. I saw the danger, I say,

and never winked at it. I leaned over the precipice in very wantonness, and pleased myself with growing dizzy. Why so? *Why so?* Is it not one of the inestimable privileges of humanity to be inconsistent? I am human—cursedly human—flesh and marrow.

Never go to talk to me of honour, sentiment, delicacy! I tell you I have as much of them as you, or hundred others that shall be born years after you. Lives there that man can lay a charge against my honour? Am I not a man? I have proved it I think: for I am half maddened with the privilege.

I did precisely what other reasonable beings do in like predicaments: I persisted, in despite of reason, in drinking of a pleasure whose effects were more than headache. 'Twas 'thus I argued with myself—(What a blessing men make of reason!)—



Euphrasia will love me ; for I shall make her. I shall as certainly love Euphrasia. But I never will avow it. *My* fate is fixed. I must live with Margaret; be tied to her, body and soul, for life. But I will have a holiday, and dance till my chains rattle, if they will let me. Why should I not? It cannot harm Euphrasia. When we shall have parted, she will soon forget me in new conquests, and the recollection of one brief season of gayety and beauty will help to make my dreary winter tolerable. Love never killed any body. That is but a fancy sketch of poets, a vision of romancers. . . . And so on, and so on.

This is very villainous. *It is very human.*

CHAPTER XXX.

HAUGHTY and dull Margaret, I will fly to Euphrasie. *She* has no eye of fire to kindle me to rage, no frown of ice to chill me to indifference.

Alas, alas, Margaret! we make the consequences of our misdemeanours excuses for their repetition; we are despicable wretches, men and women; and if I wronged thee, when I told myself that thou, thy coldness and ingratitude drove me forth, to seek for warmth and blandishments by other hearths, think how passion films the eye, and how gladly the drooping conscience hies to any shelter, to plume her wet feathers and recover from the rain.

Let me walk out with Euphrasie.

Behind the sunny village of Veytaux

there winds a path up to the very summit of the Dent de Jaman, where the humble *châlet* (1) peeps dimly through the mist, and the mountain herd crop their pasture through snows which never wholly melt. Glorious is the view to him who climbs that path at early dawn! The lake in miniature from horn to horn of its crescentic course; towns, villages, and hamlets; ridges on ridges of mountains, here tufted to the very peaks with giant firs, there rearing their bald grey heads, stern and unblenching, in the very front of heaven; all seen below—before him,—softly remote—sublimely proximate! Lo! the thin vapour scuds between it and his eye—the mist gathers from the valleys and the mountains' sides, and inwrap him like a mantle—he sees nothing but the ground beneath his feet—while the driving shower wets him to

(1) Cheese-hut.

the skin. Suddenly, forth bursts the sun! the grey wreath rolls before it, and like a veil raised slowly from the face of beauty, reveals the landscape dazingly magnificent.

Madame de Gironcourt would behold this scene; at least, she would ascend a brief way, if she could, the mountain path; and Euphrasia should behold it too; and I, who knew the path so well, might be their guide, if so it pleased me. Ah! too happy privilege! too blissful day! I went with them; now assisting one, and now the other; here before them, and there behind them; till Madame de Gironcourt, becoming tired, sat down upon a stone, and laughingly refused to stir a step further, since her days of romance were by: But Euphrasie, she said, was younger, and might ascend with me a little higher if she felt disposed, while she herself would wait us where she was, and philosophise

upon the difference of ages. And Euphrasia was encouraged to go with me a few steps higher.

How I blessed the rugged way which rendered my support so necessary! and with what trembling eagerness I lent my arm, or hand, to bear her up from falling.

I touched her—touched her hand—Euphrasia's; I felt the delicate pulse beat tremulous to mine through the glove which covered the soft slight fingers.

We stopped. We were within sight and call of Madame de Gironcourt; but far enough to feel that we were actually alone together.

“Shall we sketch this view? Yet—perhaps it would but spoil our pleasure. Do you not think so, Miss De Gironcourt.”

“Yes. When a landscape has real beauty that is new to me, I care not to copy it at first. It is only when the enjoy-

ment is past that I think of transferring its memory to paper."

She was silent, and looked forward on the scene. I too was silent; but I gazed on her.

And when she turned, and found my eyes rivetted too fondly on her beauty, the blood rushed to the pale cheeks of the ingenuous girl, and she bent down her head, distressed. There was deep embarrassment upon us both. Then Euphrasia said gently, "Let us go."

I sighed; but repeated after her, "Yes—*let us go.*" I would have given the world at that moment to be able to throw myself at her feet, and offer her a pure heart and unpledged honour, such as were meet for her acceptance.

But that brief moment of delight! for me—night and day, at Margaret's side or in my lonely closet, it was a constant theme

of thought, an intoxication to which I had recourse as the opium-eater sits down to his daily drug, whose operation is to bring before him reveries in which he loves to dream away his being, reckless of, or willing to endure, the misery which must follow his awaking. And for Euphrasia;—when the hot blood mounted to her innocent brow, it carried with it the vague consciousness of a feeling then first known, and whose thrill might never after be forgotten till age should have obtunded the keen senses and curdled thick the heart's free current. But age, ah me! it was not her's to know.

I have written now for eight days with but little intermission; and my task is nearly completed. The time has passed more quickly than I could have thought, and on the whole less painful. Ah! could my days be ever such! so checkered with

bright hours—or even blest with moments of self-oblivion—I might yet But no—that cannot be! Even now the shadow darkens, where Fate hangs over me and mocks relief. But why should I bring it on my rare and narrow gleam of sunshine? I will to bed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I HAVE had a dream. I went to bed after finishing the preceding chapter, quite beguiled of my misery, and lighter in heart than I have been this many a long month. Why could I not sleep in peace? Is not the day of evil all sufficient in itself, that my brain must continue even in slumber to work out my sad story, and torment me with anticipated hell?

The interior of a church; the priest ready by the altar; and Euphrasia and I upon the altar steps, in bridal attire. Yes, thus it was: the pointed windows—the pillared aisles—the railed in chancel. But the roof appeared to be the tops of lofty mountains, white with snows or dark with nodding foliage. And there was no light other than that

dim mysterious twilight atmosphere, sunless alike and moonless, which usually surrounds one in a dream, and through it the form of the priest was but indistinctly visible, as in outline, and even her who stood beside me, habited a bride, I rather felt than saw to be Euphrasia. And the ceremony commenced. And I said to Euphrasia, *Shall we sketch this view?* And it seemed to me a question meet for the occasion: and Euphrasia answered, *Yes, let us go;* and her answer also seemed a proper one. Then the church was in a blaze of light; and the priest—behold, he was my uncle! and he held on his left arm an infant, the very image of himself, the which he was apparently about to christen; for his right hand was dipped in the font. I turned to my partner: it was Margaret in matron's robe and cap that stood beside me! She smiled mali-

ciously. And the priest, sprinkling the infant's face, named it *Julian*. Then I sprang forward, and seized the masker by the robes. The child and Margaret disappeared. The lights were extinguished. I dragged my enemy down the steps of the altar—through the aisle—tearing his robes into tatters; yet he spoke not, nor struggled. We reached the churchyard—the remainder of the dress fell from him; and I saw it was a shroud which had wrapped a human body in the last stage of decomposition. The livid flesh, all cold and clammy, moved and quivered like a jelly under my touch, and the loose skin curled up in flakes, retreating as it were before the vital heat of my fingers. But the eyes glared life-like, my uncle's pale gray eyes, from the rotting sockets, and my uncle's calm chill smile played tauntingly around the jellied jaws, and all the features, though,

as it were, floating in black putridity, were still my uncle's. Then I was seized with a horrible demoniac rage, and thrust my hand desperately into the mouth between the dropping lips; and the worms crept forth, and tumbled about in heaps, abominably gay! upon my fingers; and It is too horrible. * * *

The scene was changed. I was standing in a strange apartment. On my arm lay Euphrasia, like one that had fainted,—white as a sheet, her fine hair all dishevelled, and her arms dropt helplessly beside her. By the door stood a tall man, the noblest of the race—one loved by me and honoured. His right hand covered his averted face, while the left pointed fixedly to the burden I supported. Though I knew it was Euphrasia I held, and how, yet then it seemed I looked upon her for the first time. I looked. Euphrasia was

dead. Then all was rage and confusion, and shrieks, and bloodshed; and Euphrasia became my sister, Eunice, and stretched forth her arms to the tall man, from whose side a sanguine stream appeared to spirt in one broad jet, and flooded the apartment. And every thing grew dim, and appeared to swim round with me: and for a moment I seemed to be no where, and nothing, yet still conscious of existence. And then I felt as if I were awaking from a dream; and a soft hand put a pistol, which I knew to be loaded, into mine; and another hand, that seemed a skeleton's, pressed my fingers closely on the lock. Margaret stood beside me, her proud eyes flashing malicious triumph, and her beautiful mouth distorted with a sneer, while her finger pointed to the weapon; and before me moved a skeleton shape, which, although fleshless and featureless, methought

was yet my uncle, and chattered with gumless teeth, and beckoned me with ragged finger, while its other hand held towards me, and above its head, an hour-glass, through whose measured stem the sand was dropping strangely fast; and all the joints of the vile thing clattered with a ludicrous noise and motion, as if in mockery.

Then I turned aside in disgust, and felt chill, and shivered; and my hand relaxed upon the weapon. And the skeleton beckoned more earnest than before, and rattled its dry bones; and Margaret laughed aloud, and disappeared. And with that, the bare limbs and ribs of the ghastly spectre began to assume an appearance of heat—then grew red like fire,—and blazed; while between the ribs appeared, what I had not before observed, what seemed a heart—but dry and shrivelled, and looking hard like any stone: and the flames seemed to have no

effect upon it; but there it hung, unchanged and motionless, like the pendulum of a stopped timepiece. And obscene and horrible shapes, such as childhood shadows out its devils, filled the place where Margaret had stood, and crowded on the other side of me, and around about the spectre uncle,—every where but behind me; and they grinned and gibbered, and mowed, and pointed at me their black and skinny arms; and my ears began to tingle with vile noises, and my brain to grow dizzy, and my eyes dim. And the sounds therewith grew louder,—and more confused, and the skeleton threw down his glass and beckoned with both hands,—and his head nodded on the spine as if in taunt,—and the devils drew nearer to me, narrowing their crescent,—and my disgust and irresolution grew rage and desperation,—torrents of fire seemed blazing around me, and burning

through my eyes into my brain,—I stretched out my armed hand, shook it, and sprang forward. I awoke. “Damned spirit—if thou be such! begone! Begone, I say! I’ll come to thee—if I may: thou need’st not remind me of my purpose. . . Ay! I’ll come to thee, I tell thee. . . But that’s all stuff—all wrong—wrong—wrong!”

Where am I? Was it but a dream? I lived over my life; and I—— But that cannot be! I shall sleep, I know, where no such dreams can haunt my pillow. Oh! would that sleep were come! Would it were!

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN saying *I should make Euphrasia* love me, it is not meant that such was my intention, but that this must be the unavoidable result of the indulgence of my own attachment. For though at times I am half-distracted in my notions of right and wrong, and know not what is meant by honour—and who does? yet there is a great difference in doing a thing and causing it to be done,—at least in point of fact, though in effect the cases may be just the same; and conscience, seldom stubborn while the passions keep her amused, is satisfied with the sophistry of this inconsequent distinction, and pleads innocent of all but passive guilt. Led on myself by the delicious chase of a new and pure affection, and thinking, not

unjustly, that provided I did not endeavour to knit Euphrasia's untried sympathies indissolubly with mine own, whatever temporary impression I might make upon her feelings would be set aside with the object that excited it, or be readily displaced by another, I gave myself up to the full fascination of my new idolatry, reckless, as I have before intimated, of what might happen from it to myself, and resolute to guard as far as in my power against evil consequences to Euphrasia.—I did not reflect that such affections as I was likely to excite, though they may be held in abeyance, cannot wholly be forgotten, no more than other often iterated impressions, *and are always liable to be renewed*. So vilely does Honour tamper with Right Principle, or Principle with Honour; which is it? I know not, *I*(1).

(1) It should scarcely be necessary to warn the

If Euphrasia learned to love me, I need not say; the sequel will show. I never entertained her on the subject of my passion, nor even intimated its existence by act, or look, or word, as far as I remember, except on one occasion—No, I forget the scene upon the hill. I was a fool to talk so. Could it be possible indeed to conceal a passion for a fine woman so very strictly that it should not betray itself at times in

reader against the sophistry of such remarks, as they are very evidently elicited by the mental anguish of the writer. Bitterness of feeling, from whatever cause, will often find vent in unjust sarcasm, and not unfrequently in cynical levities of expression that are directly opposite to the true moral tone of the party's character. In authors this eccentricity of self-libelling,—inverse hypocrisy, so to call it,—often has its birth in the mere vanity of genius; as, for example, in Byron, whom even Goëthe could fall into the absurd mistake of supposing all the broken-hearted things and liverless monsters he chose to advertise himself.

act, or look, or word? However, the particular occasion I refer to was as follows.

Mad. de Gironcourt resided at Montreux, and a frequent and favourite promenade of her's was the path in the declivity where I first met her with Euphrasia. I frequently joined them in this walk. One afternoon, Euphrasia and myself being in advance of her mother, who was accompanied by the pastor of Montreux, Euphrasia proposed that we should stop a moment to give them time to overtake us, as they walked but slow. Our resting place chanced to be the very spot which I think I have mentioned as having a sort of *gardefou* to enclose it.

"It was here," I remarked, "that I first had the pleasure of meeting Miss De Gironcourt. . . . *I never shall forget it.*" The observation, of no importance in itself, called for no reply, and there was silence on both sides. I leaned over the rail.

“See,” I said, “see, Miss De Gironcourt, how beautifully the setting sun tinges the snowy top of the Dent du Midi.”

“Beautifully,” replied Euphrasia; “the loveliest colour of a newly opened rose, the inner side of the leaf.”

“You return soon to England, I am told?”

“Yes,” said Euphrasia, with some surprise at the abruptness of the question. “We have been waiting for some time the return of a relative from the south. He is now expected almost immediately. The moment he arrives we shall be ready to proceed with him to Paris.”

“And as the rose tints we were now admiring so will be your recollections, if at all agreeable, of our short acquaintance. Mark, even while I speak they are gone—and the scene is left all cold and colourless as before. . . . But I”—I continued has-

tily, fearing to be interrupted by Euphrasia, if not by the party we were waiting, and who were now close at hand—"But I, Miss De Gironcourt,—if it may be permitted me to say it,—I am like the sun which gives those evanescent tints: in a moment he will have disappeared, but he will carry with him to other climes the same aspect which he showed in *this*, and even here will rise again on the morrow to shine with undiminished warmth upon the scene of yesterday."

The metaphor might have been carried further; for the sun would touch again the snow-capt mountain with a ray of beauty, again the unstained heart of Euphrasie would glow with a reflected passion, feelings of delight and beauty renovated, reminiscences *couleur de rose*.

END OF VOL. I.

3-





