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OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

THE BRONTËS

*Tales of Glass Town,
Angria, and Gondal
Selected Writings*

Edited with Introduction and Notes by
CHRISTINE ALEXANDER

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

The History of the Year

Once Papa lent my sister Maria* a book. It was an old geography and she wrote on its blank leaf, 'Papa lent me this book'. The book is an hundred and twenty years old. It is at this moment lying before me while I write this. I am in the kitchen of the parsonage house, Haworth. Tabby the servant* is washing up after breakfast and Anne, my youngest sister (Maria was my eldest), is kneeling on a chair looking at some cakes which Tabby has been baking for us. Emily is in the parlour brushing it. Papa and Branwell are gone* to Keighley. Aunt* is up stairs in her room and I am sitting by the table writing this in the kitchen.

Keighley is a small town four miles from here. Papa and Branwell are gone for the newspaper, the Leeds Intelligencer, a most excellent Tory news paper edited by M^r [Edwa]rd Wood [for] the proprietor M^r Hernaman.* We take 2 and see three newspapers a week. We take the Leeds Intelligencer, party Tory, and the Leeds Mercury,* Whig, edited by M^r Baines and his brother, son in law and his 2 sons, Edward and Talbot. We see the John Bull; it is a High Tory, very violent. M^r Driver* lends us it, as likewise Blackwood's Magazine, the most able periodical there is. The editor is M^r Christopher North,* an old man, 74 years of age. The 1st of April is his birthday. His company are Timothy Tickler, Morgan O'Doherty, Macrabin, Mordecai Mullion, Warrell, and James Hogg,* a man of the most extraordinary genius, a Scottish shepherd.

Our plays were established: Young Men, June 1826; Our Fellows, July 1827; Islanders, December 1827. Those are our three great plays that are not kept secret. Emily's and my bed plays were established the 1st December 1827, the others March 1828. Bed plays mean secret plays. They are very nice ones. All our plays are very strange ones. Their nature I need not write on paper, for I think I shall always remember them. The Young Men play took its rise from some wooden soldiers Branwell had, Our Fellows from Aesop's Fables,* and the Islanders from several events which happened. I will sketch out the origin of our plays more explicitly if I can.

Young Men's*

Papa bought Branwell some soldiers at Leeds.* When Papa came home it was night and we were in bed, so next morning Branwell came to our door with a box of soldiers. Emily and I jumped out of bed and I snatched up one and exclaimed, 'This is the Duke of Wellington! It shall be mine!*' When I said this, Emily likewise took one and said

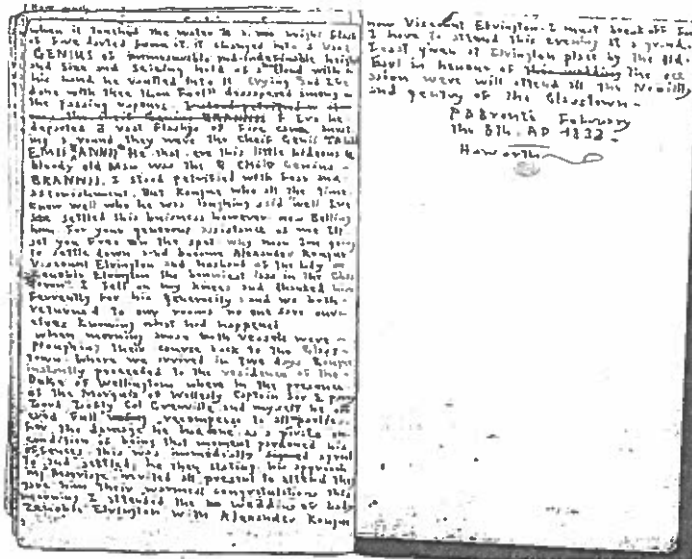
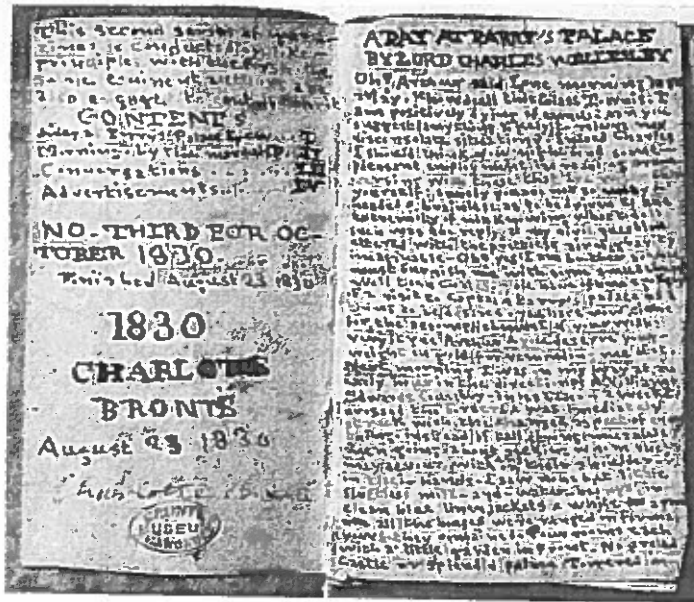


Plate 1: (a) The *Young Men's Magazine* for October 1830, 'edited' by Charlotte Brontë; and (b) the final pages of Branwell Brontë's *The Pirate* (courtesy of the Brontë Parsonage Museum).

it should be hers. When Anne came down she took one also. Mine was the prettiest of the whole and perfect in every part. Emily's was a grave-looking fellow. We called him Gravey. Anne's was a queer little thing, very much like herself. He was called Waiting Boy. Branwell chose Bonaparte.*

March 12 1829

'The origin of the O'Dears'*

The origin of the O'Dears was as follows. We pretended we had each a large island inhabited by people 6 miles high. The people we took out of Aesop's Fables. Hay Man was my chief man, Boaster Branwell's, Hunter Anne's, and Clown* Emily's. Our chief men were 10 miles high except [t] Emily's, who was only 4. March 12, 1829

'The origin of the Islanders'

The origin of the Islanders was as follows. It was one wet night in December. We were all sitting round the fire and had been silent some time, and at last I said, 'Suppose we had each an Island of our own.' Branwell chose the Isle of Man, Emily Isle of Arran and Bute Isle, Anne, Jersey, and I chose the Isle of Wight.* We then chose who should live in our islands. The chief of Branwell's were John Bull, Astley Cooper, Leigh Hunt, &c, &c. Emily's Walter Scott, M^r Lockhart, Johnny Lockhart &c, &c. Anne's Michael Sadler, Lord Bentinck, Henry Halford, &c, &c. And I chose Duke of Wellington & son, North & Co., 30 officers, M^r Abernethy, &c, &c.* March 12, 1829.

TWO ROMANTIC TALES

by Charlotte Bronte

April 28, 1829

THE TWELVE ADVENTURERS*

Written April 15 1829

CHAPTER I

The Country of the Genii

There is a tradition that some thousands of years ago twelve men from Britain, of a most gigantic size, and twelve men from Gaul* came over to the country of the Genii,* and while there were continually at war with each other and, after remaining many years, returned again to Britain and Gaul. And in the inhabited [parts] of the Genii country there are now no vestiges of them, though it is said there have been found some colossal skeletons in that wild, barren land,* the evil desert.

But I have read a book called 'The Travels of Captain Parnell', out of which the following is an extract.*

'About four in the afternoon I saw a dark red cloud arise in the east, which gradually grew larger till it covered the whole sky. As the cloud spread the wind rose and blew a tremendous hurricane. The sand of the desert began to move and rolled like the waves of the sea. As soon as I saw this I threw myself on my face and stopped my breath, for I knew that this was the tornado or whirlwind. I remained in this situation for three minutes, for at the end of that time I ventured to look up. The whirlwind had passed over and had not hurt me, but close by lay my poor camel quite dead. At this sight I could not forbear weeping, but my attention was soon diverted by another object. About one hundred yards further off lay an immense skeleton. I immediately ran up to it and examined it closely. While I was gazing at the long, ghastly figure which lay stretched upon the sand before me the thought came into my mind that it might be the skeleton of one of those ancient Britons who,

tradition tells us, came from their own country to this evil land and here miserably perished. While I was pursuing this train of meditation, I observed that it was bound with a long chain of rusty iron. Suddenly the iron clanked and the bones strove to rise, but a huge mountain of sand overwhelmed the skeleton with a tremendous crash, and when the dust which had hid the sun and enveloped every[thing] in darkness cleared away, not a mark could be distinguished to show the future traveller where the bones had lain.*

Now, if this account be true—and I see no reason why we should suppose it not—I think [we] may fairly conclude that these skeletons are evil genii chained in these deserts by the fairy Maimoune.*

There are several other traditions, but they are all so obscure that no reliance is to be placed on them.

CHAPTER II

The Voyage of Discovery

In the year 1793 the *Invincible*, 74 guns, set sail with a fair wind from England. Her crew—twelve men, every one healthy and stout and in the best temper—their names as follows: Marcus O'Donell, Ferdinand Cortez, Felix de Rothsay, Eugene Cameron, Harold FitzGeorge, Henry Clinton, Francis Stewart, Ronald Traquair, Ernest Fortescue, Gustavus Dunally, Frederick Brunswick, and Arthur Wellesley.*

Well, as I said before, we set sail with a fair wind from England on the 1st of March 1793. On the 15th we came in sight of Spain. On the 16th we landed, bought a supply of provisions, &c. and set sail again on the 20th. On the 25th, about noon, Henry Clinton,* who was in the shrouds, cried out that he saw the Oxeye.* In a minute we were all on deck and all eyes gazing eagerly and fearfully towards the mountain over which we saw hanging in the sky the ominous speck. Instantly the sails were furled, the ship tacked about, and the boat was made ready for launching in our last extremity.

Thus having made everything ready we retired to the cabin, and everyone looked as sheepish as possible and noway inclined to meet our fate like men. Some of us began to cry, but we waited a long time and heard no sound of the wind, and the cloud did not increase in size.

At last Marcus O'Donell exclaimed, 'I wish it would either go backward or forward.'

At this Stewart reproved him, and Ferdinand gave him a box on the ear. O'Donell returned the compliment. But just then we heard the sound of the wind, and Ronald bawled* out, 'The cloud is as big as me!'

Brunswick pulled Ronald away from the window and ordered him to hold his tongue. Ronald said he would not and began to sing. Felix de Rothsay put his hand over Ronald's mouth. H. FitzGeorge got Rothsay behind by the throat. E. Fortescue held his fist in O'Donell's face, and Marcus floored Ernest. Cameron kicked Clinton to the other end of the cabin, and Stewart shouted so loud for them to be quiet that he made the greatest noise of any.

But suddenly they were all silenced by a fierce flash of lightning and a loud peal of thunder. The wind rose and the planks of our ship creaked. Another flash of lightning, brighter and more terrible than the first, split our mainmast and carried away our foretop-sail. And now the flashes of lightning grew terrific, and the thunder roared tremendously. The rain poured down in torrents, and the gusts of wind were most loud and terrible. The hearts of the stoutest men in our company now quailed, and even the chief doctor was afraid.*

At last the storm ceased, but we found it had driven us quite out of our course and we knew not where we were.

On the 30th, G. Dunally, who was on deck cried out, 'Land!'

At this we were all extremely rejoiced. On the 31st we reached it, and found it was the island of Trinidad. We refitted our ship and got in a store of provisions and water, and set sail once more on the 5th of May.

It would be endless to describe all our adventures in the South Atlantic Ocean. Suffice it to say that after many storms, in which we were driven quite out of our course and knew not in what part of the world we were, we at last discovered land. We sailed along the coast for some time to find a good landing-place. We at last found one.

We landed on the 2nd of June 1793.* We moored our battered ship in a small harbour and advanced up into the country. To our great surprise we found it cultivated. Grain of a peculiar sort grew in great abundance, and there were large plantations of palm-trees,* and likewise an immense number of almond-trees. There were also many olives and large enclosures of rice. We were greatly surprised at these marks of the land being inhabited. It seemed to be part of an immense continent.

After we had travelled about two miles we saw at a distance twenty men well armed. We immediately prepared for battle, having each of us a pistol, sword and bayonet. We stood still and they came near.

When they had come close up to us they likewise stopped. They seemed greatly surprised at us, and we heard one of them say, 'What strange people!'

The Chief then said, 'Who are you?'

Wellesley answered, 'We were cast up on your shores by a storm and request shelter.'

They said, 'You shall not have any.'

W[ellesley]: 'We will take it then!'

We prepared for battle; they did the same.

It was a very fierce encounter, but we conquered: killed ten, took the Chief prisoner, wounded five, and the remaining four retreated. The Chief was quite black [and] very tall. He had a fierce* countenance and the finest eyes I ever saw. We asked him what his name was, but he would not speak. We asked him the name of his country, and he said, 'Ashantee.*'

Next morning a party of twelve men came to our tents bringing with them a ransom for their Chief, and likewise a proposition of peace from their King. This we accepted, as it was on terms the most advantageous to ourselves.

Immediately after the treaty of peace was concluded we set about building a city. The situation was in the middle of a large plain, bounded on the north by high mountains, on the south by the sea, on the east by gloomy forests, and on the west by evil deserts.*

About a month after we had begun our city the following adventure happened to us.

One evening when all were assembled in the great tent, and most of us sitting round the fire which blazed in the middle of the pavilion, listening to the storm which raged without our camp, a dead silence prevailed. None of us felt inclined to speak, still less to laugh, and the wine-cups stood upon the round table filled to the brim. In the midst of this silence we heard the sound of a trumpet, which seemed to come from the desert. The next moment a peal of thunder rolled through the sky, which seemed to shake the earth to its centre.

By this time we were all on our legs and filled with terror, which was changed to desperation by another blast of the terrible trumpet. We all rushed out of the tent with a shout, not of courage, but fear, and then we saw a sight so terribly grand that even now when I think of it, at the distance of forty years from that dismal night when I saw it, my limbs tremble and my blood is chilled with fear. High in the clouds was a tall and terrible giant. In his right hand he held a trumpet, in his left, two darts pointed with fire. On a thunder cloud which rolled before

him his shield rested. On his forehead was written 'The Genius of the Storm'.* On he strode over the black clouds which rolled beneath his feet and regardless of the fierce lightning which flashed around him. But soon the thunder ceased and the lightning no longer glared so terribly.

The hoarse voice of the storm was hushed, and a gentler light than the fire of the elements spread itself over the face of the now cloudless sky. The calm moon shone forth in the midst of the firmament, and the little stars seemed rejoicing in their brightness. The giant had descended to the earth, and, approaching the place where we stood trembling, he made three circles in the air with his flaming scimitar, then lifted his hand to strike. Just then we heard a loud voice saying, 'Genius, I command thee to forbear!'

We looked round and saw a figure* so tall that the Genius seemed to it but a diminutive dwarf. It cast one joyful glance on us and disappeared.

CHAPTER III

The Desert

The building of our city went on prosperously. The Hall of Justice was finished; the fortifications were completed; the Grand Inn was begun; the Great Tower* was ended.

One night when we were assembled in the Hall of Justice, Arthur Wellesley, at that time a common trumpeter, suddenly exclaimed, while we were talking of our happiness, 'Does not the King of the Blacks view our prosperity with other eyes than ours? Would not the best way be to send immediately to England, tell them of the new world we have discovered and of the riches that are in it, and do you not think they would send us an army?'

Francis Stewart immediately rose and said, 'Young man, think before you speak! How could we send to England? Who could be found hardy enough to traverse again the Atlantic? Do you not remember the storm which drove us on the shores of Trinidad?'

A[rthur] W[ellesley] answered, 'It is with all due deference that I ventured to contradict the opinions of older and more experienced men than I am, and it is after much consideration that I ventured to say what I have said. Well do I remember that storm which forced us to seek refuge among foreigners. I am not so rash as to suppose we of ourselves could cross the ocean in the damaged and leaky vessel we

possess, or that we could build another [in] time enough to avert the danger which I fear is coming. But in what a short time have we built [the city] we now are in! How long has it taken to rear the Grand Hall where we now are? Have not those marble pillars and that solemn dome been built by supernatural power? If you view the city from this Gothic window and see the beams of the morn gilding the battlements of the mighty towers, and the pillars of the splendid palaces which have been reared in a few months, can you doubt that magic has been used in their construction?'

Here he paused. We were all convinced that the Genii had helped us to build our town. He went on, 'Now, if the Genii have built us our city, will they not likewise help us to call our countrymen to defend what they have built against the assaults of the enemy?'

He stopped again, for the roof shook and the hall was filled with smoke. The ground opened, and we heard a voice saying, 'When the sun appears above the forests of the east be ye all on the border of the evil desert. If ye fail I will crush you to atoms.'

The voice ceased, the ground closed, and the smoke cleared away. There was no time for us to consult. The desert lay ten miles off, and it was now midnight. We immediately set off with the Duke of York at our head. We reached the desert about 4 a.m.; there we stopped. Far off to the east the long black line of gloomy forests skirted the horizon. To the north the Jibbel Kumri, or Mountains of the Moon, seemed a misty girdle to the plain of Dahomey. To the south the ocean guarded the coasts of Africa. Before us to the west lay the desert.

In a few minutes we saw a dense vapour arise from the sands, which gradually collecting took the form of a Genius larger than any of the giants. It advanced towards us and cried with a loud voice, 'Follow me!'

We obeyed and entered the desert. After we had travelled a long time, about noon the Genius told us to look around. We were now about the middle of the desert. Nothing was to be seen far or near but vast plains of sand under a burning sun and cloudless sky. We were dreadfully fatigued and begged the Genius to allow us to stop a little, but he immediately ordered us to proceed. We therefore began our march again and travelled a long way, till the sun went down and the pale moon was rising in the east. Also a few stars might now be dimly seen, but still the sands were burning hot and our feet were very much swollen.

At last the Genius ordered us to halt and lie down. We soon fell asleep. We had slept about an hour when the Genius awoke us and ordered us to proceed.

The moon had now risen and shone brightly in the midst of the sky—brighter far than it ever does in our country. The night-wind had somewhat cooled the sands of the desert, so that we walked with more ease than before, but soon a mist arose which covered the whole plain. Through it we thought we could discern a dim light. We now likewise heard sounds of music at a great distance.

As the mist* cleared away the light grew more distinct till it burst upon us in almost insufferable splendour. Out of the barren desert arose a palace of diamond, the pillars of which were ruby and emerald, illuminated with lamps too bright to look upon.* The Genius led us into a hall of sapphire in which were thrones of gold. On the thrones sat the Princes of the Genii. In the midst of the hall hung a lamp like the sun. Around it stood genii, and fairies without, whose robes were of beaten gold sparkling with diamonds. As soon as their chiefs saw us they sprang up from their thrones, and one of them seizing A W and exclaimed, 'This is the Duke of Wellington!'

A W asked her why she called him D of W.

The Genius answered, 'A prince will arise who shall be as a thorn in the side of England, and the desolator of Europe. Terrible shall be the struggle between that chieftain and you! It will last many years, and the conqueror shall gain eternal honour and glory. So likewise shall the vanquished, and though he shall die in exile his name shall never be remembered by his countrymen but with feelings of enthusiasm. The renown of the victor shall reach to the ends of the earth. Kings and Emperors shall honour him, and Europe shall rejoice in its deliverer. Though in his lifetime fools will envy him, he shall overcome. At his death renown shall cover him, and his name shall be everlasting!'

When the Genius finished speaking we heard the sound of music far off, which drew nearer and nearer till it seemed within the hall. Then all the fairies and genii joined in one grand chorus, which rose rolling to the mighty dome and stately pillars of the Genii Palace, and reached among the vaults and dungeons beneath, then gradually dying away it at last ceased entirely.

As the music went off the palace slowly disappeared, till it vanished* and we found ourselves alone in the midst of the desert. The sun had just begun to enlighten the world and the moon might be dimly seen, but all below them was sand as far as our eyes could reach. We knew not which way to go, and we were ready to faint with hunger, but on once more looking round we saw lying on the sands some dates and palm-wine. Of this we made our breakfast and then began again to

think of our journey, when suddenly there appeared a beaten track in the desert, which we followed.

About noon, when the sun was at its meridian, and we felt weary and faint with the heat, a grove of palm-trees appeared in sight towards which we ran. And after we had reposed awhile under its shade and refreshed ourselves with its fruit, we resumed our march, and that same night, to our inexpressible joy, we entered the gates of our beautiful city and slept beneath the shadow of its roofs.

CHAPTER IV

News from Home

The next morning we were awoke by the sound of trumpets and great war-drums, and on looking towards the mountains we saw descending on the plain an immense army of Ashantees. We were all thrown into the utmost consternation except A W, who advised us to look to the great guns and to man the walls, never doubting that the Genii would come to our help if we of ourselves could not beat them off by the help of the cannon and rockets. This advice we immediately followed, while the Ashantees came on like a torrent, sweeping everything, burning the palm-trees, and laying waste the rice-fields.

When they came up to the walls of our city they set up a terrible yell, the meaning of which was that we should be consumed from the face of the earth, and that our city should vanish away, for as it came by magic it should go by the same. Our answer to this insolent speech was a peal of thunder from the mouths of our cannon. Two fell dead, and the rest gave us leg bail* setting off towards the mountains with inconceivable* swiftness, followed by a triumphant shout from their conquerors.

They come back in the afternoon and in the most submissive terms asked for their dead. We granted their request, and in return they allowed us to witness the funeral.

A few days after, on the 21st of Sept., Ronald came running into the Hall of Justice, where we all were, shouting out that there was a ship from England. The Duke of York immediately sent A W to ascertain the truth of this.

When he arrived at the seashore he found all the crew, consisting of fifty men, had landed. He then examined the state of the ship and found it was almost a complete wreck. He asked the men a few questions and

they seemed greatly surprised to find him here, and asked him how he contrived to live in such a country. He told them to follow him.

When he brought them to the Hall of Justice, the Duke of Y ordered* them to relate their story.

They cried, 'We were driven on your shore by a storm and request shelter.'

The Duke of York answered, 'Fellow-English,* we rejoice that you were driven on our part of the coast, and you shall have shelter if we can give it.'

Accordingly they remained with us about a fortnight, for at the end of that time the Genii had fitted out their ship again, when they set sail for England accompanied by A W.

For about ten years after this we continued at war with the blacks, and then made peace, after which, for about ten years more, nothing happened worth mentioning.

On the 16[th] of May 1816 a voice passed through the city saying, 'Set a watch on the tower which looks towards the south, for tomorrow a conqueror shall enter your gates!'

The Duke of York immediately despatched Henry Clinton to the highest tower in the city. About noon Clinton cried out, 'I see something at a great distance upon the Atlantic.'

We all of us ran to the watch-tower, and on looking toward the ocean we could discern a dark object upon the verge of the horizon which, as it neared the shore, we saw plainly was a fleet. At last it anchored and the crew began to land. First came 12 regiments of horsemen, next, three of infantry, then several high officers who* seemed to be the staff of some great general. And last of all came the general himself, whom several of us asserted had the bearing of Arthur Wellesley.

After he had marshalled the regiments he ordered them to march, and we saw them enter the gates of the city. When they arrived at the tower they stopped, and we heard the general in the tone of W say, 'Hill,* you may stop here with the army while I go to the Palace of Justice, as I suppose they are all there if they be yet in the land of the living. And Beresford,* you must come with me.'

'No, no, we are here, Arthur, almost terrified out of our wits for fear you shall burn the tower and sack the city!' exclaimed the Duke of York, as we descend[ed] from our hiding-place.

'What! Are you all here, and not one of you slain in battle or dead in the hospital?' said His Grace, as he sprang from his war-horse and we shook hands with him one at a time. 'But come, my brave fellows, let

us go to the Grand Inn, and in Ferdinando Hall we will talk of what we have done and suffered since we last met.'

'Please, Your Grace, in what part of the town are the army to be quartered?' said one of the staff.

'Oh, never you fear for the army, Murray,* we are not among Spaniards. Let them follow me.'

'The army are to follow His Grace the Duke of Wellington,' said Murray.

'His Grace the Duke of Wellington!' we all exclaimed at once in surprise.

'Yes—His Grace the Duke of Wellington,' said another of the staff. 'I don't know who you are, but our most noble general is* the conqueror of Bonaparte and the deliverer of Europe.'

'Then the Genii don't always tell lies,' said Marcus O'Donell, 'and I am very glad of it, for I always thought, Duke, you would return to us with more glory than you had [when you] went away from us.'

'Indeed!' said Murray with a sneer.

'Murray,' said His Grace sternly, 'I shall call you to account for this insolence and punish by martial law if you don't make a handsome apology to this Gentleman.'

Murray immediately advanced to O'Donell and said, 'Sir, I am very sorry for my foolish insolence, and I promise you I will never offend you so again.'

'Very well, Murray, very well indeed,' said the Duke. 'Now shake hands and be friends. I hate civil war.'

By this time we had arrived at the Grand Inn, which was a most superior* building and large enough to accommodate 20,000 men. We were soon seated in the hall and listening to Beresford as he related to us how Europe had been set free from the iron chain of a despot,* and how the mighty victory had been achieved with which all the civilised world had rung; of the splendid triumphs which had taken place on that glorious occasion; and how all the high sovereigns of Europe had honoured England with their presence on that grand occasion. Longer could we have listened and more could he have told had we not heard the sound of the midnight bell which reminded us that it was time to retire to rest.

Some days after this the Duke of York expressed a wish to return to his own country, and one of the ships with about twenty men were appointed to convey him there.

There were now in the city fifteen thousand men, and we determined to elect a King. Accordingly a council of the whole nation was

summoned for the 14[th] of June 1827. On that day they all assembled in the Palace of Justice. Around the throne sat Marcus O'Donell, F Cortez, H Clinton, G Dunally, Harold FitzGeorge, and the Duke of Wellington and his staff. An intense anxiety pervaded the council to know who would be proposed as King, for not a man of us knew and no hints had been thrown out. At length the great entrance was closed, and Cortez proclaimed the whole nation to be present. Stewart then rose and said, 'I propose the most noble Field-Marshal Arthur, Duke of Wellington, as a fit and proper person to sit on the throne of the realms.'

Immediately a loud shout burst forth from the multitude, and the hall rang, 'Long live our most noble Duke!'

Wellington now rose. Immediately* a profound silence pervaded* the house.

He said as follows, 'Soldiers,* I will defend what you have committed to my care.' Then, bowing to the council, he retired amidst thundering sounds of enthusiastic joy.

C. BRONTË

AN ADVENTURE IN IRELAND

During my travels in the south of Ireland the following adventure happened to me. One evening in the month of August, after a long walk, as I was ascending the mountain which overlooks the village of Cahir,* I suddenly came in sight of a fine old castle. It was built upon a rock, and behind it was a large wood and before it was a river. Over the river there was a bridge, which formed the approach to the castle.

When I arrived at the bridge I stood still awhile to enjoy the prospect around me. Far below was the wide sheet of still water in which the reflection of the pale moon was not disturbed by the smallest wave. In the valley was the cluster of cabins which is known by the appellation of Cahir, and beyond these were the mountains of Killala. Over all the grey robe of twilight was now stealing with silent and scarcely perceptible advances. No sound except the hum of the distant village and the sweet song of the nightingale in the wood behind me broke upon the stillness of the scene.

While I was contemplating this beautiful prospect, a gentleman, whom I had not before observed, accosted me with 'Good evening, sir. Are you a stranger in these parts?'

I replied that I was. He then asked me where I was going to stop for the night. I answered that I intended to sleep somewhere in the village.

'I am afraid you will find very bad accommodation there,' said the gentleman. 'But if you will take up your quarters with me at the castle, you are welcome.'

I thanked him for his kind offer and accepted it.

When we arrived at the castle I was shown into a large parlour, in which was an old lady sitting in an armchair by the fireside, knitting. On the rug lay a very pretty tortoise-shell cat. As soon as we entered the old lady rose, and when Mr O'Callaghan (for that, I learned, was his name) told her who I was, she said in the most cordial tone that I was welcome, and asked me to sit down.

In the course of conversation I learned that she was Mr O'Callaghan's mother, and that his father had been dead about a year.

We had sat about an hour when supper was announced, and after supper Mr O'Callaghan asked me if I should like to retire for the night. I answered in the affirmative, and a little boy was commissioned to show me to my apartment. It was a snug, clean, and comfortable little old-fashioned room at the top of the castle. As soon as we had entered, the boy, who appeared to be a shrewd, good-tempered little fellow, said with a shrug of the shoulder, 'If it was going to bed I was, it shouldn't be here that you'd catch me.'

'Why?' said I.

'Because,' replied the boy, 'they say that the ould masher's ghost has been seen sitting on that there chair.'

'And have you seen him?'

'No, but I've heard him washing his hands in that basin often and often.'

'What is your name, my little fellow?'

'Dennis Mulready, please your honour.'

'Well, good-night to you.'

'Good night, masher, and may the saints keep you from all fairies and brownies,' said Dennis as he left the room.

As soon as I had laid down I began to think of what the boy had been telling me, and I confess I felt a strange kind of fear, and once or twice I even thought I could discern something white through the darkness which surrounded me. At length, by the help of reason, I succeeded in mastering these, what some would call idle fancies, and fell asleep.

I had slept about an hour when a strange sound awoke me, and I saw looking through my curtains a skeleton wrapped in a white sheet. I was

overcome with terror and tried to scream, but my tongue was paralysed and my whole frame shook with fear. In a deep hollow voice it said to me, 'Arise, that I may show thee this world's wonders,' and in an instant I found myself encompassed with clouds and darkness. But soon the roar of mighty waters fell upon my ear, and I saw some clouds of spray arising from high falls that rolled in awful majesty down tremendous precipices, and then foamed and thundered in the gulf beneath as if they had taken up their unquiet abode in some giant's cauldron.*

But soon the scene changed, and I found myself in the mines of Cracone. Here were high pillars and stately arches, whose glittering splendour was never excelled by the brightest fairy palaces. There were not many lamps, only those of a few poor miners, whose* homely figures and rough visages formed a striking contrast to the dazzling grandeur which surrounded them. But in the midst of all this magnificence I felt an indescribable sense of fear and terror, for the sea raged above us, and by the awful and tumultuous noises of roaring winds and dashing waves it seemed as if the storm was violent. And now the mossy pillars groaned beneath the pressure of the ocean, and the glittering arches seemed about to be overwhelmed. When I heard the rushing waters and saw a mighty flood rolling towards me, I gave a loud shriek of terror.

The scene vanished and I found myself in a wide desert full of barren rocks and high mountains. As I was approaching one of the rocks, in which there was a large cave, my foot stumbled and I fell. Just then I heard a deep growl and saw by the unearthly light of his own fiery eyes a royal lion rousing himself from his kingly slumbers. His terrible eye was fixed upon me, and the desert rang and the rocks echoed with the tremendous roar of fierce delight which he uttered as he sprang towards me.

'Well, masher, it's been a windy night, though it's fine now,' said Dennis, as he drew the window-curtain and let the bright rays of the morning sun into the little old-fashioned room at the top of O'Callaghan Castle.

C. BRONTË,
April 28th, 1829

SECOND VOL OF TALES OF THE
ISLANDERS

TALES of the ISLANDERS
VOLUME II

CHAP. I

The School Rebellion*

I have before put forth a volume of these tales, in which the subject of the school was mentioned. In that volume, I laid down the rules by which the school was governed & likewise the names of the governors with their several characters, &c.* I shall now proceed with this subject.

For some time after it was established, the institution went on very well. All the rules were observed with scrupulous exactness. The governors attended admirably to their duty. The children were absolutely becoming something like civilized beings, to all outward appearance at least: gambling was less frequent among them; their quarrels with each other were less savage; & some little attention was paid by themselves to order & cleanliness. At this time we constantly resided in the magnificent palace of the school, as did all the governors, so that nothing was left entirely to the care of servants & underlings. The great room had become the resort of all the great ministers in their hours of leisure (that is in the evenings) and they, seeing how well it* were conducted, resolved to uphold the institution with all their might.

This prosperous state of affairs continued for about six months, & then Parliament was opened & the great Catholic Question* was brought forward & the Duke's measures were disclosed, and all was slander, violence, party spirit & confusion. O those 3 months, from the time of the King's speech to the end! Nobody could think, speak or write on anything but the Catholic Question and the Duke of Wellington or M^r Peel.* I remember the day when the Intelligence Extraordinary came with M^r Peel's speech in it, containing the terms on which the Catholics were to be let in. With what eagerness Papa tore off the cover, & how we all gathered rou[nd h]im, & with what breathless anxiety we listened, a[s o]ne by one they were disclosed & explained & argued

upon so ably & so well, & then, when it was all out, how Aunt said she thought it was excellent & that the Catholics [could] do no harm with such good security.* I remember also the doubts as to whether it would pass into the House of Lord[s] & the prophecies that it would not. Wh[en] the paper came which was to decide the question, the anxiety was almost dreadful with which we listen[ed] to the whole affair: the opening of the doors, the hus[h], the royal dukes in their robes & the great Duke in green sash & waistcoat, the rising of all the peeresses when he rose, the reading of his speec[h], Papa saying that his words were like precious gold &, lastly, the majority one to 4 in favour of the bill. But this is a digression & I must beg my readers to excuse it. To proceed with my subject then.

In consequence of this Catholic Question, the Duke & M^r Peel were of course obliged to be constantly in London & we soon took ourselves off to the same place. O'S[haughnesy] and his nephew* were away shooting somewhere & the whole management of the school was left to the Marquis of D[ouro] and Lord Charles W[ellesley]. The upshot will be seen in the next chap[ter].

CHAPTER II

For sometime we heard not a word about the school & never took the trouble to inquire, until at length, one morning as we were sitting at breakfast, in came a letter, the which when we had opened we perceived was from my Lord W[ellesley]. The purport was as follow[s]:

June 8. Vision Island

Little Kings & Queens,

I write this letter to inform you of a rebellion, which has broken out in the school, the particulars of which I have not time to relate. All I can say is that I am at present in a little hut built in the open air and—. But they are coming & I can say no more—.

I remain yours &c—

Charles W

PS Since I wrote the above we have had a battle in which our bloodhounds fought bravely & we have conquered. We are, however, reduced

to a great extremity for want of food, & if you don't make haste & come to our help, we must surrender. Bring my father's great bloodhound with you & Doctor Hume* & the gamekeeper likewise——

As soon as we had read this letter, we ordered a balloon, the which when it was brought we got into & then steered our way through the air towards Strathfieldsay. When we had there arrived, we took up 'Blood an 'ounds'* & the gamekeeper & then went quick-way to the island.

We alighted in the grounds about the school and, on casting our eyes towards the myrtle grove, we saw the stately palace rising in its magnificence from the green trees which grew thickly around & towering in silent grandeur over that isle, which [was] rightly named a dream, for never but in the visions of the night has the eye of man beheld such gorgeous beauty, such wild magnificence, as is in this fairy land, & never, but in the imaginings of his heart, has his ear heard such musick as that which proceeds from the giant's harp, hid from sight amid those trees. Listen! There is a faint sound, like the voice of a dying swan, but now a stronger breeze sweeps through the strin[gs] and the music is rising. Hark how it swells! What grand[eur] was in that wild note! But the wind roars louder. I now heard the muttering of distant thunder: it is drawing nearer & nearer, & the tunes of the harp & swelling till all at once, amidst the roaring of thunder & the howling of the wind, it peals out with such awful wildness, such unearthly grandeur, that you are tempted to believe it is the voice of spirits speak[ing], 'This [is] the storm.'

But to proceed with my subject. After we had been in the island about half an hour, we saw Lord Wellesley approaching at a distance. When he came near he accosted us with, 'Well, Little Queens, I am glad you are come. Make haste & follow me, for there is not a mome[nt] to be lost.'

As we went along, he, at our request, gave us the following narrative as to the origin of the school rebellion.

'For about 3 days after you were gone, things went on very well, but at the end of that time symptoms of insubordination began to manifest themselves. These we strove to check, but in vain, &, instead of growing better, they grew worse. The school now was divided into 4 parties, each of whom was headed by a cheiftain, namely, P[rince] Polignac, P[rince] George & Johnny Lockhart & the Princess Vittoria.* These 4 were constantly quarrelling & fighting with each other in a most outrageous maner, &, after strugglin[g] a few weeks with them to no purpose, they all ran off & are now encamped in a very wild part of the

island which we shall presently come to. They are well provided with 2 cannons each party & a quantity of powder & shot. Sometimes they all unite agains[t] us & then we have a bad chance, I assure you, but now you are come to our assistance, we shall soon do for them.'

As soon as he had ended, we emerged from the forest in which we had till then been travellin[g] & entred a deep glen, through which rushed an impetuous, brawling river, roaring & foaming amongst the large stones which impeded its cours[e], & [?then], as its channel deepened & widened, it became calm & smooth, flowing silently through the wide, green plain on the right hand, fertilizing & refreshing it as it went. On our left arose rocks, frowning darkly over the glen & blackning it with their mighty shadow. In some parts they were covered with tall pine trees, through which the wind moaned sadly as it swept among their scathed branches. In other parts, immense fragments of rock looked out from their shaggy covering & hung their grey summits awfully over the vale. No sound but the echo of a distant cann[on], which was discharged as we entered the glen, & the scream of the eagle startled from her aerie* disturbed the deathlike silence.

In a short time we came to the place where the children were encamped. The tents of the Vittorians wer[e] pitched on the summit of a rock; those of the Polignac[s], in a deep ravine; & the Georgians had taken up their abode in a open spot of ground & the Lockhartians had entrenched themselves among some trees. The hut of the Marquis of Douro & Lord Wellesley was built beneath the shade of a spreading oak. A tremendous rock rose above it. On one side was a gently swelling hill, on the other, a grove of tall trees & before it ran a clear, rippling stream.

When we had entered the humble abode, we beheld the Marquis of D[ou]ro lying on a bed of leaves. His face was very pale. His fine features seemed as fixed as a marble statue. His eyes were closed & his glossy, curling hair was in some parts stiffened with blood. As soon as we beheld this sight, Charles rushed forward &, falling on the bed beside his brother, he fainted away. The usual remedies were then applied to him by Doctor Hume, & after a long time he recovered. All this while Arthur had neither spoke nor stirred, & we thought he was dead. The game-keeper was raving, & even the hardihearted* H[ume] shed some tears, & Charles seemed like one demented.

In this emergency, we thought it advisabl[e] to send quick-way for the Duke of Wellington. This we accordingly did &, as soon as we saw him coming, one of us went out to meet him. When we had informed him of what had happened, he became as pale as death. His lips quivered

& his whole frame shook with agitation. In a short time he arrived at the hut & then, going up to the bedside, he took hold of one lifeless hand & said in a tremulous & scarcely audible voice, 'Arthur, my son, speak to me.'

Just then, at the sound of his father's words, Arthur slowly opened his eyes & looked up. When he saw the Duke he tried to speak, but could not. We then, in the plenitude of our goodness & kindness of heart, cured him instantaneousl[y] by the application of some fairy remedie, for as soon as we had done so the Duke drew from his finger a diamond ring & presented it to us. This we accepted & thanked him for it.

After these transactions, we informed His Grace of the school rebellion. He immediately went out, without speaking a word, & we followed him. He proceeded up to the place where they were encamped & called out in a loud tone of voice that if they did not surrender they were all dead men, as he had brought several thousand blood hounds with him, who would tear them to peices in a moment. This they dreaded more than any thing & therefore agreed to surrender, which they did immediately. And for a short time thereafter the school prospered as before, but we, becoming tired of it, sent the children off to their own homes & now only fairies dwell in the Island of a Dream.

C. Bronte October 6, 1829

CHAPTER the THIRD

A Strange Incident in the Duke of Wellington's Life

About a year after the school rebellion, the following wonderful thing happened in the family of the Duke of Wellington. One pleasant morning in the month of September 1828, the Marquis of D[ouro] and Lord Charles W[ellesley] went out to follow the sport of shooting. They had promised to return before 8 o'clock but, however, 10 o'clock came & they had not returned; 12 [o'clock] & still no signs of them. Old Man Cockney* then ordered the servants to bed & when they had retired & [?all] was quietness, he went into the great hall & sat down by the fire, determined not to go to bed till they came back.

He had sat about half an hour listening anxiously for their arrival whe[n] the inner door gently opened & Lady W[ellesley] appeared. O[ld] M[an] [?Cockney] could see by the light of the fire, for he ha[d] put out the candle, that she was very pale & much agitated.

'What is the matter, madam?' said he.

L[ady] W[ellesley]: 'I was sitting down working when suddenly I saw th[e] light cast on my work by the taper turn blue & death-like, burning phosphorus or asphalt, as I looked up & saw the figures of my sons all bloody & distorted. I gazed on them till they vanished, unable to speak or stir, & then I came down here.'

She had scarcely finished the recital of this strange vision when the great door was heard to open with a loud, creaking noise, & the Duke of W[ellington] entered. He stood still for a moment earnestly looking at L[ady] W[ellesley] & the old man & then said, in a distinctly audible but hollow tone of voice, 'Catherine, where are my sons, for I heard while sitting in my study their voices moaning and wailing around me & supplicating me to deliver them from the death they were about[t] to die. Even now, I feel a dreadful foreboding concernin[g] them which I cannot shake off. Catherine, where are th[ey:]?'

Before Lady W[ellesley] could answer, the door again opened & we appeared. He immediately addressed us & begged of us to tell him what had become of them. We replied that we did not know, but that, if he liked, we would go in search of them. He thanked us gratefully, adding that he would go with us, & then, after he had taken leave of Lady W[ellesley], we immediately set off.

We had gone as near as we could, [?about] 4 miles, when we entred a very wild, barren plain, which none of us had ever seen before. We continued on this plain till we lost sight of everything else & then suddenly perceived the whole aspect of the [?sky] to be changed. It assumed the appearance of large, rolling waves, created with white foam. Also we could hear a thundering sound, like the roaring of the sea at a distance, & the moon seemed a great globe of [?many] miles in diameter.

We were gazing in silent astonishment at this glorious sight, which every minute was growing grander & grander & the noise of thunder was increasing, when suddenly the huge waves parted asunder & a giant clothed in the sun with a crown of 12 stars on his head* descended on the plain. For a moment our sight was destroyed by the glory of his apparel, & when it was restored to us we found ourselves in a world the beauty of which exceeds [?beyond] my powers of description. There were trees & bowers of light, waters of liquid crystal flowing over sands of gold with a sound the melody of which far exceeds music of the finest toned harps or the song of the sweet voiced nightingales. There were palaces of emerald & ruby, of diamond, of amethyst and pearl, arches like the rainbow of jasper, agate & sapphire spanning wide seas whose mighty voices were now hushed into a gentle murmur & sang in sweet

unison with the silver streams which flowed through this radiant land, while their glorious song was echoed & reechoed by high mountains, which rose in the distance & which shone in the glowing light like fine opals set in gold.

We had been here for a short time when the sky blackned; the winds rose; the waves of the ocean began to roar. All beautiful things vanished & were succeeded by tall, dark cypress & fir trees, which swayed to & fro in the wind with a mournful sound like the moans of dying mortals. A huge black rock appeared before us. A wide & dark cavern opened in it, in which we saw A[rthur] & C[harles] W[ellesley]. The giant then came again &, taking them & us in his arms, flew swiftly through the air & landed us all in the great hall of Strathfieldsay.

CHAPTER the IV

The Duke of Wellington's Tale to his Sons

It was a beautiful evening in the month of August when the Duke of Wellington & his sons were seated in a small private parlour at the top of the great round tower at Strathfieldsay. The sun was just setting & its beams shone through the gothic window, half veiled by a green, velvet curtain which had fallen from the golden supports & hung in rich festoons with a glowing brillia[nce] equal to the crimson light which streams from the oriental ruby, but unlike to that beautiful gem, it was every moment decreasing in splendou[r], till at length only a faint rose tint remained on the marble pedestal which stood opposite, bearing the statue of William Pitt* & which, but a little while ago, had shone with a brightness resembling the lustre [of] burnished gold.

Just as the last ray disappeared, Lord Charles Wellesley exclaimed, 'Father, I wish you would relate to us some of your adventures either in India or Spain.*'

'Very well, I will, Charles. Now listen attentively,' replied His Grace. 'Would you like to hear too, Arthur?'

'I should, very much,' answer[d] the Marquis, with a gravity & calmness which formed a striking contrast to the giddy gaiety that marred the deportment of his younger brother.

His Grace then began as follows. 'In the year & the day of the Battle [of] Salamanca,* just as the sun set & the twilight was approaching, I finished my despatches & walked forth from the convent gates of

the Rector of Salamanca in order to enjoy the coolness of a Spanish evening. To this purpose I proceeded through the city till I came to the outside of its walls & then strolled heedlessly along by the clear stream of the Tormes, following as it led, until I found myself far away from the city & on the borders of a great wood, which stretched over many high hills to the verge of the horizon. There was a small pathway cut through this forest, which I entered, striding over the river which had now dwindled into a diminutiv[e] rill. Strictly speaking, this was not a prudent step nor one which I should advise you, my sons, if ever you should be in the like circumstances, to take, for the evening was far advanced, & the bright light of the beautiful horizon cast an uncertain glowing glare on everything, which made travelling through a dark wood which I knew nothing of exceeding dangerous. The country was likewise much infested with daring robbers & organized banditti,* who dwelt in such lonely situations, but there was a sort of charm upon me which led me on in spite of myself.

'After I had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, I heard a sound like music at a distance which in short time dyed away, but when I had got very deep into the forest, it rose again, & then it sounded nearer. I sat down under a large, spreading maple tree, whose massive limbs & foliage were now beginning to be irradiated by the moonlight which pierced into the depths of the forest & highly illumined with its beams the thick darkness.

'I had not sat here long when, suddenly, the music which had till then sounded soft & low like the prelude of a fine musician on a sweet instrument, broke out into a loud, deep strain which resembled the pealing of a full toned organ when its rich floods of sound are rolling & swelling in the sublime Te Deum & echoing amid the lofty aisles & [pealing] to [the] [high] dome of some grand cathedral with a deep, solemn noise like the loud, awful rumbling & terrible thunder, or the sudden burst of that most sublime of all music, martial music, when the ringing trumpet & the rolling drum are sounding together with the fierce onset of a brave & noble army. Then you feel the grandeur of the battle amid the lightning & roar of the cannon, the glancing of swords & lances, & the thunder of the living cataract of men & horses rushing terribly to Victory,* who stands arrayed in bloody garments with a crown of glory upon her head.

'But to proceed with my story. No sooner had this loud concert sounded than the dark forest vanished like mists of the morning before the sun's brightness, & slowly there rose upon my sight a huge mirror, in which were dimly shadowed the forms of clouds & vapours all dense

& black, rolling one over the other in dark & stormy grandeur, & among them in letters of lightning I saw the "Futurity".

'By degrees these clouds cleared away, & a fair & beautiful island appeared in their stead, rising out of the midst of a calm & peaceful ocean, & linked to it by a golden chain was anot[h]er equal in beauty but smaller. In the middle of the largest of these 2 islands was a tall & majestic female seated on a throne of ruby, crowned with roses, bearing in one hand a wreath of oak-leaves & in the other a sword, while over her the tree of liberty flourished, spreading its branches far & wide & casting the perfume of its flowers to the uttermost parts of the earth. [In] the midst of the other island there was likewise a female, who sat on an emerald throne. Her crown was formed of shamrocks, in her right hand she held an harp & her robes were of a crimson hue as if they had been dyed in blood. She was as majestic as the other, but in her countenance was some thing very sad & sorrowful, as if a terrible evil hung upon her. Over her head were the boughs of a dark cypress,* instead of the pleasant tree which shaded the other island, & sometime[s] she swept the chords of the harp, causing a wild & mournful soun[d] to issue therefrom like a death wail or dirge.

'While I was wondering at her grief, I perceived a tremendous monster rise out of the sea & land on her island. As soon as it touched the shores a lamentable cry burst forth, which shook both islands to their centre, & the ocean all round boiled furiously, as if some terrible earthquake had happened. The monster was black & hideous & the sound of his roaring was like thunder. He was clothed in the skin of wild beasts & in his forehead was branded, as with a hot iron, the word "bigotry". In one hand he held a scythe, & as soon as he entred the land the work of desolation began. All pleasantness & beauty disappeared from the face of the country, & pestilential morasses came in their stead. He seemed to pursue with inveterate fury a horrible old man who, a voice whispered in my ear, was called the Romish Religion. At first he seemed weak & impotent, but as he ran he gathered strength, & the more he was persecuted the stronger he became, till at length he began, with a terrible voice, to defy his persecutor & at the same time, strove to break the golden chain which united the two islands.

'And now I saw the form of a warrior* approaching, whose likeness I could by no means discern, but over whom a mighty shield was extended from the sky. He came near to the monster whose name was "bigotry" & taking a dart on which the word "justice" was written in golden characters, he flung it at him with all his might. The dart had struck in the heart & he fell with a loud groan to the earth. As soon as

he had fallen, the warrior, whose brow had already many wreaths on it, was crowned by a hand which proceeded from a golden cloud with a fresh one of amaranths interwove[n] with laurel.* At the same time the two spirits arose from their thrones, & coming towards him, they cast garlands & crowns of victory at his feet, while the[y] sung* his praises in loud & glorious notes. Meantime, the desolated land was again overspread with pleasant pastures & green woods & sunny plains, watered by clear rivers flowing with a gentle sound over green [?rocks], while the wild harp pealed in sweetly swelling tones among the branches of the tree of liberty.

'The sound ceased & lo, I was beneath the maple tree & a nightingale was serenading me with its beautiful song, which caused me to dream of sweet music.'

*CB November 21s[t]
Anno Domini 1829**

CHAPTER THE V

The Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley's Tale to his Little King and Queens

In the year 1722, in the pleasant month of June, four inhabitants of Fairy-land took it into their heads for a treat to pay a visit to the inhabitants of the earth. In order to accomplish this end, they took the form of mortals, but first it was necessary to obtain leave of Oberon & Titania,* their king & queen. Accordingly, they demanded an audience of their majesties & were admitted. They stated their wish & petition, which was immediately granted, & they prepared to depart.

Having descended to the earth in a cloud, they alighted in a part of England which was very mountainous & quite uninhabited. They proceeded along for some time till they came to the verge of a rock that looked down into a beautiful vale below. Through it ran a clear & pleasant stream, which followed the vale in all its narrow windings among the high, dark mountain[s] which bordered it & the massive branching trees which grew in thick clumps casting a cool & agreeable shade all over the valley. Through these it meandered with a rippling sound until, when the glen broke from its confinement among them & spread into a wide, green plain all dotted with great, white poplars & stately oaks & spangle[d] with pearly daisies & golden buttercups,

among which likewise occasionally peeped out the pale primrose or the purple violet, it also expanded into a broader & deeper current, rolling or rather gliding on with a still murmur that resembled the voice of some water spirit heard from the depths of its coral palaces, when it sings in lonely silence after the sea ceased to heave & toss in terrible black beauty & on the face of the earth* Night walks in awful majesty,* all cloth[ed] in stars, while Luna sheds pale light from her silver lamp to illumine the pathway of the dark & stately queen.

In the midst of this valley there was a small thatched cottage, which had once been the pleasant abode of a flourishing husbandman, who was now dead, & his children had forsaken it one by one & the sweet spot where it stood, each to pursue his own fortune, till it was now entirely deserted & had fallen into a state of ruin & decay. The fairies proceeded down the vale towards the cottage & when they arrived there began to examine it. The walls were all grey & moss-grown. Vine tendrils were still visible among the wreaths of ivy which clasped around the door-way, & one silver star of jessamine peeped out from among the dark leaves. The little garden was all grown over with nettles & rank weed, & no trace remained of its former beauty, except a single rose bush, on which still bloomed a few half wild roses, & beside it grew a small strawberry plant with two or three scarlet strawberries upon it, forming a fine contrast to the desolation which surrounded them.

In this place the fairies determined to take up their abode, which they accordingly did, & they had not been long there when the following occurrence happened. They were sitting one evening round the fire of their hut (for being now in the form of mortals, they acted like them), listening to the wind which moaned in hollow cadences as it swept along the valley, & its voice was sometimes mingled with strange sounds which they well knew were the voices of spirits rising in the air, invisible to the dull eyes of mortals.

They were sitting, as I said before, around the fire of their hut, when suddenly they heard a low knocking at the door. One of them immediately rose to open it & a man appeared clothed in a traveller's cloak. They enquired what he wanted. He replied that he had lost his way in the glen & that, seeing the light stream across his path from their cottage, he had stopped there & now requested shelter till the morning when he might be able to pursue his journey with the advantage of daylight. His request was immediately granted, & as soon as he was seated they asked what the cause of his travelling was. He replied that if they chose he would relate to them his whole history, as he could perceive that they were persons of no ordinary description & might

perhaps be able to assist him in his distress. They consented & he began as follows.

"I am the son of a gentleman of great fortun[e] & estate, who resided in one of the southernmost counties of Ireland. My father & mother were both Roman Catholics & I was brought up in that faith & continued in it until I became convinced of the error of the creed I professed. My father's confessor was a man of strange & unsociable habits, & was thought, by those among whom he dwelt, to have converse with the inhabitants of another world. He had received his education in Spain, & it was supposed that in the country he had learnt the science of necromancy.*

"The manner in which I became converted to the Protestant religion was as follows. There lived in our family an old servant who, unknown to my father, was a seceder from the Roman Catholic Church & a member of the Church of England. One day, I unexpectedly entered the room & surprised him reading his Bible. I immediately remonstrated with him on the impropriety of what he was about & desired him to leave off, telling him it was against the laws of the true church and contrary to the admonitions of our preist. He replied mildly but firmly, quoting many passages of scripture in defence of what he did & arguing in such a manner as to convince me that I was in the wrong. Next day I paid him a visit at the same hour & found him similarly employed. I had a long conversation with him, the effect of which was to induce me to search the Bible for myself. I did so and there discovered that the doctrines of the Church of England were those which most closely assimilated with the word of God. Those doctrines I accordingly determined to embrace.

"As soon as my conversion became known, my father strove to dissuade [me] from it, but I remained steadfast & [?]resolute. In a short time he ceased to trouble me. But not so with the confessor. He was constantly advancing arguments to induce me to recant, but failing, he made use of the following expedient as last resource.

"I was standing one evening in the court of my father's house, when suddenly I heard a voice whisper in my ear, "Come this night to the great moor at 12 o'clock." I turned round but could see no body. I then debated with myself what it could be & whether I should go or not. I at length determined to go & when the clock struck eleven I set off. The moor alluded to lay about four miles off. It was a wide barren heath stretching 2 leagues to the northward. In a short time I reached it. The night was very dark. No moon was visible & the stars were only dimly seen through the thin, cloudy vapours that sailed over the sky veiling

the dark azure with a sombre robe & casting a melancholy gloom on the [?scene] beneath. All round me was silent, except a little stream flowing unseen among the heather with a sound resembling the hoarse, incessant murmur which the seashell retains of its native caverns, where the green billows of the deep are roaring & raging with an eternal thunder.

'I had not waited long when slowly I saw rising around me the dim form of a sacred abbey, the stately pillars, the long drawn sweeping aisles, the echoing dome & the holy altar. All arose in gradual & mysterious order while a solemn & supernatural light stole through the high arched windows & beamed full upon a tomb which stood in the centre & which I knew to be my grandfather's. I was gazing at these things in wrapt & silent astonishment, when suddenly I saw a tall white robed figure standing upon the monument. It beckoned to me with its hand. I approached. It then addressed me in the following words, "Son, why have you deserted the ancient & holy religion of your ancestors to embrace a strange one which you know not of."

'I was going to reply when, at that moment, I perceived the confessor standing near. I instantly comprehended the whole sche[me] & exclaimed in a loud voice, "Your wiles are discovered. The faith I profess is true and I well-know that this [is] all necromancy."

'When the preist heard this he flew into a terrible rage &, stamping with his foot, a fire sprung out of the ground. He then threw some perfumes on it [and] said in a voice made tremulous by governable fury, "Depart hence vile heretic!" and immediately I found my self in this valley. You know the rest.'

Here the traveller stopped, & little more is known of the story, except that the fairies restored him to his family, who became devout members of the Church of England. The preist afterwards disappeared in a very unaccountable way & the fairies no longer dwell in that little hut, of which only a mossy remnant now remains. But the tradition still lives in many a peasant's fireside tale when gloomy winter has apparelled the earth in frost & radiant snow.

.....

This tale was related to Little King & Queen[s], Seringpatan, Old Man Cockney, Game-keeper, Jack of all Trades & Orderly Man* by the Marquis Douro & Lord C. Wellesley, as they sat by the fire at the great hall of Strathfeildsay.

C. Bronte December 2, 1829

AN INTERESTING PASSAGE IN THE LIVES

of Some Eminent Men of the

PRESENT Time

BY LORD

Charles Wellesley ~

JUNE the 18

1830

BY CHARLOTTE ~

BRONTE

June the 17 1830

I beleive that in great houses few know more of family concerns than servants, & even in middling establishments the case is the same. As I am generally kind to grooms, valets, footmen, lackeys, &c., &c., they often make me their confidante, entrusting me with many important secrets, which by degrees has enabled me to amass such a quantity of information respecting almost every grandee in the Glass Town that if I chose I could unveil a scene of murders, thefts, hypocrisy, perjury & so forth which can scarcely be paralleled in the annals of any other city.

There are also many who have not waded so far or deep in the slough of criminality* but are nevertheless filthily bespattered with more petty sins, such as deceit, meanness, toadism, underhand dealings, evil speaking, envy, &c. Of this latter class I purpose to make a selection, reserving the remainder for some future period, when I shall no doubt avail

myself of the wonderfully extensive miscellaneous information I possess to enlighten the public mind still further on this pleasant subject.

I am aware (to use a cant phrase) that my disclosures will cause a very considerable sensation among those who are implicated in the various transactions to which I shall allude, but as I care about them, their views & actions just as much as my monkey,* all their censures will pass by me with as little effect as the zephyrs in a hot summer's day fanning a sea-surrounded rock. I shall now proceed to the subject of my present volume.

Chapter the first

One warm & sunny afternoon in August 1829 I was reposing in one of the orange groves that adorn the luxuriant vale by which Babylon the great* is girdled. Oppressed by broiling heat, I plucked listlessly the golden fruit from a graceful bough which shaded me &, flinging the bright oranges into a cool artificial rivulet flowing past, I watched their course till intervening branches hid the crystal stream from my sight. *Tringia* lay at my feet, dissolved in peaceful slumber, dreaming no doubt that he was in his native shades of Chili gathering rich wild grapes clustered on every vine, or sporting with his hairy brethren among the old umbra[ge] through which no glimpse of sky disturbs the profound twilight reigning for aye beneath the forest's shadow.

As I fried with heat under an African summer's sun, I continued casting up my eyes to a zenith more intensely brilliantly blue than the most flawless sapphire that ever sparkled in Golconda,* like a duck in thunder wishing for some cloud, even though charged with a tropical tempest, to variegate the monotonous azure. While thus I lay, I heard some-one enter the grove & at the same instant perceived a gentleman in livery advancing towards me. On a nearer approach he raised his hat and addressed me familiarly as follows: 'Well, my lord, what is your opinion of the day? For my part, I'm on the point of being reduced to ashes with heat.'

'Oh,' said I, not wishing to coincide with him, 'it's tolerably cool, I think. You see I've been obliged to retire within this little close grove to keep myself even moderately warm.'

'Well,' returned he with a chuckling laugh, 'that's odd, & I've come here with the directly opposite purpose of sheilding my head from the fervid sunbeams.'

Disgusted at his flippancy, I was on the point of ordering him to quit the place, but then, thinking that his presence might be productive of amusement, I ordered him to sit down at some distance from me. This fellow was valet de chambre* to the well known author Captain T—,* &, as I had shown him kindness when in a destitute condition, he thought himself privileged to speak freely. He was, however, not of an ill disposition but, on the contrary, possessed a slight tincture of good nature & intelligence, for which latter reason he some times proved rather useful to me.

I asked him how his master was.

'Pretty well,' he answered, & then added slyly, 'If your lordship pleases, I could relate two or three little incidents respecting him which might entertain you for half an hour.'

I consented, & the substance of his narrative is as follows. I do not give his words but merely the sense attired in the garb that I conceive fittest.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

One morning last May, as I was standing behind a tree in the avenue of my master's country house, a gentleman came riding up the road on horseback at a smart pace. When he drew nigh I perceived that it was Lieutenant B—,* chief librarian of the city. I stepped from my hiding place & did him obeisance. He asked if Captain T— was at home. I replied in the affirmative & at that instant my master appeared. They shook hands & appeared glad to see each other, but I thought there was a thing in the librarian's squint eye (for he has but one) that showed harm in his head.

They both went into the house after ordering me to cover the horse. I did so & led it up & down the avenue afterwards, till Lieutenant B— returned. When I heard them coming I slipped over the hedge & laid flat down on the other side to listen to what they would say, for I could not conjecture the reason of his coming here, which he had never been accustomed to do. They talked very low & nothing reached me but these words, which my master spoke as they parted: 'At the square at twelve at night? Very well. Goodbye.' He then went back to the house & B— cantered away.

When it was 8 o'clock in the evening, I was sent for to Captain T—. I found him in his library. He ordered me to prepare in all haste for a journey to the Glass Town, where he was to go to attend a funeral that

would take place there at midnight. I thought that an uncommon time for an honest man to be buried & my curiosity quickened me. In half an hour all was ready. We set off (for I went with him) & arrived at the city before eleven. He got out of his carriage at the Fetish Inn* & there he left it with all his servants except me, whom he ordered to accompany him.

We proceeded through many narrow darksome streets till, all at once emerging from these, we came to a wide square surrounded by decayed houses, none of which seemed to be inhabited save one. In an upper chamber of that a light was burning. We went into it &, passing up a ruined staircase, entered a low garret where—behold!—the librarian was standing dressed in cloak & mask. He whispered to my master & gave him the same sort of habiliments wherewith the captain presently arrayed himself.

Then he said in a low voice, 'I dread to pass through the Great Square.'

'But it must be done,' replied Lieutenant B—. 'There is no other way to the cemetery.'

After this they both quickly descended the stair & I followed.

When we got out of the house, 6 men came, all masqued (but among whom I could plainly distinguish by their gait Sergeant T— & Sergeant B—, one of whom is a lawyer & the other a bookseller. * They bore with great difficulty a very long, wide & seemingly heavy coffin. Following this as mourners, we all proceeded at a slow pace toward the Great Square. In a short time we arrived at it. About 20 or 30 noblemen & generals were standing around the image laughing & conversing gaily. Among these I could easily distinguish your father, my lord, the Duke of Wellington. None of the others appeared to mind the funeral, which stole softly along in the shade of a lofty range of houses. He, however, without discontinuing a conversation he was then holding with a dark, tall, ugly man in uniform (whose name I afterwards learnt is General Bobadill*) cast a keen glance towards it, which after wandering over all the figures fully concentrated on T—. He shrank & trembled, but the Duke quickly withdrew his gaze & we moved onward. I cannot tell how many streets & lanes the procession traversed till it stopped at a house in Charles Row. There Sergeant B— rung a bell & in a few minutes his father, the great political writer, came out. As he joined us I heard him say to the librarian, 'Magrass has taken the bribe.' Then all was silence.

We quickened our pace &, by the time S' Andrew's clock struck one, had arrived at a huge black marble wall where was a brass gate, strongly

locked & barred. This they knocked at several times without any one appearing. Captain B—* became impatient. He stamped & muttered, 'Has the scoundrel betrayed us?'

Just then the door of a little tower built on the wall opened and a man came forth. He ran down some steps & disappeared on the other side. Presently the gate was unbolted & we beheld a vast, enclosed plain full of tombs & monuments. One of the graves were open. This we proceeded towards. It was a very deep vault full of chests. The coffin being let down & covered with earth, all went away except I & my master, who stopped behind as watchers. We continued till day-break without any disturbance & then quitted the yard also. A carriage which waited at the gate conveyed us to T—'s residence. When we arrived there, he commanded me to go to bed immediately. I obeyed but was unable to sleep, though very much fatigued, with thinking of what had occurred.

Next night we proceeded again to the cemetery. For about 2 hours no noise reached us & we were thinking of going home, but then we perceived 3 men sliding down the wall. One was Doctor H— B—, the other Young Man N— & the third Ned L—.* At this Captain T—, who is a great coward, turned pale &, though he had sworn to defend the grave, slinked off, cowering behind a monument. I followed his example, not wishing to hazard my skin for what did not concern me.

As his myrmidons approached I heard N— say, 'The lad was buried here. I think he'll be middling fresh to some that you get doctor.'

They then began to uncover the vault & in a little time turned up the coffin. T— gave an involuntary squeal at the sight, which startled the resurrectionists. They turned round & spied him trembling behind a stone. Ned dragged him out by the collar, while I crawled off unobserved to a more secure hiding place.

'How did you come here?' said H—. 'Speak or I'll dash this spade through your skull.'

'Never.'

'Hold him!' bawled N—. 'But look at this coffin! If I don't declare, it's full of books instead of bones, & here's ever so many chests crammed with the same kind of traffic.'

'They're mine!' cried T—. 'And I've buried them here for safety.'

'That's a lie!' replied H—, after glancing over them. 'These books belong to the public library. You've stole them & buried them here for secrecy. I'll inform against you!'

'O don't! Don't!' exclaimed the captain. 'If you will never tell any body of this, I promise to procure you a living subject every week. Besides, Captain B—, Sergeant B—, Lieutenant B—, Sergeant T— &

Magrass the gatekeeper are all concerned as well as me in the affair, & they'll have to be executed likewise.'

'Humph, I don't much care for that,' answered H—. 'But as you say you'll get me a living subject once a week, I'll not tell. The first time however, that you fail in the performance of that promise, or in any way displease me, your life is in my hands. Now be off!'

'I shall certainly mind,' rejoined T—. 'But remember, Doctor H— that I also have found you engaged in not the most legal work. I have a tongue which can speak too.'

'It's safest to clap you sideways then,' said H—, & he struck him dead on the spot. Ned & N— flung the books again into the grave & covered it up & they all quitted the yard, carrying T— along with them.

After this tragical scene had been acted, I emerged from my concealed situation & returned home, which my master did also in a few days. But I have since heard him say that he spent 2 days & 2 nights in Doctor H— B—'s macerating tub.*

Here my garrulous informant stopped, & after I had expressed my approbation of the ability with which he had related the affair, I left him to the solitary enjoyment of the sylvan shade within which he reclined.

After walking about a mile, I reached one of the green refreshing alleys bordered with majestic elms, limes or aloes which form public promenades for the highest circles of the metropolis. Here I beheld an assemblage of noblemen & gentlemen conversing together with great earnestness: Young Rouge,* with the body of a male mandril, the head of a jack and the dress of a buffoon; Old Rouge, the image of a hopeless insolvent; Young Bud, like walking parchment stuffed with straw or law, which you will; Old Bud, a bottle of elixir; Sergeant Tree, an absolute ape; Captain Tree, conceit personified; Lord Lofty, a buck;* Old Rouge['s] youngest son, a promising youth; &c., &c. This motley throng with bent brows & self important looks were evidently discussing no trifling topic. I perceived the Marquis of Douro, my brother, in the midst & overhead the following conversation between him & Lord Lofty.

Lofty: Well, my lord Marquis, have you heard of this little affair concerning the robbery of the public library?

D: Yes, it has surprised me, I own.

L: Brock is taken & will, I hope, be put to the torture.

D: That would be most unjustifiable cruelty in his case. No blood ought to be shed, in my opinion.

L: Well, but they might rack him. That instrument* leaves a man whole as before though a little stretched. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Here Arthur turned from him to Captain Tree, whom he accosted thus.

D: Tree, you are, I think, more merciful. What would be your mode of procedure?

T: Kill the wretch outright without trial or question. He may accuse innocent persons as accomplices in his crime.

I now step forward & said, 'Aye, Tree! Kill him & all like him outright without trial or question. They might accuse such an innocent person as you, for instance, & witness[s] are easily to be got who could swear to seeing you in company with him on a certain night going after a black coffin not filled with flesh & blood.'

T (reddening): What do you mean, sir?

M[e]: Many a thing.

I was going on, but Arthur restrained me with, 'Charles, Charles, hush love.' He then took hold of my hand & hurried me away from the walk.

It was now evening & by the time we reached the palace, a flaming South African occident cast a transcendancy of light over all the vast city that resounded with a loud murmur, & gloriously irradiated its stupendous tower, which rose encompassed with magnificent oaks now standing in undefined masses of darkness against a sky of gold. Far off the broad harbour lay dotted by innumerable white-sailed vessels. The ocean heaved in terrible beauty. Its mighty voice deepened with the hush of evening. A hundred streams of the vale pouring forth their emulous song were unheard amid that awful thunder, which rolled over the fading earth through an atmosphere of balm & fragrance. My brother & I stood on the terrace for a long time wholly absorbed in admiration, till at length Finic came to remind us that the dew was falling & colds abroad in the air.

Charles Wellesley

June the 18, 1830 C Brontë

SECOND SERIES OF THE
YOUNG MEN'S
MAGAZINE. NO
THIRD

FOR OCTOBER 1830

Edited by Charlotte Brontë

SOLD

BY

SERGEANT TREE*

AND ALL

OTHER

Booksellers in the Glass Tow[n],

Paris, Ross's Glass Town, Par-

ry's G Town & the Duke of

Wellington's Glass Town

Finished August 23 1830

Charlotte Brontë—

August 23

1830

This second series of maga-
zines is conducted on like
principles with the first. The
same eminent authors are
also engaged to contribute for it.

CONTENTS

A Day at Parry's Palace, by C. W	I
Morning, by the Marquis D	II
Conversations	III
Advertisements	IV

NO. THIRD FOR OC-
TOBER 1830

Finished August 23 1830

1830

CHARLOTTE
BRONTË

August 23 1830

Charlotte Brontë

A DAY AT PARRY'S PALACE

BY LORD CHARLES WELLESLEY

'Oh, Arthur!' said I, one morning last May. 'How dull this Glass Town is! I am positively dying of ennui. Can you suggest anything likely to relieve my disconsolate situation?'

'Indeed, Charles, I should think you might find some pleasant employment in reading or conversing with those that are wiser than yourself. Surely you are not so emty-headed & brainless as to be driven to the extremity of not knowing what to do!' Such was the reply to my civil question, uttered with the prettiest air of gravity imaginable.

'Oh, yes! I am, brother! So you must furnish me with some amusement.'

'Well then, Charles, you have often spoken of a visit to Captain Parry's Palace as a thing to be desired. You have now time for the accomplishment of your wish.'

'Very true, Arthur, & you deserve your weight in gold for reminding me of it.'

Next morning, I was on my way at an early hour in the direction of William Edward's country.* In less than a week I crossed the borders and was immediately struck with the changed aspect of everything. Instead of tall, strong muscular men going about seeking whom they may devour, with guns on their shoulders or in their hands, I saw none but little shiftless milk-and-water-beings, in clean blue linen jackets & white aprons. All the houses were ranged in formal rows. They contained four rooms, each with a little garden in front. No proud castle or splendid palace towered insultingly over the cottages around. No high-born noble claimed allegiance of his vassals or surveyed his broad lands with hereditary pride. Every inch of ground was enclosed with stone walls. Here & there a few regularly planted rows of trees, generally poplars, appeared, but no hoary woods or nodding groves were suffered to intrude on the scene. Rivers rushed not with foam & thunder through meads & mountains, but glided canal-like along, walled on each side that no sportive child might therein find a watery grave. Nasty factories, with their tall black chimnies breathing thick columns of almost tangible smoke, discoloured not that sky of dull, hazy, colourless hue. Every woman wore a brown stuff gown with white cap & handkerchief; glossy satin, rich velvet, costly silk or soft muslin, broke not in on the fair uniformity.

Well, 'on I travelled many a mile',* till I reached Parry's Palace. It was a square building of stone, surmounted by blue slates & some round stone pumpkins. The garden around it was of moderate dimensions, laid out in round, oval or square flower beds, [with] rows of peas, gooseberry bushes, black, red & white currant trees, some few common flowering shrubs, & a grass place to dry clothes on. All the convenient offices, such as wash-house, back-kitchen, stable and coalhouse, were built in a line & backed by a row of trees. In a paddock behind the house were feeding one cow, to give milk for the family & butter for the dairy & cheese for the table; one horse, to draw the gig, carry their majesties & bring home provisions from market; together with a calf and foal as companions for both.

As the wheels of my carriage were heard on the stone pavement of the court yard, the kitchen door opened & a little oldish maun and waman* made their appearance. They immediately ran back again at sight of my splendid (for so it must have seemed to them) equipage. A slight bustle now became audible inside the house, & in a few moments Sir Edward & Lady Emily Parry came out to welcome their newly arrived guest. They too were a little frightened at first, but I soon quitted their fears by telling them who I was.

After this explanation I was ushered into a small parlour. Tea was on the table & they invited me to partake of it. But before sitting down, Parry took from the cup-board a napkin, which he directed me to pin before my clothes lest I should dirty them, saying in a scarcely intelligible jargon that he supposed they were my best as I had come on a visit & that perhaps my mama would be angry if they got stained. I thanked him but politely declined the offer. During tea a complete silence was preserved; not a word escaped the lips of my host or hostess. When it was over little Eater was brought in, habited in a most dirty & greasy pinafore, which Lady Emily presently stripped him of and substituted a clean one in its stead, muttering in a cross tone that she wondered how Amy could think of sending the child into the parlour with such a filthy slip on.

Parry now withdrew to his study & Lady Aumly* to her work room, so that I was left alone with Eater. He stood for more than half an hour on the rug before me with his finger in his mouth, staring idiot like full in my face, uttering every now & then an odd grumbling noise, which I suppose denoted the creature's surprise. I ordered him to sit down. He laughed but did not obey. This incensed me, and heaving the poker I struck him to the ground. The scream that he set up was tremendous, but it only increased my anger. I kicked him several times & dashed his

head against the floor, hoping to stun him. This failed. He only roared the louder. By this time the whole household was alarmed: master, mistress and servants came running into the room. I looked about for some means of escape but could find none.

'What have you been doing to the child?' asked Parry, advancing towards me with an aspect of defiance.

As I wished to stop a day longer at his palace, I was forced to coin a lie. 'Nothing [at] all,' I replied. 'The sweet little boy fell down as I was playing with him & hurt his self.'*

This satisfied the good easy man & they all retired, carrying the hateful brat still squalling & bawling along with them.

In about an hour afterwards, supper was brought in. It consisted of coffee & a very few thin slices of bread & butter. This meal, like the former, was eaten in silence, & when it was concluded we went to bed.

I rose next morning at 9 o'clock and came down just in time for breakfast, after which I took a walk through the fields. In the yard I saw Eater, surrounded by three cats, two dogs, five rabbits & six pigs, all of whom he was feeding. On my return I found a new guest had arrived in the shape of Captain John Ross.

He & Parry were conversing together, but I could understand very little of what they said. It was, however, something about 'Aun having moide Trahl a nou clouk of floured muslin waud punk rubun ot de bottom & faul saulk belt', which he liked very much. Parry said that 'the laust dress Aumly haud moide haum wauss a boutiful pale craumson, traumed waud yaullow, groin & purple, & a fadher aun hid caup of a rauch lilac cauler.'

Dinner was set on the table precisely at twelve o'clock. The dishes were roast-beef, Yorkshire pudding, mashed potatoes, apple pie & preserved cucumbers. Ross wore a white apron during dinner. I observed that he took not the smallest notice of me, though I must necessarily have been a different object from what he was in the habit of seeing. All eat as if they had not seen a meal for three weeks, while

The solemn hush of twilight lay
On every tongue around.*

I felt a strong inclination to set the house on fire & consume the senseless gluttons. At the dessert each drank a single glass of wine, not a drop more, & eat a plateful of strawberries with a few sweet cakes. I expected some blow-up after the surfeit which Ross, if I might judge from his continued grunting & puffing, had evidently got, & was not

disappointed. An hour subsequent to dinner, he was taken extremely sick. No doctor being at hand, death was momentarily expected & would certainly have ensued, had not the Genius Emily arrived at a most opportune period; & when the disorder had reached its crisis, she cured with an incantation & vanished.*

I only remained at Parry's Palace till the morrow, for I found my visit intolerably dull—as much so as, I fear, the reader will find this account of it. But the journey had given me some notion of things as they are, & for that reason I did not regret it. For many days after I had returned to the Glass Town my life was a very brisk one, as persons were constantly coming to hear my account of the place where I had been. I happened at that time to be in an exceedingly taciturn disposition of mind, which circumstance prevented my satisfying their curiosity by word of mouth. I have therefore had recourse to the only way of obviating the inconvenience, namely by sending this brief narrative for insertion in the Young Men's Magazine.

August 22, 1830

Farewell, Genius CW

MORNING BY MARQUIS DOURO*

LO! the light of the morning is flowing
Through radiant portals of gold
Which Aurora in crimson robes glowing
For the horses of fire doth unfold*

See Apollo's burnished car
Glorifies the east afar
As it draws the horizon nigher
As it climbs the heavens higher
Richer grows the amber light
Fairer, more intensely bright
Till floods of liquid splendour roll
O'er all the earth from pole to pole

Hark! the birds in the green forest bowers
Have beheld the sun's chariot arise

And the humblest the stateliest flower[s]
Are arrayed in more beautiful dyes

Now, while the woodland choir[s] are singing
Opening buds fresh odours flinging
And while nature's tuneful voice
Calls on all things to rejoice
I cannot join the common gladness
'Tis to me a time of sadness
All these sounds of mirth impart
Nought but sorrow to my heart

But I love evening's still quiet hour
The whispering twilight breeze
The damp dew's invisible shower
Conglobing in drops on the trees

Then is heard no sound or tone
But the night-bird singing lone
Peacefully adown the vale
It passes on the balmy gale
Ceases oft the pensive strain
Solemn sinking & again
Philomela* sends her song
To wander the night winds along

While silver-robed Luna* is beaming—
Afar in the heavens on high
And her bright train of planets are gleaming
Like gems in the dome of the sky

From the firmament above
Down they gaze with looks of love
On the minstrel all unheeding
Still their ears entranced feeding
With the notes of sweetest sound
Gushing forth on all around
Music not unfit for heaven
But to earth in mercy given
Thou dost charm the mourner's heart
Thou dost pensive joy impart

Peerless Queen of harmony
How I love thy melody

Marquis of Douro

August 22 1830

CONVERSATIONS

Marquis of Douro, Young Sault, Lord Wellesley,
Sergeant Bud, De Lisle.* Parlour in Bravey's Inn.*

Lord Wellesley

Well, De Lisle, this is the first time you have been present at our conversations & right glad I am to see a gentleman of such genius among us.

De Lisle

My lord, one of the chief pleasures which such an honnour gives me is that of being made acquainted with such distinguished personages as yourself, my Lord, & your noble brother.

Marquis of Douro

I do not know, sir, that I have had the happiness of seeing you before, but often have I seen your mind displayed in the peerless productions of your pencil, where the sublime and beautiful are set forth with a supreme mastery of execution & elevation of feeling that none but a genius of the highest order could ever hope to attain.

Lord Wellesley

Arthur, have you seen his view from the summit of the Tower of all Nations?*

Marquis of Douro

I have, Charles, & my admiration of it is unbounded. Who can conceive the thoughts & sensations of such a man, while from that aerial altitude he traced the grand lineaments of nature? None. How was he then raised above all sublunary concerns? How must his already gigantic spirit have dilated, as he saw the farthest isles & coasts drawn into the vast circle of an horizon, more extensive than that beheld from Chimborazo or Teneriffe!* De Lisle, you are already among those consecrated names that form the boast & glory of Britannia, Empress of the Waves.

De Lisle

My Lord Marquis, I cannot deserve your eulogium. Painting is but the younger sister of Poetry, that divine art which is yours.

Marquis of Douro

Mine, De Lisle? She belongs to none. She is confined to no realm, shore or empire: alike she reigns in the heart of peasant or king; painter & statuary, as well as poet, live, breathe, think, act under the celestial influence of her inspiration.

Lord Wellesley

Ochone!* Arthur, one would think M[arian] H[ume]* was Poetry in disguise.

Sergeant Bud

Well, well, the lawyer is happily free. Pray, young gentlemen, have not you lately taken a jaunt of some hundred miles into the country?

Lord Wellesley

Yes, parchment, we have. What then?

Sergeant Bud

Why, I should like to hear an account of it.

Lord Wellesley

Which I am in no humour for giving!

Young Sout

But I am & I will. We saw Nature in her fairest dress. Art has not yet built a palace in the dark hills of Jibbel Kumri, the wide desert of Sahara, the palmy plains of Fezzan, or the mountain vales which no eye but the lone traveller's hath seen.* Oh, oft as I wandered, in a delightful kind of insanity, far from the caravan, I have tout à la coup* in the midst of mountains that clave the whirlwind-swept heaven, in stern and naked grandeur, beheld glens reposing in supernatural loveliness, in the arms of circling rocks that seemed unwilling for any to seek their beauty, which was [?wildered] and enhanced by the accompaniment of unearthly objects. Strange trees grimly shook their long dark tresses over the grassy ground where stars, instead of flowers, gleamed. Clouds ever hung over them. The sun was screened by jealous hills frowning in majesty above—

O spirits of the sky were there
Strange enchantment filled the air
I have seen from each dark cloud
Which in gloom those vales did shroud

White robed beings glance & fly
& rend the curtain from the sky
I have seen their wings of light
Streaming o'er the heavens' height
I have seen them bend & kiss
Those eternal vales of bliss
& I've seen them fast enshroud
Those Edens of unfading bloom
All in mist & all in gloom
O the darkness of that night
O the grandeur of that sight
None can speak it, none can tell
Heark I hear the thunder swell
Crashing through the firmament
'Tis by wrathful spirits sent
Warning me to say no more
Now hath ceased the dreadful roar
Now a calm is all around
Not a breath and not a sound
That frozen stillness durst break
This is Nature's silent sleep
Sudden light above me springs
Sudden music round me rings
Now again the spirits dance
& again the sunbeams glance
This is light & this is mirth
All of heaven not of earth
Up hath risen purple morn
Love & Joy & life are born
I veil my eyes with a holy fear*
For the coming visions no mortal

May bear (Sinks down in a fainting fit but the Marquis of Douro, who is sitting by, catches him in his arms & reinstates him in a chair.)

Lord Wellesley

Ring,—ring the bell! Be quick! Bring hartshorn, cold water, vinegar, salvolatic, [?salzaikaling] and sal everything else!* The poet has fallen into an inspiration dream! Haste, haste, if you mean to save his life!*

Sergeant Bud

What's the matter with him? Nobody touched him that I saw of, but I suppose he is mad. Alack-a-day to be a poet!

De Lisle

His excited feelings have overcome him.

Young Soult (opening his eyes)

Where am I? Who is this so kindly bending over me? Is it you, Douro, my friend, patron, benefactor, to whom I owe more than to all the world beside?

Marquis of Douro

Be composed, my dear Soult. It is me. You should not allow your genius to gain so much ascendancy over your reason, for it exposes you more to ridicule than admiration.

Young Soult

I will try to follow your advice, my dear Douro, since I know the motives that induce you to give it.

Sergeant Bud

What ailed you? May I ask?

Young Soult

I cannot tell. My sensations at the moment of swooning were inexpressible; they were indeed 'all of heaven and not of earth'.

Sergeant Bud

Humph! (Turning to Lord Wellesley) You look very fresh and rosy somehow. Your journey seems to have done you good.

Lord Wellesley

So it has. I never feel well in this dismal, unwholesome Glass Town.

De Lisle

For several months before you went, it much concerned me to see your white countenance and cheeks without a streak of vermeil. Now the fairest leaf of the wild rose could not surpass their bloom. Your eyes also are more radiant and your hair more glossy than ever.

Lord Wellesley

Nonsense! I hope I'm rather tawny.

De Lisle

No, of a purer white than before.

Lord Wellesley

That's a flat lie! I'm not fair. Do you think I use cosmetics, pray?

De Lisle

Yes, one: that of an incomparably sweet temper.

Lord Wellesley

You're out again, sir. Was there ever a more malignant being than I am, Arthur? Now, speak truth, honestly.

Marquis of Douro (laughing)

What! always appealing to me? As I do not know tout le monde,* it is a useless question, Charles. But I believe if what it implies was a veritable maxim, I should not love you as well as I do.

Lord Wellesley

De Lisle, you've disturbed my happiness & made me angry with Arthur, so get along, don't sit so near me!

De Lisle (aside to the Marquis of D)

Have I displeased him, do you think?

Marquis of D (aside to De Lisle)

No, no, sir, he loves flattery. You can't lay it on too thick. Butter away! The more there is, the better he will be pleased. Watch his eye: when it glares his wrath has risen, then beware; but while it sparkles, fear not, he is delighted. Never mind the knit brow, pouting lip and raging tongue; they are but so many marks of pleasure.

De Lisle

Is he as charming in private as in public?

Marquis Douro

Infinitely more so. When he and I are alone, his sweetness of manner would force the merest misanthrope to love mankind. Among strangers, he wishes to be thought less amiable than he really is.

De Lisle

That is strange. What a wayward disposition!

Lord Charles Wellesley

Young Soult & Sergeant Bud, behold those two whispering together. Ill-bred rustics! Turn about, sirs, and face the company, I say!

De Lisle

We were talking of you.

Lord Wellesley

Of me! I demand an explanation. (Enter a servant.) What do you want?

Servant

A messenger has arrived from Waterloo Palace, whom His Grace the Duke of Wellington has sent to command the Marquis of Douro's and Lord Wellesley's immediate attendance.

Lord Wellesley

Be off ape! Come, brother, we must go. What can my father want, I wonder?

Young Soult

We'll go too.

De Lisle

Might I be allowed the honour of an introduction to His Grace's august presence?

Marquis of Douro

Certainly, if you desire it, & I will present you.

De Lisle

By so doing, your lordship will confer on me a great obligation.

Sergeant Bud

It is time for me to return home.

Lord Wellesley

Come with us then. Come, come, come.
(Exeunt omnes.* Curtain falls.)

August the 23 1830

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