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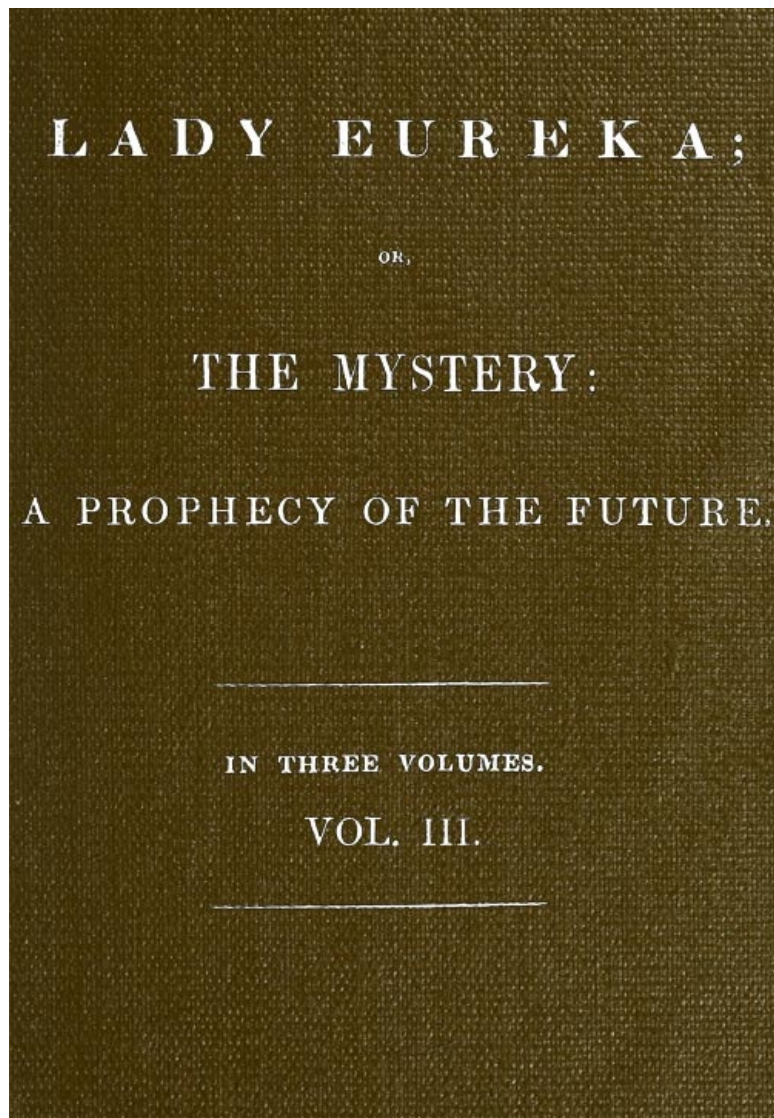
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# LADY EUREKA;

OR,

## THE MYSTERY:

### A PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

“MEPHISTOPHELES IN ENGLAND.”

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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## A PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE.

## CHAPTER I.

## ROLY POLY'S SICKNESS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Oh, massa, I so bad!" exclaimed the fat cook, as he waddled up to the surgeon, with a most woeful expression of countenance.

"What's the matter with you, Roly Poly?" inquired Dr. Tourniquet.

"Sich a debble ob a pain, massa," continued the black.

"But where is it, man? where is it? Can't do you any good till I know what's the matter with you, don't you see," said the surgeon.

"Debble ob a pain, massa, in my tomack," replied his patient, rubbing his huge hand over his stomach, and heaving the most despairing of sighs. [2]

"Put out your tongue," exclaimed the doctor.

The fat cook extended a pair of enormous jaws, and protruded something which resembled a scorched brick-bat.

"Ah! derangement of the digestive functions," remarked the practitioner, after a brief inspection of the misshapen lump of flesh his patient had exhibited. "What have you been eating?"

"Eatin, massa?" repeated Roly Poly, looking most ludicrously pathetic, "can't eat nutting, massa, to tink of. Loss nappetite 'pletely. Breakfast, me only eat pound and harp o' beef—berry little lump o' cold puddin big as my two fistes," (which were the size of another person's head), "two or tree red herrin—harp-a-dozen egg—lope o' bread, and one, two quart o' cocoa. Nuttin more, me 'sure you, massa. Yes, me loss nappetite 'pletely. Den for lunch, me eat pound and harp o' beef—berry little lump o' cold puddin, big as my two fistes—two or tree red herrin—and drop o' liquor wash it down, not more den harp a gallon, nutting to tink of, massa. Den for dinner me eat pound and harp o' beef—berry little lump o' hot puddin, big as my two fistes—plate or two o' wedgeables—lope o' bread—small bit o' cheese, big as one o' my two fistes—and drop o' liquor wash it down, not more nor harp a gallon. Can't eat nuttin. Den for tea me eat pound and harp o' beef—berry little lump o' cold puddin, big as my two fistes—two or tree red herrin—harp-a-dozen egg—lope o' bread, and one, two quart o' cocoa. Nuttin to tink of. Den for supper, me eat pound and harp o' beef—berry little lump o' cold puddin, big as my two fistes—two or tree red herrin, and two or tree roasted tatoroes—lope o' bread—small bit o' cheese, big as one o' my two fistes—and drop o' liquor wash it down, not more nor harp a gallon. Me eat nuttin, massa. Loss nappetite 'pletely." [3]

"Why, you eat enough to satisfy a regiment," exclaimed Dr. Tourniquet. [4]

"No, massa, me berry poor eater," replied the fat cook in a doleful tone; "eat nuttin to sinnify. Ony pound and harp o' beef—berry little lump o' cold puddin—"

"Yes, yes; I've heard all that," said the doctor, impatiently interrupting him. "Your plethoric habit must be reduced, don't you see. You must be bled and physicked, till we bring down that mountain of flesh into something like a healthy size. You must eat no beef, no pudding, no red herrings, no eggs, and no cheese; and drink neither liquor nor cocoa. You must drink nothing but barley water, and eat nothing but arrow-root; and run up and down the deck for half an hour, half-a-dozen times a-day."

As the Doctor described the remedies he desired his patient to adopt, Roly Poly's mouth gradually extended itself till it threatened to approach his ears; and his eyes kept winking and staring as if in complete consternation.

"Massa!" at last he loudly exclaimed, and seemed gradually becoming more indignant. "What, starve poor nigger! reduce poor Roly Poly to a natomy! No eat no pound and harp o' beef, no berry little lump o' cold puddin big as my two fistes—no red herrin—no nuttin! You want to kill poor Roly Poly, Sar! You want to 'prive de world o' de cook what makes de booflifullest dishes as you nebber see, Sar! You want to make skeleton o' poor nigger to put in glass-case, Sar! Nebber heard o' sich numanity! sick barbararity—sich cruelty to animals! Where de debble you spect to go when you die?" [5]

"Well, if you don't like to follow my prescriptions, it's no use coming for my advice, don't you see," remarked the Doctor.

"Follow your scriptions?" replied his patient, losing all respect for his companion in the intensity of his indignation. "Follow a shark's grandmutter, Sar. What, eat nuttin but arrow-root? nassy slop!—pooty joke indeed. Drink nuttin but barley water?—washy stuff! Tink you catch me at it. Be bled and physicked, and run up and down deck six times a day for harp an hour—what a preposterosterous impossibility." [6]

"You will get much worse if you don't, and possibly you may die, don't you see," observed Tourniquet.

"Die, Massa!" cried the fat cook, looking horrified at the idea, and rubbing his stomach with an increased energy. "Oh, sich a debble ob a pain! Die Massa! Poor Roly Poly die? Sich a boofliful cook die! Quite unnatral, Massa. Oh, sich a debble ob a pain! What become o' de poor fellars who

eat him nice puddins, and soups, and all dat? Nebber hab no beakfast; nebbber hab no lunch; nebbber hab no dinner; nebbber hab no tea; nebbber hab no supper; never hab no nuttin! What become o' ebry body? What become o' ship? Same o' you say Roly Poly die! Nobody do nuttin widout him; cook be most important ofcer in ship. Roly Poly be booflifullest cook as nebbber was. Same o' you say Roly Poly die!"

"Well you will find out the difference by-and-bye, don't you see," said the Doctor; and, turning on his heel, he left his patient to his own reflections. [7]

"Him no more doctor dan a jackmorass," muttered the fat cook, as he waddled to another part of the ship, making the most ludicrous grimaces, and rubbing his stomach with an activity, that for him, was quite surprising. On his way he met with Loop, the young midshipman, who had lately distinguished himself by his love of mischief, and fondness for tricks. The lad, with a very demure face, approached Roly Poly.

"How do you do, Roly Poly?" he inquired, looking into his face as if he was wonderfully interested in the result of his question.

"Oh, sich a debble ob a pain!" replied the fat cook, with a most melancholy visage, continuing the up and down motion of his hand.

"You look very ill, very ill indeed," observed the boy. "What an extraordinary change! I should scarcely have known you. You must be in a very dangerous state, Roly Poly. You ought to be in your hammock. You ought to be making your will—you ought to be saying your prayers." [8]

"Oo, oo, oo!" blubbered out the fat cook, lengthening his face as he listened to the remarks of his companion. "You tink I die, Massa Loop?"

"I am much afraid you will be as dead as a herring before you can look about you," replied Loop.

"Oo, oo, oo!" The other continued. "Doctor say I die: you say I die: spose I must die. Oo, oo, oo! —"

"We are all mortal," observed the youth, with a grave countenance; "and all, sooner or later, must leave this sublunary world. Cooks cannot be spared any more than midshipmen."

"Oo, oo, oo!" cried Roly Poly.

"Is there any thing I can do for you?" anxiously inquired the midshipman;—"any consolation I can afford, before your cold remains are consigned to the deep."

"Oo, oo, oo!" continued the fat cook.

"You must have fortitude to bear the blow," said Loop, with a countenance that would have done credit to a judge. "Let this be your consolation, that although your body will be devoured by the first shark that ventures in its way—"

"Oo, oo, oo, oo!" vehemently sobbed the sick man, interrupting the sentence before it was half finished. [9]

"You ought now to think of your sins," continued his tormentor. "It is never too late to repent, you know; and I should earnestly advise you to confess all the injuries you have done your fellow-creatures by imposing upon their stomachs the villanous specimens of your cookery you have from time to time set before them. Confess upon what pipe-clay and train-oil system you made your puddings,—confess the abominable trash you put together to manufacture into soups;—confess how many you have poisoned with your atrocious cocoa—confess—"

It is possible that the young midshipman might have said much more, but Roly Poly, who had listened to his injunctions at first with astonishment, and next with rage, lost all consideration for his approaching dissolution, and his yellow eyeballs flashed with fury. "What de debble you mean you fellar!" thundered out the enraged cook, approaching his companion, who wisely kept out of arms' reach. "What de debble you mean ob pipe-clay and train-oil? What you mean ob bominable trash—what you mean ob poison wid trocious cocoa? You mean to sult me, Sar? You tink I put up wid your imprance, Sar? You spose I low one man to peak sick horble tings o' nodder man." [10]

"Man!" exclaimed the youth, as he edged away from his pursuer,— "You don't call yourself a man, surely? You know you're nothing else but an old blacking bottle, turned inside out."

"Blacka bottle!" shouted Roly Poly, while his face became livid with rage, and he looked utter annihilation at his insulter, "Blacka bottle! I blacka bottle you, I catch you!" and he waddled after the midshipman as fast as his fat legs would carry him, intent upon vengeance.

Loop kept dodging him about from one place to another, saying the most aggravating things he could think of, till the perspiration rolled down the black cheeks of the infuriated cook, and he seemed completely exhausted by his exertions. Roly Poly sat down at the foot of one of the masts to rest himself, breathing all sorts of threatenings against his tormentor; while the young midshipman, laughing at the success of his trick, nimbly ascended the yards, and took up a position just over the head of the victim of his mischief. The latter was congratulating himself that he was left at peace, and was endeavouring to recover the tranquillity of his temper, when he became conscious of something dropping down upon him; putting his hand to his woolly head, he discovered it was being covered with pitch, and, looking up, beheld Master Loop snugly balanced aloft, amusing himself by pouring from an old bucket some of the fluid that had polluted his person. [11]

It would be in vain attempting to delineate the passion of the fat cook at this discovery. Furious with rage, he caught up a small hand-spike that lay near, and poised it in his hand with the intention of throwing it at his tormentor. Loop saw what he was about to do, and immediately, as rapidly as possible, moved from his position, and kept changing from place to place, with a quickness that baffled the fat cook's aim; but when he had ascended to a greater height, and was passing from one point to another with a velocity that seemed impossible to be imitated, his foot slipped, and with a scream that made all on deck aware of his danger, he fell headlong into the sea. [12]

The Albatross was proceeding at a moderate rate, and was about fifty miles off the coast of Spain. Oriel Porphyry was conversing with Zabra on the quarter-deck, when he noticed the accident. He, with others, rushed to the side; and, observing where the boy descended, he immediately threw off his upper garments, and plunged into the waves. There was a strong sea running at the time, and it required the arm of a powerful swimmer to force a way through the heaving billows. Upon arriving at the surface, after his plunge, Oriel struck out for the spot where the midshipman had fallen, but saw nothing of the object of his search. He dived about in every direction; but was equally unsuccessful. Anxious to endeavour to save the youth while a possibility remained of his rescue, he continued his exertions; but he met with nothing that could in the slightest degree, assist him in his object. Not a trace of the boy was to be seen. Disappointed and weary, he was about returning to the ship, when he caught the sound of a faint, bubbling cry at no great distance from him, and turning his eyes in that direction, he thought he could distinguish something like a human head in the trough of an advancing wave. He swam rapidly in that direction; and as he approached, saw it disappear from the surface. Down he dived after it as rapidly as his skill would allow; but though he swept the waters, far and near, with his arms, he touched nothing but the cold salt water; and after remaining beneath the surface till his strength and breath were nearly exhausted, he arose, dispirited and faint, into the open air.

[13]

While the most painful reflections were created in his mind, by the unsuccessful result of his labours, he suddenly observed a dark substance rise within a few feet of him; he struck out towards it in a moment, and grasping it firmly with his hand, to his deep and inexpressible delight discovered it to be the body of the lost midshipman. His face was pallid, his skin cold, and as Oriel found that he made no reply to his hurried inquiries, he was much afraid that the boy was either dead, or was in a state nearly approaching dissolution.

[14]

By this time the ship had been put about, and the sailors having been made acquainted with the accident rushed with anxious faces to the side. They watched with the deepest interest the young merchant gallantly breasting the waves in search of their drowning favourite, and became uneasy as they noticed the unprofitableness of his efforts. But none regarded the progress of the swimmer with such intense excitement of feeling as Zabra. He saw his patron pass from wave to wave—he observed him dive into the dark waters, and waited for his re-appearance with sensations impossible to be described. As the vessel was brought round to the spot where Oriel Porphyry was pursuing his researches, he became more earnest in his attention. He endeavoured to encourage him in his efforts with his voice, and to strengthen him in his purpose by his praise. The captain had not ascended to the deck, and he was unacquainted with the accident: but as soon as he was made aware of it, he hurried to the ship's side in an agony of apprehension, and it was only the strong grasp of Boggle and Climberkin that prevented him from plunging into the sea.

[15]

A loud cheer from the crew announced that the young merchant had succeeded in finding the object of his solicitude, and anxiously every eye turned towards the spot where he was seen supporting the boy with one arm and cleaving his way through the waves with the other.

"A shark—a shark!" screamed Zabra; and to the horror of Oriel and those who were observing him, a monstrous shark was seen coming rapidly towards him. A cry of terror arose from the ship. Some shouted in hopes of frightening away the ravenous animal—others to warn the young merchant of his danger. Some ran to get fire arms, and Hearty, breaking away from those who held him, suddenly hurried below the deck. The agony of Zabra became insupportable. He screamed in all the piercing tones of horror and despair, and his handsome features seemed convulsed with fear. Still, as if there was a fascination in the object, he kept his eyes upon the form of the shark. He watched its movements with a fearful interest, and saw it near its intended victim with wild and frantic terror.

[16]

Oriel Porphyry beheld the approach of the giant of the deep with consternation and dread. He could not abandon his companion, who was incapable of making the least exertion for his own safety, and he saw no way of rescue for himself. He held the boy tighter, and dashed along the waves with greater velocity in hopes of reaching the rope that was hung out from the ship before the huge animal could come up with him. To the attainment of this purpose he strained all his powers. Many friendly voices cheered him on, and others strove all they could to frighten away his remorseless enemy. But the shark kept on his way, unheeding the frightful cries and showers of missiles with which he was assailed. His fierce eyes were fixed upon his prey, and his monstrous jaws were gaping for their food. The rope was almost within reach, but the destroyer was nearer. Oriel Porphyry gave himself up for lost. It appeared evident to all that he could not escape. The crew redoubled their cries and flung every thing at hand at the monster without avail. Just as he was turning on his side to make the fatal gripe, Hearty rushed upon the deck with a long knife in his hand, and before any one was aware of his purpose, he leaped over the side of the ship and descended into the water close to the jaws of the shark, with a splash that completely distracted the animal's attention, and allowed Oriel Porphyry unmolested to seize the rope which the eager sailors held to assist him in regaining the vessel. In a moment, with his lifeless burthen still grasped in his arm, he was hawled upon the deck, and then placing him under the care of Dr. Tourniquet, he was turning to notice the result of the Captain's manoeuvre when he found himself seized by the friendly grasp of Zabra, whose delight at his escape appeared to have taken away all power of utterance.

[17]

[18]

But now an extraordinary scene presented itself upon the sea. The shark had dived below the surface, when Hearty suddenly dashed down before him; but on rising again, which he very shortly did, and on perceiving his prey escape, he turned with increased ferocity towards the hardy seaman, who was rejoicing at the success of his scheme. The old man waited quietly till the shark turned to make a snap at him, then diving quickly under his enormous belly, he plunged the knife up to the hilt in his body, and rose up on the other side. The crew cheered vociferously

when they saw what their captain was about, and every one on board watched the unequal combat with feelings of the most intense interest. The ravenous monster, smarting with pain, again approached his opponent; again he turned to gripe him within his jaws, and again the old man diving under his belly, plunged his knife deep into his flesh. The animal now became furious; he lashed the waves with his tail till they became a mass of foam, and rapidly followed his brave antagonist, making every effort to devour him; but the old man warily avoided all his ferocious attempts, and at every blow of his arm crimsoned the water with his blood. This fight continued for several minutes, till both the combatants disappeared from the surface, when the anxious crew of the Albatross began to fear that their brave old commander had fallen a sacrifice to his exertions; but when they beheld the huge fish floating on the water belly upwards, and heard the old man cry out for a rope, a long and hearty cheer rose from the ship, and every one rushed to bear a hand in assisting him on board.

[19]

He appeared covered with the blood of the slaughtered shark, and with the weapon in his hand, of which he had made such good service. While he was receiving the congratulations of his messmates, he inquired eagerly after his young relative. Oriel, who had ascertained that he was doing well, hastened to communicate the intelligence; and the old man as soon as he beheld the preserver of his boy, eagerly grasped his hand, and uttered his grateful thanks. Both soon afterwards left the deck to change their apparel.

[20]

Among those who seemed most anxious for the recovery of the young midshipman was Roly Poly, who, although exceedingly passionate, and easily enraged, was a very good hearted sort of creature, and he quite forgot the insults he had received—forgot even the terrible pains that had a short time since so much alarmed him, when he witnessed the dangers to which the boy had been exposed, and saw him brought lifeless upon the deck. He assisted Dr. Tourniquet in using the usual means for restoring suspended animation, and observed his recovery with a delight equal to that of any one in the ship.

After Loop was able to walk about, Roly Poly addressed him with a great deal of gravity upon the offence he had committed.

“Nebber you gain call me Blacka Bottle,” said the fat cook. “Nebber you say nuttin scandabalous bout de boofliful tings what I cook. Nebber you say no preposterosterous impossibilities. Horble ting, massa Loop, to call Roly Poly Blacka Bottle—Horble ting to say nuttin scandabalous—Horble ting to say preposterosterous impossibilities.”

[21]

“I’ll never say any thing against you again, Roly Poly, as long as I live,” exclaimed the contrite midshipman: and thus ended the quarrel; and ever afterwards they were the best friends in the ship.

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## CHAP. II.

[22]

### AN AUSTRALIAN COLONY IN SPAIN.

“WE are approaching the Colony to which you thought of emigrating, are we not?” inquired Oriel Porphyry of the captain’s clerk, who stood beside him on the deck, and with whom he had been in earnest conversation concerning the misfortunes of the young Australian.

An expression of pain and regret passed over Ardent’s countenance.

“Yes it was here,” he replied making a violent effort to conquer his emotion. “We were destined to the penal settlement of New Sydney on the Spanish coast, thriving accounts of which were in circulation in Australia. My brothers were desirous of a location somewhere near the banks of the Guadalquivir, as, although it was thinly settled, the land was said to be of a very superior quality. My father was of the same inclination. I had no other wish than to accompany them. Optima was anxious for nothing but to be with me. But, alas! the devouring flame, or the equally unrelenting flood has swallowed up all. I am a wanderer and a beggar.—I have neither kin nor country.”

[23]

“Say not so,” replied the young merchant kindly. “I have not forgotten the services you have rendered me, nor am I likely to pass them by without notice. If you wish to settle at the colony, I will take care you shall have the means of doing so with every hope of success; or if you have no particular inclination towards any country, if you will return with me to Columbia, you may depend upon meeting with many kind friends, and may pass the rest of your life in comfort. I must touch at New Sydney as I expect a letter from my father, from whom I have not for some time had any communication, which makes me exceedingly anxious; and if you hear of any desirable farm or plot of land, I wish you would let me know.”

[24]

“Your kindness is overpowering,” said Ardent, much affected. “I have done nothing to deserve it. I have already been rewarded in a manner far exceeding my deserts. But while I can be of any service, I should like to remain with you. I have no ties to bind me to any country—and where I can be useful is where I should like to dwell.”

“So it shall be then,” added Oriel Porphyry. “Be satisfied that the remainder of your life shall bear no comparison with what has preceded it. We are now nearing the shore. I shall require your services as I have some business to transact; therefore you will be good enough to prepare to land with me immediately.”

As the Albatross approached the coast, the buildings of a small seaport became distinguishable.

Some large houses faced the sea, and a battery commanded the entrance to the port; but with the exception of one or two streets running at right angles, the buildings straggled about with very little pretensions to regularity. The country seemed thinly inhabited, yet looked fertile and picturesque. Broad hills and valleys and noble views were observable in the distance;—a wild and lofty rock rose along the coast; and forests of noble trees were spread out in various directions. There was no shipping in the bay, except a few small craft; but the beach was crowded with spectators. It was observed that, among the hundreds who were watching the progress of the ship from the shore, there was only one female: the rest were men, and they were apparently of all ages, but principally men in the prime of life and in the full vigour of health. The appearance of only one woman surrounded by such an assemblage of the other sex seemed so remarkable, that it attracted the attention of all on board. As the ship entered the bay, several boats were put off, and the crew of each seemed to strain every nerve in endeavouring to get first alongside the vessel. In a few minutes the Albatross was boarded by several different parties.

“How many women have you?” cried one; as soon as he reached the deck.

“Let me see your cargo of female emigrants,” demanded another as he bustled up to the captain.

“I want a wife!” shouted a third.

“We have no women here,” exclaimed Hearty.

“No women!” cried they in full chorus, looking as disappointed as men could be.

“None,” replied the captain.

“What! have you brought us no wives?” asked one in a most doleful tone.

“Nothing of the kind,” said Hearty.

“Tarnation!” exclaimed they; and they looked at each other with all the eloquence of mute despair.

“A little un ‘ill do for me!” squeaked out a dumpy sort of fellow, with a red nose and a pepper-and-salt waistcoat.

“We’ve got neither little nor big!” responded the captain.

“Tarnation!” again exclaimed the bachelors; and, slowly and despondingly, they prepared to leave the ship.

“Now ar’nt you got nothing feminine of no kind?” earnestly asked a sharp-visaged, lanky-looking settler, who seemed very loth to leave the ship. “If she’s a nigger, I don’t care.”

“I tell you we’ve got no women at all!” said old Hearty, rather sharply.

“Tarnation!” muttered the disappointed colonists: and in a short time after they had reached the land, there was scarcely a creature, with the exception of the female already alluded to, to be seen on the beach. They had been expecting a ship laden with female emigrants, and as they were very much in want of wives, imagining the Albatross to be the much wished for vessel, they had been excessively eager to behold the cargo. The incident created considerable amusement among the voyagers. The sailors were particularly merry upon the occasion; and the rueful visages of the unfortunate colonists afforded many a hearty laugh.

Oriel had landed, and was walking along the beach, when he was startled by a short, quick scream, and turning round, beheld the female who had previously attracted his attention, rush into the arms of the captain’s clerk. He had noticed, on his approach to the shore, that this woman, who from her dress appeared to be a domestic servant, seemed to regard the persons in the boat with an anxious scrutiny; but imagining it to be the effect of curiosity, it did not excite in him any remark. Ardent, at this rencontre, seemed to be in a state of surprise and wonder that kept him speechless. He gazed upon the prepossessing features of the fair stranger as earnestly as if he had no other faculty than that of seeing. The kind and anxious look that met his own—the arms that clasped his neck so firmly, and the gentle voice that murmured his name, convinced him of a fact of which he was almost incredulous. It was Optima.

“By what fortunate chance did you escape the death I felt assured that you had met with?” inquired Ardent, after, at Oriel’s request, he had for the purpose of privacy retired to a chamber in one of the neighbouring habitations.

“When I found the boat sinking, I clung to it,” replied his companion; “and when it again rose to the surface I floated on it. The blow which it had received from the ship had propelled it a considerable distance, and the force of the waves carried it still farther. The plunge I had received, for some minutes took my breath away; and, although I held on with all my strength to the boat, the heavy waves continually breaking upon me, and the alarming position in which I found myself placed, made me quite incapable of uttering a sound. As soon as I was able to comprehend the extent of my danger, the thought that I was separated from you, and the fear that you had perished in the sea, made my heart sink within me. I clung instinctively to the floating vessel; but I had no desire to live. I had seen enough of that dreadful conflagration to fill me with terror; and I had not recovered from the feelings it occasioned, when I was left alone, friendless, and about to be engulfed in the waters. All around me was so dark that I could see nothing; but the saltwater, as it dashed over me, scarcely allowed me to open my eyes if I could have seen, and my strength was being rapidly exhausted. I soon sunk into a state of stupor. How long this lasted I do not know; but on recovery, I found myself in a cabin, receiving every attention that my wants required; and, on inquiry, I found that I had been picked up by the crew of a ship, which, attracted by the glare of the burning vessel, had sent out a boat, in hopes of affording assistance to the survivors.”

“I was saved in a similar manner,” remarked Ardent.

“When they had taken me into the boat they did not proceed any farther,” continued Optima, “as they observed that another vessel had sent out a boat’s crew upon the same errand, and having no spare time at their command, they left the other boat to pick up the survivors, and

returned with me to the ship. I discovered also that the vessel to which I had been conveyed had left Sydney with emigrants for the very colony to which we were proceeding. I told my story to my preservers, and many who heard it were kind and compassionate. An offer was made me by the wife of a settler to remain with her in the capacity of domestic servant, which offer I accepted without hesitation. One thing was a great consolation to me, and that was the conviction that you had been saved. I knew that you were a strong swimmer, and as I had been told that a party had been sent from the ship to rescue the crew of the boat they had run down, I concluded that you were in safety."

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"You were right, dear Optima!" said the captain's clerk; "I was taken on board that ship, and have since held in it a responsible situation."

"Believing you to have been rescued, I continued to live, with the hope that I should meet you again," continued Optima. "I arrived at the colony. The persons whose protection I had accepted, settled at Sydney, where the husband commenced business as a builder, in which he succeeded beyond his expectations. I was very well treated, and labour being exceedingly valuable in the colony, my exertions were rather profitable to me. At that time I entertained the idea that as all our property was consumed in the fire, you must be very much in want of a variety of comforts to which you had been used; and as the expectation of my meeting you again was never absent from me, I laboured diligently, and saved all my earnings as a provision for our future support."

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Ardent could only look his gratitude, and rapturously kiss the hand he held in his own.

"It was such a pleasure to me, dear Ardent," resumed his companion, "to count my gains as fast as they accumulated, and I kept saying to myself 'a little more and there will be enough to begin the world again with;' and I thought how happy I should be able to make you, and I kept hoping we should soon meet—and every day passed by in imagining what we should do, and in enjoying a happiness of my own creating. Every time I heard that a ship was in the bay, I came down to the beach in hopes of finding you among the passengers. I scrutinised every one that left the vessel so closely that I offended some and surprised others; but although I met with repeated disappointments, I never left off expecting your arrival. By this time I had saved about two hundred dollars, and whether it became known, or whether the scarcity of females brought me into such consideration, I do not know; but scarcely a day passed without my receiving an offer of marriage."

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"An offer of marriage!" exclaimed Ardent in surprise.

"Yes, dear Ardent," replied Optima. "The men seemed frantic after me. I was not safe any where. If I went to pay a bill, it was sure to conclude on the part of the tradesman with an offer of his hand and heart. If I entered the market, no sooner had I made a purchase than I received a proposal. I was besieged in all hours and at all places,—I may almost say that I received a new suitor at the corner of every street. It was in vain I told them I was married, and showed them my wedding ring. They saw that I had no husband with me, and they were desirous of supplying his place; and men even of a superior rank continually plagued me with their proposals. It is scarcely necessary to say that I gave them all a negative answer; but these were things that they did not appear to understand, for the more frequently I refused, the more frequently they again proposed. At last I was obliged to state how I was situated to the lady with whom I was staying, and she spoke to her husband; and he took measures that put an end to the persecution. And now, dear Ardent, that my anticipations are realised, we will be so very happy—won't we?"

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It is easier to imagine what was the answer than to describe it. It is sufficient to say that Oriel Porphyry made a considerable addition to the two hundred dollars which the devoted Optima had saved, that enabled the young couple to take a promising farm up the country, with every prospect of enjoying a life of continued happiness.

"It is very strange," remarked the young merchant to Zabra on his return to the ship, "it is very strange that I have had no communication from my father. I expected one at Athenia, but I received no intelligence. I expected one at Constantinople—there I met with the same result; and I then made sure of meeting with one at New Sydney, but was there equally unsuccessful. It makes me very uneasy."

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"Possibly he may have nothing of importance to write about," replied Zabra. "Things at Columbia may remain in the same state as at his last despatch."

"I doubt it. I doubt that the emperor will remain satisfied with his prerogatives curtailed to the extent to which they have lately been reduced," said Oriel Porphyry. "There is no sincerity in these men. They will break any compact when it suits their convenience. They have no notion of either honour or honesty: and the emperor is a weak, vain, foolish man, proud, tyrannical, and deceitful. Such a man must be ever scheming to regain his former power; and if he think it be practicable he will not be particular as to the means he will employ for that purpose. I am much afraid my father has fallen a sacrifice to his patriotism."

"It cannot be," observed his companion. "They would not dare harm him."

"Dare!" echoed his patron. "What evil will not bad men dare? And did not that proud upstart Philadelphia load his honourable limbs with chains and thrust him into a loathsome dungeon to die the lingering death of starvation? He dared do that, and I doubt much whether a worse villainy could have been perpetrated. I hope to live to see the time when I shall have an opportunity of bringing him to an account for these and other atrocities. If my good sword be true, and my arm has lost none of its power, I'll not leave his worthless body till I have relieved it of his equally worthless soul."

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"What!" exclaimed Zabra, with considerable excitement, "would you be thus revengeful to the father of Eureka? You too, who a short time since seemed ready to forgive him all his errors on account of his relationship to her. What has changed you? Why would you follow the bad examples of bad men? That he is not what he should be is too true; but that is no reason why you

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should become his executioner. Do you think that Eureka could regard you with affection when you came to her stained with her father's blood? I am surprised that you should have given utterance to such a sentiment."

"I knew not till lately the atrocities he had committed, and the savage disposition he possessed," replied the young merchant; "and I can see no more harm in killing such a monster than there is in destroying a mad beast."

"How different then your feelings must be to those of your father," observed the other. "He knew what was due to humanity, and practised it, and he was the person best entitled to call for vengeance, but he was satisfied with justice. Professing the regard you do towards Eureka, nothing could surprise me more than to hear you proclaim so inhuman a wish."

"It is impossible for me to help feeling exasperated against him," said Oriel. "Imagine for a moment yourself in my situation. Let your father be as mine is, the kindest and noblest of his species; know that he who never did harm to any living creature, but sought to create happiness throughout the world—was fettered and reviled, and left lingering in filth and darkness for three days, enduring all the pangs of famine; and if you have a heart within your breast, and a soul that hates the cowardly vices of despotism, you will feel as I do, and long for an opportunity to punish your father's persecutor, in a manner worthy of his crimes. I know that your relationship to the offender must stand in the way of your seeing the justice of the punishment I would inflict: but I am no hypocrite Zabra. I cannot disguise my detestation of such a monster; and although next to Eureka and my father I honour you, even your opposition would not make me change a sentiment so natural and appropriate."

"Leave Philadelphia to his own feelings, which sooner or later will be sufficient punishment," responded Zabra. "Touch him not if you value the love of Eureka. She I know has little cause to feel much affection for him, but bad as he is she never can be brought to look upon his destroyer with any feeling save that of repugnance."

"If that be the case I hope he will keep out of my way," rejoined the young merchant; "for I think I could endure anything rather than her dislike; but the absence of intelligence from my father has certainly made me suspicious. I am almost determined to return to Columbia without proceeding to England."

"I do not think such a course advisable, Oriel," observed Zabra. "There may be a thousand things that prevent your father's correspondence, or he may have written, and the despatches may have been lost. If this be the case, and there is a great probability that it is, he would be very much vexed at your returning without having accomplished your voyage."

"Well, I will proceed, but I will only make a brief stay among the antiquities of England, and then steer direct for Columbia," replied Oriel Porphyry: "I have very strong doubts about things being exactly right there. The accounts I have heard are of a contrary tendency; but if the storm is to be, it will come unexpected. If any attempt be made by the government to restore the old order of things, I hope they will have the goodness to wait till my return before they commence their proceedings. There is a powerful regiment of horse, composed of the young citizens of Columbus, of which I have the command; I believe that they are devoted to my will; and even with these, although they are not above a thousand strong, I would make such a stand as would soon bring around me all the brave spirits in the country: I only wish for an opportunity to try the experiment."

"Will you never dismiss these delusive visions," said his young friend, anxiously. "I thought that you were at last becoming reconciled to a more useful and amiable way of life."

"You have been deceived, Zabra," observed Oriel; "I have been more quiet, but not less ambitious. This passion for glory has become a part of my nature; it is with me at all times. I think of it and dream of it. It is the anticipation of finding the opportunity for greatness that makes me able to endure the tedious inactivity of my present mode of existence. I shall never be satisfied till I acquire the power for which I yearn."

"What an unhappy nature yours must be then," replied Zabra. "You have every hope of happiness within your reach; yet because it does not come clothed in the gorgeous draperies in which you wish it to appear, you seem desirous of dismissing it, as of not sufficient value to be enjoyed. I had hoped that you had become wiser; I had hoped, too, that you had been more solicitous for the happiness of Eureka. I am afraid all my labour has been thrown away, and that I shall have to return to her with the intelligence that your ambitious hopes have stifled every feeling of affection."

"There you wrong me," exclaimed the young merchant, "you wrong me exceedingly. My aspirations for greatness are never separate from my hopes of Eureka; because the first are merely the result of the latter. It is useless attempting to check the impulses which urge me on. I must be what I am; and while my state of being, and the purposes which it creates and would see fulfilled, cannot in any way dishonour Eureka, nothing will convince me that they are to be condemned. From my own knowledge of her character, I cannot imagine that she would regard my efforts for advancement with the feeling which you have stated she possesses. Her own greatness of soul must bring her to look with commendation on another, who evinces a desire to obtain a similar greatness: this ambition is a passion so entirely of her own creating, that she cannot, with any justice, be displeased with its exhibition."

"How little you seem to know of the nature of her whose love you possess," replied Zabra, in a low, tremulous voice; "no doubt, she would feel gratified at any circumstance which would exalt you in the estimation of your countrymen. The honour you might receive would be her glory as much as yours, and the fame you might obtain would find none more desirous of its security than herself. But it was not for these things that she loved you. Ambition formed no part of the qualities that called into existence her admiration—which, having acquired its full growth, cannot be made more perfect by the greatness you covet; and that admiration must continue as long as

the qualities that called it into operation exist. But knowing your desire to acquire renown, and knowing the nature of that feeling is to swallow up all the more amiable aspirations, and being aware that the only way to its acquirement is through a thousand terrible dangers, she cannot help the conviction, that she would rather possess your affection as you were, than live in continual fear, to witness your superiority, as you may be."

"Let us say no more about it," said Oriel. "It is very evident that neither can convince the other. I may be positive that I am going right, and you may be positive that I am going wrong; but it is time spent to no purpose, if we cannot be brought to change our opinions."

"Remember, I am only doing my duty," replied the youth. "I warn you, because the path you desire to take is surrounded by dangers. If you are determined on going on, I say, go on and prosper; but if you go on, and fail, the bitter disappointment you will experience will not only render yourself miserable, but must make equally unhappy her whose felicity you appear so desirous of creating. If you must go on, Oriel, I say again—go on, and prosper."

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### CHAP. III.

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#### OLD ENGLAND.

"WE are approaching the British Islands, are we not?" inquired Oriel Porphyry.

"Yes, Sir, the land lies right ahead," replied the captain.

"There are several of these islands, I believe," added the young merchant.

"There are a great number on 'em o' different sorts and sizes," said Hearty; "but them as is most visited are England and Ireland."

"What is the meaning of the prefix to the word land in each of these names?" asked Oriel of the professor.

"England or Ingle-land means the land of the fire side," replied Fortyfolios. "Ingle is an old British word meaning the fire at which the inhabitants of a house warmed themselves or cooked their food. The natives have been from the earliest times, famous for their love of the comforts of this fire, which was usually made of coal dug out of the earth, that made a cheerful blaze in a room, and their attachment to their ingles procured the island the name of Ingle-land, which, in course of time was abbreviated into the name of England."

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"I doubt that very much, don't you see," here observed Dr. Tourniquet; "for in my opinion, England has a totally different derivation. The aborigines of the island were principally fishermen, and very appropriately had given to them the name of angle-ers, which means people who fish. Each separate kingdom was called a kingdom of the Angles, from the natives using an angle, and the whole island was called Angle-land, or the land of the angle, which for shortness was soon afterwards called England."

"'Tis nothing of the kind, Dr. Tourniquet," rejoined the professor warmly. "I wonder you should have started such an absurd idea."

"It is quite as reasonable as yours at any rate, don't you see," remarked the doctor.

"It has no such pretension," said the other in a decided manner. "I can prove that the fire or ingle was a national characteristic of the people."

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"And I can prove that fishing or angle-ing was a national characteristic of the people," added his antagonist.

"Pooh!" exclaimed one, contemptuously.

"Pish!" cried the other.

"Ingle-land,"—resumed the professor.

"Angle-land,"—said the doctor, interrupting him.

"Now, Dr. Tourniquet, I beg I may not be interrupted by your ridiculous blunders," observed Fortyfolios with considerable asperity, and a look of dignity peculiar to himself.

"The blunder is on your side, don't you see," replied the surgeon, with a chuckle of satisfaction exceedingly annoying to his companion.

"Never mind if it be Ingle-land or Angle-land," exclaimed Oriel Porphyry. "All we know for certain is, that it is now called England. But how do you account for the adoption of the other name?"

"Of the derivation of that word there can be no doubt—it explains itself," said Fortyfolios. "Ireland means the land of ire. The natives from time immemorial have been known to be excessively irascible. They would quarrel upon the slightest cause, and fight from no cause at all. They would fight when they were hungry, upon which occasion, as was very natural, they fought for a belly-full. They would fight for liquor; they would fight for fun; they would fight for love; they would fight to get drunk, and then fight to get sober. The happiest men among them were those who were most frequently beaten, and such persons were known to be the best friends as were continually trying to knock out each other's brains. These men consequently got the appropriate name of Ire-ishmen, and the island was called Ire-land."

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"There you're wrong again, don't you see," observed Tourniquet. "The name Ire-land was derived from Higher-land, to express that the country was more elevated in the estimation of the

natives than any other part of the globe. They entertained the most preposterous ideas about the importance of their island. They stated that when the rest of the world was sunk in barbarism, their Higher-land was the seat of intelligence, and virtue, and superior bravery. They asserted that their soldiers were the only soldiers that ever existed, and that their agricultural labourers were 'the finest pisantry in the world.' But there was certainly something very singular about them; and even their brick-layers' labourers were odd men. The island was also called by the natives The Emerald Island, I believe because it sometimes produced Irish diamonds. The Green Isle was another of its names—and this was derived from the greenness of the people. The men went by the name of 'the boys' long after the age at which other boys became men; and even the oldest of the old men among them, when he breathed his last, was said to die in a green old age."

"It is extraordinary to me, Dr. Tourniquet, that you will give utterance to such fallacies," remarked the professor. "The facts are exactly as I have stated them."

"The facts are exactly as I have stated them," said the other with marked emphasis.

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"Was there not a very celebrated character styled St. Patrick, who flourished at one time among the Irish?" inquired the young merchant.

"Certainly there was," replied Fortyfolios. "Patrick, Pater Rick—or Rick being the abbreviation of Richard—Father Richard, was a poor monk——"

"That I deny!" eagerly exclaimed the doctor. "For, as it is stated in a very ancient poem I have met with,

'St. Patrick was a gintleman  
And born of dacent papple.'"

"That is no authority," resumed Fortyfolios. "I affirm that he was a poor monk and——"

"I maintain that he was a gentleman," replied the other.

"I insist that you do not interrupt me, Dr. Tourniquet," exclaimed the professor angrily. "He was an exceedingly pious and virtuous man, and by his example and precepts did a great deal of good among his countrymen."

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"Yes," said the surgeon, gravely, "I have met with an authority that says

'He gave the frogs and toads a twist,  
And banished all the varmint.'

Now the usual reading of this couplet is that he drove the frogs and toads out of the country; but if we look to the meaning of the word twist, we shall find that it means an appetite: a man with a twist means a man with a certain facility in swallowing anything eatable that comes before him; and as we know that frogs at one time were considered a great delicacy by the ancients, it is not unreasonable to imagine that St. Patrick was a great epicure, and swallowed all the frogs and toads in the island."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Fortyfolios; "he was a saint whose prayers had the efficacy of ridding the country of every venomous thing it contained. But there is a remarkable legend connected with his history, which I will relate to you as I found it in a very ancient poem preserved in the Columbian Museum. It appears that he was one fast day on a visit at a house, and he desired dinner might be brought to him; but the family having already dined there was no fish, the usual food for fast days, for his meal; in fact there was nothing eatable in the larder but a leg of mutton. With great regret the people of the house acquainted him with the real state of the case: but the good saint, with a benevolent smile, as the poet describes, merely said,

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'Send my compliments down to the leg  
And bid it come hither a salmon.'"

"And what was the result?" inquired Oriel.

"To use the simple and expressive words of the poem," replied the professor, with his usual gravity,

""And the leg most politely complied.'"

"You see those white cliffs just beginning to show 'emselves," said the captain, pointing to the distant coast.

"I see them plainly," replied the young merchant.

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"That's the coast of England, Sir," added Hearty. Oriel Porphyry gazed on the classic shores that were rising before him with a deep and peculiar interest. He had read so much, and he had heard so much of the glory of the country he was approaching, and of the greatness of her people, that the first sight of land awakened in him the most agreeable associations. He thought of the splendour of her achievements—he thought of the magnificence of her power—he thought of her illustrious men—he thought of her noble efforts in the advance of intelligence—and the white cliff upon which he was gazing appeared to him to be the most interesting portion of the world.

"The appearance of the shore from the sea at one time conferred on England the name of Albion," said the professor. "From *Alba* white—from which word many other names were derived, particularly *album*—a white book in great request at one time among the females of the island, to teach them the art of spoiling paper for the benefit of the stationers—and *albumen*, the white of an egg, a sort of food in great request with the chicken-hearted. Some of the natives of Albion carried their attachment to the name so far that they lived in a place which they designated *the Albany*, and had a favourite place of resort which they called 'Whites.' There was also a certain building situated in *White* Cross Street, to which they proceeded, to show their nationality, by getting *white*-washed. The females were remarkable for a partiality to white bread, white wine,

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and white linen, and the males evinced an equal fondness for white bait, white waistcoats, and white hands, and to such an extent did this favouritism for a particular colour extend, that there was a neighbouring island, called the Isle of White, to which the inhabitants of Albion made occasional journeys, for the pleasure of destroying white ducks, or white muslin: and it was usual for every generation to be christened in white, to be married in white, and to be buried in white."

"What are these vessels approaching us in this threatening manner," inquired Oriel Porphyry, as he noticed several old crazy-looking boats filled with men who were coming towards them with their crews, howling, screeching, and yelling with all the strength of their lungs. [55]

"I do not think they mean us any good," replied the captain: then turning to some of the sailors standing scrutinising the appearance of a strange fleet, evidently bearing down upon them, he exclaimed, "Get the long gun ready, and give these fools a taste of grape if they attempt to attack us."

"Ay, ay! Sir," replied one of the men; and every disposition was made to repel any assault that might be attempted.

As they approached nearer, it was observed that these vessels were a vast number of large open boats, some with sails, but most without, and they were so crammed with men, that many of them were in danger of sinking every minute. Their crews were clothed in ragged vestments of every colour and description, and they were armed with old swords, pistols, guns, pitchforks, and bludgeons, and these they displayed as they advanced, shouting all the time in wild savage tones perfectly deafening. A larger boat was in advance of the others, and in a conspicuous situation in this vessel stood up a tall fierce-looking man with his head bound round with a hay-band, and a tattered blanket dropping from his shoulders. He brandished a rusty sword as he approached, and gave orders to those who followed, which appeared to meet with implicit obedience. When he came within gun-shot of the Albatross, he turned round to his followers and addressed them. [56]

"Boys," said he, pointing to the ship, "yonder's the furreners. It's meself as 'ill take their big baste iv a ship if ye'll be all to the fore. Divle a care ye may take ov their darty guns that their pointing at yese—its made ov wood they are, and sorrow a harm they can do, bad luck to 'em. Keep your powther dry, boys, and look to your flints, and iv we don't kill and murther and throttle every mother's son ov 'em, I'm not King Teddy O'Riley." [57]

"Sheer off there, you ragamuffins," shouted the captain through a speaking trumpet. "Sheer off, or I'll sink ev'ry soul of ye within gun-range."

"Down wid the darty furreners!" screamed King Teddy O'Riley; a shower of balls whistled past the captain, and on came the over-loaded boats, with their crews yelling in the most frantic manner. There appeared to be at least five or six hundred of them, and it was judged expedient to put an immediate stop to their progress. The long gun was discharged, which sunk the foremost boat, and killed the greater portion of its crew. The rest hesitated when they beheld their monarch swept into the sea; and a well-directed fire of musketry made them glad enough to commence a retreat as fast as they could, screaming in hideous chorus as long as they could be heard.

"Take a boat and see if you can save any of those rascals sprawling in the water," exclaimed the captain to the midshipman Loop.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply; and the boat having been lowered, a party proceeded to pick up the wounded and drowning. They succeeded in saving several, among whom was their illustrious leader, King Teddy O'Riley, who was brought upon deck, looking very much deprived of his dignity, his coronet of hay-bands wet and dirty, and his blanket of state shrunk out of all shape. He created considerable surprise among his captors, and not without sufficient cause, for nothing could exceed the eccentricity of his appearance. His hair was thick and long, and of a dark-red colour. Large, bushy whiskers of the same tint surrounded his cheeks. His nose was remarkably red, and his face seamed with the marks of the small-pox. Below his cloak was a long coat, which did not appear the more royal for being out at the elbows, and for having lost half its skirt. His lower garments hung upon him like a bag, and they had the legs rolled back up to the knees. A pair of old boots, exceedingly down at heel, out of which the toes of his majesty were seen to peep in spite of the straw with which they were lined, completed his costume. [58]

"And who the deuce are you?" demanded the captain, after he had sufficiently scrutinised the appearance of his prisoner.

"Faix and isn't it King Teddy O'Riley I am?" replied the man.

"And what part o' the world are you king of, I should like to know?" asked Hearty in considerable surprise.

"Faix and ain't I king ov Blatherumskite?" said the other.

"And where, in the name o' all that's wonderful, is Blatherumskite?" inquired the captain.

"And is it yourself that doesn't know where Blatherumskite is?" exclaimed his majesty in seeming wonder. "Well the ignorance o' some people is amazin! Not know Blatherumskite! Be the holy japers that bates Bannagher, and Bannagher bate the divle. And Blatherumskite sich a jewel ov a place! Why Blatherumskite's the finest kingdom and has the finest puple under the sun. It's full ov commodities ov all sorts. It dales in turpentine, brickdust, soft soap, and other swate mates—tracle, and train oil, pepper and salt, and other hardware,—pigs, buttermilk, paraties, and other kumbustibles. Not know Blatherumskite indade! Be this and be that, you're as ignorant as a born brute." [59]

"And what induced you to fire at me, Mr. King Teddy O'Riley?" demanded the captain.

"Faix and wasn't it only just to kill ye we fired at ye?" replied the king, with the utmost simplicity.

"It was, was it?" exclaimed Hearty; "and for what reason did you attack the ship?"

"Wid no other rason in life than to take it," responded his majesty. "I was jist a lading the boys

to make a decint on England, wid the hope ov being able to pick up a few thrifles, when we seed your ship. "The top ov the morning to ye," says I, "and if I don't be afther ransacking ye intirely small blame to me there'll be." And then we pulled away at the divle's own rate, and a mighty dale ov divarsion the boys had about what they'd do wid the big ship when they'd got her, when widout wid your lave or by your lave, I was regularly kilt, smashed, and smothered into the wather. And here I am."

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"Well, King Teddy O'Riley, we must be under the necessity of hanging you," observed the captain.

"Hang me!" shouted the man, in perfect amazement. "Hang a king!—hang King Teddy O'Riley? Hang the King ov Blatherumskite? Why its rank trason? Ye'll not be afther thinkin ov doin sich a rebellious action. I shall feel obliged to ye if ye wont mintion it."

"And what would you have done with us if you had succeeded in your ridiculous idea of taking the ship?" inquired Hearty.

"Faix and wouldn't we have kilt every sowl of yese, and taken the rest prisoners?" replied his majesty.

"Then we cannot do better than follow your example," observed the captain; then turning to some of his men, who appeared to enjoy the scene with particular satisfaction, he exclaimed, "Get a rope ready at the fore-yard arm that we may hang this fellow!" The sailors with great alacrity made the necessary preparations.

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"Be all the holy saints betwixt this and no where, ye'll not be afther taking away the life ov a poor king!" exclaimed his majesty of Blatherumskite, with the greatest earnestness and alarm. "What'll I do now? Sure and I'm in a bad way! Sure and I'll be done for intirely! And is it to be hanged I am?" continued he, looking woefully at the rope that was dangling ready for immediate use. "Is King Teddy O'Riley to be kilt afther sich a villainous fashion? Oh what a disgrace for Blatherumskite! What a dishonour to a king. Oh what 'ill I do—what 'ill I do?"

"Is the rope ready?" inquired Hearty.

"All right, Sir," said the boatswain.

"Then hoist him up," replied the captain. The men proceeded to fulfil the command of their officer.

"Oh it's in a pretty way I am!" exclaimed the unfortunate monarch, with tears in his eyes. "Be the holy japers, wouldn't I change places wid any body as would like to be hanged in my place. It's yourself, Murphy O'Blarney, that's the good subject," said the king, addressing one of his companions with particular and impressive emphasis. "Sure, and ye've got more pathriotism than to let the King ov Blatherumskite be hanged, when it's your own loyal neck as would fit the rope so azy." Murphy O'Blarney did not seem to hear. "Bad luck to the likes ov yese for a thraitor," murmured his majesty. Then, turning to another of his subjects, he said, "Larry Brogues, it's great confidence I place in ye—ye're a jewel ov a man intirely; and if ye 'ill jist be afther doing me the thrifling favour ov being hanged in my place, the best pig I have shall be your's." Larry appeared as if he had lost all relish for pork. "I always said ye were a base ribbel!" muttered the angry monarch, turning from him to address a third. "Mick Killarney, a sinsible boy you've showed yerself afore to-day, and little's the praise I take to meself for not having rewarded ye according to your desarts; but if ye'll show your superior desarnment, by letting the little bit ov a rope be placed round your neck instead ov mine, it's meself that 'ill make a man ov ye when I get back to Blatherumskite." Mick Killarney turned the only eye he had in his head, to another part of the ship. "There's more brains in the tail of a dead pig, than 'ill ever come out ov yer thick skull, ye villain!" exclaimed King Teddy O'Riley in a thundering rage: then he looked very pathetic, wiped his eyes with a corner of his blanket, and began to chant, in the most miserable tones, the following words:—

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"Who'll bile the paraties and pale 'em and ate 'em!  
Who'll drink all the butthermilk I used to swallow!  
Who'll hand round the whiskey, and take his own share too  
Wid mighty convanience.

"Oh Teddy O'Riley your reign's put a stop to,  
Small blame to your sowl! you're a king now no longer,  
You're smashed all to smothers, and dished up and done for  
In a way most amazin.

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"Not brave Alexander, or Nebuchadnezzar,  
Who went out to grass wid the rest ov the cattle,  
Not Moses, or Boney, nor yet Cleopatra,  
Were treated so vilely.

"Its meself that is up to me eyes in amazement  
To see you desaved and surrounded by villains,  
Who are wantin to place your poor neck in a halter  
Bad luck to their mothers!

"Is it rope you're desirin? the divle a ha'porth.  
Is it hanged that you would be? not me then by Japers,  
Oh! there's sinse and there's rason in your own way ov thinkin,  
You're cliver intirely.

"But sorrow a hope have ye got to indulge in,  
For there hangs the rope like a murtherin blaguard,  
Wid a knot at one end, and a noose at the other.  
Oh what 'ill I do now?"

Oriel Porphyry, who had laughed exceedingly at the whole scene, now stepped forward, and, by his interference, saved his majesty's life.

"I always thought that Ireland formed a portion of the British dominions," observed the young merchant.

"So it did," replied Fortyfolios, "and enjoyed an unexampled state of prosperity; but the people were always dissatisfied and unreasonable; and were ever accusing the government of the country by which they were ruled of creating that social disorganisation which was the effect of their own evil habits—and which had existed, as may be proved by a reference to their own annals, as far back as it was possible to refer—and, upon the first opportunity, they threw off their allegiance to the British empire, and became, as they had previously been, a separate kingdom. As might have been expected, internal strife now appeared. As had formerly been the case, the country was cut up into a party of petty monarchies, that were continually at war with each other. These having gradually become smaller and more numerous, there is now a king to every potato-garden, of which class of monarchs his majesty of Blatherumskite is an example; and when these fellows are not striving to exterminate each other, they make piratical excursions to the neighbouring coast, and there create all the mischief in their power, by robbing, plundering, killing, and burning."

"We are entering the Nore, now Sir," remarked the captain.

"The derivation of the word is exceedingly puzzling," remarked the professor, "and I have met with no explanation that has satisfied me. Some antiquarians trace it to Noah, but they bring forward nothing which can be relied on in proof of this idea. I must say it is my opinion that Noah was never in this part of the world. Others ascribe it to the frequent use of the words 'Know her,'—as parties of pleasure used frequently to start in steam-boats from the metropolis to this place, and then return; and intimacies between the young males and the young females who had never met previously, used to spring up during this excursion, and the former used to reply when they were asked if they knew an individual of the other sex, 'Know her? we met going towards the sea,' and the words at last became so common that it gave name to the place."

"You're wrong again, don't you see!" exclaimed the doctor. "But I'll tell you how the place came by the name. In very ancient times a company of individuals created a joint-stock association to work a copper mine of great value which they said had been discovered on the neighbouring coast, and the people, deluded by the great anticipations held out by the schemers, invested large sums in the affair. The shaft was sunk and the mine worked, and the anxious citizens were every day coming down in crowds to learn the progress of the mine, but they invariably met with one answer to all their queries, which was 'No Ore;' and this lasted till the bubble burst. Since then the place was called 'No Ore,' which ultimately dwindled into 'Nore.'"

"Preposterous!" cried Fortyfolios. "I wonder you can repeat such a ridiculous conception."

"I'm positive that my 'No ore' is as good as your 'Noah' or 'Know her,' don't you see," replied the doctor, good humouredly.

"Nothing of the kind, Dr. Tourniquet," said the other very gravely. "My derivations are founded on well ascertained facts."

"And my derivation is founded on better ascertained facts," added the surgeon.

"The coast here seems quite deserted," observed Oriel Porphyry. "I do not see a habitation—nor a human creature—nor any species of vessel—nor any sign of life whatever."

"Possibly the natives have deserted this part of the coast from its liability to be visited by the Irish pirates," replied the professor. "But what a change there must have been in the appearance of this neighbourhood a few centuries back! Then vessels of every size and nation might have been seen sailing in almost countless numbers down the river to the Port of London, which was the mart of the world. Merchant ships and ships of war, colliers, fishing-vessels, passage-boats and pleasure-yachts were passing and re-passing each other at all hours of the day. Then these masses of ruins which you are passing on each side of the river, were filled with busy inhabitants engaged in the various labours of traffic. Here ships were built, fitted out, victualled, and stored, and when manned with a gallant crew, set sail to visit every quarter of the globe, to dispose of their cargoes and to bring home the produce of other countries. There was a battery to prevent the passage of the enemy's ships in time of war. A little further on we come to a fashionable watering place, in which the tired citizens forgot the toils of business in the pursuit of pleasure. Towns and villages existed on either side; some of considerable importance, with a numerous population engaged in every species of manufacture and of laborious employment."

"The country possesses a most desolate appearance," remarked Zabra.

"The natural effect of the cause which produced it," responded the professor. "Here all the horrors of war have been exhibited on the most comprehensive scale, and what warfare left untouched time has since destroyed. Nothing meets the eye but blackened buildings and tottering walls. The country is a wilderness—the town a desert. A little time since all was busy—all was fertile; and every nook and corner resounded with the stir of the artisan at his craft, and the mirth of the idler at his pleasure."

"What part of the island was this called?" inquired Oriel.

"These are the shores of Kent, so called from the ancient word Kenned, known or famous," replied Fortyfolios. "It was called the garden of England, and, if the accounts which describe it are to be depended on, well did it deserve the title. It was one continued field of fruit, and flowers, and grain. Forests of magnificent timber afforded materials for the carpenter and the ship-builder—plantations of hops gave employment to the cultivators, the merchants, and the brewers of malt liquors; and orchards of cherries were in constant demand from one end of the island to the other. Now the timber has either been cut down, or died of natural decay—the hop gardens have given place to crops of luxuriant weeds—and the sweet and luscious fruits have

become wild and sour."

"Here is an extensive collection of ruins on the left—and it seems once to have been an important place," observed the young merchant.

"It was so," said the professor. "There were the public dockyards, the arsenal, a college for the education of youth to the profession of war, manufactures on the most extensive scale of materials employed in fitting out ships for the war or merchant service, and conveniences for traffic or accumulation of all sorts of naval and military stores. There were foundries for cannon—manufactories of cordage, shot, nails, and ship biscuit—magazines for the safe deposit of gunpowder—yards for ship-building, and warehouses for apparel: now you see nothing but the bare walls rising up from the mass of ruins of which they are a portion. In solitude the wild dog howls where all was human life and industry; and with the boldness of long indulgence, the bats congregate in the chambers of the merchants."

"Here are the remains of a more stately structure than any we have hitherto passed—was it a palace?" inquired Oriel Porphyry. [73]

"It was nothing more than a hospital for poor sailors, such as had been maimed in the service of their country," replied Fortyfolios.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young merchant, with considerable surprise.

"Nothing else, I assure you," added his tutor.

"The government were remarkably attentive to the wants of their seamen then—they must have valued their services very high to have lodged them in so sumptuous a building as this appears to have been," observed Oriel.

"Their dwelling was at one time far more magnificent than the palace of the King of England," continued the professor. "There was no edifice erected for such a purpose to equal it in the whole world. There the wounded sailor passed the rest of his life enjoying every comfort he required. He had the range of a magnificent mansion, and an extensive and beautiful park. Proper officers watched over his health, his diet was strengthening and plentiful, and under the care of good and pious men his moral wants were equally well attended to. In another part of the river there used to be a building of similar extent that had been erected for poor and wounded soldiers, and they were provided for in a manner equally generous and considerate." [74]

"These people were distinguished for their charities, I believe," remarked the young merchant.

"They were," replied Fortyfolios. "They had numberless hospitals in which the poor, afflicted with disease, or hurt by accidents, were promptly cared for, and skilfully treated. The ablest physicians, the most experienced surgeons, and the most skilful nurses waited upon them; and all that the necessities of their cases demanded was immediately rendered. They had asylums for females who had strayed from the path of virtue, where they were taught industrious and moral habits, and then restored to society capable of taking a place with its most useful and honourable members. They had houses of instruction to reclaim young thieves, in which they received an excellent education, were taught some useful trade, and then re-entered the community capable of passing through the busy scenes of life with credit to themselves and others. They had——." [75]

"They had hospitals and asylums for every vice that disgraces humanity, don't you see," said the doctor, interrupting the speaker with more bitterness than was usual with him. "The vilest of the vile were sheltered and preached to, and made comfortable and happy; but while vice received every possible attention in fine buildings, with numerous servants, virtue might crawl through the public streets and starve; and while the rogue was carefully instructed in all things that were excellent to save his wretched life and soul, the honest man, struggling with adversity and sickness, was left to die and be damned. There was no asylum for the virtuous woman; but the vilest prostitute had always a ready home. Integrity and intelligence had to fight with famine alone and unnoticed; but ignorance and dishonesty, profligacy and crime, were sought after and generously provided for. In fact, under this miserable state of things there existed a bonus upon vice. If the vile were only vile enough, they were the objects of universal benevolence: but to be poor without being vile—oh! it was considered something so contemptible, that the charitable could not be brought to pay it the slightest regard." [76]

For a wonder Fortyfolios made no reply.

"This place is also of considerable importance to the scientific inquirer," continued the professor; "for here was a famous observatory, in which the most illustrious astronomers carried on their investigations into the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the laws which govern them. Many interesting discoveries were here made. From here were calculated the distances of various parts of the world. The neighbourhood was also distinguished by being a place of favorite resort of the inhabitants of the metropolis; and even members of the government used to indulge themselves occasionally with a trip to this once delightful place, for the purpose of enjoying a delicacy in the shape of a very small fish, a thousand of which would scarcely make a sufficient meal."

"Here are many heaps of stones and fragments of brickwork. I should suppose that they are the remains of a town of some kind," observed the young merchant. [77]

"They cover a space sufficiently extensive to make it probable," replied Fortyfolios; "but they ought to be considered as a distant suburb of the metropolis. They were chiefly inhabited by persons engaged in the production or sale of naval stores, and boat-builders, fishermen, and sailors employed in managing the craft upon the river. In some places there are wharves for merchandise, in others for coals; here was a factory for the produce of canvass, there an establishment of engineers who sent steam vessels to every sea that flows. The river here used to be crowded with shipping; so much so that the passage of the vessels often became slow and dangerous. Here were ships from every commercial nation on the globe, each laden with the produce of their country, and each intent on returning with a cargo of English goods."

"What a gloomy looking building this must have been, if we may judge from what remains of it!" remarked Zabra.

"That used to be a fortress and state prison," said the Professor. "There were once confined persons accused of treason, and there they remained previous to their execution. Some of the noblest and best spirits of the time have been incarcerated in those old walls. The noble Raleigh, the patriot Russell, the lovely Anna Boleyn, and numberless others whose names have become a part of history. There also were kept the regalia and—"

"And there also were kept the wild beasts," observed the doctor, good humouredly, "and there is every reason for believing that the latter managed to get at the regalia; for an ancient poem I have met with says—

"The lion and the unicorn  
Were fighting for the crown,  
And the lion beat the unicorn  
All about the town"—

no doubt to the great astonishment of the citizens."

"I am going to anchor now, sir," here exclaimed the captain, "as the navigation o' the river beyond this arn't practicable for a vessel o' such tonnage as the Albatross." [79]

"Let it be done then," replied the young merchant; "and let an armed party be got ready to accompany me on land, as I am desirous of examining the antiquities of the place."

"Yes, sir," responded Hearty; and preparations were immediately made to go ashore.

"You see before you the remains of a bridge," observed Fortyfolios, pointing to several broken arches that appeared above the water; "it was considered one of the finest examples of that kind of structure that had ever been erected, and an old chronicler I lately perused gives an elaborate account of the ceremonies that took place when it was first opened to the public. On that occasion the king and queen went in state, accompanied by their court, and all the great men were there, and the great merchants, and thousands upon thousands of citizens. Now you can behold nothing but the crumbling stone-work, green with age, and instead of the music and shouts which accompanied the procession, we can only hear the hoarse cry of the bittern from the neighbouring marshes, and the fierce howl of the jackal from some ruined building." [80]

"The boat's ready, sir!" said the captain; and shortly afterwards the whole party proceeded in a boat to the shore.

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## CHAP. IV.

[81]

### THE LAST OF THE ENGLISHMEN.

A LARGE tent had been pitched in an open space among the ruins of the ancient city. Before it stood Oriel Porphyry leaning on a gun, with Zabra at his side, resting on his harp. At the distance of a few feet Fortyfolios and Tourniquet were seated on a fallen pillar, disputing about the character of a building, the remains of which lay before them. The captain and the midshipman were conversing together by the side of the tent, and grouped about were twenty or thirty sailors well armed—some reclining on the ground, others leaning against a column, and the rest congregated into little parties, engaged in talking over the adventures of the day, or in passing their opinions upon the neighbouring ruins.

On one side of the tent stood a great portion of a very elegant structure, of considerable dimensions, and of a classical style of architecture; on the other side stood the ruins of a building of about the same size, with a handsome portico supported by several beautiful pillars, upon which might be observed a female draperied figure much mutilated. A short distance from between them there arose a tall column with a bronze statue of a warrior, broken and disfigured, lying at its base. Beyond the column was a flight of broken steps that led to an open space overgrown with wild shrubs and weeds; and beyond these, and around in every direction, nothing met the eye but confused heaps of stone and brickwork, overgrown with rank herbage; and pillars, and walls, and glassless windows. [82]

"I am tired of this continual ruin," exclaimed Oriel Porphyry. "We have travelled all the day and met nothing but broken pedestals, and prostrate capitals; porches without pillars, and pillars without porches; trembling porticoes, tottering walls, and roofless dwellings. I never witnessed such a perfect desolation. The only living thing I have seen was a wolf, who stared at me as if quite unused to a human countenance, and never attempted to move till I sent the contents of my gun at his head. Then, immediately I had fired, there flew around me such flights of bats, ravens, vultures, and owls, and they created such a din of screaming and hooting, that I was absolutely startled." [83]

"See how the ivy clings to the wall, Oriel!" said Zabra to his patron, as he pointed to a ruin beside them; "how it twines round the fluted pillar, and hides the ornaments of the richly decorated capital. There is poetry astir in those leaves—there is a music breathing in the breeze that shakes them. There! see you the bird moving out its head from their friendly shelter to notice our movements? She has her nest there, Oriel: in that little circle are all her pleasures



concentrated. She has made her happiness in the very desolation of which you complain. It is impossible to look around and say all is barren. There is not a weed that grows but what is full of enjoyment for myriads of creatures of which we take no note. Is there nothing in these stones which does not awaken in you associations that ought to people them with the countless multitudes that once found pleasure in this wilderness? I see not the ruin. I notice not the silence. Memory looks through the vista of departed time, and lo! all is splendour and beauty—and the deserted porticoes echo with the voice of gladness. Let me sing to you, Oriel; this is a glorious place for sweet sounds and antique memories, and I will see to what use I can apply them.”

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The young musician, after a short, touching prelude, then sung, with the deep expression that characterised all his attempts at minstrelsy, the following words:—

“To the home of the brave ones, the true and the kind,  
With a heart filled with hope I have been;  
And I thought of the gladness and peace I should find,  
And the smiles of delight I had seen.

“But the dwelling was homeless, and roofless, and bare,  
’Twas a ruin that threatened to fall;  
And my sorrowing heart seemed to cling to despair,  
Like the ivy that clung to the wall.

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“Oh! where are the roses that clustered and spread  
Round the porch where my wishes were told?  
Alas! from the porch all the roses have fled,  
And the hands that once plucked them are cold.

“Oh! where are the friends, the young, thoughtless, and gay,  
Who gave life to the garden and hall?  
All, all have departed—all, all passed away,  
Save the ivy that clings to the wall.

“Be glad, my fond heart—there is hope for you yet,  
For these leaves have a comfort convey’d;  
There are moments and pleasures I ne’er can forget,  
Though both roses and friends have decayed.

“Though this breast be a ruin where sorrow hath cast  
Desolations she cannot recal;  
Still mem’ry shall cling to the joys that are past,  
Like the ivy that clings to the wall.”

“I tell you, Dr. Tourniquet, you’re completely in error,” exclaimed Fortyfolios. “The meaning of the word United Service is evident, and admits of no dispute. In old authors we frequently read of people ‘going to service,’ and as often of a union of offices in the same person, such as butler and steward, valet and footman, gardener and groom; and there cannot be a doubt that this is what was called united service, and that this building was dedicated to the purpose of finding situations for such people.”

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“Dedicated to a fiddle-stick. Don’t you see?” replied the doctor. “I tell you it was a club that met there to play at cards, and that was the reason that they had a king of clubs, and a queen of clubs, and a knave of clubs, and ever so many other clubs; and as a qualification, all the members were obliged to be club-footed, and they were governed by what they called club law.”

“’T was no such thing, Dr. Tourniquet, depend upon it,” said the professor. “I’m sure ’t was the united service, because I have a book in my library that mentions it as the United Service.”

“And I’m sure it was a club, because I’ve got a book in my library that mentions it as a club,” responded the other.

“Then the building opposite was devoted to very different purposes,” continued Fortyfolios. “It was called the Athenæum, the derivation of which word I have never been able to discover. Perhaps it had its origin in the Modern Athens, a place of some importance in the neighbourhood of Blackwood’s Magazine—once a famous dépôt for combustibles, that blew up occasionally with great damage. However, it was erected for the purpose of bringing together all the intelligence of the country.

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“Together let us range the fields,  
Impearled with the morning dew,”

says an ancient poet, and there is no doubt that the lines were addressed by one member of the Athenæum to another.”

“And what good did they ever do by being brought together?” inquired Tourniquet.

“That has never been ascertained,” replied the other.

“For what purpose was this column erected?” asked the young merchant.

“It was erected to commemorate the victories of a certain Duke of York,” said the professor. “He distinguished himself greatly during the wars of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Besides being a great general, his piety was so great that he became a bishop, and there are a series of moral discourses extant, that took place between the Bishop and the Bishop’s Clarke, a person who was also very celebrated. It may be said that this Duke of York enjoyed more credit in his day than any of his predecessors; indeed he was in such general requisition that the constant inquiries after him, gave rise to the saying, ‘York, you’re wanted;’ and it was to him that the people, after a disturbance which he had pacified, said,—

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“Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by the son of York.”

"I certainly feel the charm of association as much as any one," observed Oriel to his companion; "but the gratification I find in treading shores so celebrated by historic recollections is changed to a painful feeling at beholding the wreck to which has been reduced the greatness I have honoured. I should suppose, from what I have seen, that the whole land is in a similar state as that portion of it which has come under my observation. I can imagine nothing so deplorable. There appear to be no living things in the island but wild animals. I can only account for their being here, from my knowledge that, in former times, the natives kept several large collections of them for show, and that these having escaped, they spread themselves over the country."

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At this moment Oriel's quick ear caught the sound of a low sharp growl at no great distance from him, and turning round, beheld a large lion crouching behind a heap of stones near the two philosophers, who were disputing so vehemently that they had not the slightest idea of their danger. The young merchant had just time to get his gun in readiness and give the alarm to the sailors, when, with a fierce roar that came like a peal of thunder upon the terrified disputants, the lion sprung upon them, and knocked them both down. He stood majestically with one paw upon the prostrate philosophers, looking defiance on Oriel and his companions, as they cautiously approached him from all sides with their muskets in their hands.

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"Now, my friends," exclaimed the young merchant, "don't fire till you come within good aiming distance—don't more than half fire at a time—let the others reserve their fire, in case he makes a spring—be steady, and aim at his head."

"Ay, ay, sir," was murmured by the captain; and every man held his breath, cocked his gun, picked his way carefully over the stones, and prepared himself for a struggle with his dangerous enemy. The lion saw them advancing—shook his mane, lashed his tail, and, bending his head to the ground, uttered a long and deafening roar.

"Now then, mind your aim," said the young merchant. About a dozen discharged their pieces; and, with a piercing howl, the lion dashed among his foes, knocking down some half-a-dozen of them, and scattering the rest in all directions. Luckily, he had been too severely wounded to do any more serious mischief. His roar was terrible; but the men having again approached him, poured in a more deadly fire, and with a vain attempt to reach them, he gave a savage growl, and fell covered with wounds. Scarcely had this been done, before a distant roar was heard by the victors.

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"Make haste and reload, for, if I mistake not, we shall have the lioness upon us in a few seconds," said Oriel Porphyry earnestly; and all quickened their preparations, to be in readiness for another contest. "Take up a position behind that ruin, for the lioness will first make to the dead lion, and then she will attempt to turn her rage upon us. We shall have her within gun range as soon as she comes to the lion, and shall be in some sort of shelter when she begins her attack."

Scarcely had the position been taken and the arrangements made, when the roar became more distinct; and, soon afterwards, the lioness was seen rapidly approaching, with a series of prodigious leaps that quickly brought her into the immediate neighbourhood of the party in ambush. She instantly proceeded to the lion. At first, she patted him with her paw. Finding he took no notice of that, she fawned upon him, and licked him with her tongue, playfully bit his ear, and played with his mane. Observing that he was still inattentive to her movements, she gently turned him over; and then, noticing the wounds in his head and body, and his incapability of replying to her caresses, she uttered a roar so loud and piercing, that it made the old walls about her echo again. This was replied to by a peal of musketry from the neighbouring ruin. In a moment, with another deafening howl, she rushed towards the place whence came the reports, and with one desperate bound, leaped to the window behind which Oriel and his companions lay concealed upon a heap of stones and rubbish. She had got her fore paws and head upon the ledge of the window, when another shower of balls sent her reeling back. Howling with rage she made the leap again; when a blow on the head from the butt end of a gun, held by a stout seaman, made her loosen her hold, and, with a savage growl, she fell to the ground. From there she next crawled to the body of the lion, licking the upper part of his body, and uttering the most wild and melancholy howls. She was evidently much wounded; but she managed to crawl round him several times, drawing her long tongue over his mane, and moving a paw, or his head, in hopes of noticing some sign of recognition. At last, finding all her efforts ineffectual, she emitted a roar that rivalled the loudest thunder, lashed her body furiously with her tail, began tearing up the stones and soil around her, and then, as if putting forth her strength for a last effort, she made two or three prodigious leaps towards the adjoining building. The bullets that met her in her way did not stop her progress, for with one enormous bound she cleared the window, and came down in the midst of the voyagers, dashing them about with a violence that gave several of the men very severe contusions, and grasping one by the neck so furiously that he would have inevitably been killed, had not Loop stabbed her to the heart with a short sword he carried, while Hearty gave her a desperate blow on the head with an immense fragment of stone. Letting go the man she had got so firmly in her grasp, she turned upon her assailants a look of the most savage ferocity, and then, with a short howl of agony, fell back dead at their feet.

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They had dragged the lioness out of the building, and several of the men were busily engaged taking off the skins of the two animals, and the rest were talking over the dangers they had escaped, when Zabra pointed out to his patron the figures of an old man and a young female, who were advancing up the broken steps that led to the base of the column. The sight of human beings was so novel, that every one paid particular attention to the individuals they now beheld. The man appeared to have reached extreme old age, for his hair was white and long, and hung down upon his neck and shoulders. His complexion was ruddy, but although the face was covered with wrinkles and deeply marked furrows, there was an animation in his eyes that showed that

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the fire of life was still brilliantly burning. He was tall, and walked firmly, supporting himself by a long staff. The skin of a lion hung from his neck over his manly shoulders. The rest of his dress was composed of skins fastened by thongs round his body and legs. A long sword was suspended at his side, which, with a knife or dagger at his waist, seemed all the weapons he possessed.

He was accompanied by a young girl, whose complexion had evidently been browned by exposure to the sun, the effect of which gave a warmer character to the quiet beauty of her features. Her eyes were of a soft, deep, blue, beaming with tenderness and benevolence; and her hair, which was silken in its texture, and very light in colour, fell in clustering curls from her forehead to her neck. A sort of cape, made of feathers, covered her shoulders; beneath which was a long garment reaching below the knees, made of different skins neatly sewed together, and bound round the waist with a belt of the same. Her arms and legs were bare, and they were of the most exquisite symmetry, delicately and beautifully formed. In one hand she carried a light spear, and the other she rested upon the shoulder of her companion.

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As soon as the young girl observed the voyagers, she started back with an exclamation of fear, and clung to the arm of her elder companion, who, noticing the cause of her alarm, immediately let fall his staff and drew his sword. There was something remarkably imposing in the attitude of the old man. He drew up his stately form to its full height; and as he stood upon the defensive with his weapon firmly grasped in his right hand, while with his left arm he clasped the young girl by the waist and drew her behind him, there seemed a vigour in his silvery hairs, and a fire in his sunken eyes, that neither youth or manhood could have rivalled.

Oriel Porphyry, who looked upon them with peculiar interest, laid down his arms and advanced towards them, accompanied only by Zabra, who was also unarmed. Their approaches were closely regarded by the man, and watched with curiosity by the female.

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"Fear us not, old man, we will do you no harm," said the young merchant.

"Fear!" exclaimed the old man proudly, "I know it not."

"We are voyagers from a distant land, who have been induced to visit your shores, from a desire to do honour to a country once so famous."

The old man, without making any reply, hastily returned his sword to its scabbard, and then, with a countenance in which fearlessness and kindness were blended, held out his right hand. The hand of Oriel Porphyry was soon in its cordial and friendly grasp, and a compact of sociality seemed immediately agreed to between both parties. "And you, fair maid, need not be alarmed," said Zabra, approaching the maiden with a look that might have inspired a savage with confidence. "You will meet amongst us none but friends anxious to do you honour and service." She shrunk back from his advances with a strong feeling of timidity expressed in her features; yet continued to gaze on the handsome face and graceful person of the speaker, as if they had for her an attraction impossible to be resisted.

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"The child is unused to strangers," observed her companion, as he noticed the shy and wondering manner with which she regarded Zabra. "It is long since she has seen a human being except myself. Be not afraid, Lilya," he exclaimed, as he drew her towards him. "These are not enemies. They are wanderers, like ourselves; but they have a home and kindred—we have neither."

The cheerful countenance of the old man now became clouded with melancholy, and he sighed as if there was a heaviness upon his heart that could not be removed; but the timid Lilya still gazed upon the features of the young musician, as if she found it impossible to remove her eyes from their beauty. There was an extraordinary contrast between her and her companion. She seemed just in the dawn of womanhood, with delicate limbs, and looks all bashfulness and pleased surprise; while he appeared on the extreme verge of old age—all bone and sinews, hard and rough with exposure to the severities of time and climate. She was evidently too young to be his daughter; but that there was some relationship between them was evident, for even in the gentle loveliness that distinguished her youthful face might be discerned faint traces of resemblance to the ancient but noble example of manhood that stood by her side.

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"Your appearance has much interested me," said the young merchant, gazing on the stranger's venerable appearance with affectionate respect; "and I hope it will not be deemed intrusive or impertinent if I inquire who it is I behold."

"You see before you the last of the Englishmen," said the old man, looking proudly upon the inquirer.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Oriel, regarding him with increased admiration and a voluntary feeling of homage.

"The last of that powerful and illustrious race is now before you," he added, "and this is the child of my child's child. We are all that remain of the great people who filled this island with their multitudes and the world with their fame. Kindred and countrymen—all are gone; their homes are the habitations of the wild cat and the vulture, and even their very graves have been made desolate by the jackal and the hyena."

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"You appear to have attained a great age," remarked Zabra.

"Alas! I have outlived my country," replied the Englishman. "A hundred and twenty years have passed since my existence commenced. Time has forgotten me. I have been where the sword was ploughing deep furrows around me far and near.—I have seen Death busy at his work amid the youthful, the old, the innocent and the guilty.—I have noticed the young trees grow up, put forth their bravery, and die.—I have beheld mighty buildings crumble into dust.—I have known all things perish before my eyes: yet I have remained untouched in the midst of the desolation.—Three generations have passed away, and have left me to gather consolation from their tombs."

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"If the relation of what you have known and endured be not too painful, I should much like to hear it," said the young merchant.

"If you have the patience to listen, all shall be told to you," replied the old man. Then taking up his staff, he walked on to some fragments of building that lay at a short distance, on which he sat with Lilya at his feet. Oriel Porphyry, Zabra, Loop, the captain, Fortyfolios, and the doctor sat or reclined in a circle round him, and beyond the circle, the sailors stood leaning on their guns.

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## CHAP. V.

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### AN ACCOUNT OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF OLD ENGLAND.

"It must be at least a century since the necessities of the kingdom obliged me, for the first time, to attempt the trade of war," said the Englishman. "There had been some dispute between the government and the people, which was originally of little consequence, but the zeal of furious partizans on each side gave it an importance which would not otherwise have belonged to it. One said the safety of the people depended on their success—another declared that the security of the crown was involved in the question. One party were frantic for liberty—another party, not so numerous, but far more influential, were enthusiastic for loyalty. But words were soon given up for more effective weapons. The Court, proud in their strength, prepared themselves for a sanguinary conflict; and their antagonists, having equal confidence in their numbers, followed their example with the same alacrity. The whole country was astir with contention: families were divided, and friends turned into foes. He who opposed the King was denounced as a rebel; and he who differed with the people was declared a traitor.

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"Many disturbances had broken out before the parties took the field in military array; but now the quarrel assumed a more serious aspect. Every one armed himself, and hastened to join that cause which seemed to him the best; and the most influential men on each side led these masses to the battle. Though they were children of the same soil, and many had relatives in the opposite ranks, nothing could equal the animosity with which they engaged and the fury with which they fought. Never had they against a foreign foe exhibited such fierceness. The battle raged nearly the whole of the day with great slaughter on both sides. The men of loyalty were less in number, but they were more experienced in soldiership. The men of liberty had the most powerful army, but they were deficient in military discipline and in martial appearance. They fought with the most determined courage, resisting and making attacks, attacking and defending positions, till, after a protracted struggle, the latter succeeded in driving their opponents off the field.

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"This was merely the commencement of hostilities. The crown party, though defeated, were very soon in a condition to renew the contest; and though this victory to the popular cause brought a great increase of strength, it did not save its partizans from being defeated with immense slaughter in the next battle that was fought. For several years a destructive civil war raged with unexampled ferocity in every part of the kingdom; sometimes one party being the strongest, sometimes the other. Every individual capable of bearing arms was obliged to join either the cause of the king or that of the people; and, as a great diversity of opinion existed, brothers were set against brothers, and fathers against sons, and thousands and tens of thousands of the bravest of her citizens daily were cast into pits to feed the worms of the soil of England. At last the popular cause triumphed, and the King became a fugitive. Loud were the congratulations of the victors when no doubt seemed to remain of their success; but they had little cause for their joy—they had only changed a bad ruler for a worse.

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"The triumphant party now sought out such of their fellow-citizens who had most distinguished themselves by their hostility to their progress during the late warfare; and they who did not succeed in escaping were persecuted and exterminated in every way that vengeance could devise. Blood continued to flow, and hatred and strife still existed. The leading men among them had scarcely settled themselves in their authority, before they began to differ concerning their notions of government. Some were for one form and some for another, and each had his own theory to support or his own ambition to gratify. The difference soon increased to open hostility; and as each was supported by a numerous band of partizans, each strove for the mastery with all the cunning and boldness he possessed. Battles were again fought—victims were again sacrificed. Party succeeded party; and as one overpowered the other, the vanquished were sure to be massacred if they remained within the power of their conquerors.

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"But the cause of the king was considered the cause of all kings; and while the different leaders of the people seemed intent only upon exterminating each other, a powerful armament was being fitted out in a neighbouring kingdom for the purpose of restoring the deposed monarch to his possessions. The first intimation that the ruling government had of this expedition was derived from its landing upon the coast; and the necessity of an immediate union between all parties against the common enemy became so evident, that they lost no time in settling their differences, joining their disposable forces, and making preparations to resist the approaches of their expelled sovereign. Numbers, who had suffered from the oppressions of the many, now hastened to the king's standard. The loyal came from their hiding places, and those who had fled to the neighbouring continent hurried back again to share in the struggle. The battle-cry of one was, 'God and the King'—that of the other, 'God and the People;' and, with increased animosity, the contending armies rushed to the conflict, till the whole country seemed flowing with blood.

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"At first the king was successful in almost every encounter with his rebellious subjects. Battle after battle was fought, and still he kept advancing and triumphing on his way. But the leaders of the people did not despair. They carried on the contest with the same spirit notwithstanding their defeats. The whole population rose in arms. No sooner was one army dispersed than another was ready for action. Three times the court party took possession of the capital, and were again driven out. The contest was prolonged by the military genius of one man, whose mind seemed exhaustless in resources. He had risen from obscurity, and had gradually exalted himself from one command to another during the civil war, till the whole forces on the side of the people were at his disposal. Success appeared to attend all his efforts. As he in his own person exhibited the most determined bravery, his followers were stimulated to copy his example. The most daring attacks were planned and executed, and the royalists began to lose all the advantages they had previously gained. It was the intention of the popular general to terminate the contest at a blow; and with this object in view he concentrated all his forces, and unexpectedly brought them upon the enemy's camp. The royalists were taken quite unprepared, and few escaped to announce their defeat. The king, the nobles, the foreign troops, and a great portion of their native allies perished in one indiscriminate slaughter; and thus the hopes of the loyal were utterly annihilated for the time.

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"As every man was obliged to join one or the other party, I had my share in these struggles for mastery. I had inherited a small patrimony in one of the inland counties, and I had recently married a young and beautiful relative, to whom I had been attached from my youth, when I was first called upon to contribute my assistance towards bringing the contest to a termination. I was an ardent lover of liberty. I was a great advocate for republics, and I had long looked upon kings as expensive and useless machines, which the people could easily spare. It may easily be imagined, from my acknowledgement of these sentiments, that I eagerly embraced the popular cause. I mixed myself up as little as possible with the squabbles of partizans; but there were few more sincere adherents to the principles I professed than myself. I was present at nearly all the great engagements, received several wounds, and gradually acquired rank and experience in the republican army. My superior officers respected me, and the men under my command were attentive and obedient.

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"After the destruction of the royalists, the people were so frantic in praise of their leader that he thought he might be allowed to assume the sovereign power. He did so, amid the acclamations of the multitude; and in six months after was assassinated. No sooner was his decease known than there rose the same intrigues for supremacy that his master mind had quelled. Party succeeded party, and government followed government, in rapid succession; and the gibbet and the axe were in constant requisition by whatever party happened to be in power. As if it was determined that this unhappy nation should enjoy no respite from its troubles, the son of the late king, assuming the royal dignity, had succeeded in inducing a foreign power to grant such assistance as might be required to reinstate him in the throne of his fathers. He landed on the English coast with a large army of foreigners, and advanced in a very imposing manner towards the ancient metropolis. The government had no force sufficient to dispute his progress, and fancying itself unable to struggle successfully against the army brought against it, it took the dangerous resolution of inviting to its assistance the monarch of a neighbouring and powerful kingdom. While this was being done the young king marched forward, meeting with very little opposition till he came within a few miles of the metropolitan city. There the leaders of the people had taken up a strong position, and although they were inferior to the royalists in number and soldiership, and had not yet received the expected succours from the foreign power, they determined to dispute the passage with the royalists. The battle was long and sanguinary. The people, favoured by their position, quietly awaited the attack of their opponents, and as they advanced, poured into their ranks a heavy and destructive fire; but although they fought in the most steady and heroic manner, the superiority of the enemy in numbers and discipline was too great to be counteracted by the most steady courage. The republicans were driven from their position, and defeated with great slaughter; after which the young monarch marched into the ancient city, of which he took possession. It was at first resolved to renew the fight in the streets of the metropolis; but dissension and ill-will arose in their councils, and nothing being resolved on, the popular army retreated from the city, leaving it open to the advance of the royalists.

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"The young king, fancying that all opposition had ceased, or that the defeated party could not now offer him any molestation, passed his time in getting up the idle ceremonies of a coronation; but the leaders of the people were preparing to recommence the struggle. A powerful army from the monarch who had promised them assistance, had landed, and such good use did they make of their time, that the young king was obliged to leave the metropolis in the very midst of his coronation. Then again the horrors of civil war broke out with fresh fury. As each party was assisted by foreign allies, the war was never left to languish. Reinforcements were continually being poured into the kingdom, and the ranks of the opposing armies, thus strengthened, were led against each other, and fiercer and more relentless became the strife. Blood flowed like water, and flesh was cut down like grass. Villages were deserted—towns burnt—cities depopulated. Whether by design or accident is not known, but it was found out that in all engagements the inhabitants suffered infinitely more than their foreign auxiliaries. At every battle the fields were strewn with their dead, while the loss of their allies was but trifling.

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"After the war had been protracted till there scarcely seemed materials left in the kingdom to continue it, the king's party were completely annihilated, and the foreign troops that had assisted them were glad to make their escape out of the country. The allies which the leaders of the people had called to their assistance, had been gradually augmented until they had become an exceedingly numerous and powerful body, and when the war was over, it was the anxious desire of the people to get rid of them as soon as possible. But their friends were not so easily to be

disposed of. On different pretexts they protracted their stay till they had obtained possession of nearly all the strong places in the empire, and then they not only refused to depart, but commenced a war of extermination on the people they came to protect. For this treachery the inhabitants were but ill prepared. The greater portion of the English army had been disbanded, and the rest were insignificant in comparison with the new enemy against which they were called to act. The consequence was, that for a considerable time the foreign army passed from one part of the island to the other, burning and destroying whatever they met with, without meeting any resistance.

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“A force was hastily organised for the purpose of driving these treacherous friends out of the country. The old and young of all parties and opinions rushed to the national standard with the hope of freeing their native land from foreign rule. A battle ensued. Nothing could exceed the desperate bravery of my countrymen; but the discipline of their enemy was not to be resisted. The people were slaughtered in multitudes, and I, who commanded one of the wings of the army on that occasion, was the only general officer who retreated from the field with anything like a respectable body of men. We were attacked as we retreated by a force greatly our superior; but I continued to show a resolute front, beat off the assailants, and maintained a successful fight. I succeeded in placing my men within the shelter of impregnable walls.

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“The people had by this time become sick of war. Thirty years of continued bloodshed had done destructive work all over the country. The population had been greatly reduced; agriculture had been neglected; commerce was rapidly decaying; manufactures had been destroyed; all the resources of industry had been annihilated; poverty, misery, and ruin existed throughout the land. The people sued for peace. The enemy sent back a message:—it was, ‘England must be destroyed;’ and still they continued their relentless work of pillage, burning, and slaughter. But the spirit of the nation was not utterly broken. They still waged a defensive and offensive war whenever there was an opportunity of doing so with advantage. Every small party of the enemy were cut off, stragglers killed wherever met with, and their army harassed in every way that hatred and ingenuity could devise. Bands of well-armed Englishmen, from fifty to a thousand in number, under separate and independent leaders, surprised positions, destroyed convoys, and cut off supplies. A new plan of warfare was now attempted, which, although destructive to the country, was found a most effective means of expelling the invaders. This was, wherever the enemy approached, to burn the dwellings, and to move or destroy every kind of provision.

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“About this period, there appeared amongst the crowd of wretched beings who congregated the cities, a new and malignant epidemic. How it first originated was a mystery. It came, and none knew from what cause. Its fatal character was soon proved. At first, the people died in tens and twenties, then they perished by hundreds, and then thousands fell victims to its malignity. The rich fled from their town houses into the country, carrying with them the very infection from which they were flying, and in a short time it penetrated into the most remote corner of the kingdom. Where the population had not been extensive, there were not left enough to bury the dead. In some rural districts they died, and none knew of their decease. It attacked all constitutions with the same violence: the old, the young, the strong and the weak, were its continual victims. The rich were as much subject to its ravages as the poor. There was no condition or class of society in which the disease did not enter and carry off the majority of its members.

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“The system which had been pursued, chiefly under my direction, against the enemy, gave them considerable annoyance; but still the inhabitants generally would have done anything to have purchased the blessings of peace. Again was the boon sued for, and the reply was, ‘You haughty islanders have continued too long to lord it over the world. We have been your victims many a time; but now you shall be ours—England must be destroyed.’ They might have triumphed over our hostility; they might, by keeping up a communication with their ships, continue to have supplies of provision and forage independent of the country; but they saw that they could not escape the plague: and, after effecting all the mischief they could produce, they hastened to their vessels, and sailed from the pestilential shores they had come to conquer.

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“I had not mingled in the sufferings of my country without having to endure my own share. I had found my home burnt to the ground, and my wife sacrificed in the flames. Three of my sons had died fighting by my side. But worse suffering was now in store for me: the plague was amongst us. I had used every precaution to prevent the infection spreading among my relatives. I had retired to a dwelling up a steep mountain in the west, and there I resided with my children and their families. There were four of my sons, strong, robust men, well inured to all the dangers of war; and there were their wives, all of healthy constitutions, and their children, of different ages, every one full of health and spirits. With these were my two daughters, with their husbands and families, none of whom were touched by the slightest illness. One morning I was congratulating them upon the beneficial effect of my regulations to prevent the spread of the infection, and the mothers looked at their children and the husbands on their wives, and I gazed on all, with a delight we found to be unspeakable. In less than a week I had buried them all but one.”

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Here the old man’s voice sunk, and he appeared to be powerfully agitated. No one attempted an observation; and after making a strong effort to recover his self-possession, he continued.

“The survivor was a boy of ten years of age; he was one of the few whom the plague had touched and spared. Me it had passed by harmless. But the destruction caused by the pestilence exceeded all calculation. As in my case, whole families were carried off, and districts entirely depopulated. The pits that were dug to throw in the dead were quickly filled, and none were strong enough to dig others. The dead cart stood in the street with its load piled up; for both the driver and the horse had been destroyed by the pestilence. Physicians and surgeons appeared to have been the earliest of its victims. They came to visit their patients, and they died by the

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bedside. All remedies were tried without avail; all precautions were used, but they were equally useless. There were different opinions existing as to its origin. The royalists said that it was a punishment for the sins of the republicans; and the republicans retorted by proclaiming that it was a judgment on the profligacy of the royalists. Religious fanatics went running about the deserted streets, with streaming hair and blood-shot eyes, shouting out, in piercing tones, 'Wo! wo! the day of judgment is at hand!'"

This lasted for the better portion of a year; and, after putting the boy in a place of safety, when the pestilence was over, as I journeyed through the country to notice the effects it had produced, where I had once known crowded thoroughfares, I passed along without meeting a single inhabitant. The country appeared to have been completely unpeopled; and in the city, the few persons I met with only made the immense mortality which had existed appear more great. I inquired for the government, and found that not a trace of it was in existence. I asked for the army, and I was shown about a couple of hundred men. I called a meeting of the citizens in the metropolis, and they all came; and they filled a moderate sized room. I explained to them the deplorable state into which the plague had reduced the country, and I asked their counsel and assistance to form some sort of government to manage its affairs. There was a melancholy silence for some minutes. None attempted to speak. Their hearts seemed too full for utterance. At last one of the citizens ventured to wish that I would do what I thought best for the community; and I did do what I thought best. I travelled through every part of this once populous island to notice with my own eyes the exact state of the remaining population. Some cities I found deserted; in others two-thirds of their buildings were untenanted; the rank grass was growing in the public streets, and the gardens of the rich were filled with nettles.

"But the measure of afflictions for this unhappy country had not yet been filled up. No sooner had the pestilence abated, than another enemy, scarcely less dreadful, made its appearance. The continued ravages of war had prevented the tilling of the fields. No one would attempt to sow, knowing how insecure would be his ownership of the crop he might produce. There had been no grain, and no fruits, and no vegetables; and the cattle had died of the plague, or had been destroyed by the enemy. It was in vain attempting to get a supply from foreign countries. Our commerce had been destroyed, for no nation would hold communication with a people among whom raged so destructive a pestilence. They avoided the shores of England as if death was on its soil; and any vessel attempting to communicate with them, or to enter one of their ports, was fired at and sunk. The consequence was, our ships lay rotting in the docks, and their crews were either dead, or had dispersed over the island, and were not to be found. The terrific visitation of famine was now upon us. Every thing was eaten that the human stomach could be brought to swallow. Things the most loathsome to the taste, and offensive to the eyes, were readily and ravenously devoured. Then the cheek sunk; the eye-ball fell; the flesh dwindled away; and all crawled with half lifeless limbs in search of any substance that might lessen the cravings of their appetites. But at last every thing that was digestible disappeared, and the skeleton forms of the sufferers were stretched stiffly on the place where they fell—some in madness, some in despair, and all in agony and dread.

"There was no opportunity allowed me for legislating with any advantage. I thought of every plan that afforded the slightest assistance towards lessening the dreadful effects of the calamity which the whole country was enduring; but I met with no one to second my exertions. The few who retained the use of their faculties were feeble and emaciated. Famine was in their gaunt limbs, and despair upon their aching hearts. No one appeared inclined to pay the slightest attention to any thing but his own sufferings. There was no authority but that of the strong, and they who retained their physical power the longest, robbed the dying of such slight nourishment as they had acquired. The rich would bring out their treasures and offer them for a meal, and when some avaricious wretch was found to make the exchange, one more strong than either would come by, and wrest the food from the impoverished, and the wealth from the miser; and both died within the hour. The breast of the mother became dry, and the infant was abandoned to starve when it became an incumbrance to the famished parent. Cats, dogs, rats, mice, and every kind of animal, no matter how disgusting in its habits, had been greedily devoured; birds, fish, and insects, that had previously been considered loathsome, were sought after as delicacies; and weeds, roots, the leaves of trees, offal, and even many things still more objectionable, became the daily food of many who had been accustomed to the most luxurious fare.

"Finding that I could do no good among the scanty band of skeletons that clung to a lingering existence, I determined on endeavouring to make my way to the northern part of the island, where an industrious and hardy race had managed to retain their independence and prosperity during the wars, the pestilence, and the famine, that ravaged its southern portion. My grandson was too young to walk great distances; so, when he was tired, I placed him upon my shoulder, and thus we journeyed on our way. Our food was acorns, berries, roots, and leaves. Sometimes I was enabled to catch a fish, or a bird, or a small animal; but these were luxuries seldom to be enjoyed. We passed several parties apparently intent upon the same object as ourselves; but many were there of the groups who laid themselves down on the road-side weary and famishing, and there perished. Continually I came upon some individual made desperate by his hunger, scratching up the earth with his hands in search of the worms it contained, which, if found, were eaten with as much enjoyment as the most delicious meats, and if the search was fruitless, the dry soil was crammed into the mouth as a substitute. Very few of the travellers could have reached the end of their journey, for we continued to pass the dying and the dead as far as we proceeded. Sometimes a solitary wretch would be found prostrate at the foot of a tree, the bark of which he had evidently been gnawing; further on a family of children were discovered, with their little bodies shrunk to the bone, and the parents at a short distance, with their faces turned from them, as if they could not look upon their sufferings; and in another place, a lover and his

mistress lay clasped in each other's fleshless arms.

"We were crossing an extensive and barren moor, when we came before a group of dead bodies, among which, to my exceeding astonishment, I beheld a child—a delicate girl of five or six years of age—busily occupied in chasing a butterfly. The scene was so extraordinary that I stood gazing on it for a considerable period before I could determine what to do. The insect's gaudy wings kept fluttering over the lifeless forms that were cold and stiff on the ground, sometimes alighting on a hand, sometimes on a face; and the child, in an ecstasy of delight, screaming, and laughing, and stretching out its little arms, pursued it from place to place. What a time was this for reflection! Here was life in the midst of death—the pursuit of pleasure among the most fatal and least endurable examples of pain. It was a wonderful sight! The girl seemed to know neither want nor sorrow; and continued her sport, indifferent to the spectral shapes that lay extended at her feet. Their ghastly stare, and gaunt visages, had no terrors for her. The hunt of the butterfly occupied all her thoughts, and the hope of attaining possession of its beautiful colours seemed the only desire entertained. After watching her movements with indescribable interest for several minutes, I advanced towards the child, and invited her to go with me. I had considerable difficulty to get her to leave the butterfly; and when I led her away from the spot, she chatted with infantile volubility, as if there was nothing else but the butterfly in the world.

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"I found the people of the northern provinces hospitable, and with them I lived for nearly half a century. They escaped the ravages of the pestilence by not allowing any infected persons from the neighbouring counties, who crowded towards the borders, to enter into their territory. None had presented themselves during the prevalence of the famine but myself; and their own frugality saved them from the horrors which had desolated England. They looked upon the southern portion of the island as a doomed country, for although several parties from the north had gone there for the purpose of forming settlements, they either returned after a short stay, stating that neither cattle nor crops would nourish on the land, or were never more heard of, and were supposed to have fallen victims to the pirates who occasionally visited the coast. I passed my time in educating the two children of whom I had taken charge, and both made great progress under my instructions. The boy became a fine, active, intelligent man, the girl an admirable example of womankind; and as I found that their hearts were for each other, in due time I had them made man and wife. I have outlived them and all their progeny, with the exception of Lilya, whom, after the decease of her family, I took with me to England, having at the time an ardent desire to revisit its desolated shores.

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"What I found England I need scarcely describe; you see it before you. It was a complete ruin. A sad and miserable remnant of her people did strive to till the land; but the soil refused to give sustenance to the seed, and the cultivator could gather nothing but a harvest of weeds. The earth was abandoned for the waters, and the farmers became fishermen; but the sea and the river gave an inadequate supply. One by one the inhabitants dropped off, till at last the only human creatures within the country were myself and Lilya. We managed to subsist by hunting and fishing. Our fare was not at all times very delicate, and was seldom very plentiful; but we provided for ourselves tolerably well. We were obliged to rely upon our own resources; for the savage appearance of the island, and the belief that it was doomed to destruction, prevented our being visited by any vessels from the continent; and even the pirates from the neighbouring islands, having found that the country contained nothing to tempt them to a visit, turned their attention to more opulent regions. Lilya and I, therefore, had the whole land to ourselves, and over it we held absolute sovereignty. Even the savage monsters of the forest appeared to acknowledge our supremacy, for none offered to molest us. We took our way through deserted piles and fallen monuments; and if we disturbed the lion in his lair, or the eagle in his eyrie, they made way for our approach, and returned to their haunts when we were gone.

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"Thus passed the time. Lilya grew up as you see—a child of the forest, skilful in snaring game, and in preserving skins; affectionate in her manner, gentle in her temper, and shy as a dove in her nest. As for me, I was a wanderer over the lands of my forefathers. The stream, the vale, the mountain, and the plain, were accustomed to my visits. I became a denizen of the forest and the plain—a resident in the deserted cities. I found a dwelling in the palace and the hut; and all places were my home. I experienced a melancholy pleasure in beholding the scenes in which the greatness of my country had once been exhibited. I walked among the crumbling ruins of her once gorgeous halls. The sunken roofs of her stately cathedrals for me were full of religious awe and veneration; the dilapidated battlements of her ancient castles seemed still to show the dauntless valour of the spirits by whom they had been defended; and the moss and lichens that disfigured her public monuments gave only a fresher interest to the worth they represented. From these I gathered the memories of a better time, and the glories of the past warmed my old heart with the vigour of a second youth. I lived over again the departed age—I recalled to life the buried generations—I contemplated the happiness which the grave had long since hid in her bosom—and the discoloured stones around me seemed to echo the busy goings on of an industrious population. Free hearts were throbbing proudly around me, and the stillness of the desert along which I stalked was made alive with the pleasures of the young, the noble, and the brave.

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"Gone is your glory, oh my country!" exclaimed the old man, in a more feeble voice; "your greatness among the nations is put down; your magnificence has dwindled to a heap of stones; your power has nothing by which it may be known. If the stranger come in a few years, and inquire for the city which was the wonder of the world, none shall tell him, for both city and citizens will have crumbled into dust. If he ask for the people whose name was a glory in every clime that exists, he shall find no better reply than the echo of his own voice. He may wander over the brave old island in search of places that history has made immortal, without being able to discover a trace of their existence. The thistle and the nettle will hide the graves of its



illustrious; ravenous beasts will prowl in its cities; and all that is noble and grand in its localities will be crushed, swallowed, and lost in one devouring ruin; and I, that am here as an ancient tree with gnarled trunk and brittle boughs, that stands up as if unnoticed by the destroyer, when the rest of the forest have mouldered into the soil, will then have perished and passed away, and not even a remembrance of my name will be left upon the land."

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"Noble old man!" exclaimed Oriel Porphyry with fervour, "there is no one here who does not sympathise with your situation. I would endeavour to console you, but I am afraid that your case is one beyond all consolation. What can I do to render you assistance? Let me prevail on you to leave this land, which has been so completely devoted to destruction, and I will find you a more attractive home, and friends as kind as those you have lost."

"Leave this land!" loudly cried the Englishman, apparently astonished at the suggestion. "For a hundred and twenty years this island has been the attraction of all my thoughts; my love for it arose from admiration of its magnificence, and my heart still clings to it in its utter annihilation. Do you think it would be possible for me, after having made myself so familiar with its ruins, to find pleasure in the prosperity of a far off country? No! to me the world hath nothing like it. What are smiling landscapes? What are stately edifices? What are fields busy with life, and cities astir with industry, if on a foreign shore? Its homes are not my home—its graves are not the graves of my people. But these tottering walls and depopulated lands are mine; I hold them in undisputed possession; I have a claim on them which has been long acknowledged; and they have a claim on me which I feel I must speedily prepare to liquidate. No: leave me to the desolation in which I dwell. It has become habitual—it has become necessary. I have long, perhaps too long, been its inhabitant; but the hour comes when another ruin must be added to those which now encumber the soil."

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"And then what is to become of the gentle Lilya?" inquired the young merchant.

"Ah! 'tis of that I am ever anxious," replied the old man, with a look of affectionate solicitude towards his youthful relative. "The child is full of amiable ways—she is artless and untutored: I cannot part with her; and yet to leave her unprotected in this wilderness is a source of constant disquietude to me."

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"If you entrust her to me," added Oriel, "by the honour of manhood I promise to behave to her as a brother; and I will place her under the protection of a lady from whom she will receive every attention her youth and unfriended situation requires."

"In her name I can promise all that she stands most in need of," said Zabra.

"What say you, my Lilya?" inquired the Englishman. "Will you go with the strangers? Will you leave this wretched country, and seek one where happiness awaits you?"

"I will have no other country but yours, oh my protector!" exclaimed the girl, as she flung herself into the old man's arms. "These strangers are good; but they can never be so good as you have been: and these old walls too—where shall I meet with such verdant moss, or such beautiful ivy, as they possess? While you live, with you must my existence be passed: and when you have ceased to lead me in my wanderings through the silent forest or the deserted city, I care not where I go; for I shall never again find the parent, the friend and guardian I shall have lost."

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The Englishman pressed her more closely to his breast.

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## CHAP. VI.

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### THE DEATH OF THE LAST OF THE ENGLISHMEN.

"My life is drawing rapidly to its close," faltered the old man; "my weary pilgrimage is nearly over. Farewell, ye solitary halls and voiceless palaces! Farewell, ye grassy streets and ivied porticoes! The eyes that have gazed upon ye in your splendour, and watched ye gradually passing into ruin, will soon be darkened and closed. The heart that hath drawn so many pleasures from your unfading braveries is fast sinking into that state of nothingness to which you all hasten. City of the silent! he who worshipped your prosperity, and loved your decay, must now pass from amidst your ruined dwellings. Like your time-honoured walls, I totter and tremble, and am ready to fall upon the earth that supports me—the ivy seems twining up my unsteady limbs, and the moss is spreading over my ancient heart. Farewell, ye untasted pastures, ye uncultivated fields, ye gardens of weeds and orchards of brambles—the wildness of your looks shall welcome me no more. Farewell, ye hoary mountains and savage rocks, ye untrodden forests and unhonored streams—the same iron hand that hath visited ye so heavily, as heavily must fall on me. I pass from among ye, oh land of my fathers! Your earth shall receive me to her breast!"

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The old man lay on a green bank overgrown with wild flowers, while Oriel and Zabra supported his head. Lilya was reclining at his side, with one of his hands at her lips, and her face hid on his breast, and she spoke only in convulsive sobs. Tourniquet stood near him feeling his pulse, and the professor was close beside endeavouring to administer consolation. At a short distance stood the captain and midshipman, with part of the crew of the Albatross, apparently taking a deep interest in the scene. They were congregated together near a shelving hillock in the neighbourhood of an extensive marsh. Before them was an ancient arch of marble, and beyond that, the ruins of a structure evidently once of very great extent and magnificence, with many

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statues, some standing where they had been placed, and others lying mutilated among the heaps of stones that were piled up around the place for a considerable distance. The sun was declining in the heavens, and the day was bright and warm. Ruins, in different stages of decay, were observed as far as the eye could reach in every direction, except towards the west, where an open space showed the distant hills, over which the sun was hastening his descent.

It was evident that the Englishman was dying. His venerable brow was covered with a thick perspiration, and his fine countenance had become more pallid and anxious than it had previously been. Yet his eyes beamed as if they had lost none of their accustomed brilliancy, and his noble form possessed the same dignity which had first attracted the attention of the voyagers. He was still in possession of all his faculties, and there was an energy in his manner, and an impressiveness in his language, which proved that the spirit that had outlived so many generations had lost none of its youthful vigour.

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"Your pulse is getting more feeble, don't you see?" said the doctor, with much sympathy for his patient; "and I regret to be obliged to agree with you in stating that your hours are numbered. You have lived far beyond the usual term of life, and it must be a great consolation to you, in your present state, to know that you have lived all that time in honour, and worth, and virtue."

"Be grateful to Providence that you have been so long spared," observed Fortyfolios. "The age of man is threescore and ten, and this is but rarely attained; and yet your existence has been prolonged to nearly double that length of time. How much have you to be thankful for! Consider the myriads of human beings who are cut off unprepared;—who die in infancy, in early youth, or perfect manhood—who just begin to taste the sweets of life, and then are hurried from its enjoyment. Consider the advantages you have enjoyed over your fellow-countrymen, who were destroyed by war, by pestilence, and famine. You have much reason to congratulate yourself. You have been spared, doubtless, for some admirable purpose which our finite reason cannot comprehend. Reflect upon these things, and you will be enabled to meet the approach of death without apprehension."

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"What are your wishes concerning the disposal of Lilya?" inquired Oriel Porphyry. "Remember that it is impossible that she can be left alone upon this island with the slightest comfort to herself or pleasure to others. The offer I made to you the other day I repeat. It is not probable that her welfare can be secured more effectively in any other way. Let me implore you then, as you value her future happiness, to take advantage of my accidental arrival, and give me authority to bear her to a secure and honourable asylum."

"It must be so, oh my Lilya," exclaimed the old man affectionately. "When I have left you, this desolate place can be no proper home for you. You must accompany these kind strangers to their own country. There you will find that protection and care which is necessary to make you pass through life with the esteem of your associates. Remember, oh my Lilya, that if you wish the spirit of the old man who has been your constant companion in all your journeyings to rest satisfied with his afterlife, your conduct must be irreproachable, and you must endeavour to keep your mind free from the approach of all degrading errors. The world is open before you; but although you will find it fruitful in every delicious produce—though it possess the most lovely landscapes, and is peopled by multitudes of the good and generous, there is less ruin in the desolation you see around you than exists in those fair and fertile shores. I part with you with much regret—deeply does my heart feel the separation—but it must be. The evil has no remedy. It ought to be endured without a murmur. Go then, my Lilya, to the land of the stranger, and my blessing shall be upon your footsteps, like an eternal sunshine, wherever they may wander. But in whatever part of the world you may make your sojourn, forget not that the land from whence you came exceeded in glory and in excellence all other lands that have existed since the creation of the world. Do it no dishonour. Show that you are worthy to acknowledge the place of your nativity; and if you should hear the idle, the ungenerous, and the thoughtless attempt to lower her fame, or seek to question her superiority, stand up in her defence with all the eloquence that truth inspires and patriotism makes perfect; and speak of the good she has done, and the wonders she has achieved, and then the most illiberal and unjust of your audience shall find their erroneous impressions fade before your convincing eulogy, and with a new and better spirit they shall say, 'Would that I had been an Englishman!'"

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Lilya answered only with her sobs, which now became quicker and more vehement.

"It must be gratifying to you to know that your country has never been enslaved," remarked the young merchant, earnestly. "While other lands have been degraded by the vilest spirit of despotism, the energies of the public men of England kept her unshackled."

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"I stand on the grave of a mighty empire," replied the Englishman, "who has erected monuments of her greatness in every quarter of the globe. I am hurrying to the same sepulchre. In such a situation, more than in any other, it is natural that I should speak the words of truth and honesty. It is my conviction, then, that this country could never have fallen from its greatness, except through its own internal dissensions. When it enjoyed an unexampled state of prosperity, there existed men calling themselves patriots, yet possessing no claim to such a title, who kept the multitude in a restless and unsatisfied state, by their continual abuse of its institutions, and frequent demands for change. If these individuals could have been believed on their own testimony, they were the most disinterested set of men that ever existed. They had no motive except for the common good. They had no feeling separate from the interests of the community. In my time there flourished few more ardent lovers of liberty than myself; my inclination for freedom was a passion, an enthusiasm, a dream. I seemed to see nothing but chains where a fetter never existed, and found nothing but slavery in a state of society that enjoyed a higher degree of independence than any in the world. My connection with the popular party brought me much into contact with the influential patriots; and I found them the most selfish, narrow-minded, bigotted men that ever disgraced a country: they had no other desire but

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for their own aggrandisement. They fawned upon the people till they became possessed of the power they coveted, and then endeavoured to exert a more absolute authority than had ever been exhibited by the government they superseded. Self was the great object of all their exertions, and to selfish ends their fine speeches and liberal promises always tended. They had no care for the multitude except as steps for their own advancement. Freedom still appears to me in the same alluring guise in which she first won me to follow in her footsteps, and amid the solitude of this uncultivated wild I have enjoyed more of her smiles than the most perfect form of government could create; but my experience has convinced me that a vast population must be well prepared for a change in their constitution, that promises a considerable accession of liberty, as it is called, before it can be enjoyed with safety to the commonwealth. Sudden changes never come to any good. The whole frame-work of society is unhinged by them; opinions are unsettled, the public confidence is withdrawn, the reverence for the old is broken, and the new being untried, cannot be regarded with the same respect as a state of things which has existed for centuries. I have noticed this; and it proves that revolutions in systems of government that have any lasting value should be introduced by the gradual growth of public opinion, and that any system of government that produces a certain quantity of benefit to the people, however faulty it may be in other respects, is preferable to any other system of government which has been untried, and the utility of which, therefore, has not been ascertained. I am convinced that the dissolution of this great empire originated in the dissatisfaction in the public mind for the existing laws, which had been artfully created by numbers of mock patriots, such as may be found in all states enjoying liberty of opinion, for the purpose of realising schemes they had entertained for their own advantage.”

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“But true patriotism may exist in a state, though the false may be predominant, don’t you see,” remarked Tourniquet; “and it is too sterling a thing to be set aside, because any constitution which governs the many possesses some acknowledged merit. The real patriotism may always be known from the false by its self-abandonment, and the true patriot seeks no other advantage than the public good.”

“In the history of nations of any celebrity,” said Fortyfolios, “there can be nothing more interesting to the student than to observe their gradual rise, decline, and fall. They first arise out of an obscurity so profound, that among earlier empires they were known, if known at all, only as a few straggling savages. These multiply and become enlightened, build cities and ships, cultivate the land and invent manufactures, make war and obtain great triumphs; and as they advance in civilisation their resources increase, their intelligence becomes more general, and at last they acquire a superiority over the most important nations at such a time existing in the world. This power they retain as long as they are united, wise, and brave; but immediately a disunion appears, a complete disorganisation takes place, every thing goes wrong, and the whole fabric, so elaborately built up, tumbles to pieces. They once more become reduced to wandering savages, and their country is again a wilderness. All the earliest nations of antiquity have been thus created, and thus have perished: and as Carthage, Egypt, Troy, and numberless other states of equal importance in the youth of the world, were dissolved till nothing remained of them but the name, so has England, infinitely their superior, both in public intelligence and in public glory, arrived at a dissolution as desolating and complete. The subject of inquiry for the philosopher now is, whether kingdoms or commonwealths, having returned to the state of barbarism from which they advanced, will not at a proper period again progress in civilisation till they once more arrive at the pre-eminence from which they had fallen.”

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“The spirit of the future is upon me!” exclaimed the last of the Englishmen, in an elevated tone of voice, and with his countenance lit up with deep and powerful excitement. “The glory of the past rises from its sepulchre with renewed life, and a power exceeding all experience. Again the ruin rings with life, and the wilderness is a smiling garden, fruitful in human happiness. The voices of industry now cheer every corner of the solitary city, and the laugh of pleasure awakens the gloomy recesses of the forest with an inspiring feeling of gladness. Now are the broad waters of the abandoned river covered with shipping of every maritime nation under the sun; and in every sea that flows beneath the arching vault of the everlasting heavens, the dauntless mariners of England dash along, triumphing over the tempest and the foe. The magnificence, the bravery, the intelligence, the virtue, and the might of former times now rise before my gaze, multiplied tenfold in degree. I see the banners of a thousand victories; the shouts of freedom and the glad pæans of triumph swell upon my ear; the pomp of stirring music—the beauty of art in its noblest creations—the perfection of unrivalled manufactures—the imposing array of palaces of streets and streets of palaces, stupendous bridges, noble monuments, and stately halls;—the throngs of the noble, the great, the good, the wise and the industrious, with sumptuous equipages, numerous retinues, gay liveries, or joyous faces, and happy hearts, become evident to my senses. I see the felicitous influence of a wise government exercised upon a flourishing and contented population countless as the stars. I see societies, and families, and individuals, all sharing in the general joy. I see wealth, abundance, skill, and industry, flowing in a refreshing channel that fertilises the whole island. I behold thee, oh, my country! the proudest of the nations, whose laws govern the seas, and whose name is absolute on the dry land, rising from the darkness and the desolation which now shrouds thy greatness, and with a prouder dignity, and a fresher splendour, and a power more universal than to one nation ever belonged resume thy ancient throne upon the waters, and commence a reign which shall far exceed in glory all the glories by which it has ever been preceded.”

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The old man fell back exhausted into the arms of Oriel and Zabra, and it was at first feared that his spirit had departed; but in a few moments respiration gently recommenced, the look of life beamed in his gaze, and he returned to a state of consciousness.

“This will not last long, don’t you see;” said the doctor to his companions. “Though the intellectual powers have suffered but little, the physical are nearly destroyed. He is but lingering

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on his journey. His resting-place is close at hand."

"Let me see the sun;" exclaimed the Englishman, with the same enthusiastic fervour he had previously exhibited, as he endeavoured to turn himself in the required direction. His hearers lifted him up gently, so that he could have a full view of that majestic luminary as it was setting behind the western hills. "Let me again behold that glorious orb whose uprisings and whose goings down I have witnessed so long and proudly. Ha! There still spread the ruddy tints—the glow of fire and gold is upon the skies once more;—there are the gorgeous colours and radiant splendours that have so often shed their magnificence upon our ancient island. Once again, O wondrous Oread, I drink in delighted the sweet effulgence of your rays. They warm me, they cheer me, they invigorate the flagging current still flowing through my veins. How many times have I looked upon your rising and your setting!—and on every fresh occasion have exclaimed how lovely! how new! how wonderful! And now for the last time, I watch ye taking the accustomed path, clothed in that panoply of state that knows of no decay. Stay, stay a little in your course: your rising on the morrow will not be for my enjoyment; for, with your setting, on me sets the world. Stay, bright harbinger of gladness, your task is not yet done;—there is a soul fondly hovering on your beams, that, as you fade, must pass away. Slowly your glories dissolve into the cloud, and with them the impulses of my existence disappear. The fires around you, are becoming faint, and the flame that burns in this receptacle is trembling, and flickering, and dying into darkness. Still I follow you over the distant hills, now purpled with your beauty. Heaven and earth are fading from my sight, and England, the land of my birth and grave, of my long pilgrimage and devoted love, passeth from my view like a cloud in the nighttime. Lilya! my blessing be upon you from now to eternity. Friends, I submit her to your care with a thankfulness that language cannot speak. I die with many consolations. I have no enemies to forgive;—I have had none to sin against. I die in the religion of my fathers, with glory to God and good will towards men. See, the last streak of crimson over the hill, just above the fading disc of the setting sun. Watch it—my spirit is hastening to share in its splendours. See,—it lessens—it fades—'t is gone!"

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The old man had extended his arm towards that part of the horizon to which he wished to attract attention; and as the last words of the preceding sentence were uttered, the disc of the sun disappeared over the hills, the arm fell, the head dropped, and without a sigh, the spirit of the last of the Englishmen had departed to its eternal rest. Lilya, in an uncontrollable agony of grief, flung herself upon the corpse; and there was scarcely a person present who was not deeply affected.

"Is he quite dead?" whispered the young merchant, observing that Tourniquet had his fingers upon his wrist.

"It's impossible to be more so, don't you see;" replied the surgeon, as he dropped the lifeless arm by the side of the body.

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"We had better give him christian burial before we leave the island;" remarked Fortyfolios. "The wild beasts, it seems, are numerous about here, and it would not be a friendly act to leave his body to be devoured by them. I do not know whether there is any consecrated ground near, but I should think in a city so celebrated for the number of its churches, a burial-place cannot be far off."

"I will not have his remains mingle with the herd that choke up a church-yard;" exclaimed Oriel Porphyry. "He shall have a more honourable sepulchre. About a mile hence I noticed the colossal statue of some distinguished hero. It is in a large park-like place, slightly elevated, and at a considerable distance from any ruins. We will bury him at its base: it is a grave such as his free spirit would have loved to contemplate."

The young merchant instantly gave orders about the funeral, and while the preparations were being made, he, assisted by Zabra, drew Lilya from the body, which she could not be induced to leave without force. The seamen had brought with them some pickaxes and shovels for the purpose of digging for antiquities, and these were now to be called into use for a more melancholy occasion. Every one being in readiness, twelve sailors with muskets reversed, walked slowly two abreast: then came the body, still in its dress of wild skins, wrapped up in the Columbian flag, and carried by eight men upon four muskets crossed. After them walked Lilya, supported by Oriel Porphyry and Zabra. They were followed by Fortyfolios and Tourniquet, and the captain and the midshipman, and the procession was closed by twelve seamen marching slowly, two abreast, with arms reversed.

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They passed along what appeared to be the remains of a road, for about half a mile, when they came to a magnificent ancient triumphal arch, a splendid example of architectural beauty, standing in excellent preservation, with a colossal equestrian statue of a warrior trampling under his horse's feet a group of warlike figures in different costumes. An illegible inscription, supposed to be a list of victories gained over the enemies of his country by the original of the statue, was placed under the prostrate group, and beneath them in large capitals that might be read at a great distance, was observed the word "WELLINGTON." This admirable work of antiquity was divided into a large central arch and two smaller ones, one on each side. They were richly sculptured in bas relief, and adorned with every appropriate architectural ornament.

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Passing beneath this grand triumphal monument, the funeral train observed another of a less imposing character just before them, which was much dilapidated. To reach it, they had to walk through a field of weeds and high grass, which at different places, showed signs of having once been a fine broad public thoroughfare; and venturing under the tottering walls of this arch, they entered an expansive field of docks and nettles, wild flowers, and gigantic thistles. Ruins of considerable buildings were observed on the right. Clumps of trees were scattered in every direction, and about the centre, on a high mound, stood a colossal bronze statue of an ancient warrior, supposed to be some illustrious English general. It was a splendid specimen of sculpture,

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and appeared to be of great antiquity.

Here it was intended should be consigned the remains of the heroic old man, and the seamen having dug a deep grave at the foot of the statue, he was deposited on the bank, where he lay wrapped up in the flag for a few minutes to give to every one an opportunity of seeing him for the last time. Lilya knelt down by the side of the dead body, kissed the cold hand, and covered it with her tears. Many attempts were made to tranquillise her grief, but without success. Every head was uncovered as the professor read the funeral service, and even the hardy seaman seemed much affected by the impressive character of the scene.

"The brevity of existence has been much insisted on," observed Fortyfolios at the conclusion of the service; "and here is an example of the prolongation of life far beyond the usual term, and prolonged under circumstances remarkably rare and interesting. This human antiquity bore all the marks of greatness which were first impressed upon its nature, through the violent changes that shook to ruin the society to which it belonged. He was brave, patriotic, noble, and patient. He could draw hope from the materials of despair, and find comfort in the midst of desolation. Let us not murmur, then, at the small evils among which we exist, when we find such admirable endurance of evils of the greatest magnitude. The love of country is a natural and amiable virtue, but never has it sat so gracefully, and existed with such disinterestedness, as in the character of this ancient Englishman. He loved, not because such love was a common feeling which every object around him might excite; but he loved as if he had calculated what would be the amount of patriotism possessed by his countrymen had they existed; and considering himself as the representative of the dead, endeavoured to exhibit the total of their contributions; and this exhibition seemed the more abundant, as the objects which should have the most readily created it became the least capable of exciting it into action. He was a great man, and may be looked upon as the last production of a great country."

"As for the men who are vulgarly called great, don't you see," observed the doctor, "your kings, your conquerors, and such poor cattle, they shrink into their proper insignificance when compared to the last of the Englishmen. How could they have endured the barren waste and wilderness of ruins for any length of time! They could have found nothing to appreciate in its solitude, they would have left its desolation in disgust. Patriotism here was the most amiable of virtues. It was pure and honest and excellent. It was full of truth and courage, and a power that was invincible. Let us honour this old man: the grave will hold him fast. We shall see nothing of the kind again. Let us then make the most of his memory, for the estimation of such excellence will be always a proof of the existence of a love of that which is best. The self-denials of ascetics, and the mortifications of religious misanthropists, who, shutting themselves up from the sweet influence of social intercourse, hate their fellows and torture themselves; what are these compared with that nobler, purer, better feeling which bound this old man to the grave of his country, and made him find enjoyment and consolation in the recollection of her immortal excellences? Let us honour him, for he is an example of how much honour humanity may attain."

"I cannot unwillingly join in praise so well deserved," said Oriel Porphyry; "the extraordinary energy of his heroic nature that made him endure with so cheerful a spirit the evils under which generation after generation sunk into utter hopelessness, is worthy of all the admiration we can confer upon it. We will bury him in the earth he loved so well; and although we raise no monument to glorify his actions, and although to strangers he be indebted for the rites of sepulture, his sleep will not be the less profound, nor his obsequies the less honourable. Perhaps in some future age, when, as he hath prophesied, this ancient nation shall arrive at a degree of prosperity and greatness far beyond any thing it has hitherto attained, the people of the future imagining that this monument has been erected over the mortal remains of some heroic spirit of the early ages, shall throng in crowds to confer on it the homage of their reverence; and the fame, though in error, will do him justice, and posterity, though ignorant, will rightly apply their admiration."

"Grieve not, sweet Lilya!" exclaimed Zabra, as he was endeavouring to console the afflicted mourner; "he for whom you mourn mourns not; why, therefore, should you be afflicted? His spirit is at peace with the world; he treads no more among the ruins and weeds of this deserted land; his home is where nature enjoys an unfading youth; where beauty breathes from an unclouded atmosphere, and love dwells around him like a perpetual blessing. Grieve not for the loss of the goodness which was enshrined in his nature, it has gone to join the First Great Cause of all good from which its goodness was derived. You see the wild flowers that are scattered at our feet; they gather from the air and the soil their fragrance and their loveliness, and these qualities they give back to the air and the soil, when the freshness of their leaves is dried up, and the soft hues in which we so much delight fade from their blossoms. Whatever exists, exists in a state of continual giving and receiving. It gains only to lose when what it has acquired can no longer be rendered profitable to its owner. As the rivers run into the sea, glides all humanity into the boundless ocean of the eternal; yet, fast as they empty themselves as rapidly they flow from their sources, just as the waters of life rush into the gulf of death, and though swallowed up with inconceivable velocity, rise from their innumerable springs in greater abundance. Grieve not, then, for grief is of no utility to either the living or the dead. Consider yourself: in you are deposited the materials of much happiness for yourself and others; endeavour to apply them to the most advantage. Some fond youth may soon be looking on your eyes, as gazes the devotee on the innermost sanctuary of his temple. In you he will concentrate all his ideas of what is most admirable; to you he will turn his thoughts; for you he will breathe his aspirations; his dreams he will gladden with your smiles; his hopes he will make brilliant in the lustre of your gaze. Are such things unworthy of your contemplation? Leave off these regrets; quit this senseless clay which answers not to your sympathy. Strive to become all, when living, he would have wished you to be. Virtue and truth and wisdom invite you to partake of their enjoyments, and if you attend to the better business of

life, under their instructive auspices, you may be assured of becoming possessed of such happiness as it is felicitous even to imagine."

Lilya raised her eyes streaming with tears to the handsome countenance of the speaker, and her face was lit up with an expression that for the time obliterated all traces of sorrow. At this moment the body was carefully deposited in the grave, over which the seamen fired a volley of musketry, after which he was covered with the soil, and the party returned to their tents. Here, immediately on Zabra's arrival, he proceeded to his harp, and after a few chords full of melancholy and tender feeling, sang the following lines:—

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"The last of his race now lies low,  
Lies low in the soil that gave bliss to his eyes,  
Though his country no joy could bestow,  
For in deserts he lived and 'mid ruin he dies;  
For him no dull trappings of woe,  
No dark hirelings of grief round his sepulchre rise,  
And he leaves not a friend or a foe,  
His merits to praise or his faults to despise.

"The last of his race to his rest,  
To his rest in the grave hath gone silently down;  
With his sword girded on o'er his vest,  
And arrayed as in life from the foot to the crown.  
But say not his tomb is unblest,  
Or the name he hath left be unknown to renown,  
For the wild flow'r shall bloom o'er his breast,  
And his fame shall be echoed through village and town.

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"Though strangers his corse in the grave,  
In the grave they have chosen with honour shall place,  
Though the earth take the life which it gave,  
And the tooth of the worm shall the mortal efface,  
There shall dwell neither tyrant or slave,  
There shall live not a people so lost in disgrace,  
Who shall know not the land of the brave,  
And respect not the bones of the Last of his Race."

At the close of the song, Zabra felt a hand placed lightly on his shoulder, and, turning round, beheld Lilya gazing on him with a look so full of pleasure, that he felt almost inclined to doubt it was the same creature who a short time since was so overpowered with affliction. "I will go with you," said the timid girl, as a slight blush appeared on either cheek; "I will go with you to your own country—if—that is—I should like to go with you if you will take me."

The same evening they were all on board the Albatross, which immediately set sail, and retraced her way through the river into the wide ocean.

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## CHAP. VII.

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### LILYA.

"I AM getting very anxious about my father!" said Oriel Porphyry to his young friend; "I am sure something must have happened, or I should have found a communication from him at one or other of the different ports I have touched at. Not a syllable of information have I been able to gain from any of my father's ships I have spoken with, for most of them had left Columbia about the same time as my last advices, and the others were not aware of any thing important having transpired."

"We are going homewards now, Oriel, and if any thing has happened shall soon be made aware of it;" observed Zabra. "Let us hope for the best. I should not imagine, from the immense influence that he possesses, that the government would attempt to injure him."

"They only want the power, I believe;" replied the young merchant. "I know these sort of people too well to put much confidence in an appearance of tranquillity that has been forced upon them. They must hate my father. As the prime mover in the revolution which exhibited their insignificance so palpably, they will look upon the merchant as a person particularly odious, and no doubt would gladly get rid of him at any cost or risk."

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"I should think for their own interests they would let him alone;" remarked his companion. "Experience ought to have taught them the danger of meddling with so popular a character, and having suffered so severely it is not like that they will renew the hazardous experiment."

"It is because they have suffered that they will be desirous of revenging themselves upon one whom they consider as the cause of the infliction;" said Oriel. "It would have appeared bad enough to them if my father had been one of the most powerful of the aristocracy; but it wounds them to the quick when they reflect that he is a plebeian—in their ideas immeasurably beneath them—an individual of no ancient family, without rank or dignity. With the feelings which a knowledge of this fact must create it is impossible that they can rest satisfied with their limited

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privileges and curtailed power. They will be continually intriguing for his destruction."

"They dare not do it, Oriel," replied Zabra; "I feel assured they dare not."

"I wish I could think so," said his patron; "but I have a little more knowledge of the world than you, Zabra, and I know something more of the disposition of such men. As long as he lives they will consider themselves insecure. They can know no peace save in his death; and I am convinced that they will use every exertion to accomplish it. I hope I may be enabled to return in time to frustrate their intentions. I should like nothing better than to expose their machinations, and to punish them in an appropriate manner; and if the people exist in the same state of feeling as when my father last wrote, I will show them something they little expect to see. My father's friends are almost innumerable in Columbus, and are always ready with hand and heart to serve him whenever he will give the word, which he is always exceedingly loth to give; and I think I may say that my friends in the metropolis are neither despicable in number nor in influence, and are as eager to befriend me in time of need; and I shall be quite as eager to accept their services. I remember the times when I have been exercising my regiment, the devotion that was displayed by both officers and men; but this I am well aware was owing to their admiration of my father's virtues. Of them I am secure. My fondness for military exercises made me labour to perfect in discipline the troops I commanded, and they are now as effective a body of men as ever entered a field of battle. They will perform good service wherever they go. The national guard is another powerful engine to be employed on such an occasion. In the metropolis alone they amount in number to about twenty thousand; and they are devotedly attached to my father. If there exist but a sufficient cause I know that I have only to present myself amongst them, to induce them to follow me wherever I choose to lead."

"I trust you will have no occasion for their services," said his companion; "it is my belief that on our return we shall find every thing in the most comfortable state, and all parties satisfied with each other. Your military dreams will then be completely disappointed, and you will be under the painful necessity of making up your mind to share the well-earned honours of your father, and partake of a perfect state of happiness with Eureka."

"Ah, Eureka!" exclaimed the young merchant with passionate emphasis; "how rejoiced I shall be to return to her! I often find myself inquiring into the possibility of a change in her disposition towards me."

"That can never be, Oriel;" observed the other.

"I have the fullest confidence in her fidelity, but sometimes I find an apprehension intrude without knowing what produced it;" said his companion. "There are no such self-tormentors as your true lovers; and although I should be among the first to laugh at the suffering they give themselves, I must acknowledge that on more than one occasion I have endured a state of feeling which was any thing but satisfactory."

"By what was it occasioned?" inquired Zabra.

"Merely from my ignorance of the motives which have induced her to deny me any communication with her till my return;" answered Oriel.

"You would not condemn her if you knew what made such a denial necessary;" remarked his young friend.

"Very probably not: but the mischief of it is, I do *not* know;" said Master Porphyry. "Any thing in the shape of a mystery annoys me amazingly, and this behaviour of hers appears to me most mysterious and unaccountable. I think between lovers the most perfect sincerity should exist. There should be no room left for doubt or suspicion. But in the generality of attachments you will find much more deception than sincerity. In the affections of youth there is an earnestness which is the most natural and convincing that can be conceived; but as the heart grows older, it gradually loses all this admirable freshness and purity, and in a few short years it has recourse to artifices and disguises without number. I detest deceit. I cannot imagine Eureka deceitful. I hope never to find her so. To the truly devoted—to one who finds no enjoyment like that which proceeds from honoring his adored as the truest, the purest, and the best, there can be nothing so revolting as the discovery that she whom he worships as one so pre-eminent in goodness is the habitual practiser of contemptible deceits, hides all her actions under a cloak of elaborate artifices, and lives in a spider-like existence, spinning a dirty web to hide herself and betray her victims."

"Eureka is of a very different character;" observed Zabra, who during the preceding observations had appeared exceedingly confused. "She has not deceived you in any thing which it was requisite for you to know. She detests artifice as much as you do. But there are always some things which the most sincere may find it necessary to conceal. The truth cannot be spoken at *all* times."

"You might just as well say that good money ought not to be passed at all times;" said Oriel Porphyry. "That which is good ought to be good upon all occasions, and truth is the very best of things in social intercourse. It is the sterling coin of the affections; and she who uses base counterfeits deserves the ignominy with which such vile cheating should be punished. I have the very highest opinion of the female character, and I desire always to think highly of womankind; but taking the sex generally, I do sincerely think that they are amazingly fond of disguising the truth as much as possible. It is a crooked policy—a policy that in time poisons every better feeling a woman can possess. Deception and a love of general admiration are her prevailing vices. I am well aware that they are thought very innocent little foibles by those who practise them, but on that account they are not the less destructive to feminine excellence. Love is a passion of one for one only. It ought to be excited by one object, and conferred on one object alone. And thus exhibited, it is the purest, the most graceful, and the most natural of human emotions. If either party introduce another as a sharer in the affections, the whole feeling becomes tainted. What can be more unjust to the lover who concentrates all his hopes on the exclusive possession of the

affections of the object of his fond idolatry, which hopes have been called into existence by fond avowals and delicious caresses, than for the woman whom he thus regards, to be just as affectionate in her manner to a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth? Some women seem to pride themselves on the number of their admirers. What a miserable vanity it is! It is exactly the same feeling with which an Eastern monarch used to regard the number of females in his seraglio. Imagine the state of mind produced in a man of refined intellect and delicacy of feeling at discovering that the lips he thought sacred to his caresses were defiled by the caresses of another! Or if she allow others merely to continue to profess to her their ardent admiration, she evinces a neglect of the unalterable law of the affections, which ought to be punished by contempt, scorn, and disgust."

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"But no woman ought to be accountable for the admiration she may excite;" observed Zabra. "The most virtuous woman may without the slightest intention create an unhallowed passion in one of the opposite sex."

"Women are remarkably quick sighted in every thing connected with the affections;" replied the young merchant. "They can discover the earliest signs of admiration, and every truly virtuous woman, if her sympathies are pre-engaged, will endeavour to crush this feeling in the bud, and show, by her displeasure and avoidance of the object, that he has created no reciprocal emotion. If after such passion is declared she continue to tolerate the attentions of her admirer, although she be virtuous in other respects she has no conception of the nature of perfect virtue. She is fostering an illicit feeling; she is encouraging a passion she has no intention of indulging—a crime the most destructive in its effects upon the happiness of the individual whose passion she encourages; and as it is vicious in its tendency, because it aims at indulgence at the expense of virtue, and as she assisted in its development instead of destroying it in its early growth, she is answerable for all the consequences that may arise from its existence, and has deserved the censure of being considered vicious in her disposition. Toleration creates hope, and hope will love through all difficulty; but no man, unless he be a fool or a knave, will love in utter hopelessness."

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"Surely these observations can have no relation to Eureka!" exclaimed Zabra earnestly.

"Not the slightest;" replied his patron. "She is all I would wish her to be; and the only cause of uneasiness she has given me during our attachment is this mystery about the place of her concealment, and her avoidance of any communication with me for so long a time."

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"Your uneasiness will soon be removed, then, and the mystery will be explained in a manner that will perfectly satisfy you;" said the youth.

"I hope so;" exclaimed his patron. "But I certainly do not like being mystified by those in whom I take an interest. Mysteries, however, seem most abundant around me just now. There is something very strange and unaccountable in you, Zabra."

"Me! in me, Oriel?" replied his companion, in evident confusion. "What can there be strange or unaccountable in me?"

"I have noticed many things in your behaviour exceedingly extraordinary;" said the young merchant. "Your superiority to the situation in which you were introduced to me has often made me imagine that you are not what you assume to be."

"Not what I assume to be!" exclaimed Zabra in increased embarrassment. "Is it possible I can be any thing else?"

"That is best known to yourself, and to her who sent you," replied Oriel Porphyry; "but there certainly is a mystery about your character."

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"A mystery! how strange you should imagine such a thing;" responded his youthful companion, attempting to conceal his confusion.

"Then there's my father, he has *his* mystery," continued his patron; "it is some secret connected with that wretched aristocrat Philadelphia, but what it is about he is not inclined to communicate."

"I have noticed it," said Zabra, recovering from his confusion; "and I imagined it to be a knowledge of some circumstances connected with my father's early life, the publication of which would do him very serious injury."

"I cannot say what it is, but these things are very perplexing," observed the young merchant; "however, I hope to make my way through them on my arrival at Columbia. How glad I shall be to see its glorious shores again! Nothing is so likely to excite patriotism as exile; and Columbia is a country worthy of one's patriotism; the first nation of the world; its citizens have reason to be proud. I have beheld during my voyage many lands and many people, but I have seen neither land or people to be compared to Columbia and its inhabitants. I rejoice that I am returning to them, and though I am glad that this voyage is nearly at an end, I hope that my father will be gratified with my proceedings during my absence; and then if Eureka's sentiments in my favour have not undergone any change I shall have nothing to fear."

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"Of Eureka's constancy you will soon be convinced;" said Zabra, in a more subdued tone than he had previously used.

"I shall be delighted to find it so. But do you think that she would have no objection to protect the gentle Lilya?" asked Oriel.

"None whatever;" replied his companion. "I am sure she will be much gratified by your suggestion of such an arrangement. Lilya is timid and perfectly ignorant of the world, yet she is docile and affectionate, and with proper management I have no doubt she would become an amiable and accomplished woman, qualified to adorn any rank in society."

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"The creature is so shy that I can scarcely ever get a glimpse of her," observed his patron.

"She is almost always with me," said the other; "every thing appears to be new to her on board the ship, and her pleasure at the novelties she beholds is so genuine that it is delightful to see



her. She requires a companion, or she would feel quite alone amongst us; and I being about her own age, she naturally feels more at ease with me than with any other. Her diffidence is excessive; I cannot get her to associate with any one except myself; but I have no doubt that in time she will gain confidence, and join us in the cabin or on the quarter-deck with perfect self-possession. She seems remarkably fond of music, and appears to enjoy nothing so much as hearing me sing to her."

"Take care, Zabra;" said the young merchant, with a smile. "An ancient poet has said that music is the food of love. The harmony of sweet sounds, breathed around two such hearts as yours and Lilya's, will be sure to put them in unison. If you go on in this way, existing in a state of such intimate communion, it will be utterly impossible for either of you to resist the soft influence of the tender passion, and you have both of you arrived at a time of life when the disposition is peculiarly susceptible to its impressions."

"There is no fear of such feelings being created, I assure you," replied Zabra.

"It seems to me very probable," observed Oriel; "your being so much together is sufficient to produce such an effect. Besides, she is so very pretty. What a depth of tenderness there exists in the soft blue of her beautiful eyes! and her smile is positively exquisite. The rich bloom of her complexion reminds me of some delicious fruit, it is so warm, and soft, and tempting; and then the expression,—so innocent, so artless, and so bashful, it is absolutely enchanting. I must not forget her graceful figure, it is worthy of the highest eulogium for being so delicately rounded. I am glad she has not thrown aside her dress of skins and feathers, for, in my opinion, its simplicity and picturesqueness would put fashion out of countenance. I never behold her, whenever she does venture into my presence, but I imagine her to be the Psyche of the heathen mythology, or some other amiable character in that system of dreams:—the object of devotion to the immortal youth, or the rosy cup-bearer to the gods. I assure you, I admire her very much."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Zabra, who had listened to these praises of Lilya in evident uneasiness.

"Yes, she has interested me very deeply;" replied Oriel. "I am charmed at the gentle being who has been so unexpectedly thrown on my protection. I feel delighted at being able to gratify her unambitious wishes; and when she comes shrinking into my presence, like a delicate flower before the breeze, nothing pleases me so much as endeavouring to assure her of her safety. And then the simple creature is so grateful, and thanks me with such looks, that there is no resisting them."

Zabra's eyes gleamed restlessly, his lips became pale, and his cheeks bloodless.

"I wish I could see her more frequently, and she would be somewhat less reserved;" continued his patron. "It is so difficult to get her to converse; yet her voice is so subdued and melodious that it is a pleasure to hear her. It is seldom any thing beyond a murmur. She never attempts to raise her voice into a more audible sound. She seems as if she was afraid of hearing herself speak. After having been used to the affectations and hypocrisies of female society, the artlessness of Lilya's conduct and the purity of her nature becomes exceedingly refreshing: I certainly do admire her very much."

Zabra, as if unable to conceal the emotions that were evidently producing a most powerful effect upon him, with a look of indescribable anguish hastily left the cabin.

"How strange!" exclaimed Oriel Porphyry, astonished at the sudden departure of his young friend. "He must love her. I am certain from his appearance while I was speaking in her praise, that he loves her, and is jealous of the admiration I have expressed. How very strange!"

Zabra hastened to the quarter deck, where he sat himself down in a retired corner, apparently in the most intense agony of mind. His dark features were impressed with the workings of a violent passion; his lustrous eyes shone with a brilliancy that was vivid and piercing to an extraordinary degree; and his breast heaved with that full and rapid pulsation of the heart which is the usual effect of great excitement. Covering his face with his hands, he continued in that position for several minutes. "That it should come to this!" he muttered in a voice tremulous with emotion. "That it should come to this! What a reward for all I have done and suffered! Oh agony insupportable!—Oh misery scarcely to be endured! Where will the devoted heart meet with fidelity? Where will the loving one, who feels and thinks and acts with no other desire than for the happiness of the loved, meet with a like regard? The dream is over—the delusion is passed—the hope which has led me on seems utterly extinguished. But perhaps it may not be—I may be deceived in my suspicions. It would look like injustice to condemn him without a more perfect knowledge. I will observe them. But he said how much he admired her; he said it to me!—Ah! it must be true."

Zabra was impatiently starting from his seat when he beheld Lilya standing before him with every appearance of deep concern in her countenance; he suddenly snatched her by the arm, drew her towards him, and gazed in her face with a fierce and searching look.

"Why do you gaze on me thus?" inquired Lilya, shrinking from the stern scrutiny to which she was being subjected. "Why is your look so dark? He whom I used to call my father never looked thus on me, and you never so regarded me before. Have I done any thing wrong, by which I could offend you? How sorry I shall be if I have! Or are you ill? Let me endeavour to make you better: I know where grow the healing herbs and the balmy plants that are good for many different maladies. Let me gather them and make you a drink such as may restore you to health; or shall I run down the young leveret or snare the tender woodpigeon to procure you delicate eating? Ah me! I forgot that I am not where either herbs or plants, or leveret or woodpigeon are to be found, but on the wide waste of sea, where neither green moss nor twining ivy, nor flowers, nor trees, nor any leafy thing exists. But what can I do to make you better?"

"Can I believe you?" asked her companion, relaxing in some degree in the severity of his gaze.

"You can if you like, Zabra," replied the simple girl; "and I do not see why anyone should not

believe me, because I always speak the truth; and why *you* should not believe me seems so very strange. I always believe you. I am sure you would not say any thing that was not true, and I could not think of saying a word with an intention of deceiving you."

"You do not seem like one inclined to be treacherous;" observed the youth.

"I never saw any one inclined to be treacherous, therefore I cannot say whether I do or do not look in that way," said the girl; "but I am not so inclined, that I am positive of, for I have nothing in the world to be treacherous about, and it is impossible that I should ever be treacherous to you. Now, Zabra, you look more like the good and kind being I have known you to be. Ah! what a pleasure it is to listen to you when you sing your delightful songs, or speak to me so persuasively of virtue, and wisdom, and excellence, and all such admirable things. It makes me forget how much I loved to watch the birds at their nests, and the young kids at play; and hear the lark's song in the morning, and the nightingale's at night. It makes me forget all my favourite haunts where the choicest flowers used to grow. It makes me to forget all I once found so pleasant to remember."

"You have noticed Oriel Porphyry, have you not?" inquired Zabra, fixing on his companion a searching glance.

"Oh yes," replied Lilya eagerly; "he that is so noble looking. His eyes are so bright, and his hair curls over his forehead so beautifully, and he looks so kindly at me when I see him and talks to me so kindly, that I like him very much."

"No doubt you do!" exclaimed the youth, with considerable bitterness.

"I have not been much with him, for I feel quite afraid of him;" continued Lilya. "He seems to me so very grand and proud in his appearance, that I dare scarcely look at him when we meet, and as for speaking I have then neither voice nor words. But he appears so good. He takes my hand in his, and he presses it so gently, and he says to me such encouraging things, and he looks upon my face with so much earnestness, that——"

"Oh it's palpable!" cried Zabra, hastily interrupting his companion, and regarding her with a gloomy scowl.

"That I cannot help feeling that I like him very much; and, although I am afraid to utter a sentence, he still continues his kindness, and never lets my hand go from his. However, I must try to tell him how grateful I am. It is very foolish of me, I believe, in not saying how I feel towards him. But how you look at me, Zabra!" exclaimed Lilya, as she noticed the dark and angry expression of her companion's features. "Is it displeasing to you that I do not express the sentiments I entertain? I will confess them. Are you angry because I do not like him so well as I ought to do? I will like him ever so much more."

"Truly, you are obedient!" observed the other, with sarcastic emphasis; "a pattern of one who is willing to please! There cannot be a question about your dutifulness. Dupe, that I have been not to see your artifices! But who could have supposed that, under such apparent artlessness, there lurked so much treachery? Your deceit is well done. None would suspect it. It is the most finished piece of falsehood that ever was acted."

"Falsehood! Deceit! Treachery!" exclaimed Libya, astonished and alarmed by the violence in the language and conduct of her companion. "What are such things to me, Zabra? I know them not. They cannot be for me to use. Oh, why do you look at me in so unkind a manner? They are not the looks that make me happy. I see you are angry with me, and I know not for why. I must have done some great wrong, or you would not behave to me in a way so unlike what you have used me to. And, indeed, I did not do it intentionally. I would not have offended you if I could have avoided it. What shall I do? Tell me what I shall do to acquire your forgiveness, and I will never repeat the offence again."

"And do you think that I will now believe these professions?" inquired her companion, with considerable asperity. "Do you think, after having been once deceived, I would allow myself to be the victim of the same deception? Oh no! that can never be. You are discovered. I know you thoroughly. Away with you, and let me no more be made miserable by your presence."

"Alas! alas! what heinous wrong have I done?" exclaimed Lilya, as the tears made their appearance on her cheeks. "I know not what it is—I cannot imagine any thing, unless it be my behaviour to Oriel Porphyry, that offended you. I acknowledge he deserved better treatment; but, if it be your desire, I will immediately go and tell him all that I think of him: and when he looks so kindly, and talks so kindly, and presses my hand——"

"Away, vile hypocrite!" shouted Zabra, as with looks of indignation and rage he pushed Lilya aside, and rushed from the place. She gazed after him without uttering a word. Her spirit appeared quite overwhelmed; and all the confidence she felt in his society completely deserted her. The heart of the timid girl seemed filled with a sense of desolation she had never before experienced, and she sat down in the seat he had vacated, and wept. Here she remained, in the full consciousness of her unprotected state, till the sound of approaching footsteps made her hurriedly seek concealment in some obscure part of the ship.

"The Albatross is crossing the Atlantic in very brilliant style, I think;" observed the young merchant.

"Yes, sir, she does spank along pretty smartly," replied the captain. "But it's utterly impossible for a better bit o' timber to be found. She's been tried in all sorts o' weathers, in all sorts o' seas; and no matter whether we were doubling the Cape, or beating about in that ere terrible monsoon in the Bay o' Bengal, she stood on her feet like a trump, and answered to the helm as sensible as any born cretur."

"Our passage home will be brief and pleasant, I should imagine, from the portion we have passed," remarked Oriel Porphyry.

"There's no knowin' sir," said old Hearty, seriously. "Sometimes it's fair weather and

sometimes it's foul, and sometimes it's a bit o' both. The weather's the most unsartaintest thing in nature; it puzzles the wisest on us. It's quite optional whether it has a mind to blow one way or t'other, and sometimes it seems as if there was a reg'lar blow up wi' ev'ry wind as blows, and they gets a skylarking wi' one another most considerably."

"I am very anxious to return to Columbia with as little delay as possible," observed the young merchant. "My not having received any communication from my father, and my knowledge of the unsettled state of the country, makes me fear that the government have got the upper hand again, and that they have made my father the victim of their vengeance."

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"They daren't harm him, sir," replied the old man; "they daren't harm a hair o' his head; they knows of old how popular he is, and how popular he deserves to be; and they must have a pretty considerable winkin' that they'll be left among breakers if they 'tempts to steer that course. I arn't no great politician, but it's as plain as a marlin spike to me, that if they bore down upon master Porphyry after that fashion, they'd get such a broadside from the people as 'ould sew 'em all up in their hammocks in very little time."

"I hope I shall arrive before they can execute their evil intentions, if such intentions they have," remarked Oriel. "In case I should require their services, do you think I could depend on the crew of this ship?"

"On ev'ry mother's son of 'em," said the captain, with emphasis. "Ev'ry man in the vessel's selected, and most ov 'em have sailed wi' me at some time or other. There arn't a braver or more skilful crew afloat; and if 'tis required that they shall bear a hand in defence o' master Porphyry, I've got a notion there's nothin' they'd do wi' half so much 'lacrity. Master Porphyry ha' done so much good in his time that there's scarcely a cretur livin' as has'nt through his friends or relations profited by it in some degree, and it arn't in the natur o' a seaman not to be grateful. As for me, when I've had never a shot in the locker, master Porphyry, more nor once, has made me comfortable inside and out, and sent me afloat, laden wi' summat else besides ballast; and if I don't stand among the foremost in any shindy as you've a mind to kick up, and don't sarve out the lubbers as would be tryin' to circumvent your honourable old father, I'll give you leave to slice me into pea-shells and dish me up into hogswash."

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"I'm perfectly satisfied with your fidelity, captain," said the young merchant, "and I am very much gratified by hearing that I can depend upon the crew. There's no knowing what may happen, and you and your men might render me service of the highest value. If the struggle I anticipate is to be made, every brave man will be an important acquisition."

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"If we could only get together all the craft as master Porphyry possesses, scrunch me! if we shouldn't be able to turn 'em inside out, wi' as much ease as a fellow might take in a reef," exclaimed the old man.

"That cannot be done without the sacrifice of more time than I can spare," observed Oriel. "My great object is to arrive in the metropolis before the government can find an opportunity for working out its schemes, as I feel convinced that they only wait occasion to resume the influence of which they were dispossessed. If I am in time to prevent their intrigues, I will speedily take such measures as shall put it out of their power to make any attempt of the kind; and if the mischief should be done previous to my arrival, I will make such a stir in the country as shall shake them out of their ill-got authority before they have had time to exercise it."

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"I maintain that the ancients greatly excel us!" exclaimed Fortyfolios in a loud voice, as he approached the place where the captain and the young merchant were conversing.

"And I maintain quite the reverse, don't you see," replied the doctor.

"Think of their universities, their schools, their royal academies of painting and music, their royal societies for the advancement of science, their extensive libraries, their galleries of art, and the wonderful degree of perfection they attained in mechanics," said the professor.

"As for their universities," observed Tourniquet, "they distinguished themselves most by their bigoted attachment to prejudices that had long been exploded in every other part of the community. They wasted a vast deal of time and intellect in teaching all such knowledge as was most unprofitable; and this was what they called a classical education. It consisted in making the student devote the best portion of his life in learning one or two languages which were never spoken by the living, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred could not be of the slightest advantage to the learner. A facility in the making of Latin verses, which had no pretension to the name of poetry, was looked upon as evidence of great merit; and he who could put together a few sentences in Greek, unmarked by one original idea, was regarded as a genius which his college ought to be proud of."

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"Do you mean to affirm that the dead languages are not worthy of study?" inquired Fortyfolios.

"I affirm nothing of the kind, don't you see," replied the doctor. "I only maintain that the time devoted to their acquisition in the system of education pursued by the ancients might have been more advantageously employed. Both the teachers and the taught enslaved their minds with the same shackles. What loads of paper have been spoiled by the labours of some learned blockhead on the Greek particle, or by the annotations and interpretations of some laborious trifles attempting to elucidate the meaning of some obscure Latin writer. But there is a greater mischief in this than the mere worthlessness of what it produces. The exclusive attention which is required to gain a mastery over a dead language stifles the affections and narrows the intellect. It makes men egotists and bigots; ignorant, prejudiced, proud, and quarrelsome. What was Bentley? what was Parr? what was Johnson? what was Porson? What were all who distinguished themselves by such great talents in small things? Were they temperate, or modest, or amiable? moderate in their enjoyments, or inoffensive in their behaviour? Were they not the very reverse of these?"

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"They were great scholars," observed the professor.

"They were great fools, don't you see," said the other sharply. "A man who offends against decency, who is quarrelsome and imperious, knows not the respect he owes himself or the courtesies which are due to society; and his actions, if they are not crimes, must certainly be follies. As for his wisdom—as for the wisdom of the grammarian, or the mere number of books comparatively useless, his is the knowledge of a man who has lived all his life in the narrow circuit of a little village; he may know every brick in every house, and may be familiar with the exact state and quantity of every dunghill there to be met with: but take him out into the open world, and he knows nothing but the prejudices of the place from which he came."

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"That does not prove that the learning of the ancients is unworthy of study," remarked Fortyfolios.

"Who are the ancients?" inquired Tourniquet. "The English are our ancients, the Romans were their ancients, the Greeks were the ancients of the Romans, and the Egyptians were the ancients of the Greeks: the Hindoos, or the Chinese, were the ancients of the Egyptians; and if we could look to a more remote period, we should be sure to find a people who also had their ancients. It is a very strange idea of the world to expect to progress by always looking back, don't you see. The learning of our predecessors may always be worthy of study if it be superior to the learning in existence; but it has been the system of universities and public schools to concentrate the attention of the studious upon the learning of the ancients, to the neglect of a knowledge more available and of far more practical utility."

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"It is strange, then, that the public schools and universities of the English should have produced so many illustrious men!" said the professor.

"I maintain that their most illustrious men were not produced in the public schools, don't you see," replied the doctor. "Of philosophers, Bacon, Hume, Hobbes, Berkley, Shaftesbury, Dugald Stewart, and Hartley; of men of science, Newton, Flamstead, Napier, Davy, Priestley, and Black; of statesmen, Burleigh, Clarendon, Wolsey, Cromwell, Raleigh, Temple, Burke, and Pitt; of divines, Tillotson, Chillingworth, More, Jeremy Taylor, Selden, and Sherlock; of heroes, Hampden, Russell, Marlborough, Clive, and Wolfe; and of poets, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Goldsmith, Pope, and Thomson; besides numberless others I cannot now remember; attained their eminence without any assistance from public schools."

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"I suppose you equally condemn their royal societies and academies?" inquired Fortyfolios.

"I do, so far as concerns their utility, don't you see," said Tourniquet. "Did their royal societies ever produce a great man? What eminent philosopher or distinguished man of science did they ever create? And as for their royal academies, when you can point out to me the great painters and great musicians they have given to the world, I will acknowledge the benefit society has received from them, but not till then."

"It is not to be expected that all institutions will perfectly answer the end for which they were designed," remarked the professor. "The object for which they were founded was wise and admirable, and to a certain extent they realise that object. They collect together the talent in the country, and then as much as possible make it known to the public."

"They neglect much more talent than they collect, don't you see," replied the doctor; "and these being usually governed by a select few who have no conception of such a thing as impartiality, he is considered the greatest man amongst them who possesses the most patronage. But the manner in which superior intelligence was regarded by the government of England was exceedingly discouraging to men of genius. They would lavish pensions upon profligates, spies, political apostates, the tools of power, and the slaves of intrigue; but the man who strived to exercise talents from which his country would derive a certain and lasting advantage was left to struggle on without the slightest assistance. Any person, however ignorant, if he could manage by prostituting his soul to every kind of meanness and chicanery to scrape together a sufficient sum of money, might aspire to the dignity of a title of honour; and sometimes, but very rarely, the same title was conferred upon a favourite painter or physician; minds of the highest order were obliged to be satisfied without any such distinction. The pliant orator, the successful soldier, and the ready lawyer were ennobled; but genius, and virtue, and honour, and worth, such as were developed in the wisest and best of men, were not thought worthy of a regard."

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"Notwithstanding all this, the literature, and science, and art of England flourished till it became the admiration of surrounding nations, and excited the wonder of each succeeding generation," observed the professor.

"Which proves that neither universities, nor public schools, nor royal societies, nor academies, nor artificial distinctions, such as existed in England, were of any advantage in increasing the intelligence of the people, don't you see," added his companion. "All such institutions might be rendered highly serviceable to the state; but the system upon which they were conducted was so faulty, their government so illiberal, and their influence so ineffective, that I cannot conscientiously afford to give them any praise, as they existed among the ancients. As for their extensive libraries, on what principle could a government defend the policy of not only withholding from men of genius the patronage they ought to afford them, but robbing every author of several copies of every book he produced without the slightest recompence—merely for the purpose of augmenting their libraries? The wealthiest state then existing was guilty of this meanness. The philosopher might exist as he could—starve—die—rot—in any obscure hole in which he could find refuge, without attracting the least attention: but immediately his works were published—no matter how expensive they were to him, or how much labour and suffering they had cost him—down came a demand for eleven copies for the public libraries, for which the author never in any shape saw a consideration."

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"But the author had proper protection for his publications," said Fortyfolios.

"Nothing of the kind," replied the doctor; "the law of copyright, as it was called, then in existence for the protection of authors in the sale of their works, was the most bungling atrocity

that ever originated in a legislature. An author was allowed to possess his property, the product of his own labour, *only* for a certain time. Any man might leave to his heir the land he had received from his father—any man was allowed to bestow on his child the wealth that he possessed; but the children of the man of genius could not inherit any right in the acknowledged property of their parent. After the term had expired in which he was allowed to possess his own—think of their generosity in allowing this!—his labours might enrich any one who chose to make them profitable, and he and his children, and his children's children, were left to starve. The man who writes a book which acquires a certain value by publication, has as much right to consider all the profits it may produce as belonging to him and to his heirs for ever, as is the man who becomes possessed of land or other property entitled to continue it in the possession of his family from generation to generation: and it is nothing better than an act of robbery for any government to deprive either of a right to which they have so perfect a claim.”

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“But you have said nothing about the perfection to which they carried their machinery,” said the professor. “I think the ancients deserve our thanks for their mechanical inventions.”

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“I cannot confer praise on any invention, however brilliant it may be, that must come into operation at the expense of human sufferings, don't you see,” observed the other; “and all those machines which were brought into use for the purpose of diminishing the amount of manual employment, did produce a very great degree of human wretchedness. It may be very satisfactory to some parties, to consider that the country becomes more wealthy according to the increasing facility with which its manufactures are sent to market; but the time must come, if this rapidity of creating produce continue, when the supply must exceed the demand, and then finding an inadequate market for its manufactures, the country must become poor. But while this result is gradually brought about by the manufacturers endeavouring to produce their goods by means of machinery, at as little cost and with as great facility as it is possible to attain, the thousands who gained their subsistence by the labour which these machines have supplied, are left without a resource; they must crawl out the remainder of their miserable lives as they can, and are left to famish, to beg, or to steal. It is pleasant, perhaps, to know that machinery allows you to purchase half a dozen pairs of shoes at the price you formerly paid for one, but while every one can get shoes for a trifle, they who make them can neither get shoes nor bread.”

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“Are you still arguing, gentlemen?” inquired Oriel Porphyry as he returned from another part of the ship to which he had proceeded with the captain on the approach of the philosophers. “There certainly must be a great fascination in your method of reasoning, or you would either be tired of talking, or want subjects to talk about. What has been the matter in debate on this occasion?”

“We have been arguing upon the superiority of the ancients over the moderns,” replied the professor. “I maintained and do still maintain, that the ancients far exceeded us in intelligence, in skill, and in every thing which is a sign of superior civilisation. Their works of learning are invaluable—their efforts in art not to be surpassed—their discoveries in science have been the admiration of every succeeding age.”

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“And what says the doctor to this?” inquired the young merchant. Fortyfolios looked round, and discovered that his antagonist had left the field.

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## CHAP. VIII.

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### LOVE MISPLACED.

ZABRA'S disposition appeared to have undergone a complete change. He was no longer to be found in the cabin delighting every one with the stirring eloquence of his language, or on the quarter-deck instructing the gentle Lilya in the wonders of the ship. Instead of, as had hitherto been the case, seeking the company of Oriel Porphyry as the greatest enjoyment he possessed, he had for several days avoided every place where they were likely to meet. He roamed about the vessel without attempting to converse with either officers or crew, and if any one ventured to address him, the proud look with which the speaker was regarded, as the young creole turned away, was sufficiently repulsive to prevent the experiment being repeated. Even those with whom he had used to be on terms of intimacy, the captain and the young midshipman, were passed by with the same gloomy look. Every one wondered at the change, and all were ignorant of the cause.

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Oriel more than once sought him for the purpose of inquiring the reason of his strange conduct, with the intention of endeavouring to induce him to return to his usual place, as his friend and companion; but the youth fled from his approach so determinedly, and treated his messages with such a studied neglect, that the young merchant, imagining that Zabra was in one of his mysterious moods, at last abandoned all intention of interfering, expecting that in a day or two he would become more reasonable, and join in the cabin circle as usual. Oriel Porphyry had observed so much in the behaviour of his friend that was extraordinary, that he had ceased to be surprised by the strange way in which he frequently acted. His conduct, therefore, in this instance, did not excite in him any particular attention or remark. But no one appeared to regard Zabra's unsocial manner with so deep an interest as Lilya. She felt severely his estrangement from her society: all her pleasures seemed to be completely annihilated by his absence. It was evident that his kind attentions had not been lost upon her grateful disposition, for she was too

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artless to disguise her feelings, and her sentiments in his favour seemed too evident to be misinterpreted. His handsome features, so warm and eloquent in their expression—his lustrous eyes, shining with so soft a light—and his youthful figure, so buoyant and elastic, had from the first awakened in her breast a feeling of surprise and admiration that was both strange and delightful. A new world seemed rising before her eyes. She entered into a different state of existence. All around her breathed an atmosphere of happiness that made her previous pleasures appear dull and cold; and then she found no enjoyment except in being near him, and when he kindly endeavoured to lead her mind to the contemplation of such subjects as were likely to interest, to amuse, and instruct her simple nature, as the fire of youthful enthusiasm shone in his brilliant gaze, and his intellectual countenance kept changing its expression in accord with the different feelings which the subject created, she held her breath, as if she thought that there was something in what she saw that the least disturbance would destroy; and hung upon his words as if there was a charm in their sound which, once destroyed, could never be created again.

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In the lessons with which he sought to enlighten her untutored intellect, her feelings had participated. Her timid nature acquired confidence in his presence. She more frequently sought than shrunk from his society; and she forgot that she was alone upon the world without a single connecting tie to associate her with its sympathies. It was from such feelings as these that she was first disturbed by Zabra's unaccountable and unkind behaviour. In vain she endeavoured to find a reasonable cause for such conduct in any thing she had done; she knew nothing in which she could have offended, except in not having appeared sufficiently grateful to Oriel Porphyry; and this fault of hers she reflected on so long, that she began to regard it as something particularly heinous, and became daily more desirous of attempting, by a different behaviour, to repair the wrong she had committed.

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She strived as much as possible to get rid of her natural bashfulness, and sought out the young merchant with the design of repairing her fault in the best way she could. After considerable hesitation and frequent desire to turn back as she proceeded, she ventured as far as the cabin door; where, after waiting a considerable time, daring neither to go on, or to return, she knocked gently. A voice kindly bid her come in, and with a palpitating heart she opened the door and entered.

"Ah, Lilya!" exclaimed Oriel, who sat alone studying a book of military exercises, "this is an unexpected pleasure." Then hastening towards her with a smile of welcome, he led her blushing and trembling to the sofa.

"I hope you will not any longer be such a truant as you have proved yourself," said the young merchant, kindly.

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"Have I been a truant?" asked the timid girl.

"Yes you have, and a very sad truant too," replied Oriel Porphyry, with a smile.

"How sorry I am!" murmured Lilya, looking deeply concerned, though she knew not what wrong she had committed.

"Well, I will forgive you if you will promise not to repeat the offence," said Oriel. "You must let me see you more frequently. It is not kind of you to absent yourself from your best friends. Remember that in me you will always find a friend ready to do any thing that is likely to insure your happiness. Will you promise me, that you will not keep away from me as you have done?"

"If you will forgive me, I will promise any thing that is proper for me to do," replied the bashful maiden, appearing by her downcast eyes afraid to look upon her companion.

"Of course I will forgive you," responded the other affectionately, taking one of her hands in his. "There can be very little difficulty in my doing that."

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"But there is something else," said Lilya, trembling like a condemned criminal.

"What else can there be?" inquired Oriel.

"Something else for you to forgive," replied the timid girl.

"Indeed, I was not aware of its existence," responded the young merchant. "Tell me what it is. It will give me pleasure to forgive you."

"I have never told you how grateful I am for your kindness to me," murmured his fair companion in a voice scarcely audible. "But indeed I feel it. I cannot help seeing how good you are, and—and—and I like you very much for it."

"You are an admirable creature," exclaimed Oriel Porphyry, apparently delighted with her unaffected simplicity; "and it will be a great source of pleasure to me to be able to assist in creating your happiness. As for gratitude, there is no necessity for that, at any rate, at present; but when I have succeeded in insuring you all the blessings I wish you to enjoy, you may be as grateful as you please."

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"And you forgive me for my neglect?" asked Lilya, looking up to his face imploringly, and then instantly casting her eyes to the ground.

"Forgive you!" cried her companion kindly, "you have committed no fault. But if it be any satisfaction to you to receive my forgiveness, it is readily granted; indeed, I feel so much pleasure in conferring it, that I hope you will very soon either commit the same or a similar fault, that I may be allowed the same enjoyment I now possess."

"No, I will not do so again, because that would be wrong," observed the bashful maiden; "I should be unworthy of your kindness if, after you had once been so good as to forgive me for a fault I had committed, I committed the same fault again."

"In truth, you are a most admirable creature," exclaimed the young merchant, with impressive emphasis. "But what can I do to make your stay in the ship more endurable. Your being used to roam at will over the wide fields and open valleys of your native land, must make this voyage appear very tedious. I should like to vary its monotony for you as much as possible. Have you a desire for any pleasure I can gratify?"

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Lilya looked confused, the colour in her face disappeared and returned, and she tried once or twice to raise her eyes from the ground to the face of her companion; but as soon as she had elevated them about half way, she let them fall, and seemed as if she had not courage to make another effort.

"You don't answer me, Lilya," said Oriel Porphyry. "Do not be afraid of asking for what you require. I wish your time to pass as pleasantly as I can make it, and you will afford me gratification as well as yourself by giving me an opportunity for increasing your enjoyments. Tell me what it is you most wish to be done."

"I wish Zabra would be as he used to be," exclaimed the simple girl, and an expression of sadness became visible upon her beautiful features. [219]

"So do I," replied the young merchant; "but I have done every thing to induce him to become so, without success. I cannot tell what it is that makes him act so strangely; but he is a strange creature at all times, and as I have allowed him to do as he pleases, I am afraid nothing I could say or do would make him become more rational. He avoids every attempt I have made to prevail upon him to take his place amongst us as usual, and I have therefore no remedy now but patience."

"He never used to be so," murmured Lilya.

"He appears to have taken offence at something or somebody, but what the cause is I do not pretend to know," said Oriel. "I am sure I have said or done nothing at which he ought to have felt offence."

"I thought he was offended with me, because I did not tell you how grateful I was for your kindness," observed his companion.

"I doubt that that is the cause," replied the other. "But it is my opinion that, if any one can bring him back to his former behaviour, it is yourself, Lilya." [220]

"Me!" exclaimed the blushing maiden; "I bring him back to be what he was! Oh I wish I could!"

"I think you have only to try and there is no doubt of success," remarked Oriel: "Go to him, be kind to him; tell him how much you are afflicted by observing him abandon all his friends, and assure him how happy it will make you to see him exerting himself in the same social offices in which he used to take delight."

"Do you really think that would be of use?" inquired Lilya, as she raised her eyes till they met those of her companion.

"There is not a doubt of it," replied he.

"Then I will go this moment," she exclaimed; and leaping from the sofa, she hastened out of the cabin.

Zabra was alone bending over his harp and striking a series of melancholy chords. He was so completely lost in his own reflections, which evidently from the gloomy expression of his countenance were far from being pleasant, that he did not observe the approach of Lilya. The first notice he had of her vicinity was in feeling his hand timidly laid hold of; and on turning his head round, he beheld her gazing on him anxiously and kindly close at his side. [221]

"What brought you here? Why do you follow me? Is there no place where I can be secure from your intrusion?" were the quick inquiries of the young musician, as with a stern look he snatched his hand from the hold of the timid girl.

"Indeed I have no wish to offend you, Zabra," said Lilya, feeling quite confounded with the unfriendly reception she had met with. "I come to you, because I think you are unhappy."

"Who told you I was unhappy?" asked Zabra, sharply; "and what is my unhappiness to you?"

"It is much, because it makes *me* unhappy," replied the simple girl; "and I thought you were unhappy, because you have abandoned all your friends, and deprived me of the pleasure you used to confer." [222]

"I did not abandon them till they showed themselves unworthy of my companionship," said the youth proudly. "Do you think I can sit quietly to become the victim of deceit and treachery? Do you imagine I can stand tamely by while the heart I worship is ensnared by another? No! I cannot endure it, and I will not. I wish to be alone."

"And will you not return to your place among the friends who delight in your presence?" inquired the bashful maiden; "they are very anxious to see you. And I—I should like you—I should very much like you to be as you used to be; for then you were so kind, and talked to me so delightfully, and appeared so very happy."

"I was very happy then," exclaimed her companion, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "I loved and believed myself loved in return. But it is all over now; I have been deceived. Go and leave me."

"And if you did love, Zabra," murmured Lilya without daring to move her eyes from the ground, "if you are sure you loved—I think I'm convinced—that is, I mean, that if you do love, you must be loved in return." [223]

"No, no! I saw it too plain," observed Zabra. "It's beyond a doubt; it is evident—palpable—I cannot be mistaken. Why do you waste your time here? Have I not told you I wish to be alone?"

"Oh! do not look upon me so sternly," exclaimed the gentle girl, with tears in her eyes; "indeed I wish to make you happy. I will never offend you. I will be all you desire. I will listen to you with the most perfect attention, and carefully remember every thing you tell me. Come, Zabra, come!" she continued, as she ventured tremblingly to lay hold of his hand. "Let me lead you to the kind friends who are so desirous of your presence; let me assure you that you are loved," she added, as she raised the hand she held in her own to her lips, and pressed them softly and quickly upon it, and then, as if alarmed by her own temerity, she hastily dropped it and stood blushing and trembling by his side. [224]

"No, no! I tell you no! I am not loved. I know it too well. Why do you come to me with your

affectionate words and fond endearments? Take them to Oriel Porphyry; he can best appreciate them," said her companion.

"Well, I will if you wish it, Zabra," replied the simple girl. "I would do any thing to please you."

"No doubt you would," exclaimed Zabra sarcastically.

"Yes I would, Zabra; and I will go this moment and do what you require me:" and she had scarcely uttered the words before she hurriedly left the presence of her companion.

Zabra sat alone at his harp, half doubting in his mind whether it was simplicity or artifice that Lilya had exhibited; but as he remembered what both had confessed, he felt the conviction that she was again endeavouring to deceive him; and the miserable feeling thus created he endeavoured to express in the following words:—

"Be not deceived, fond heart,  
Be not deceived;  
Words are but sounds, and looks changing and vain;  
None are believed, fond heart,  
None are believed:  
When they delude, never trust them again.

"Seek not for truths, sad heart,  
Seek not for truth;  
Truth's in the grave, and there only will stay;  
Maiden and youth, sad heart,  
Maiden and youth:  
Each will beguile and then each will betray.

"Love is a dream, fond heart,  
Love is a dream;  
Clothed with delight for the heart and the eye;  
Bright though it seem, fond heart,  
Bright though it seem,  
Sleep not—you dream but to wake—and to die!"

"Mustn't allow you to sing such melancholy ditties, don't you see," exclaimed Dr. Tourniquet, standing before the young musician, where he had been for several minutes. "They make every body miserable and yourself too; and besides this they are very hurtful in their effects upon the system. They are a sort of sedative that affect the head and the heart at the same time—prevent eating, drinking, or sleeping with any thing like a healthy state of feeling. Allow me the privilege of an old friend to ask you what's the matter with you?"

"Alas! it is a malady beyond the reach of medicine!" exclaimed Zabra mournfully.

"That's to be proved, don't you see," replied the doctor. "I have for some days noticed you running into holes and corners away from all your friends. It is both unreasonable and unsocial. I don't pretend to know what has been the occasion of it; but as you have acquainted me with your secret, I can make a shrewd guess. Ah! this love's a terrible thing."

"After having been assured you were beloved," said the young musician; "after having convinced your own heart that your affection was returned with the same ardour with which it was given, to find doubt follow doubt, till a certainty that you were not loved gradually forced itself on your mind—this, this is terrible."

"But that cannot have been your case, don't you see," exclaimed Tourniquet. "You cannot doubt—there's nothing for you to dread."

"It is too true. I have been deceived," replied Zabra, and his features became overcast with a deeper melancholy. "All that I have done has been unavailing; all that I have dared has been cast to the winds. To be the sole possessor of one heart I thought would be a sufficient recompense for all my past sufferings, and dangers, and difficulties; but now I have discovered the unwelcome truth, that another has acquired the ownership of what I strove so earnestly to gain. Oh shame on the treachery that can allure a trusting soul into the conviction that its sweet hopes are acknowledged and its fond dreams replied to! and then, as a new face or a more beguiling nature comes upon the scene, will turn to it with a fondness which should have been confined to the sincere one, and leave all those hopes and dreams to be crushed under the withering touch of despair!"

"I'll wager my professional skill you're mistaken, don't you see," said the doctor. "But who do you imagine to be the guilty parties?"

"Oriel and Lilya," replied his young companion.

"It can't be, don't you see," remarked the other. "I'm a little older than you are, and a better judge of character; and from the result of my own observations, I feel certain that neither of them are capable of such conduct. Oriel Porphyry is noble, and is more sincere in his character than any man I ever met with; and Lilya is the most artless, shy, unsophisticated creature that ever existed. You must be wrong, don't you see."

"Both of them have acknowledged it to me," said Zabra; "both have confessed to me their mutual regard. Yes, it is too true. It is placed beyond the possibility of a doubt."

"Without meaning any offence to you, I can't believe it, don't you see," said the doctor good humouredly. "You have been deceiving yourself. There is a little bit of jealousy in the case, depend upon it. And though I maintain that jealousy is usually a very reasonable passion; for it is impossible for one who has thought himself the owner of the affections of another, to find a third party regarded as their possessor, without feeling a considerable degree of indignation: I think, in this instance, there is no cause for it."

"I wish I could think so! I most fervently wish I could think so!" exclaimed the youth earnestly. "Nothing could gratify me so much as to find my suspicions unfounded; but the facts are so clear

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that the most credulous would be convinced."

"Ah! lovers are the worst people in the world to argue with, don't you see," remarked Tourniquet with a smile. "They are always convinced of something that no one else would entertain for a moment. They believe without a proof, and deny without a cause. With all due respect for you, I must say that love is the greatest folly upon earth. I don't mean to say that I have not had my follies, don't you see; for I have had a very fair share of them. I remember my first folly of the kind very well. I had commenced my medical education under the auspices of an old uncle of mine. He was exceedingly like all other uncles from the creation of the world to the present time. He was obstinate, peevish, domineering, and quarrelsome, and was blest with a daughter, as all uncles are that have a nephew to reside with them. I was then a youth remarkable for the pains I took in my clothes and in my personal appearance; in fact, my dandyism was so conspicuous that I was ashamed to look a dog in the face for fear he should acknowledge me as a puppy.

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"All at once I thought it was highly necessary I should be in love, don't you see; so I brushed up my bits of whiskers, held my head as high as I could, and looked about me. My eyes quickly fell upon the charming Papaverica. To be sure her hair was as much like a bundle of scorched tow as it was possible to be; but of course I called it an auburn. Her nose was a lump of flesh; but of what shape it would have puzzled a geometer to decide; yet I declared it was Grecian; and her mouth was a mouth—there was no mistaking it, and it gave an openness to her countenance more than usually expressive; and of course I swore it was like two cherries seeming parted. Then her body showed that she was somebody. It might have been as thick as it was long, for its length was nothing to brag of. As for her feet, Papaverica was not a girl to stand upon trifles. But whatever her figure was like, I had no difficulty in convincing her it was the very perfection of grace and beauty.

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"I fell in love. Papaverica was medicine, surgery, and anatomy to me. The pharmacopœia was neglected, the vade mecum thrust on one side. I forgot drugs and dressings, lancets and laudanum. I had no taste for mixtures, and my soul was above pills. My thoughts were ever wandering towards the charming Papaverica; and as it is not possible for the mind to entertain two thoughts at the same time, my labours in making up the medicines for my uncle's patients occasionally produced very strange effects. Potions and lotions, cathartics and emetics, pills and squills, were mixed together in what was not considered 'most admired disorder;' for my uncle's stick spoke of any thing but admiration. But my blunders were most conspicuous in writing the labels. In giving the directions for a mixture I was sure to write 'Papaverica, when taken to be well shaken'—for a draught, 'Papaverica to be taken at bedtime,'—and for a lotion that had been repeated, 'Papaverica as before.'

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"All this time we met, and made love after our fashion, don't you see. Papaverica and I looked at each other till we couldn't see out of our eyes, and sighed like paviers at work on a hard piece of ground. But her father tried to put a stop to our proceedings; and if he caught me talking to her, he gave me such a setting down, or more properly, speaking, such a knocking down, as gave me cause to remember the conversation.

"'Fathers have flinty hearts!' said the sympathising Papaverica.

"'And desperate thick sticks!' I exclaimed, with tears in my eyes, as I rubbed my aching back against the door. However, this sort of thing could not go on for ever. I was sent to pursue my studies at Columbus, and I lost sight of Papaverica—I may add, for ever; for she soon afterwards eloped with a strolling actor who had been vagabondising in the neighbourhood, and who had won her heart by playing Romeo in a cocked hat and leather breeches.

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"My next folly was of a different kind. I was a young student as fond of mischief as any of the fraternity to which I belonged. I was invited to an evening party, where among the company, I noticed a young girl with a laughing, dare-devil eye, and a person remarkably smart. I inquired her name, and from a friend learned all the particulars of her history. Observing that she was regarding me in a manner that told me that she was quizzing me to her companions, I advanced, humming an air till I came close before her.

"'Ah Floss!' said I, nodding familiarly. 'Is it you? Haven't seen you this age. You look particularly charming; and how is your grandmother? Shouldn't suppose you half so old as you are, to look at you. And has the cat kittened? I always admire your style of dress—it's very becoming. So the house dog's got well at last! Being an old friend of the family, you must really make room for me beside you.—How is your aunt's toothach?'

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"The girl at first stared at my impudence, don't you see; but, finding I proceeded with the same nonchalance, making all sorts of heterogeneous remarks and inquiries, she laughed heartily, in which she was as heartily joined by her companions, and we became intimate in a moment. We joked and romped in the most provoking manner, and said the smartest things of each other that could possibly be conceived. I found that she lived with an aged grandmother and an old maiden aunt, in a small house in a retired part of the town. I watched my opportunity when I saw the two old women go out to take their evening walk, and gave such a tremendous knock at the door that it made the windows rattle again. As I expected my charmer opened the door, and in I marched as stately as an emperor.

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"'Halloo, sir, where are you going? This is like your impudence, certainly!' said she, not knowing whether to be most offended or amused at my behaviour.

"'I have come to honour you with a little of my superfluous time, Floss,' I replied in an easy, condescending manner.

"'You have, have you? then I shall just thank you to make the best of your way back again,' she rejoined as she followed me into the parlour.

"'I shall do nothing of the kind, Floss, till I please,' said I, as observing some decanters of wine

on the table I began very quietly to help myself; 'and I have the pleasure to drink your health, Floss, and a good husband to you—when you can get one.'

"'You impudent jackanapes!' she exclaimed, as she observed me toss off a bumper. 'This exceeds every thing I ever heard of.'

"'I always strive to excel, Floss,' I replied, flinging myself at full length on a sofa. But come here. Come to me like a good girl. I have something to say to you.'

"'Go to you! I'll see you farther first!' she cried, looking as disdainfully as she could.

"'Very well,' said I, rising and retreating a few paces: 'now come to me—you see me further.'

"'I shan't do any thing of the kind, Mr. Impudence,' she exclaimed, trying to hide her laughter.

"'Then if you wo'n't come to me, I shall be obliged to go to you, which is a great hardship,' I observed as I advanced towards her.

"'If you come near me I'll scratch your eyes out!' cried Floss, looking monstrously fierce; yet I could easily see by the corners of her mouth that she was very much disposed to laugh, so I still approached.

"'If you touch me I'll box your ears!' she exclaimed, beginning to look more serious.

"'Don't be alarmed, Floss; you wouldn't hurt a hair of my head, I know,' said I, as I attempted to insinuate my arm round her waist. 'Ha, will you?' she cried; and she gave me a slap of the face that made my teeth rattle in my mouth like a box of cherry stones. I was not to be easily driven from my purpose, so I attempted to make good my hold, but immediately received a box on the ear that made me see all the colours of the rainbow.

"'You haven't the heart to hurt a fly,' said I very coolly, while I endeavoured to throw my left arm over her left shoulder, to get the command of her arms; but in the execution of this manoeuvre, I received a shower of blows that would have made a less eager lover than myself glad enough to leave the field.

"'What means this behaviour, sir?' exclaimed my charmer, endeavouring to look expressively angry, and struggling with me with all her might.

"'I mean to honour you so far as to kiss you, Floss,' I replied very quietly, though smarting from the pain of the blows.

"'I'll scream—I'll raise the house—I'll cry murder—I'll——'

"'I'm remarkably fond of music,' said I, interrupting her; and in a moment afterwards I had both her arms tightly pressed to her body, and her face blushing and looking angry a few inches beneath my own.

"'I'll never let you see me again as long as I live—I'll hate you—I'll——'

"Her mouth was stopped by mine, and every time she attempted to speak I repeated the same interesting ceremony, which she struggled unavailingly to prevent; but with this revenge I was not satisfied.

"'Let me go, sir; let me go this minute! You wretch, don't you see how you're rumpling my collar! Let me go, I command you!'

"'Before I do that I shall first allow you the pleasure of kissing me,' said I, with as much condescension as I could assume.

"'Kiss you!' cried Floss, looking as savage as an enraged turkey-cock; 'I'd see you hanged first!'

"'You'll not go till you do,' I replied, with all the coolness imaginable.

"'Let me go, sir; your assurance is unbearable!' she exclaimed, making violent but ineffectual efforts to release herself from my embrace.

"'You'll not go till you kiss me,' said I, as calmly as possible. A loud knock at this moment was heard at the door.

"'Let me go, sir. Here's my grandmother and my aunt returned, and they'll abuse me famously if they catch you here.'

"'You'll not go till you kiss me,' I repeated in exactly the same tone of voice I had previously used. Another louder knock was now heard.

"'There then, you plague!' she cried as she hurriedly pressed her lips to mine; 'and now let me go.'

"'Leave every thing to me, I'll manage the old ladies,' said I as I allowed her to escape.

"'It's very strange, Floss, that you always will keep us at the door so long when we knock,' mumbled the eldest of the two old ladies as well as her want of teeth would allow her, as soon as the door was opened.

"'It's very strange,' remarked the other with stronger emphasis.

"'I've spoken to you so often about it, that I'm quite shocked at your negligence,' mumbled the first.

"'I'm quite shocked at your negligence;' echoed the other.

"'Goodness, a man!' screamed out the eldest, throwing her arms back, and nearly pitching off her balance as she entered the room.

"'Goodness, a man!' squeaked out the other in exactly the same tone, and with exactly the same motion.

"'May I be allowed to know the cause which has conferred upon me the honour of a visit from a perfect stranger, as it seems very extraordinary,' said the mumbler, advancing towards me with stately steps, and scrutinising me through her spectacles as if she would look right through me.

"'It seems very extraordinary,' remarked the other emphatically, as she also brought her spectacles to bear upon my person.

"'Have I the honour of speaking to the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Parrot-cum-Poodle?' I inquired, advancing two steps with a grave and respectful air, and making a bow to the ground.

"'I am that humble individual,' replied the ugliest of the two, making a profound courtesy; and

then turning to her companion, she said in a whisper, "A very well spoken young man."

"A very well spoken young man," echoed the least ugliest.

"How much have I reason to be gratified with my good fortune;" I observed, looking as delighted as I could. "I have travelled far to procure it."

"Take a seat, my dear sir!" exclaimed the old one, with a look of sympathy that did not make her look more agreeable.

"Take a seat, my dear sir!" repeated the other, in the same tone and manner.

"Floss, why don't you give the gentleman a chair?" cried number one, sharply.

"Floss, why don't you give the gentleman a chair?" cried number two in a similar voice.

"I should prefer standing in the presence of ladies for whom I have such perfect respect," said I, with another bow equally profound. [242]

"Oh, you are too good!" mumbled the first, with something that was intended to be a smile.

"Oh, you are too good!" muttered the other, after the same fashion.

"I have come all the way from the village of Parrot-cum-Poodle for the express purpose of elucidating an important point in the pedigree of the respectable and ancient family which still bears the name of that distinguished place," said I, with the gravest face I had ever made use of. "When the Parrot-cum-Poodles first intermarried with the Tabbies, connected as the Tabbies previously were with the Macaws, one of the collateral branches of the Parrot-cum-Poodle family; and the Macaws having formed several alliances with the Pugs, I am desirous of knowing what degree of consanguinity the Pugs bear to the present descendants of the ancient race of the Parrot-cum-Poodles, because it is an inquiry of exceeding interest, and one of the utmost value towards a right understanding of the family genealogy. You must remember, that when the branch of the Tabbies became extinct for want of heirs male, there was a lineal descendant that could trace his pedigree in a direct line up to the first inheritor of the ancient name of Parrot-cum-Poodle; but he being abroad at the time when the title was declared extinct, knew nothing of his legal claim to the honourable name of his ancestors, and had a large family which were brought up in perfect ignorance of their relationship with the Tabbies. One of these has lately married a remote branch of the Pugs: now the descendants of this pair will stand in a very extraordinary point of relationship to the Parrot-cum-Poodles; and I should wish to know where any of these descendants are to be found." [243]

"The oldest old lady had gradually opened her mouth as I proceeded to show the labyrinth of the Parrot-cum-Poodle genealogy, till it was extended as far as it could stretch, and she stared at me through her spectacles with as complete a look of mystification as it was possible to imagine, and was turning towards the youngest old lady when she met a mouth equally wide, and eyes equally mystified on the point of turning towards her with the same desire for explanation. All this time Floss had stood behind them making the most desperate efforts to swallow her pocket-handkerchief. [244]

"However it is sufficient to say, that after having bothered the old folks till they did not know whether they were standing on their head or their heels, I took my departure; and so ended my second folly, for I never saw Floss again. And now, having amused you, don't you see, which is all I aimed at, I must insist upon your going to Oriel Porphyry, and inquiring of him whether there exist any reason for your suspicions."

"I will try and do it," replied Zabra, in a more cheerful tone than he had previously used; "and I hope it may be as you say."

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## CHAP. IX. [245]

### A DISCOVERY.

"AND so you have no desire to live in the gay world of fashion, Lilya?" inquired Oriel Porphyry, as they sat together on the sofa.

"I do not understand what fashion means," replied the simple girl.

"Fashion itself is merely the way in which a certain class of persons dress, think, speak, and conduct themselves," said Oriel. "And the world of fashion is this exclusive class, with all its gaities, its frivolities, its prejudices, its follies, and its crimes."

"If there is any thing wrong in it, I certainly should not like to live there," observed Lilya.

"What, not to partake of its brilliant pleasures, of its balls, operas, concerts, dinners, and fêtes?" asked the young merchant.

"The things you mention I know nothing of. Where do they grow?" inquired his fair companion. [246]

"They do not grow, Lilya," replied Oriel, with a smile; "they are the amusements of the world of fashion. A ball is a collection of persons, or rather the amusement of a collection of persons brought together for the purpose of enjoying the diversion of dancing; and dancing is a gliding motion of the feet, by which the body is moved in different attitudes from one place to another."

"And do people amuse themselves in this way; or is it an amusement for others to look upon?" asked Lilya.

"It is the amusement in which both sexes most delight," said the young merchant. "They meet

together in rooms such as this cabin, only much larger, and much more gay, where music is provided; and directly the music plays, they are all set in motion, and so continue till the dance is over. Some dances consist in whirling round, others in bounding forward, and a great number in gliding from place to place."

"I do not think a ball would amuse me; I should soon get tired of such exertion, especially as I cannot perceive what causes the amusement," said Lilya. [247]

"The amusement, I believe, is more generally created by the persons who are brought together than by any quality in the dance," observed Oriel. "But it is considered a graceful and agreeable way of passing the time; and, to young people particularly, it appears to possess very great attractions. It might be rendered a profitable exercise, but the heat and glitter of a ball-room is not the place in which it can be made most advantageous."

"I would rather run after the leveret, or chase the young deer for exercise," observed the simple girl.

"Operas and concerts are places where fashionable people meet to hear music," continued the young merchant. "It is rarely that the best music is played there; but, generally, the best performers are there to be met with."

"I would rather hear Zabra," exclaimed the bashful maiden, hanging down her head as if afraid the acknowledgment might not have been proper. [248]

"And so would I a thousand times," replied the young merchant, emphatically. "For in him we might be sure of finding something like nature, which is not to be hoped for at operas or concerts. As for dinners and fêtes, they are merely for the purpose of allowing people to eat and drink together, talk, stare, push, squeeze, and elbow."

"Then I have no desire for any of these," said Lilya. "I do not perceive the pleasure they would confer. I would rather be what I am, than exist in a state such as you have described."

"But that cannot be Lilya," observed Oriel, kindly. "I am going to put you under the protection of a lady—of the lady whom I love, Lilya. She is a beautiful, accomplished, and amiable woman, of high family, and admirable disposition; and, as she is obliged to find friends and acquaintances in the circle I have pointed out to your attention, you must from the same source derive all your social enjoyments; and then you will be clothed in silks and velvets, feathers and diamonds—will not that delight you?" [249]

"Do these fine things make the possessor happy?" asked his companion.

"To tell you the truth Lilya, I do not think they do," replied Oriel Porphyry.

"Then I will have none of them," she exclaimed. "I know that I can be happy in these humble skins that I have put together with my own hands; but I know not that I can be happy in the gay things to which I am unused; and I would rather retain what I possess, than give it up for an uncertainty."

"But the Lady Eureka, with whom you will stay, makes use of these things," said the young merchant; "and, unless you mean to offend your best friends, you must do the same."

"I will wear them if my friends wish it," observed the simple girl; "but I would rather not, because I should appear so awkward in them." [250]

"I do not fear that," exclaimed the young merchant. "You will not be allowed to wear them till you know in what manner they should be worn; and that you should look, and act, and think, as becomes one who is the Lady Eureka's friend. The most skilful masters in every department of education will be provided for you; and every endeavour will be made to render you as elegant, intellectual, and agreeable a woman as the world of fashion can produce."

"Will Zabra be there?" inquired Lilya, timidly.

"Yes, I think so. I've no doubt he will," replied Oriel Porphyry.

"Then I should like to be there!" murmured his fair companion, with marked emphasis on the pronoun. "And the Lady Eureka you speak of—do you love her?"

"Indeed I do, Lilya," replied the young merchant, earnestly; "and you will find her worthy of being beloved. She is beautiful, good, affectionate, and intelligent." [251]

"And does she love you in return?" asked Lilya.

"It is my happiness to believe so," responded Oriel.

"How delightful it must be for both of you," exclaimed the simple girl, with her face beaming with animation as she turned her soft blue eyes full upon her companion.

"And you shall share in this delight, Lilya, if you prove yourself worthy of it," said Oriel, kindly. "Eureka is distinguished for her superior excellence; and she cannot love you unless you possess goodness to recommend you to her. There is nothing in the world that a woman ought so much to pride herself upon as the purity of her actions. She ought not to allow any one even to suspect her of wrong; and if her behaviour is free from mystery or deceit, she will never give cause for suspicion. The first step towards the commission of great criminality in a woman, is a carelessness in tolerating familiarities from more than one, that are not considered any thing beyond trifling gallantries from the one by whom she is truly loved; and from that one only can such things be permitted, because in this instance they become the natural signs of a sincere affection, that are peculiarly graceful and refreshing in their influence: but as the wife confines all expressions of affection to her husband, so ought the loved one to preserve all her devotion for her lover. Their situations are exactly similar; and 't is as great a crime for a woman to deceive her lover by allowing others to share in her affections, as it is for a wife to betray her husband by a violation of the marriage vow." [252]

"I do not understand you," said Lilya, looking considerably puzzled and bewildered.

"Ah! I forgot it was to you I was speaking," replied Oriel. "But what I meant to express to you is, that if you wish to insure and preserve the good opinion of those whose good opinion is most valuable to you, you will show yourself particularly anxious to become distinguished for [253]

excellence of conduct and goodness of disposition.”

“Ah, that is just what Zabra has told me,” exclaimed the blushing maiden, “He used to be always talking to me in that way; and told me so much that was proper for me to know, and looked so kind, and appeared so attentive, that I was always delighted to hear him. But he no longer talks to me in that manner. He is now harsh in his language, and stern in his gaze; and he will scarcely look or speak to me.”

“Have you not been able to induce him to return to us? I should have thought your intreaties would have been complied with immediately,” said the young merchant.

“Alas, no!” replied Lilya, sorrowfully. “All my intreaties have been disregarded.”

“Then you must allow me to make you forget him till he comes to his senses,” said Oriel.

“No, I cannot forget him—I’m sure I cannot forget him—indeed, I cannot forget him,” exclaimed the artless girl.

“He scarcely deserves to be so well remembered,” observed the young merchant. “In fact I am beginning to feel angry with him for being so obstinate.”

“Oh, do not be angry with him!” exclaimed Lilya, earnestly; “you must not be angry with him, for I am sure he is unhappy.”

“Well, then, if I promise you not to be angry, you must allow me to be as kind to you as you would wish him to be,” said Oriel Porphyry. “For I cannot suffer a creature so unoffending as you are to be made wretched by such unreasonable conduct. I shall regard you as a favorite sister; and I feel just as much interested in your happiness as if you were so dearly related to me. I will not allow you to have a wish ungratified that is harmless and natural. I will endeavour to afford you whatever pleasure you most delight in, that I have the means of procuring; and I will watch over you, and guard you from all evil, and shield you from every danger.”

“Oh, how good you are!” murmured the gentle girl, raising her beautiful eyes, suffused with tears, to his face.

“And I shall expect in return for all this attention to your welfare, that you will regard me with a sisterly affection,” continued the other. “You must be as kind to me as I will be to you. You must endeavour always to appear cheerful and willing to be pleased. Every effort that I make to render your life an enjoyment to you, you must respond to by showing the gladness it ought to produce. You must be attentive to my instructions, obedient to my wishes, be gratified with my attentions, and satisfied with the exertions I shall make to insure your happiness.”

“Indeed, I will!” exclaimed the timid maiden, affectionately clasping the hand of Oriel in her own.

“It will be a most pure and exquisite pleasure to me to be allowed to labour in such a good work as creating the felicity of so gentle and innocent a creature,” said the young merchant; his noble countenance beaming with benevolence. “It will be a labour of which my father would be proud; and to do as he would do must always appear to me to be the highest degree of excellence. It will be delightful to be loved as a brother, and to show a brother’s care and anxiety and solicitude. It will be admirable to be able to enjoy the sweet sympathies of a nature such as yours, and to live in the enjoyment of an interchange of endearments so purifying to the heart as ours will be. I must be loved Lilya. I will be as kind to you and as careful of you as may be necessary for your welfare; but I must be loved.”

“And I will love you;” murmured his fair companion, trembling and blushing she knew not for why—“I will love you as fondly as you wish. I will love you kindly and affectionately. I will love you always. I will be at all times every thing you most desire me to be. You shall never find reason to be dissatisfied. I will not allow you to be unhappy: all I do shall be done with the intention of giving you pleasure. My heart is overflowing with your goodness; and, indeed—and, indeed I love you very much.” With these words she caught up the hand she had held in her own; and eagerly, yet timidly, pressed it to her lips!

Oriel Porphyry was so charmed by the simplicity and genuine affection expressed by the action, that he drew the bashful girl to his arms, and pressed her lips to his own. This had scarcely been done, when, on raising his eyes, he encountered the full and piercing gaze of Zabra. He stood before them,—his dark features wearing an expression the most wild and fearful—his breast heaving with passion, and his whole frame trembling with the powerful excitement under which he laboured. Lilya, with an exclamation of surprise, shrunk into the farthest corner of the sofa, and covered her face with her hands. Oriel looked upon him with astonishment, not unmixed with wonder; for the extraordinary beauty of his countenance, shrouded by its clustering black curls, with the intensity of the expression now impressed upon it, looked perfectly sublime.

“Has it come to this?” muttered the youth, in a voice that seemed choked with emotion. “Has it come to this? The last hope I have been allowed to entertain is now utterly crushed. Nothing remains but the conviction of my own misery, and of your baseness.”

“Zabra!” exclaimed Oriel.

“What a reward is this you have given me!” continued the other, in the same hoarse tones. “What a recompense for all I have done! Could you think of no way of showing your appreciation of my devotion for you than by destroying the dream of happiness I have entertained? Have I not been faithful, and attached, and willing, and affectionate—as ready in the hour of danger to defend as desirous in a time of pleasure to amuse? Did I not share with you your anxieties, and rejoice with you in every thing that gave you joy? And yet you have committed this treachery.”

“Zabra!” again exclaimed his patron.

“In what have I failed to do you honour and worship?” still continued his companion, slightly raising his voice as he proceeded. “In what have I been deficient? Where have I offended? Have I not sought all times and opportunities to fulfil your wishes before they could be expressed? Has not my heart been ever anxious to assist in the realisation of your best hopes? Is there any one

thing you could have wished me to do that I have not done? If I had been slack in my exertions—if I had been careless in my services—if I had been heedless, thoughtless, or inattentive in my behaviour, there might have been some cause for depriving me of the affections which then I should have been unworthy to possess:—but I have exceeded all previous examples in the exclusiveness of my devotion. I have dared to do more than others could have imagined—I have sought you out to watch over your safety—and have served you with all honour, and care, and kindness. Why—why have you used me thus?”

“Zabra, what madness is this?” exclaimed the young merchant, more surprised than offended.

“And this is your love for Eureka!” continued the youth. “This is the way in which you return an affection, so deep, so earnest, and so true as her’s has been? Have you lost all notion of justice, of virtue, and of that sincerity which most ennoble manhood? Where is your sense of shame? What manner of man are you, who, after you have been loved in all earnestness, in all purity, in all exclusiveness, and with all that self-abandonment which is most conspicuous in the love of woman, can turn round upon the object by whom you have been so truly honoured, and cast her hopes to the wind?”

“Zabra, you are proceeding beyond the limits of endurance; and I shall be obliged to acquaint Eureka with your unreasonable and offensive conduct,” said Oriel.

“I—I AM EUREKA!” shouted the disguised page, in a voice that made both her companions leap from their seats with looks of the most intense astonishment, as, with flashing eyes, and words that seemed to breathe of fire, she exclaimed,—“It was Eureka who left her father’s house to escape from an alliance into which she would have been forced had she remained.—It was Eureka who forsook family and friends, and the security and comforts of her own land, to share the dangers and watch over the safety of one to whom she was so completely devoted.—It was Eureka who quitted the dress and abandoned the prejudices of womanhood, the more securely to devote her disinterested heart to the service of her lover.—It was Eureka who dared with him the perils of the sea—rescued him from the clutches of the pirate—stopped the blows that were aimed at his life—shed her blood in his defence; and, in all offices of kindness—in all times of danger and difficulty—in all moments of tranquillity and desire of innocent enjoyment, thought only of his security—cared only for his amusement, and was anxious only for the perfect realisation of his happiness. It was Eureka who did these things: and I—I am Eureka!”

Probably she might have continued the same eloquent and forcible language; but the attention of herself and of her lover were attracted towards their companion. Lilya had listened with the most breathless interest to the avowal of the disguised Zabra; her eyes were fixed upon the speaker in one continued stare—wild, ghastly, and unnatural: the colour fled from her lips, the blood rushed from her face; her breast heaved in quick, short, spasms, and something was seen rising and swelling at her throat. An expression of unutterable anguish was impressed upon her beautiful features; she made two or three choking gasps, and tottering forward a few steps, fell at the feet of Eureka.

Oriel hurried to raise her from the ground; gently he lifted her head, and exposed to view a face pale as marble; the delicate mouth, half open, and the fair blue eyes fixed and sightless. As he attempted to take her hand, the head fell back upon his shoulder.—She was dead.

“Eureka!” exclaimed the young merchant, in a voice husky with emotion, as he supported the drooping corpse upon his arm, “you have wronged both her and me. She would never have been regarded by me save as a sister; and it was only with a brother’s fondness that you saw me caress her. I am deeply grateful to you for the devotion with which you have honoured me; but when I look here,—he continued, gazing on the lifeless form he held, with feelings that almost deprived him of utterance,—“and find a creature so perfectly innocent, so simple, so gentle, and so kind, that has been made its victim, I am obliged to regret that it has been purchased at so fearful a sacrifice.”

He was answered only by hysteric sobs, that in a few minutes were succeeded by violent convulsions: and Dr. Tourniquet entering the cabin at this moment, Oriel hastily explained what had transpired; left her to his care, and rushed upon deck.

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## CHAP. X.

### A FIGHT AT SEA.

“A SAIL to leeward!” shouted the look-out man on the gangway.

“Give me my glass, Loop!” cried the Captain.

“What does she look like, Cap’ain,” inquired Climberkin.

“I see nothin’ yet but a tall spar, pointing pretty sharpish into the sky,” said Hearty. “Now I observe she has her royals set, and has an unkimmon low hull. But take the glass yourself, and see what you can make of her.”

“She’s schooner built, sir, with raking masts, carries a smartish number o’ guns, and is altogether as suspicious looking a craft as ever I seed,” observed the Lieutenant.

“Which way does she steer?” inquired the old man.

“She’s bearin’ right down upon us, sir,” replied Climberkin; “and she means mischief, or I’m

pretty considerably mistaken."

"Call up all hands to quarters—throw open the ports, and let the guns be shotted;" cried the captain. All was immediately bustle and confusion in every part of the Albatross. Fore and aft the men with the utmost alacrity, prepared to give the strange vessel a proper welcome in case of an attack. Muskets, pikes, cutlasses, powder and shot, were handed up from the hold with as much cheerfulness as if the crew were commencing some favourite amusement. The officers were giving their orders, the men busy at their preparations. Some threw off their jackets and tucked up their sleeves to be the more free in their movements. The decks were cleared: all things put away that could be an obstacle at such a time; the guns run out, and every man was at his post ready for action.

The schooner bore down gallantly upon the Albatross, and certainly was a very suspicious-looking vessel. A shot from one of her carronades came booming along without doing any mischief. [266]

"There's no mistaking that, captain;" said Oriel Porphyry, who had been watching the proceedings around him with considerable interest.

"She's a pirate, sir, there's not a doubt on 't," observed the old man; "but she'll find we are not to be caught napping; and as she's ventured to begin the game, we'll just see who can play at it best. Give her a taste of the long gun, Boggle."

"Ay, ay, sir;" replied the second lieutenant.

"I must bear a hand in this, Hearty;" said the young merchant, unable to restrain his eagerness to join in the approaching fight.

"As you please, sir," rejoined the captain; "and as we know you are a fighter, and one o' the right sort, we shall be very glad o' your company. Here's a capital cutlass, which is much at your service."

"No, thank you; I'll go and get my own arms;" replied Oriel, and he immediately left the deck. [267]

A long brass thirty-two pounder under the management of an experienced gunner was now got ready, and fired with such precision as to make the splinters fly from her hull.

"Pitch the shot into her as often as you can load and fire;" cried the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir;" said the man at the gun.

At this instant, a shot from the schooner brought down some of the standing and running rigging of the Albatross, and severed the jaws of the main-gaff. It was immediately answered by her long gun, which was kept rapidly firing, and ploughed up the decks of the pirate at every shot. During this, the Albatross by her superiority of sailing, kept wearing round the schooner, raking her fore and aft with a most destructive fire. They were now near enough to see that the decks of the supposed pirate were covered with men, among whom the thirty-two pounder had done considerable mischief. Finding that this sort of warfare was telling against them, the pirates altered their course, made sail, and ranged up within a cable's length of their opponent, displaying at the same time in their ship a black flag soaring up to her main-peak. As they approached, the sound of many voices came over the waters, and the crew of the Albatross distinctly heard the pirates singing in full chorus:— [268]

"Our ship sails on the wave,  
On the wave, on the wave,  
Our ship sails on the wave, Captain Death;  
For free mariners are we, and we ride the stormy sea,  
And our Captain still shall be  
Captain Death! Captain Death!  
Our Captain still shall be Captain Death!"

"It must be the miscreants we left on the island of Madagascar;" said the young merchant. "I remember that murderous song well; but we'll strive hard to spoil their singing."

"Scrunch me if we don't make 'em change their toon at any rate;" exclaimed the old man. "There's nothin in life I've been so much wishin for as a 'portunity to sarve out that ere double distilled willain Scrumpydike, or Rifle, or whatever his name is."

"And you must leave the other scoundrel to me;" added Oriel Porphyry. "I have an account to settle with him, and if I can get within reach, he shall not escape." [269]

The pirate ranged up on the quarter of the Albatross, pouring in her broadside as she advanced, which was answered with all the guns that could be brought to bear on that side of the ship, and then, by a manœuvre skilfully executed, the Albatross was made to wear round the schooner, pouring in a volley of musketry, till she presented her other side, from which another sweeping fire belched forth. The shot crashed through the timbers of the pirate, committing dreadful slaughter upon her closely packed deck, and when the smoke which enveloped her bows cleared away, it was seen that her foretop-mast had gone, her sails had been shot through in numerous places, and a considerable portion of her rigging hung in ragged shreds. Three cheers from the crew of the Albatross, and groans, and shouts and imprecations from the schooner, evinced the effect the firing had in both ships.

The pirate bore up as if with the intention of running alongside to board, and poured in her broadside as she advanced, which killed six or seven men, and wounded several others; but her opponent waited till she was within about three ships' length, and then gave her the contents of all her available carronades. The mizen and mainmast of the pirate, which had previously been wounded, now fell by the board. At this instant the schooner fell foul of the Albatross on her larboard quarter, and the pirates made several desperate attempts to board, but the crew of the other ship kept up such a murderous discharge of musketry and small arms from her tops as well as from her decks, that every attempt was ineffectual, and the Albatross wearing off, discharged her larboard quarter-deck guns, and such of the main-deck guns as could be brought to bear, into [270]

the schooner's larboard bow.

The excitement on board the Albatross was now at its height. Every man was at his post, and one spirit seemed to stir the whole. The wounded were carried down to the surgeon as soon as their hurts were known, and the dead thrown into the sea that they might not incommode the living. Oriel Porphyry continued in one of the most exposed parts of the ship encouraging the men, and firing a musket whenever the ships were near enough for him to do so with any effect. Broadside after broadside followed from the Albatross in rapid succession, sweeping the decks of the schooner, and splitting her timbers into fragments. But the pirate captain still made every exertion to board the merchant ship. His vessel was scarcely manageable, and nearly half her crew were either killed or wounded: but he bore up to his opponent with the same dauntless resolution that had distinguished him throughout his career; he cheered his men on to the fight; and continued to discharge every gun that could be brought into play.

A quick and well-directed fire of musketry was kept up from the tops and forecastle of the Albatross, and her quarter deck guns were discharged with scarcely any intermission and with dreadful effect. The schooner now fell on board the merchant ship on the starboard quarter, and the pirates lashed her bowsprit to the stump of their mainmast; but the lashings soon afterwards gave way, and the two vessels, yard-arm and yard-arm, continued to pour into each other their sweeping broadsides, very much to the advantage of the Albatross, who was crippling her opponent at every discharge, and slaughtering her crew.

At this time the main-mast of the pirate fell over the side, and as the smoke cleared away, she was seen with her ports jammed in, her decks torn up in several places, her hull battered, and every part of her wearing the appearance of a complete wreck. But Captain Death was not a man to think of surrendering. When his vessel became short of hands, he assisted in working a gun; and as soon as he could get the two ships close alongside, he headed a party that lashed them together, and then, followed by the remainder of his crew—men of all nations, of all colours, and of every kind of costume, rushed upon the deck of the Albatross.

The fight now became one of hand to hand. The pistol, the pike, and the cutlass seemed the only weapons in requisition. The crew of the Albatross hurried to the place where Captain Death, Lieutenant Rifle, and their followers were hewing their way with the most desperate valour. Oriel Porphyry, the captain, Climberkin, and Boggle headed their party, cheering them on, and cutting down their opponents. Oriel Porphyry was engaged with a gigantic negro, whose head he severed at a blow, and then attacked a second and a third with the same spirit, and with a similar effect. Old Hearty beheld his ancient enemy, first known to him by the name of Scrupydike, and frantic with the remembrance of what he had once suffered at his hands, he rushed upon him, cutlass in hand. A pistol was discharged at his head as he advanced which missed its object, and the two were immediately engaged in hacking at each other with all their strength and skill. The old man in strength was the equal of his opponent, but he was his superior at the weapon, at which he had been practising ever since their previous fight, with the desire of having his revenge should they meet again. The struggle was a fierce one, but it was brief. Hearty cut his opponent's sword-arm above the elbow with such force that it severed the bone, and at the same moment the young midshipman Loop run him through the body with a boarding-pike. With a malignant scowl he fell dead on the deck.

Oriel Porphyry had endeavoured to come in contact with the pirate captain, whom he observed at a short distance from him cutting down all by whom he was opposed; but several times he was attacked by some other of the gang whom he was obliged to dispose of before he could have the slightest chance of getting at him. At last Captain Death saw his former companion, and freeing himself from those with whom he was engaged, he hurried towards him, waving his uplifted sword streaming with blood, and shouting exclamations of rage and defiance.

"It is you I have sought far and near since you escaped me, but there's no escape for you now;" muttered the pirate, as he rushed furiously upon the young merchant, and strived by the force and rapidity of his blows to bring the combat to a speedy termination. But he was engaged with one of the most accomplished swordsmen in existence, with a well-trying weapon, and a spirit burning to destroy the wretch with whom he fought. He parried dexterously, and warded off with the greatest ease the most furious blows that were aimed at him; and the blood flowing from wounds in the captain's head and shoulder soon proved that he was not content with acting merely on the defensive. During the struggle these two got separated from the other combatants, and they stood in a part of the deck unnoticed by the men engaged on either side. Death, smarting from his wounds, pressed upon his antagonist with increasing rage and violence; but the latter, knowing that the victory was in his own hands, allowed the other to exhaust his strength in unavailing blows; then when he found the pirate's exertions slacken, his sword flashed about with a rapidity that baffled the eye, and seemed to draw blood at every stroke. He followed him with a strength of arm that appeared perfectly irresistible, beating down his defence, and striking aside his blows; but just as he was hurrying forward to put a finishing stroke to the contest, he tumbled over a dead body, and fell unarmed at the feet of his foe.

"Ah, ha!" shouted the pirate chief, while a gleam of malignant satisfaction shot from his eyes; "your doom is sealed." He swung round his sabre to bring it with all his strength upon the head of his defenceless antagonist, but before the blow had time to descend he heard a slight shriek, a rush of feet, and the next moment received two pistol bullets in his body. Oriel Porphyry regained his footing as Captain Death fell staggering on the deck, and with a wild cry of exultation Eureka rushed into his arms.

The pirates on the fall of their leader became dispirited; but knowing what would be their reward if taken, they returned to their ship, fighting desperately every inch of the way, and the strife was renewed upon their own deck till every man of them was cut down. The crew of the Albatross had upon the termination of the conflict dispersed themselves over the schooner with



the intention of securing whatever valuables she might contain, when they were obliged to make a rapid retreat to their own vessel, as the schooner was rapidly sinking, but they did not depart without bringing with them a prisoner whom they had found secreted in the hold. The lashings were immediately cut away, and the Albatross had just time to sheer off, when the pirate filled and went down.

"Well, master Log!" exclaimed Boggle to his trembling prisoner; "I likes to ha' particular notions o' things in general, as every man as is a man and thinks like a man should have, and I has a notion o' you as is werry particular; arn't you a willain?"

"A villain—a villain—a great villain—a very great villain—indeed I may say a pretty considerable, atrocious, abominable tarnation villain, mister Boggle!" cried the other with a look that showed that he had been entirely put out of conceit of himself.

"What you says true's perfectly right," said the second lieutenant; "and I must pay you the compliment to acknowledge as how you shows a deal o' gumption in your 'splanation o' your own character. Don't you deserve to be spificated?" [278]

"Spificated—spificated—well spificated—regularly spificated—I must confess that I ought to be right down regularly spificated, smothered, smashed, dished up and done for;" acknowledged the unfortunate captain's clerk, with a most woeful physiognomy and a sincerity of manner that carried conviction to his hearers.

"I likes to make ev'ry fellar comfortable arter his own fashion," said Boggle, with the utmost gravity; and then addressing a sailor who was grinning from ear to ear at a few paces distant, he cried, "I say, Solemnchops! just rig a noose in the main top gallant haliards."

"I'll do it wi' pleasure for the gentleman, sir;" replied the man, benevolently hastening to execute the command.

"Now, master Log, I begs to say as how I got no notion o' hurtin' any o' your feelins," continued the lieutenant; "but I considers it necessary for your health as you should be hanged. I knows unkimmon well as human natur' is human natur', and in consequence o' that ere I comes to the conclusion as it is the most properest thing as is for you to make yourself agreeable to your friends wi' a dance upon nuffin. But afore I leaves you in this here moloncholy perdickymment, I think 't will be but friendly in me to hint to you as how you ought to die like a respectable 'dividual; arn't you rayther a miserable sinner?" [279]

"A miserable sinner!—a miserable sinner! a very miserable sinner—a very shocking miserable sinner, indeed I may say a very extraordinary shocking miserable sinner, and no mistake;" cried the unhappy Log.

More dead than alive the trembling wretch had the noose placed round his neck, and was run up to the haliards, accompanied by the consolations of the friendly Boggle.

"Hullo! what are you about there? Let that man down directly!" shouted the captain as he approached the scene, and the ex-captain's clerk descended upon the deck with a velocity that sent all the breath out of his body. "What's the meaning o' this?" [280]

"Why, you see, sir," replied the second lieutenant, with his usual gravity; "I can't say as Master Log be given to drinkin, but I sartainly seed him just now unkimmonly elewated."

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## CHAP. XI.

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### THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN DEATH, AND THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"THERE'S NO saving his life, don't you see;" remarked Tourniquet, who had discovered that Captain Death was not quite dead, and had been examining his wounds. "Every effort would be useless here, all skill unavailing; and there are many others in imminent danger, to whom I might be of service."

"Stop, he moves!" exclaimed Oriel Porphyry, as he stood gazing on the changing features of the dying pirate.

Captain Death lay extended on his back on the deck where he had fallen. His sword was still firmly grasped in his hand, and both his arms were stretched out nearly at right angles with his body. The long silken cap in which he used to confine his black hair had fallen off, and the hair fell in disordered masses, clotted with blood, around his face. He had allowed his beard and moustachios to grow, and they now added to the natural ferocity of his countenance. His jacket, of the richest velvet, was cut through in several places, and stiffened with gore, which had run down and soiled the crimson shawl of embroidered silk he wore girded round his waist, and had more conspicuously stained his lower garments of linen. His face was livid, and his eyes blood-shot, and the expression which was impressed upon them kept continually changing from pain to rage, and from rage to hate. Occasionally some convulsive movement of the muscles would more strongly distort his features, and his body writhed and twisted as if in great agony. After a long fit of violent shuddering, which shook every part of his body, his face assumed a more tranquil expression, and his lips moved as if with an effort to speak. [282]

"Virgo!" he whispered; "'tis your father. He comes to drag me to the halter. See how he glares at me! He laughs. He shows me his chains. No, no, no! 'Tis not that savage old man. 'Tis not him. There is no one. Come to me, my preserver, come to me; and let the refreshing purity of your [283]

caresses drive away the evil thoughts which have made my nature so abandoned and desperate. There is the little bed, with its clean white curtains; there are the flowers. There, there! I see you all again, reminding me of a state of innocence I was unworthy to share. Come, my preserver, come!"

"He is delirious, don't you see;" observed the doctor.

"Do you think there is any possibility of his recovering?" inquired the young merchant.

"Not the slightest; he won't live an hour;" replied Tourniquet.

"Hush!" exclaimed Oriel; "he speaks again."

"Virgo! 'tis time to rise. See how the rosy morning dawns upon the room! Let me kiss you before you leave me: there! my soul is on my lips, and I drink in a better life from yours. Draw around the curtains. My face is on the pillow; I cannot see you, but my blessings follow you wherever you go. Ah! you leave the room, and all is strife and hate and passion within me."

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"He's talking of that young creature that was so fond of him, don't you see," said the doctor; "though for my part I can't comprehend what she could see in him to like."

"There's no knowing," replied Oriel Porphyry; "the love of woman is a mystery which none properly understand and few appreciate."

"She's dead!" exclaimed the pirate in a heart-broken voice; "she's dead! the innocent, the good, the gentle, the fearless, the confiding one, who would have plucked the rank weeds from my sinful nature, has perished and left me none like her in the world. She died for me—for me, a wretch unworthy to breathe in her presence. All is lost. There is no goodness now remaining on the earth. She's dead! she's dead!"

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"I did not think he had so much natural feeling in him;" said the young merchant.

"There's nothing so evil but what has some good in it, don't you see;" replied the surgeon.

The expression in the features of Captain Death now underwent a complete change: it became fierce, daring, and revengeful. His body appeared violently agitated, and his arms moved with convulsive twitches.

"Pipe all hands to quarters!" shouted the dying pirate with all his remaining strength. "Make sail—clear away for fighting—run out the guns and shot them.—She's a rich merchantman, and there's enough in her to enrich us all. Pour out a broadside—there goes her main-mast:—another, and her mizenmast goes by the board. Sweep her quarter deck with our quarter deck guns, and pour down upon her a fire of musketry from the tops. Board her by the bow-sprit. Now, boys, follow me and cut down all." Here the features of the dying pirate became absolutely terrific, and he made some desperate struggles to rise from the ground, in which he at last succeeded; when, waving his sword round his head, he sung in a piercing voice—

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"We stifle ev'ry cry,  
Ev'ry cry,—ev'ry cry—  
We stifle ev'ry cry, Captain Death!  
And then we spread our sails that are filled with welcome gales,  
Singing, 'Dead men tell no tales,'  
Captain Death! Captain Death!  
Singing, 'Dead men tell no tales,' Captain Death."

"Ah!" screamed the singer, while an expression of the most intense agony distorted his features. He dropped the sword he had held; he drew both his hands suddenly to his wounded side, and staggering back, gasping frightfully for breath, he fell violently on his back.

"He's dead, don't you see;" said the doctor.

"A sail on the starboard quarter;" cried a man aloft.

"No more pirates, I hope;" exclaimed Fortyfolios, who had just ventured on deck.

"It is not quite impossible, don't you see;" was the surgeon's encouraging reply, and both almost immediately descended the hatchway, one to look after his patients, and the other to look after himself. Oriel Porphyry hastened to the captain, whom he found standing in the waist, examining the distant vessel through a glass.

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"Any more fighting preparing for us?" inquired the young merchant.

"Can't exactly say yet, sir, but it's best to be prepared;" replied old Hearty, as he gave some orders to the men around him. "She looms large, and looks as if she was arter standing right across our fore-foot. Now she's alterin her course, and is comin with all sail set right down upon us. Call all hands to quarters: Climberkin, let the guns be shotted, and the dead bodies flung into the sea;—and yet I think she's a merchantman. Scrunch me, if it arn't my old ship, the Whittington!"

"What, my father's vessel?" asked Oriel Porphyry.

"The very same!" cried the old man with delight. "I knows her better nor any ship I ever sailed in. No doubt she wants to speak with us. Bring her head up to the wind, helmsman! I wonder whether my old captain is alive still? He was a right-down trump. But what a mazement he'll be in to find me in command o' the Albatross."

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"I know Captain Barter well. I've met him frequently at my father's table, and a very gentlemanly, sensible man he is;" said the young merchant. "I have no doubt he's brought me some communication from Columbus."

"We shall soon see, sir, as we shall be alongside very shortly;" observed Hearty.

"Is master Oriel Porphyry on board?" was shouted from the Whittington, as the ships neared each other. Oriel caught up a speaking trumpet.

"Yes, Captain Barter, I am here;" he replied.

"I will come on board, sir, if you please, as soon as a boat is lowered;" said the captain of the Whittington.

"Have you any communication for me from my father?" inquired Oriel.

"I have, sir; and 'tis of great consequence," replied the other.

Oriel Porphyry was now all anxiety and impatience to know the intelligence he was promised. He hurried to the quarter-deck to receive his visitor, and strode backwards and forwards with hasty steps till he made his appearance. Now he thought that the news must be bad, and in a moment after he imagined that it was good. One instant he anticipated the death of his father, and in the next, hoped that he had been raised by his fellow-citizens to the highest honours in the nation. And in this way his mind continued changing its impressions for the better and for the worse, till he had worked himself into a state of considerable excitement, when Captain Barter advanced towards him.

He was an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance; neat in his dress, and polite in his deportment. His face was pale, and slightly marked with wrinkles; and his features were mild and pleasing. His hair was gray, and his body rather thin; but he was perfectly upright in his walk, and his step was firm and manly.

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"I regret I have unpleasant intelligence to communicate to you, sir," said Captain Barter, after they had exchanged the customary salutations.

"It is then as I suspected," exclaimed Oriel Porphyry, earnestly. "My father is dead."

"No, sir, it is not so bad as that," replied the captain, as if hesitating in making the communication.

"What is it then? let me know immediately. I am sure by your manner it is something dreadful," cried the young merchant.

"Your father is a prisoner," said Captain Barter, with a look of sincere commiseration.

"Have they dared?" exclaimed Oriel.

"But I am sorry to say it is worse than that, sir," added his companion.

"What! what is it? Do not keep me in suspense—I implore you to tell me," cried the other.

"He is ordered for execution," said the captain.

"The miscreants!" muttered the young merchant. "But I knew it would be so. I knew they would not rest satisfied with their privileges curtailed. I knew they would seek the first opportunity to regain their lost power. I was convinced that they would regard my father as their enemy, and sacrifice him on the earliest occasion. But tell me how it was brought about? I would know all."

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"After the revolution, which effected those important changes in the government of which you have been informed," said Captain Barter, "nothing could have exceeded the appearance of good will which existed in every part of the empire. The emperor seemed desirous of nothing so much as gratifying the people; and his ministers appeared to emulate each other in endeavouring to become popular. Public fêtes were given in honour of the revolution, at which the emperor assisted in person; and measures of the most liberal character were passed through the legislature, without a division. All was harmony and social order. The citizens congratulated each other on the improved state of the country—the industrious classes found themselves provided with sufficient employment, at a fair recompense—trade again became brisk—commerce flourished; and abundance seemed to be generally diffused over the whole surface of Columbia."

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"A mere trick!" exclaimed Oriel Porphyry; "nothing but an artifice to lull the people into a fancied security, I'll wager my existence."

"Just so, sir," replied the captain. "The leaders of the people had now nothing to complain of. Every improvement was made before they had time to offer a suggestion on the subject; and that being rendered comparatively useless, they quickly lost their influence over their fellow-citizens. Your father, observing how well things were proceeding, withdrew himself from all participation in politics, considering that his services were no longer required, and devoted himself to his commercial pursuits, and to the realisation of those philanthropic desires that have distinguished every portion of his existence. He became again so completely the private citizen, that no person unaware of the circumstances could have imagined that he had recently played so important a part in the late changes. All the most influential of the popular leaders gradually retired into private life in the same manner."

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"I see the scheme," cried Oriel, eagerly. "The vile treachery becomes manifest. How well 'twas planned. How artfully designed. Oh! these planners and plotters are a brilliant set; they are too wise for us poor citizens."

"So they proved, sir," continued the captain; "for while the things I have related were being done, the government gradually and imperceptibly concentrated a military force in the metropolis, by calling in portions of the garrisons distributed over the empire; and these were well supplied with all the necessaries of war, and liberally paid, and officered by men upon whom the government could depend. Soon after this, on the pretence that they were no longer necessary, the national guards were disbanded and deprived of their arms. Suspicion was now created among the sharp-sighted few; but the public generally did not appear to have the slightest notion of the danger which threatened them. As the object of the emperor and his party began to assume a more threatening aspect, the leaders of the people took the alarm, and endeavoured to awaken their fellow-citizens to a sense of their danger. In the course of a few hours every one of them was securely lodged in a dungeon."

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"And my father amongst them," exclaimed the young merchant.

"He appears to have been the chief object at which their malice was directed," observed the captain. "At this time it was thought necessary to throw off the mask. The old ministers were restored to their forfeited privileges and possessions; and your father's implacable foe, Philadelphia, was placed at the head of the government. An imposing force of soldiery was kept continually under arms, to prevent any rising of the populace; and seizures of concealed arms were made in every direction. The people, deprived of their leaders and of their weapons, felt

themselves powerless. They saw too late the trap into which they had fallen. They beheld the despotism that was approaching them, and were unable to make the slightest effort to defend themselves from its approaches. Domiciliary visits were now made, upon the most frivolous pretexts, to the houses of the principal citizens; and papers and arms were seized, and their owners, if they gave the slightest cause of offence, were hurried to prison. Any one known or suspected of entertaining hostile intentions was seized and incarcerated, and fined in heavy penalties, or sent out of the country. The citizens were confounded, and appeared utterly unable to make the slightest resistance."

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"Oh, I wish I had been there!" exclaimed Oriel, eagerly, "I would have infused such a spirit into their natures as should have made them ready to rush upon their oppressors with a certainty of success; and that conviction should have insured their triumph. I would have made their hearts astir with the love of freedom, till all obstacles in their way should have been as straws in the path of the tempest. I would have made them fight like lions—I would have made them conquer like men. But what became of my father? you have not told me that. Tell me what became of him?"

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"While they were placing the citizens in a degree of subjection fit for their purpose," replied Captain Barter, "with a monstrous deal of unnecessary parade, they were making preparations for the trial of the leaders of the people. The long-expected day came, and its proceedings were watched with eager interest by the citizens, although they dared not show the anxiety they felt. Master Porphyry, with his companions, were arraigned as rebels and traitors, accused of murder and treason, and reviled by the hired advocates of the crown in terms which only the more exposed the badness of the cause they defended. Philadelphia was president of the Chamber of Peers, by whom they were tried; and he took every occasion to abuse, brow-beat, and threaten your father in language the most intemperate that can be imagined; but your father replied in a manner that would have conciliated a savage. His language was mild, his bearing noble; and when he was called upon to make his defence, he made one of the most eloquent speeches that had ever been heard within those walls. He merely related what he had done, and what were his reasons for so doing; exposed the errors of the government, and the mischiefs to which they had led; recounted the share he had had in the revolution, which had reduced the power of the crown and of the aristocracy to reasonable limits, and the motives which induced him to use all his influence in the contest: and his defence so utterly annihilated the charges brought against him, that he must have been acquitted had he been treated with any thing like justice; but his judges were his accusers, and they sealed his doom before they entered upon his trial. The prisoners were all found guilty. Some were sent into exile, some imprisoned for life, some were heavily fined—and Master Porphyry was condemned to be beheaded, and to have all his property confiscated to the crown."

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"The murderous and insatiate tyrants!" exclaimed the young merchant.

"When Philadelphia delivered the sentence," continued the captain, "he appeared to take a malignant joy in having such an opportunity for reviling your father—there was no name of opprobrium he did use: but your honoured parent replied to him only with a look of wonder and pity; and with a bow to his relentless judges, left the court in company with his guards."

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"Noble old man!" cried Oriel, earnestly.

"As soon as the people learned the result of the trial, they were in the deepest affliction," added Captain Barter, "that the kind and excellent philanthropist—the true and disinterested patriot, the glory of their city, and the pride of the world—should perish on a scaffold, was more than they could endure. But they had no leaders, and no weapons; and, although they would have risen in a mass in his rescue, under the circumstances of the case they saw that any attempt of the kind was utterly hopeless. All eyes were then turned toward you. Your character had already acquired their admiration; your relationship to Master Porphyry excited their devotion; and, knowing that you had departed on a voyage, the most powerful friends of your father met secretly for the purpose of devising some plan by which they could make you acquainted with your father's danger, and with their desire to assist in his rescue. With this idea in view, all your father's vessels that could be sent to sea, besides a vast number of ships belonging to other merchants who had volunteered to give their assistance, sailed in quest of you. From knowing something of the plan of voyage designed by your father I imagined that about this time you would be crossing the Atlantic; so here I have been sailing about for the last two days, and there are nearly a hundred sail of merchant vessels in the same pursuit."

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"A sail on the larboard bow!" shouted a man.

"That is one of them, I have no doubt, sir," observed Captain Barter.

"A sail on the starboard quarter!" shouted another.

"There is another, sir!" added the captain.

"A sail to leeward!" cried a third.

"We shall have them all about you soon, sir," said Captain Barter.

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"There's a sail in every point o' the compass," cried Climberkin, as he swept the horizon with his glass.

"I told you so, sir," continued the captain.

Climberkin was right. Wherever the eye could gaze the spars of a vessel were seen rising from the wave; and, apparently, as soon as each ship discovered the Albatross, she made all sail towards her. It was a beautiful sight to see them approaching, most of them with every stitch of canvass set—some bearing right down upon the Albatross, and others making tacks; while the distant cheers of their crews, answered by the crews of the Whittington and the Albatross, increased the stirring character of the scene. As soon as they were near enough a boat was seen putting off from each vessel; and, a few minutes after, the captains of the different ships came on

board the Albatross, and sat with Oriel Porphyry in his cabin for several hours, in deep and earnest conference. These had scarcely departed when others arrived. New vessels kept continually approaching. As fast as one party left the ship others made their appearance, and at last the Albatross was surrounded by an immense fleet. All their commanders having at last communicated with Oriel Porphyry, they crowded sail for Columbia.

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"Captain," exclaimed the young merchant, after the last of his visitors had departed, "are you sure of the crew?"

"To a man, sir," replied old Hearty. "There's such a stir in the ship as never was afore. They are all impatient to be led against your enemies. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my life."

"Keep them in that humour, captain," said Oriel Porphyry. "Let every man have a good supply of ball cartridges, a musket, a pair of pistols, and a cutlass."

"Yes, sir."

"And let a party be formed who can use the hatchet and crow-bar with good effect."

"Yes, sir."

"And get the carpenter to make carriages for the larger guns, so that they can be dragged by ropes upon the land; and let them be manned by picked men."

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"Yes, sir: and if we don't rescue your honourable father out o' the clutches o' them ere lubbers, I'm spifficated if we don't diskiver the reason why."

"How far are we from port?" asked Oriel.

"About two days sail, sir," replied the captain.

"We shall be too late if the greatest despatch is not used," observed the young merchant, earnestly. "I rely upon your using every effort that your skill can suggest."

"I'll do every thing, sir, as a mortal cretur can do!" exclaimed the old man. "I arn't the fellow to stand shilly-shally at such a time as this. I'll look to every thing myself, and see about it immediately."

The captain had scarcely left the cabin, and Oriel had thrown himself back in his seat, in deep and earnest meditation, when he was disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Come in," he cried.

"May I enter, Oriel?" said Eureka, as she gently opened the door.

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"Of course, dearest!" replied Oriel Porphyry, as he hastened towards her, and led her into the cabin, with her hands clasped in his.

"You are kinder to me than I deserve, Oriel," murmured his fair companion, with a look of gratitude from her lustrous eyes that he found perfectly irresistible.

"Not at all, my Eureka!" said her lover, affectionately; "am I not indebted to you for life and liberty, and all that render them valuable? Do I not know how much you have dared and endured for my sake? And do you think it possible, that with a knowledge of these things, I can regard you with any other feeling than that of the most devoted affection? No, Eureka, I must love you while I have life. But how cleverly you continued the disguise. When I first saw you, I recognised in the handsome page a resemblance to features it was impossible for me not to notice; but your scheme was so admirably managed that I never entertained the slightest suspicion of your true character."

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"Nor up to the present moment has any one in the ship," replied Eureka. "They only know me as Zabra, except that worthy creature, Tourniquet, who discovered my secret when I was wounded, and I immediately made him aware of my history and object in joining you, at which he was so much delighted as to proffer his assistance in carrying on the deception; and I should have been discovered but for him on more than one occasion."

"That accounts for his confusion at the tiger-hunt," observed Oriel; "and for what I considered the mystery in your behaviour. But there is nothing strange or unaccountable in it now. I only wonder at you. I am amazed when I think of your risking so much for one who is so little worthy of such extraordinary devotion."

"You will not love me the less for it, will you?" inquired Eureka, gazing in his face with a look of thrilling tenderness.

"Love you less, Eureka!" exclaimed the young merchant; "that would be ungrateful! While I have an appreciation of truth and excellence and fidelity, and that wonderful intellectual power you have so often exhibited, the admiration with which I regard you must approach idolatry. You are a creature to be proud of."

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"And yet I am afraid I shall lose you," said his companion, anxiously; "I have just heard upon what errand you are hastening. It is full of danger. It is beset by perils. But the cause is a proud one, and I do not attempt to dissuade you from proceeding with it. Go on your career of glory. Give your impetuous soul free scope for the developement of its energies. Think not of me, except the thought can nerve your arm and strengthen your resolution. Be as daring as your fearless nature prompts you to be. With such an end in view as that you have before you, I can allow myself no other sense, or impression, or emotion than that which may accompany my earnest hopes for your success. I have come to a resolution to forget my own selfish feelings. It is time I should. Your advancement, your greatness, your fame, are the objects to which any thoughts must now always incline. If you live to triumph over your enemies, and to attain that eminence whereon you are so desirous of being placed, and to which you will do so much honour, none will rejoice more sincerely than she who has shown herself so anxious to insure your happiness—if you die——"

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"Eureka, my adored!" rapturously exclaimed Oriel, pressing her to his breast, as he noticed that she was unable to proceed, "there is no fear of such a result. Believe me you alarm yourself unnecessarily. I shall succeed, I am assured of it: I shall succeed to have the proud enjoyment of glorifying you with my pre-eminence. I feel convinced that if we can only arrive in time, I shall

rescue my father. Nothing shall stop me—I will not be defeated: and if we should be too late for this great object, which I see no reason to apprehend, I will not rest satisfied till I have punished his murderers. I have no dread of death; but if I should die, I shall die a death worthy of the lover of Eureka. I shall die in endeavouring to rescue my country from its oppressors.—I shall die in avenging the murder of one of the noblest and best of men.”

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“One word more, Oriel—one word more,” said Eureka. “I have only to ask you, as a testimony of your love for me, that, if in the coming conflict you should meet my father, you will not kill him.”

“He deserves little mercy at my hands,” replied the young merchant. “But your desire is natural, and I will comply with it. He must answer for his crimes to the country they have disgraced. And now let us go on deck, a little fresh air would do neither of us any harm; and when you behold the noble fleet that has joined me in my enterprise, I hope that all your apprehensions will vanish.”

Among the crew of the Albatross the intelligence of the events which had occurred in Columbia created an extraordinary sensation; and as soon as it was known that Oriel Porphyry designed attempting his father’s rescue, every man in the ship volunteered to assist in the enterprise. Never was such a general indignation produced as that which burst from them when they learned the fate to which the government had doomed Master Porphyry. A land fight was something new to them, but they did not prepare themselves for it with less alacrity, nor were their tongues less active than their limbs. Various opinions prevailed as to the best method of bringing about a revolution; and as to the best form of government which should replace the old one, there were as many different notions as tongues to utter them. A group had gathered together in the fore-castle, where they had been engaged for some time over an extra allowance of grog, discussing different political subjects, when Boggle, who, notwithstanding his promotion, was amazingly fond of associating with his old messmates, joined the disputants.

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“I’ll tell you what it is, my mates,” said he, “government’s tryin to come their handy-dandy sugar-candy over us, and we arn’t a goin to stand nuffin o’ the sort. Are we to be slaves?”

“Never,” shouted a dozen voices simultaneously.

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“Nebber,” echoed Roly Poly, with equal energy, as he was gulping down the contents of a huge black-jack of hot grog.

“Now I likes to have particular notions o’ things in general as every man as is a man, and thinks like a man, should,” continued Boggle. “And I must say as how it’s my notion that there’s never no occasion for no government whatsomdever.”

“Of course,” remarked the boatswain, who would have thought it high treason to have disagreed with his officer.

“Ob coorse,” repeated Roly Poly, still pulling away at the black-jack.

“We don’t want no rulers—there arn’t no ’cessity for ’em;” said the second lieutenant. “But if we must have kings—let every man be his own king.”

“Let every man be his own king,” was echoed from one to another throughout the circle.

“Let ebery man be his own king,” repeated the fat cook.

“The whole circumbendibus comes to this,” continued Boggle. “If so be as how we’re obligated to pay for what we don’t want, it’s hoptional on our parts not to want what we’re obligated to pay for.”

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“Certainly, sir,” said the boatswain.

“Sartinly, sar,” echoed Roly Poly, endeavouring to hold his head up, and look as if he understood what was going forward.

“There’s nuffin but oppression goin on fore and aft,” said the orator. “They grinds the faces o’ the poor, and makes their bread o’ the flour; and therefore we must stand up for the liberty o’ the subject.”

“We must stand up for the liberty o’ the subject, there’s not a doubt on’t,” remarked the boatswain, evidently without knowing what the liberty of the subject expressed.

“De libty ob de subjack?” exclaimed the fat cook, vainly endeavouring to steady his position. “I like de libty ob de black-jack best;” and so saying, he waddled off after a very circuitous fashion, with the black-jack under his arm.

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## CHAP. XII.

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### THE CONCLUSION.

THE morning dawned slow and sullenly over the great metropolis of Columbia; and its immense field of buildings seemed as gloomy as the skies above them. All the shops were closed, as if in a time of general mourning; and the citizens hurried along the streets with melancholy and unsocial looks. Occasionally, two or three would stop at a corner of a street and exchange a few eloquent words and gesticulations; but the approach of some of the numerous bands of soldiers that continually perambulated the streets separated them, and they continued on their way. Everywhere the houses looked cheerless, as if they had been deserted. The shutters were closed, the windows darkened, and not a sign of life appeared about them. Such of the inhabitants as had

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ventured out, appeared to be proceeding in one direction, communicating with one another when they could do so without being observed by the troops. All wore the same aspect—that of deep dejection; but, occasionally, a close observer might have noticed a more fierce expression in their countenances, as a muttered execration escaped from their lips.

They passed regiments of horse and foot at every commanding situation. The whole city seemed to be filled with them; and their picquets stationed at regular intervals, patrolling every thoroughfare, prevented any attempt at revolt on the part of the citizens. Still they proceeded forward till they entered a spacious quadrangle, the whole space of which, including all the avenues that approached it, was filled with soldiers and citizens. Along the wall of a high gloomy building, evidently from its construction a prison, there had been erected a platform, covered with black cloth. Upon it appeared a block, and at a short distance from it a coffin, both covered with black cloth. Around the platform were a troop of horse; and others were posted along the sides of the quadrangle, the inner space of which was filled with a regiment of foot supported by several pieces of artillery. [313]

At one corner of the principal entrance to the quadrangle was an ancient stone structure, very strongly built, from the windows of which there was a good view of the proceedings before the prison; at the opposite corner was a similar edifice, and in their windows and on their roofs crowds of anxious citizens had congregated. If any had come with an intention of attempting a rescue, the disposition of the military was sufficient to make them despair; and all they did was to throng as near as possible to the place of execution, where they stood regarding the scaffold and its defenders with scowling looks, and hearts eager for vengeance.

The utmost decorum prevailed among the multitude. There was no talking or laughing; and when Master Porphyry made his appearance upon the scaffold every head was uncovered, and blessings loud and deep were breathed from all. The philanthropist advanced to the block with a firm step, and eyes as mild and kind as they had ever beamed. His look was cheerful, and his bearing noble and manly. He wore the robe of honour, which distinguished him as the chief magistrate of the city, as if desirous of dying in possession of the dignity to which he had been raised by the respect of his fellow-citizens. After bowing in acknowledgment of the recognitions of the people, he looked unmoved upon the coffin and the block; and with the executioner on one side, masked, having a glittering axe in his hand, and with a priest on the other, who kept addressing him with pious exhortations, to which he paid respectful attention, he advanced to that part of the platform which overlooked the surrounding multitude. Some murmurs and execrations had burst from the spectators at sight of the executioner; but when it was noticed that Master Porphyry was about to address them, the vast assembly were instantly hushed to the most perfect silence. [314]

“My countrymen!” exclaimed the philanthropist, in a clear unbroken voice, “I do not in any way regret the fate that has been prepared for me, except so far as it prevents me continuing those offices of social kindness which made the happiness of my existence. To be without the means of doing good is scarcely less desirable than to be in the commission of evil; and it was a wise and charitable thing of my persecutors, after having confiscated all my property, to take away a life no longer of value to the community.”—A low murmur escaped from the crowd. “I may safely say, and I proudly say, I have lived for you; and it is an equal gratification for me to be allowed to assert, that I die for you.”—Ten thousand blessings followed the delivery of this sentence. [315]

“My death, therefore, is not to be considered pitiable, if regarded in that light. I am pleased that I have been thought worthy of this honour. I am delighted that my oppressors have given me an opportunity of leaving life with so much satisfaction to myself. Let me beg of you, therefore, to refrain from any exhibition of regret for the manner of my death—it is a very humane one; and my persecutors have shown me a kindness in allowing me to be so disposed of.—I see nothing in it terrible. I see nothing in it painful. I see nothing in it of shame or dishonour. ‘T is a blow, and it is over.—Had my oppressors wished, I might have died suffering the most excruciating tortures. Had I lived, probably I might have been the victim of some loathsome disease; or have been deprived of my faculties—have become idiotic, or insane, or blind; and at the last extremity have been deserted by friends, or left without the means of serving those who most required assistance. How much better is it for me to close my existence in this way, without pain, in the full enjoyment of my reason, and surrounded by friends; and although I am rendered incapable of continuing of use to you, the remembrance of the pleasures I have enjoyed from a life of active benevolence is sufficiently agreeable to overpower the regret I feel in having been left to so unprofitable an end.”—Again murmurs of applause broke from all parts of the crowd. [316]

“There is however a regret, which is powerful, and which I require all my philosophy to endure.—I regret that I leave my country in a worse condition than I found her.—I regret that the freedom for which I strived so earnestly is passing away from her people.—I regret to see a state of bondage in preparation for the free hearts around me, which is likely to deprive them of all their noblest privileges. I was born a free citizen, and a free citizen I will die. The galling chains of abject servitude which are being forged for you shall never disgrace my nature. Remember, oh, my countrymen, that freedom is your natural inheritance; and although it would be madness to attempt its repossession without sufficient means, never give up the desire of liberty—wait the fitting time; and while you endure, forget not that the graves of your fathers are disgraced, and the spirits of your children are being dishonoured.”—The citizens testified, by loud shouts and eager exclamations, their assent to the sentiments expressed by the philanthropist; and many were the fierce looks directed towards the soldiery. [317]

“If there is any man amongst you whom I have injured, I desire of him most earnestly to tell me the wrong I have done, that I may repair it before I die. I am quite certain that I have never done any one an intentional injury; but if I have left undone any good which I might have done, I consider that I have done an injustice, and would remedy it before it be too late. Speak, my [318]

fellow-citizens; tell me what injuries against you I have committed.”—There was an eloquent silence, that lasted for several minutes. Each man looked at his neighbour, and all saw that the philanthropist had no accuser.

“There is one more subject to which I wish to draw your attention, and it is the last,” said Master Porphyry, in a voice less firm than had distinguished the delivery of the preceding portion of his discourse. “I have a son. My persecutors, while punishing me, have thought proper to make my child a beggar;—*that* I feel. He possesses many good qualities—many good qualities likely to render him an excellent citizen. Let me bequeath him to your care.”—A simultaneous shout of assent from the immense multitude proved that the appeal had not been made in vain. [319]

“And now that I have left nothing undone, and nothing untold, I must take my leave of you.”

“No, no!” was shouted by every voice.

“My dear friends, it must be,” continued Master Porphyry; “I am taking up the time of these good people; and although it is a pleasure for me to linger among you, I must not purchase it at the expense of trouble to others. I should leave you with a cheerful heart, if I had not upon me the fear that there is much suffering preparing for you; and I should die without an unkind feeling against any human creature, if I did not possess at this time a natural indignation against your oppressors. For myself I have no fear—those who have wronged me I forgive; but I have the feelings of a man and a citizen, and I cannot forgive the enemies of my country.”—Groans and indignant exclamations here rose on every side. “I implore you to desist from the exhibition of any acts of violence with the hope of procuring my liberation. There is not a chance of success. You will be slaughtered in crowds the first attempt of the kind you may make. Let not my last moments be made wretched by seeing your blood shed unavailingly. If I have done that which seems good in your eyes, it was with the desire of gaining your love that I did it. Have I succeeded?”—An universal shout of assent burst from all parts of the crowd. [320]

“Then I die with the proudest satisfaction I could enjoy under the circumstances. I hope you will raise for me no useless monuments. I desire that when I am dead my unprofitable body may meet with no funeral honours. If I have done that which is honourable, honour me in your remembrance. If I have done that which is good, teach your children to do as I have done. With my best wishes for your happiness—with my most earnest aspirations for your enfranchisement, I can now lay my head upon the block. Grieve not because I die: you should rejoice that your fellow-citizen can die without dishonour.” [321]

“We’ll avenge you, our benefactor!” shouted a voice from the crowd.

“We’ll be revenged on your murderers!” exclaimed another.

“Down with the tyrants!” cried a third. Similar exclamations followed, and the masses of the people seemed in great commotion, pressing forward towards the soldiery with groans, hisses, and execrations; but when the different regiments made a movement forward and presented their arms as if about to fire, the multitude fell back, and order was restored amongst them.

“Think of your sins, unhappy man,” said the priest, with a hypocritical visage, who was one of those bigots who put on the garment, and know nothing of the spirit, of religion;—“think of your sins, and repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”

“I would repent, good sir,” replied Master Porphyry, mildly, “if I thought I had any thing of which I could repent; or if I thought I could do any good by repenting.” [322]

“Confess your sins against your God! confess, and be saved! There is salvation for the worst of sinners,” drawled out the other.

“I am not aware of having committed any sins,” said the philanthropist; “therefore I can have no confession to make.”

“How have you served your Creator? What has been your religion?” inquired his companion, sharply.

“I have considered that philanthropy was the only true religion, and I have practised it,” replied master Porphyry; “and I felt convinced that the right way of worshipping God was by doing all the good in my power to my fellow-creatures; and from that way I have never deviated.”

“Atheistical, abominable, atrocious, heretical, and damnable!” exclaimed the priest, with a look of horror. “You are in the hands of the devil. The church renounces you. Flames and brimstone must be your portion; wailing and gnashing of teeth your reward.”

The philanthropist looked surprised; but turning to one of the assistant executioners who stood at a short distance, he said, “I am ready.” The man instantly proceeded to disrobe him of his upper garment, and arranged his dress so that the whole of his neck was bare. [323]

“I would rather have died in that robe,” observed he; “for I like not parting with the honours that have been bestowed upon me. However, it is gratifying to know that I have never disgraced it. It can give me no distinction where I am going, therefore there let it lie.”—His countenance every moment appeared to become more benevolent in its expression; and there was a nobility in his manner that commanded respect from all around him.

“Kill me as quickly as you can, my good friend,” said he to the executioner; “but after you have killed me you may do what you please.”

The citizens had watched with breathless interest the preparations for Master Porphyry’s execution; but when they beheld him kneel down before the block, and saw the headsman raise his axe, a shudder seemed to pass over the whole multitude. At this instant a proud-looking man, in a military costume, appeared upon the scaffold; and, immediately he was observed, a yell of execration arose from the quadrangle, and from every place that could command a view of the platform. The officer stood up his full height, and looked down upon the people with glances of scorn and contempt. Groans, hisses, and curses became louder and more general. [324]

“Death to the persecutor!” shouted one.

“Down with the oppressor!” cried another.



"Yell on ye wretched rabble!" exclaimed the object of their indignation, his mustachios curling with a contemptuous sneer, and his eyes flashing with malignity. "It matters not to me what is said by such vile hounds. Yell on then, it does my heart good to hear ye; and ye know full well ye dare not do any thing else." Then turning round to Master Porphyry, he said, "I have come to testify my loyalty by beholding the death of a traitor."

"There is no traitor here, Philadelphia," replied the philanthropist, mildly, "unless it be yourself."

"Oh, the hated tyrant!" shouted some of the multitude.

"The curses of the people are upon thee, thou miserable slave!" cried others.

"Down with him! Down with the despot! Down with the enslaver of his country!" exclaimed the rest. At this instant a banner was raised near the centre of the quadrangle, with the inscription upon it, in large letters, of "PORPHYRY, OR DEATH!" It was the signal for an immediate rush towards the scaffold. With one simultaneous cheer the vast multitude hurried forwards, burst in upon the troops, and with frantic rage began to struggle with them for the possession of their arms. A volley of musketry from an opposite window at this moment killed the executioners and several others, and the rest, with the exception of Philadelphia and Master Porphyry, took to flight.

"Leap down here, my benefactor, and I will save you," shouted a voice from beneath the platform.

"You shall not escape me a second time, my enemy," muttered the noble as he drew his sword, and with a look of mingled hatred and ferocity exclaimed, "Thus I punish a traitor!" as he drove the weapon through the body of his companion.

The philanthropist gazed on his murderer, more in sorrow than in anger; and the only words he uttered, before he dropped down dead on the platform, were, "MY BROTHER!" The miserable fratricide seemed confounded by the avowal; but little time was allowed him for reflection. Curses, yells, screams, groans, and execrations burst from the assembled citizens as they noticed the death of their chief magistrate; and Philadelphia fell by his side, pierced by a hundred bullets. A shout of triumph arose when they beheld the fall of the tyrant; and, as if inspirited by the sight, they threw themselves upon the soldiery in countless masses, and endeavoured to drag them from their horses, or wrest their weapons out of their hands. In this manœuvre, although it was attended by immense loss of life, many succeeded; but the strength and discipline of the troops at last prevailed, and the citizens were forced out of the quadrangle; and when the artillery began to play upon them they dispersed in all directions.

The soldiery were now forming ready to make a charge in case the people should re-assemble, when from the stone buildings at the corner of the avenue a most destructive fire of heavy cannon was opened upon them. Every window in the neighbourhood was broken by the concussion, and the havoc made in both the horse and foot regiments was excessive. The word was given for the foot soldiers to endeavour to take these buildings by assault, and they marched forward for that purpose; but directly they came near enough, a continuous stream of bullets issued from every place that could command a shot at them, and they fell back in confusion. Again they advanced to the assault, pouring in a steady fire at the windows; but these spaces were blocked up with sand-bags, allowing only sufficient room for a ship's gun to be run in and out, and they were defended by the crew of the Albatross, under the command of their veteran captain. After fighting their way through all opposition, assisted by detachments from the fleet, and by the citizens, they had dragged the guns through the city, and when the people made their attack upon the soldiers, they were preparing their batteries. The military again came to the attack, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the brave sailors; and although they persisted for a long time in endeavouring to obtain possession of the buildings, they were repulsed and retreated in disorder.

The artillery was then brought to bear upon the place, but scarcely had it been placed in a proper position, before it was rendered unserviceable by the destructive fire from the batteries; and the troops finding that they were being mowed down without a chance of silencing their opponents, charged up the avenue—the horse supported by the foot regiments. Here they were met by a fire of musketry from the houses on each side, and having passed a short distance amid showers of heavy missiles, that were hurled down upon them from the tops of the buildings by the enraged citizens, they came to a barrier hastily erected of stones and earth, from which a murderous fire from three thirty-two pounders opened upon them as they advanced, throwing the cavalry into confusion, and causing them to retreat in disorder upon the infantry.

Here they were joined by a strong reinforcement, consisting of several thousand fresh troops, and a charge was made upon the barrier which, after an obstinate resistance, was forced. They then proceeded onwards, exposed to a destructive fire from the neighbouring houses; but they had not advanced above a hundred yards, when they were thrown into a complete derout by the hasty retreat of a regiment of horse, which fell back upon them, scattering dismay and terror into their ranks. Shouts of triumph were heard in the distance, accompanied by the fierce roar of cannon, and the rattle of frequent volleys of musketry. While the whole military force was on the point of endeavouring to find safety in flight, they were joined by another large reinforcement, and the cavalry having re-formed as soon as they beheld the new troops, they moved forward in a body to where it was evident that a violent contest was raging. They continued to meet parties both of horse and foot flying from the scene of action; and these were received into their ranks.

Having passed through several streets, fighting at every step, they advanced under a broad archway into an open park. Here a tremendous battle was still going on. The two contending armies were placed opposite each other, and had been engaged for several hours attacking each other's positions, and defending their own. The army of the people had taken up a position on a slope with a plantation of fine oak trees on one side, and a deep but narrow rivulet on the other. Their centre was composed of the national guards; their right wing consisted of a body of several

thousand sailors; and their left was a body of armed citizens equally numerous, supported by several batteries, and a reserve of cavalry. They were opposed by the flower of the emperor's troops; but their superior discipline and military skill availed them nothing. Although the citizens suffered severely from the attacks which were made upon them, they increased in numbers every hour. Thousands joined their ranks; new batteries were raised; and while the enemy was losing strength, they were increasing their forces.

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Oriel Porphyry, on his landing, made for the rendezvous which had been agreed upon. Here he placed himself at the head of his own regiment of dragoons; with which, assisted by the citizens from their houses, he attacked several parties of the military that paraded the streets. The national guards then began to make their appearance in great numbers; and these having provided themselves with arms from the gun-shops while the young merchant kept the imperial troops employed, soon collected together and marched to his assistance. Finding himself in two or three hours at the head of a body of nearly twenty thousand men, willing to follow wherever he led, he left the street-fighting to the citizens, and sending several detachments in different directions, so as, as much as possible, to divide the attention of the military, he took up the position that has been described, in the park, with the intention of attacking a large body of troops there posted.

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The battle began by a division of the imperial troops attempting to force a bridge over the rivulet, which was defended by the sailors, supported by several pieces of cannon. The attack was continued with great spirit, reinforcements arriving almost every half hour; but it was defended with equal bravery, and the soldiers were beaten back every time with very great loss. Two regiments of cavalry then were sent against it, but the bridge being narrow, only a few could attempt to cross at a time, and these were brought down by the cannon and musketry as soon as they made their appearance. The lower part of the bridge became blocked up with dead bodies, and the cavalry, after repeated efforts, were obliged to retreat, having lost nearly one third of their number.

An attempt was now made on the wood by a strong party of infantry, while the cavalry in great force made an attack upon the centre; but a strong palisade had been raised among the trees, from which the citizens, in almost perfect security, poured a deadly fire upon the advancing columns, which thinned their ranks rapidly; and the national guards having formed into square, as the cavalry advanced, received them with such streams of bullets, that they staggered and fell back. They repeated the attack several times, and always met with the same result. While these proceedings had been going on, Oriel Porphyry had given orders for the sailors to pass the bridge, whom he supported with his cavalry, and they fell with irresistible impetuosity upon the left wing of the enemy, which had been considerably weakened by its unsuccessful attacks upon the bridge.

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The young merchant dashed on at the head of his dragoons, exhibiting the most daring valour. He had had three horses killed under him during the battle, and had been wounded in several places, but he continued his brilliant career, making both cavalry and infantry fly before him. The left wing, after a brief resistance, gave way, and they were in full retreat when they were met by the soldiers who had been on guard in the quadrangle. Immediately they fled, he made a desperate attack upon the enemy's rear, and the national guards making a charge at the same moment all along their line, the imperial troops were thrown into inextricable confusion, and the reinforcement which made its appearance only came in time to be mixed up in the general rout. They were pursued from street to street without the slightest cessation; and so general was the panic that spread among them on their retreat, that they flung away their arms, and dispersed in every direction.

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A few days after the transactions just narrated the city seemed as if dressed for a festival. The houses were decorated with garlands of flowers, flags, and pieces of rich tapestry, and the windows and house-tops were crowded with elegantly dressed females, and the citizens in their holiday-dresses. Every face seemed breathing gladness, and every eye beamed with delight. The long thoroughfares were thronged with spectators, all of whom wore the same joyful expression of countenance; they were waiting the expected return of Oriel Porphyry from his last battle with the enslavers of his country, in which the emperor had been slain, and his forces completely discomfited.

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Distant shouts of triumph announced the approach of the young conqueror; and every neck was stretched out, and every eye turned in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. The cheers of the excited citizens became gradually more loud, and the impatience of the inhabitants of the houses more conspicuous. At last the measured sound of military music came upon the ear, and in a few minutes the whole force of the metropolitan national guards marched by; every regiment with its band playing and its ensigns waving; after them came a car, drawn by four milk-white horses, on which lay the body of the philanthropist in his robe of honour; it was followed by Oriel Porphyry, or, to give him his proper title, the prince of Philadelphia, bare-headed, on a powerful war-charger, who seemed by his prancings and curvettings, proud of the noble burden he carried. Blessings were showered upon him from every side; flowers descended on his head, and all hailed him as the deliverer of his country. His handsome countenance and manly figure never appeared impressed with such a nobility of character as when he bowed in acknowledgment of the universal enthusiasm which was excited in his favour. Eureka rode at his side, expressing by her beautiful countenance the delight she experienced. His own regiment of cavalry came next, and they were followed by the crew of the Albatross, and of the other merchant vessels that had assisted him in the struggle. Nothing was heard among the people but cheering and exclamations of praise; nothing was seen but the waving of caps and handkerchiefs.

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In the course of the same day Oriel Porphyry was declared emperor of the Columbians; and when he ascended the throne of his country Eureka shared in his glory.

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Transcriber's Note

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A table of Contents has been added.

Some punctuation errors have been corrected silently. Inconsistent use of quotation marks in some parts of the book has not been changed.

The following corrections have been made, on page

15 "Chinberkin" changed to "Climberkin" (the strong grasp of Boggle and Climberkin that prevented)

32 "ome" changed to "some" (I offended some and surprised others)

98 "shrunckback" changed to "shrunk back" (She shrunk back from)

109 "acknowledgment" changed to "acknowledgement" (from my acknowledgement of these sentiments)

129 "because" changed to "became" (and the farmers became fishermen)

178 "n" changed to "in" (in evident confusion)

178 "trange" to "strange" (can there be strange or unaccountable)

182 "Lilya'" changed to "Lilya's" (such hearts as yours and Lilya's)

200 "thumber" changed to "number" (or the mere number of books comparatively useless)

279 "misible" changed to "miserable" (a very shocking miserable sinner).

Otherwise the original was preserved, including archaic and inconsistent spelling and hyphenation.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LADY EUREKA; OR, THE MYSTERY: A  
PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE. VOLUME 3 \*\*\*

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