Poe Meets Shaw

The Shaw Alphabet Edition
of
Edgar Allan Poe

Transliterated by

Tim Browne

Poe Meets Shaw
The Shaw Alphabet Edition of Edgar Allan Poe
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First Edition
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NOTE: This eBook version is intended to be printed double sided so that when printed and bound the traditional spelling will appear on the left side of the page and the Shavian version will appear on the right.

This book is dedicated to my wonderful niece, Trinity Dorion.
Always remember, your Uncle Tim loves you very much.

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𐑨𐑒𐑯𐑪𐑤𐑦𐑡𐑥𐑩𐑯𐑑𐑕

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I'd like to thank Mark Twain for writing and speaking out on the need for an easier way to write the English language, and George Bernard Shaw for being such a staunch supporter of simplifying the language that he proposed a contest in his will to make a 100% phonetic alphabet (I'm still trying to figure out why "phonetic" isn't spelled the way it sounds).

Thanks to everyone who entered the contest, to Kingsley Read who collated what was to become the Shaw Phonetic Alphabet for English and his transliteration of Shaw's play "Androcles and the Lion", with side by side comparisons of Shaw script and traditional English, to Penguin Books for publishing it, and to Lynne Truss who, by slamming Shaw's attempts to reform English Spelling and claiming that he'd lost his "sense of proportion" for said attempts in her book "Eats, Shoots and Leaves", aroused my ire and gave me yet another incentive to finish this book. For Shaw, here's the word in question spelled in the new alphabet: 𐑤𐑮. Take that, Lynne! ☺

Thanks to Joel of Bygone Books in Nanaimo, BC where I found my first ever copy of the book and my eyes were opened to the atrocity of traditional spelling, and to the owner of the now defunct Nanaimo Downtown Books for selling me my copy of the Unabridged Edgar Allan Poe and to Running Press for compiling and publishing it. Thanks also to the members of the Shaw Alphabet related message forums on Yahoo! who helped me untangle things that I found confusing with the new alphabet, Yahoo! for hosting the forums, and to Edgar Allan Poe, whose versatility in writing all the material contained here made him the logical choice for this book.

Thank you to Chris Bogusz, my best friend, who, by turning himself from a 207 pound 12 year old to a 3rd Degree Black Belt with Black Belt students of his own, showed me that anything is possible to anyone with a dream and the determination to carry it through.

Thank you to Bill Hicks and Selena Lee, who cared deeply for me at a time in my life when I'd given up on caring about myself. Thank you to David Raithby and the instructor at the Come Alive! program on Gabriola Island whose program brought about my emotional re-awakening and restored my sense of self worth. I wish I could thank you by name, but your name isn't on my contact list. Perhaps one day I'll go back to get reacquainted.

Thank you to Teresa Farrell, Terr3y Avery (yes, he does spell his name with a 3 in it) and Lindsay Smith from the Technology@Work.Jobs program at Malaspina University-College in Nanaimo, whose program allowed me to discover that I can accomplish anything that I set my mind to.

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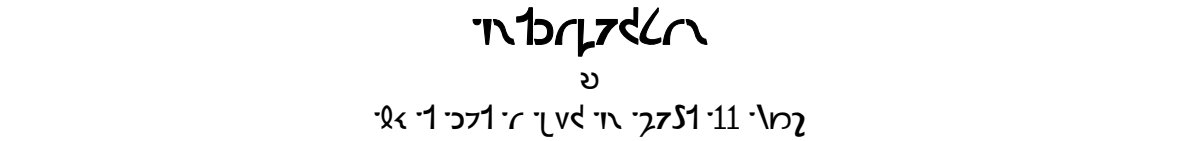
Finally, last but never least, to my parents, Thomas and Barbara Browne, who helped me with the Greek and Latin transcriptions, who have stood by me through thick and thin, even if I may not have realised it at the time, and who I love with all my heart.

Introduction

or

How to Write a Book in Just 11 Years



One fateful day, back on April 16th, 2002, I was visiting a local bookstore when an unusual book caught my eye; the Shaw Alphabet edition of Androcles and the Lion. I flipped through it for a couple of minutes, and, my interest piqued, I purchased and started reading it the same day.

As it turns out, George Bernard Shaw wasn't a big fan of our current spelling system. In his will, he proposed the creation of a new alphabet for English which was 100% phonetic. It couldn't look even remotely like what we have now, or the general public would believe that anyone using it was illiterate. He made the further stipulation that all characters must be written with a single stroke with no diacritical marks (eg. the ~ in ñ, the ¸ in ç, etc.). Most of his fortune was willed as a prize to the person who could come up with the best replacement. Once a suitable replacement was announced, his play Androcles and the Lion was to be transliterated into the new alphabet.

Sadly, his relatives contested the will and the prize money was all but eradicated. In the end, four people ended up sharing the prize, with one of the winners, Kingsley Read, merging the winning alphabets into a cohesive whole. After enough copies of the play were printed to give a free copy to every library in the English speaking world, £500 was split between the winners. The book was printed and published in 1962 and, instead of being a world wide phenomenon as it should have been, it died a quiet death.

On April 18th, 2002, 40 years after the original publication, I was so pissed off with traditional English spelling and the fate of this new alphabet that I decided to do something about it. It was one of the most beautiful writing systems that I had ever seen, in some places reminiscent of Greek and Japanese Hiragana, and easy to learn (Kingsley Read's claim is that you can learn to read it with a reasonable degree of fluency in about 10 hours of concentrated effort on average, but I took a bit longer than that, perhaps a couple of days). Something had to be done in order to reintroduce this wonderful writing system so that it could take its rightful place.

All I needed was a subject. What, I wondered, would be the best way to reintroduce the alphabet to the world at large? The most obvious choice was another play by Shaw. The most obvious among these was Pygmalion, but I couldn't figure out what the main character was saying most of the time, and besides, it was probably still under copyright. The best choice would be to transliterate something that's copyright free. I next thought of doing Aesop's Fables, but the only copy I could find was so inflammatory in some of its word

choices that it would have undoubtedly brought civil rights lawyers crashing down on my head. It was then that I found my Edgar Allan Poe compilation shining out at me like a beacon.

When most people think of Edgar Allan Poe, they think of him as the father of modern horror. The Raven. The Tell-Tale Heart. The Fall of the House of Usher. These and many more are known far and wide as his stock in trade. What most people don't realise, however, is that he also wrote love poetry, science fiction, science fact, plays, comedies, and many other categories to boot, including a documentary on how he wrote The Raven, and, unless I miss my guess, even predicted the solar wind over a hundred years before it was even hypothesised in astronomy. Given his versatility, he became the perfect choice.

Shortly after this, I picked up a 140 page lined notebook and started the transliteration process. Sadly, the first 10 pages of my booklet are undated, but given that page 11 is dated on April 24th, 2002, my best guess is that I started on The Raven on April 20th, perhaps April 21st. From then onwards, I became obsessed with the project. From time to time, I'd take some time off from the transliteration work here and there, but the project was always on my mind. When I wasn't transliterating, I was reading through the book to find things to transliterate. And so it went, day in and day out, until at 12:01am on March 11th, 2003, I filled up the very last line of the last page of the book.

While I was working on this, I was looking forward to the next step; transferring my work to the computer. On to the net I went, looking for fonts that I could use. While I liked the look of a lot of the fonts out there, I didn't like the keyboard layout at all. For example, hitting j on the keyboard gave you a Shavian y character, and you had to type J (ie. Shift-J) to get the actual j character. There were other aspects which I found similarly messed up. There was only one thing to do; make my own font. I wanted this to look and work exactly right, so I painstakingly laid out what I believed to be the ultimate keyboard mapping and built up the font from July 29th to August 21st, 2002, designed to look as close as possible to the typeface found in the original book.

Now that everything was in place, it was time to start transferring everything to the computer. I started this on May 11th, the day that I finished the transliteration work. I finished entering The Raven at 1:54am. After that, I let it drop and didn't do any more work until March 27th, then April 4th, and finally one last hurrah on July 10th. At that point I was so burned out from work that I let it drop and didn't pick it up again for over two years. Then, on August 14th, 2005, the second fateful day slammed into me like a ton of bricks; I got the call from my mother that at just before midnight, my niece, Trinity, was born.

My legs collapsed from under me. I couldn't stand, I couldn't think, I was on an emotional roller coaster. All I knew was that I had to see her as soon as possible. I took two days off from work and made it a 4 day weekend. I went to see her on the 18th, and as I approached the door to their apartment, I was a nervous wreck. I fought through it and went inside, and held my niece for the first time. As I looked down at her peaceful and innocent beauty, I was determined right then and there that I absolutely had to finish this book. Under

NO circumstances did I want her to be tortured with our hideously complex English spelling system.

Even with such an intense desire, it took until January 2nd, 2007 to get started on it again. When I realised how much time was slipping away, I swore a solemn oath that I would get it into a publishable state by the end of the year. Sadly, I took on too many other tasks as well (eg. making a New Year's resolution to learn Japanese with a certain textbook by the end of the year, too). I didn't quite make it, which isn't to say that I didn't make a hyper concentrated effort.

The next challenge became the order of things to add. I decided I'd break it into three sections, amounting to poems, stories and everything else. I knew that The Raven, widely hailed as his signature work, although he ironically first thought of it as a work of little or no significance, absolutely had to be first. It then became obvious to make The Philosophy of Composition, his documentary on how he wrote The Raven, the first selection in the "anything else" section. The Bells, his last published work, became the last in the Poems section.

I realised that when I was trying to come up with a logical ending to the book, I had a problem – there were two stories, The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion, and The Thousand and Second Tale of Scheherezade, which deserved to end off the book, for reasons which should be obvious once you've reached their conclusions. I got around this by redefining The Conversations of Eiros and Charmion as a play, which makes sense, given its presentation, and threw it in at the end of the "everything else" section, then completed the main section of the book with The Thousand and Second Tale of Scheherezade. I liked the way that this ended the book on a high note. The rest of the works I put in the appropriate sections in pretty much the same order that I originally transliterated them.

Part way through entering my first draft, I noticed that one of the works that I'd transliterated didn't really seem all that appropriate (Why the Little Frenchman Wears His Hand in a Sling). I scrapped that and filled in the blank with a couple of short works (eg. Some Secrets of the Magazine Prison House). Since I was adding new works anyway, I decided to find enough new works to bring the page count up to 200 per format.

I found a wealth of things to add, and the problem became trying to narrow it down. Two that I found especially interesting were reviews of books by Charles Dickens and Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, of "It was a dark and stormy night" fame, who also noted that "The pen is mightier than the sword", although not as famously. One of these authors has his praises sung from the roof tops, and the other gets slammed into the dirt. I'll leave it to you to find out which is which. After reading these, I think you'll agree that at least one of these writers, like Poe, has been seriously misunderstood. I'd also like to point out that the work he reviewed from the author he praises turned out to be one of the most influential works in world history. I'll leave it as a research project for the reader to figure out why.

The first draft went through 131 revisions and was completed on April 23rd. To make sure that I got everything right, I decided to do 4 more proofread drafts.

It's a good thing I did, as the first draft turned out to be hideously, unspeakably riddled with errors. Sometimes there were 9 errors in a single sentence, and even as high as 2-3 in a single word, and that was just in The Raven. The second draft started on June 10th and went through to the 29th, ending with 22 revisions. The third draft went through 11 revisions from July 20th to August 15th, the 9th being on my niece's second birthday. Revision 4 went through 5 drafts from September 1st to the 27th, and the final draft went through 4 revisions from October 12th to November 12th. I was feeling on top of the world, certain that I would meet my goal with no problems at all. Then disaster struck.

My graphics card got fried in a power outage. I took it in for repairs with explicit instructions on what I wanted, only to have them completely ignored. The end result was that my system turned into the chunkiest dog you could imagine. Believe it or not, even the DirectX "Pong test" showed lag. I went into a massive funk, and it took until January 13th, 2008 just to get my system back to a reasonable degree of efficiency. The person who "fixed" it followed my request to a point, but deviated from it without so much as a by your leave. It still wasn't great, but it's a lot better than it was.

While this was going on, I decided to start up again by starting to merge the traditional English and Shaw versions together on December 2nd. After all, time was slipping away... I finished the 8th draft on January 2nd, 2008, 1 year to the day after I started the input sessions. From December 20th to the 30th, I also did a complete overhaul on my font, to make it more in line with the line spacing of Times New Roman. For some reason, in my original version Times New Roman 10 was equivalent to Shaw 10.5, while Times New Roman 14 was equivalent to Shaw 13.5. After the overhaul, the font spacing was as close to exactly the same as I could make it.

The merging was very slow going. It's not simply a matter of copying one page into a document, then following it up with the same page in the other format directly following. Since the spelling systems are so radically different, each paragraph, and sometimes each line, in the Shaw version had to be formatted independently. To make the left and right sides as close to a one to one match as possible, every single line and/or paragraph margin has to be customised with exactitude, and even then a lot of the time I couldn't get it to match as well as I wanted to. Because of this variability in paragraph sizes, I've decided to leave the right margin unjustified.

Looking back at Androcles and the Lion, I'm blown away each and every time with how Kingsley Read managed not only to get each line down to 2/3rds the size of the original text, but kept each line as an exact content match of the original. I really have no idea how he did it, but he's definitely earned my respect, even more so now after I've completed this. Maybe it was the fact that he used hyphens.

Looking closer, a large part of it could have been vocabulary. For example, Poe isn't one to use a word like "truth" (𐑑𐑮𐑵𐑔, a 20% savings) when a word like "verisimilitude" (𐑝𐑧𐑮𐑦𐑕𐑦𐑥𐑦𐑤𐑦𐑑𐑿𐑛, only 14% saved) would do just as well. Kingsley also claimed in his book that he had to create a new typeface from scratch, so he

could have done what Johannes Gutenberg did with his original press and created multiple versions of the same character with slightly different widths to make sure that the margins could be justified properly (eg. Gutenberg made 8 versions of the letter e for just this reason).

The merger was clocking along, slowly but surely, and then I noticed something that made my heart stop. The next work up for merger was Hans Phall. Call me obsessive if you wish, but since I started the merger, I always wanted to end my sessions at the end of a work. I worked out the math for Hans Phall, and estimated that it would take over 5 hours in a single sitting. This may not sound like much, but I was getting burned out from work and other things going on, and the last thing I wanted to do when I got done with my work week was spend a marathon session working on something as tedious as merging something as humongous as that. Once again, the book was put on hold.

On June 25th, I finally bit the bullet and went for it. In the end, the merger that so intimidated me for all that time only took 2 hours and 50 minutes. That only left The Murders in the Rue Morgue, another work which intimidated me, if mainly for the fact that it was another huge story directly following Hans Phall, and The Thousand and Second Tale of Scheherezade. I started both of those on July 2nd at 7:03pm, and finished them at 11:05pm. After a 26 minute break, I came back and worked on the introduction that you're reading now, the final touches on the appendix, and started on the guide to the Shaw Alphabet at the end of this book. All of this took until 4:10am.

On July 3rd, I finished the Shaw Alphabet guide between 11pm and 11:58pm. After that, I added the Shaw Alphabet only version of The Fall of the House of Usher and set it to standard margins to show just how much space can be saved by adopting this new alphabet. I also added the table of contents and tweaked the introduction and the appendix, ending at 3:15am. I noticed a few things missing from the intro on July 7th, and on July 8th from 10:22am to 12:20pm, I filled in the remaining blanks, corrected some glaring errors and corrected the pagination, finally bringing this book to an end... or so I thought.

After sitting on it again for about 2 years (the last thing I wanted to do after all this work was search for an agent, publishers, etc. The work itself was exhausting enough, thank you), I took a look at it again. I transferred the file to my new e-reader on May 4th, 2010, and started reading through it about a week later, and noticed errors that I didn't see before. I started going through and correcting them starting at about 5:00pm on May 15th.

It was quickly dropped on the 17th and not picked up again until March 1st, 2011. At the time, I was unemployed and I thought to myself, "I've been working on this book for nearly 9 years now. I'm probably never going to get another chance like this again." I decided right then and there that I'd finish it once and for all and went through two *complete* drafts in about 2½ weeks. After I completed the third draft, I tried printing a page on a whim without scaling it for standard letter paper and found the Shaw font too small to be really appreciable, so I scaled everything up from 10 points to 12 points to make it easier to read and scaled up the page size from A5 to B5 so that The Raven would fit properly.

I also changed the Shaw Only story from *The Fall of the House of Usher* to *Some Words With A Mummy*. All told, this dropped the page count from 447 down to 399. I finally added the final touches to this introduction at 9:55pm on March 18th, 2011. Or so I thought.

When I printed off this revision, I noticed a few more errors *as it was printing*. On a whim, I decided to take a different tack and print out only the Shaw pages and completely drop the safety net. Up until then, I hadn't really taken the time to read what I was writing, so I figured this would slow me down and enable me to catch any remaining errors. This second to final draft took from March 24th to the 27th to preview and correct the hardcopy version, plus about 8¼ hours in a single sitting to enter into the computer (4:09pm to 12:27am). I then added some final corrections and helpful hints to the Appendix and added the final touches to this Introduction on March 28th, 2011 at 1:16am.

The *final* final draft was checked from July 31st to August 9th, 2011 (reading from the Shaw copy and then cross checking it with the standard text) and entered from about 4:00-7:00pm the same day. I also changed the reading key at the end of the book. To make it easier, I changed the pronunciations of each character from bold to bold italics.

My *final* updates were made December 7th, 2012 when I changed the page size yet again to standard letter size and made some minor tweaks to the text and again on the 22nd-23rd when I changed it to A4 and made some final corrections.

When I started this project, I had no idea that it would take so long, nor that I'd need to stretch my vocabulary so much (Caoutchouc? Ennuyé? Huh? Are those even words? Dictionary time... <flip> <flip> <flip> Uh... ya. OK, I guess they are.), nor that I'd have to transliterate French, Spanish, German, Italian, Latin and Ancient Greek. The fact that I could do so at all, hopefully successfully, only goes to show the extreme versatility of this new alphabet. Still, if I do anything else like this again, I think I'll avoid a second baptism of fire and blood, but keep it simple instead and do something along the lines of Dr. Seuss.

One final note: When I was initially writing out the original transliteration, I noticed early on that a couple of the characters didn't seem quite right. As it turned out, they looked like they were upside down in comparison to how they should have been written. On May 17th, 2002, I decided to flip Ermine and Air for reasons which I explain in the appendix, and on August 16th, 2002, I flipped around Ha-ha and Hung. This restores the balance between voiced and unvoiced characters, and now the Hung character actually hangs down. This will undoubtedly annoy the Shaw purists to no end, but I believe that this "Modified Shavian" makes far more logical sense than the original, and was what Kingsley Read originally intended.

Now, in honour of the alphabet's 50th anniversary, I present to you Poe Meets Shaw: the Shaw Alphabet edition of Edgar Allan Poe. Enjoy. ☺

Tim Browne/𐑑𐑦𐑥 𐑚𐑮𐑬𐑯
December 23rd, 2012/𐑛𐑦𐑕𐑧𐑥𐑚𐑼 23𐑮𐑛, 2012

Poems

The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door –
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; – vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow – sorrow for the lost Lenore –
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore –
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me – filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door –
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door; –
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" – here I opened wide the door; —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!" –
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore –
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; –
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

ט. כתלרע

אלע רהוי ר שוקיבלכאי, אלכ ל וקיתמר, אוצ י אסי,
ארם שיוי ר צ'אלי י צהאכיע לטכאש ר אפקיבלרי כש,
אלכ ל ינתוק, אסכי יעלוש, שלקיכי פש צבע ר לעלוש,
על ר שלע אלי פיילכי כעלוש, כעלוש עי אע לבעילם קש.
"לוש שרע רוגילום," ל שרילתר, "לעלוש עי אע לבעילם קש –
ויכי פוע, י אזפוש שע.

ש, לוציולגלכי ל כואיעילם וי אלע וי ף לקוצ קוציעילם,
י צצ שלכבוי לקוש יעילם כפצ וצוי פעפי רהוי ף לכש.
צפטכי ל אוכי ף שפס; – לבעכי ל קוע לכלק 1 לפס
ויכי שי שי, פיע, אלי פסעי וק, י פוע שוציוש יבילכש –
ויכי אע קפו לצ שוצ ר שפשכי י פוע שוציוש יבילכש; –

"לוש ף אוצ י אזפוש שע!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door –
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door –
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore –
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning – little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door –
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered – not a feather then he fluttered –
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before –
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Wondering at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster so when Hope he would adjure –
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure –
That sad answer, "Nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore –
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

סלוב אם ב לכזש ם לזלום, ללב, אוכ שבשא ר לכסו ו לכזלום,
וו סש לוולו ר לוכלוש כזכרב ל ם לכבוכש לזכ ל אפ;
ובו ם כשלו סלכלכוב שכל אש; ובו ב וולובו לוולו ם לוכל אש;
לבו, אוכ שוא ל כשם ם כלכא, לאסלו רלכל שב לכבלום לא –
לוסלו רשאא ר לבלו ל .לובכב קבלו רלכל שב לכבלום לא –
לוסלו כשוב ר לבלו ל לבלום שב רלכל שב לכבלום לא –
לבו ם כשלב ו לוכלוש כזכרב ל ם לכבוכש לזכ ל אפ;
ם לוסלו כשוב ר לבלו ל לבלום שב רלכל שב לכבלום לא –

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee – by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite – respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore;
Let me quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! – prophet still, if bird or devil! –
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted –
On this home by Horror haunted – tell me truly, I implore –
Is there – is there balm in Gilead? – tell me – tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! – prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us – by that God we both adore –
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore –
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign in parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting –
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! – quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted – nevermore!

ואי לא תבואי – ואקטיר!
ואי את Soc תכרי בי לתי סתרי תכלי תכוליא וא ם תכא
וא ם כתרי כלי ום ווא כלכתיוא מכמך ווז קרוי וא ם תכא;
וא וזך לך ווא קא בם ם שתיוא ב ר לחתרי לתי זי לכתיוא,
וא ם תבתא לצלי ב .תבתרי צצלי רלאל את קבתרום תא;
ו ם בלבתי, ואקום תכראוא, Slic זי Siraוא, Slicזי Siraוא

ואד לא לחא תכתי בי את ושלי, ו ואד לא תאי תכתי אב את תא!
כחל את coוכחוזי ראכתבתי! – קאוז ם לצלי ראלל את תא!
כחל וא קבתי תכאי את ר ואתבתי ב לתי כי לא Soc ותא Slתבתי!
"בכו לחא קבתי וזאו ם ולבתיצלי ו ם .לבוצ .תכוואתבתי קא!
– "לא לתי אתא כי בלא וא תכואוא, קתא ם תחא!" ב קכחבי, ראלצלתואוא

ידתי בם ם תכתי וא בלבתיצ, קתא וא Siraוא תבתי בם ם תכתי.
וא ם תכא

The Divine Right of Kings

THE only king by right divine
Is Ellen King, and were she mine
I'd strive for liberty no more,
But hug the glorious chains I wore.

Her bosom is an ivory throne,
Where tyrant virtue reigns alone;
No subject vice dare interfere,
To check the power that governs here.

O! would she deign to rule my fate,
I'd worship Kings and kingly state,
And hold this maxim all life long,
The King — *my* King — can do no wrong.

ס. הולכת כבל ל. קוף

ס מוכח קוף לא כבל הולכת
וז .ישרה .קוף, ו אפ רח עלת
לא צוכבל ר ביולוח טס עש,
לרו קצה ס פכשתצ קדנק ל אפ.

קח לאצרר וז רו עלוח טכסי,
אפ ושכרו1 רפקע כדנק רססי;
טס צקבתו1 לצקע כדנק לא וו1סלוס,
1 קנד ס לאט סת1 פצלסנק קח.

o! אוה רח לבו 1 כעכ עצ לב1,
לא אפקול .קוף ו קוסח צ1ב1,
ו קסכר סוצ עתקצור פכ כזכ כעק,
ס .קוף – עצ .קוף – קרו לע טס כעק.

A Pæan

I.

How shall the burial rite be read?
The solemn song be sung ?
The requiem for the loveliest dead,
That ever died so young?

II.

Her friends are gazing on her,
And on her gaudy bier,
And weep ! — oh! to dishonor
Dead beauty with a tear!

III.

They loved her for her wealth —
And they hated her for her pride —
But she grew in feeble health,
And they love her — that she died.

IV.

They tell me (while they speak
Of her “costly broider’d pall”)
That my voice is growing weak —
That I should not sing at all —

V.

Or that my tone should be
Tun’d to such solemn song
So mournfully — so mournfully,
That the dead may feel no wrong.

VI.

But she is gone above,
With young Hope at her side,
And I am drunk with love
Of the dead, who is my bride. —

·r ·lal

I.

ﻩﺭ ﺭﺠﺭ ﻫ ﻝﺴﺭﺭ ﺩﺩﻝ ﻝﺭ ﺩﺤﻝ?
ﻫ ﺴﺤﺭﺭ ﺴﺤﻩ ﻝﺭ ﺴﺯﻩ?
ﻫ ﺩﺤﻫ/ﺭﺭ ﺠ ﻫ ﺩﺯﻝﺭﺩﺴﻝ ﻝﺭﺤ,
ﻫﺴﻝ ﺡﺭﺱ ﻝﺯﺤ ﺴﻫ \ﺯﻩ?

II.

ﻫﺱ ﺠﺩﺡﻝﺯ ﻑ ﺩﺩﻝﻩ ﻥﺩ ﻫﺱ,
ﺩ ﻥﺩ ﻫﺱ ﺩﺩﻫﺭ ﺡﺱ,
ﺩ ﺭﻫﻝ! – ﻫ! ﻝ ﻝﺱﺴﺩﺩﺱ
ﻝﺭﺤ ﺡﻫﺩﻫ ﺭﻫﻩ ﺭ ﻝﺱ!

III.

ﻫﺩ ﺩﺯﻝ ﻫﺱ ﺠ ﻫﺱ ﺭﺩﺩﻩ –
ﺩ ﻫﺩ ﻫﺩﻝﻝ ﻫﺱ ﺠ ﻫﺱ ﺩﺩﺤ –
ﺭﺴﻝ ﺩﻫ ﺩﺩﺩﻥ ﺩﺩ ﺠﻫﺭﺩ ﻫﺩﺩﻩ,
ﺩ ﻫﺩ ﺩﺯﻝ ﻫﺱ – ﻫﺴﻝ ﺩﻫ ﺡﻝﺤ.

IV.

ﻫﺩ ﻝﺩﺩ ﺴﻫ (/ﺯﺩ ﻫﺩ ﺴﻫﺤ
ﻝ ﻫﺱ “ﺩﻫﺴﻝﺩﻫ ﺩﺩﺠﻫﺱﺱ ﺩﺩﺩ”)
ﻫﺴﻝ ﺴﺭ ﺩﺩﺴ ﻥﻝ ﺩﺩﺱﻩﺯ ﺱﻫﺤ –
– ﻫﺩﻝ ﺩ ﺩﻫﺤ ﺩﺩﻝ ﺴﻥ ﺴﻝ ﺩﻩ –

V.

ﻫ ﻫﺴﻝ ﺴﺭ ﻝﻫﺩ ﺩﻫﺤ ﺡﻫ
ﻝﻫﻫﺤ ﻝ ﺴﺭﺩ ﺴﺩﺩﺭﺭ ﺴﻥﻩ
ﺱﻫ ﺴﺱﻫﺠﺭﺩﻫ – ﺱﻫ ﺴﺱﻫﺠﺭﺩﻫ,
ﻫﺴﻝ ﻫ ﺡﺤﺤ ﺴﺭ ﺠﺭﺩ ﻫﻫ ﺩﺴﻥﻩ.

VI.

ﺭﺴﻝ ﺩﻫ ﻥﻩ ﺩﺩﺩﻩ ﺭﻝﺴﺭ,
ﻫﻫ \ﺯﻩ ·ﻫﺱﻫ ﺴﻝ ﻫﺱ ﺴﻥﺤ,
ﺩ ﺩ ﺴﺭ ﺡﺩﺴﻥﺩ ﻫﻫ ﺩﺴﻝ
ﻝ ﻫ ﺡﺤﺤ, ﻫﺩ ﻥﻩ ﺴﺩ ﺡﺩﺴﻥﺩ. –

VII.

Of the dead — dead who lies
All perfum'd there,
With the death upon her eyes,
And the life upon her hair.

VIII.

Thus on the coffin loud and long
I strike — the murmur sent
Through the grey chambers to my song,
Shall be the accompaniment.

IX.

Thou died'st in thy life's June —
But thou did'st not die too fair:
Thou did'st not die too soon,
Nor with too calm an air.

X.

From more than fiends on earth,
Thy life and love are riven,
To join the untainted mirth
Of more than thrones in heaven —

XII.

Therefore, to thee this night
I will no requiem raise,
But waft thee on thy flight,
With a Pæan of old days.

VII.

ל פ הרה – הרה קט כלב
   זכ לשמשרד פט,
/וט פ הרפ רלהו קט בלב,
   ו פ כבל רלהו קט קפ.

VIII.

פרס וו פ ילחוה כבף ו כעק
   צ קוכלבד – פ רפפרס קהוו
פכט פ בכב ילבררסק 1 רל קעק,
   לשכ לף פ רילקרלהשרוו1.

IX.

פא לקלק1 וו פל כבלק .קוו –
   ורו1 פא לוקק1 וו1ו לד וט קפו:
פא לוקק1 וו1ו לד וט קוו,
   וכפ /וט וט ילפר רו פ.

X.

לכרר רפ פרו לוחלק וו פפ,
   פל כבל ו כבר פ כוקרו,
1 קגוו פ רו1בו1וק רפפ
   ל רפ פרו פכפוק וו קלרו –

XII.

פפלפ, 1 פא פוס ו־ב1
   צ /וכ ופ כולי/רר כבק,
ורו1 /ול1 פא וו פל לכב1,
   /וט ר .לחו ל פפר לקק.

To — —

1

Should my early life seem,
[As well it might,] a dream —
Yet I build no faith upon
The king Napoleon —
I look not up afar
For my destiny in a star:

2

In parting from you now
Thus much I will avow —
There are beings, and have been
Whom my spirit had not seen
Had I let them pass me by
With a dreaming eye —
If my peace hath fled away
In a night — or in a day —
In a vision — or in none —
Is it therefore the less gone? —

3

I am standing ’mid the roar
Of a weather-beaten shore,
And I hold within my hand
Some particles of sand —
How few! and how they creep
Thro’ my fingers to the deep!
My early hopes? no — they
Went gloriously away,
Like lightning from the sky
At once — and so will I.

4

So young? ah! no — not now —
Thou hast not seen my brow,
But they tell thee I am proud —
They lie — they lie aloud —
My bosom beats with shame

·1 — —

1

ראל גד ופח כבל שחר,
[גם אבה וז גלל,] ר לחשר –
אזו צ נורל מה לצפ רגזו
פ ריש ·יבאופחזו –
צ cvd יזו לצ רגפ
ל גד לגשלוזו זו ר שלפ:

2

זו לפלוש לכזר ח יב
פרש גלק צ אוב ררצ –
פש פ לחוקן, ו קנר לחז
קשר גד שלפוז קנר יזו שחז
קר צ כזו פטר אנש זו לצ
אוס ר לכחגוק צ –
זנ גד אחש קנס לכתר ר/ב
זו ר ובלז – פ זו ר לב –
זו ר רוקרז – פ זו אקז –
זן וז פסלאפ פ כזש פאזו? –

3

צ גר שלזחוק גוד פ כפפ
ר ר אזפס לחוקז רפפ,
ו צ קסבר אוסוז גד קנחר –
שרר לפלוזיפרכן ר שנחר –
קצ אח! ו קצ פב ריכח
פכפ גד אוקפרכן 1 פ לחוז!
גד פכח קסוקש? וס – פב
אזו1 לכפגרשכח ר/ב,
כשר כשלוזק אפרר פ שיכ
ג1 /קזש – ו שס אוב צ.

4

שס \קק? פ! וס – זו1 וצ –
פצ קנש1 זו1 שחז גד לפכ,
ברז פב זוכ פח צ גר אפכר –
פב כש – פב כש רככר –
גד לגשרר לחוז אוס קפר

At the paltriness of name
With which they dare combine
A feeling such as mine —
Nor Stoic? I am not:
In the terror of my lot
I laugh to think how poor
That pleasure “to endure!”
What! shade of Zeno! — I!
Endure! — no — no — defy.

To Elizabeth

Would’st thou be loved? – then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not –
Be every thing which now thou art
And nothing which thou art not:

So with the world thy gentle ways,
And unassuming beauty
Shall be a constant theme of praise,
And love – a duty.

ﻥﺎ ﻭ ﻝﺎﺼﺗ ﺭ ﺱﺭ ﺩﺎﺗ!
ﻩﺩ .ﺲﺗﻮﻠﻣ? ﻉ ﺭﺭ ﺎﺗ!:
ﺭ ﻝﻬﺎﻣ ﺲﺗﻉ ﺭﺯ ﺱﻉﺍ –
/ﺎﻫ ﺎﻣﺯ ﻝﻉ ﻑﻩ ﺩﺭﺱﻉﺍ
ﺱﺎ ﻭ ﻝﺣﺎﻫﺎﺲ ﺭ ﺎﺩﺱ

.1 .ﺎﻫﺎﺷﺭﻉﺭﺱ

/ﻣﻉﺲ ﻝﻉ ﻉﺍ ﺩﺯﻉ? – ﻝﺎﺎ ﺩﺎ ﻝﻉ ﻑﻩ
ﻝﺣﺭﺭ ﺎﻫﺲ ﻝﺣﺎﺷﺭﺎ ﺎﺗﻭ/ﻉ ﻝﻩ ﺎﺎ –
ﻉ ﺎﺯﻭﻫﻑ ﺎﻣﺯ ﻝﻉ ﻑﻩ ﺱ
ﻉﺍ ﺭﻝﺣﻫ ﻫﻑ ﺎﻣﺯ ﺎﺩ ﻑﻩ ﺱ

ﺲﻝ ﺎﻫ ﻭ ﺎﻫﺣﻉ ﻑﻩ ﺯﺎﺎﺭﺩ ﺎﻉﺯ,
ﺎ ﺯﺎﺭﺲﺎﺭﻑ ﻉﻫﻉ
ﺭﺭﺩ ﻉﻫ ﺭ ﺩﺎﺎﺲﺎﺭﺎ ﻫﺭ ﻝ ﻝﺣﺯﻉ,
ﺎ ﺯﺯﻝ – ﺭ ﻉﻫﻉ.

Eldorado

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old —
This knight so bold —
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow —
'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be —
This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied, —
'If you seek for Eldorado!'

٠ارڤەرمۆ

كەدێ ئاڤێ،
ر كەرەبا نەبێ،
ل ئۆتۆمبێلێ ل ڕێڤە،
ڕۆژ ژەهڕەم دبێ،
ئاگرێ ر ئاڤ،
ل ئەخێ ر ٠ارڤەرمۆ.

ئەڤا ڤێ كەسا ەخێ –
ڤان نەبێ ئەو ئۆخێ –
ب ەون ڕاڤ ڤەبێ ر ڕێڤە
ژبر، ژ ڤێ ژبرێ
ئەو گاڤا ر كەدێ
ڕەز cەڤێ cێڤ ٠ارڤەرمۆ.

ب، ژ ڕاڤ گاڤێگۆ
ژبرێ ڕاز ر cێگۆ،
ڤێ رێبا ر ئالكەزەر ڕێڤە –
‹ڕێڤە،› گۆت ڤێ،
‹ما دەرد لێ ئێ –
ڤان cەرخ ر ٠ارڤەرمۆ?›

‹ەڕەس ڤ ٠رەبەرێ
ر ڤ ٠رەب،
ۆرێ ڤ ٠ڕۆخێ ر ڤ ٠ڕێڤە،
ئەب ڤ ٠ڕەبێ ر ڤ ٠ڕێڤە!›

To — —

I saw thee on the bridal day;
    When a burning blush came o'er thee,
Tho' Happiness around thee lay,
    The world all love before thee.

And, in thine eye, the kindling light
    Of young passion free
Was all on earth, my chain'd sight
  Of Loveliness might see.

That blush, I ween, was maiden shame:
    As such it well may pass:
Tho' its glow hath rais'd a fiercer flame
    In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,
    When that deep blush would come o'er thee, —
Tho' Happiness around thee lay;
    The world all Love before thee.

Lines on Ale

Fill with mingled cream and amber,
    I will drain that glass again.
Such hilarious visions clamber
    Through the chamber of my brain —
Quaintest thoughts — queerest fancies
    Come to life and fade away;
What care I how time advances?
    I am drinking ale today.

٠١ — —

ح كيء هُ ١١ ه لحكلرد لا؛
  /١١ ر لهنالز لحزح دْدر ٥٥ هُ،
٥٥ ٠ةرلهناز رحخ٢ هُ حد،
  ه /هحٌ عد حزل لرلهِ هُ.

ب، ١١ ٥كا ح، ه دالمحلز حـ١
  ل \ولز لمرحرا لجُه
/رح عد ١١ ٥٥، رد ٦حـالم ٢ـ١
ل .حزلجهناز رد١ ٢ه.

ه١ل لحزح، ح ١ه١، /رح ردلرا ٦حـر:
  رح ٢ولح ١١ /لد رد لم٢:
٥٥ ١١٢ ٢حه ةرٌ ٥حزلم ر ١هم٢٥ ١حدر
  ١١ ه لحجا١ ل ةار، رحرم!

ةم ٢ء هُ ١١ ه١ل لحكلرد لد،
  /١١ ه١ل ١ه١ لحزح /ما ٦رر ٥٥ هُ، –
٥٥ ةرلهناز رحخ٢ هُ حد؛
  ه /هحٌ عد .حزل لرلهِ هُ.

.حكلرٌ .١١ .٤د

١حد /١٥ رلةهرحم ٦جهر ١ رررلم،
  ح /١د لححا ه١ل ٢حرم رلحا.
٢ولح ةاحهرم لالرلرٌ ٦حررلم
  ٥جه ه ٦حررلم ل رر لححا –
٦/حا١لا٥ ٥ح١ة – ٦/هحا١ ١ررلهٌ
  ٦لرر ١ حـ١ ١ لحٌ ر/د؛
/ا١ ٦ه ح ةٌ ١لرر رلٌرلهلةٌ?
  ح رر لحهةٌ٦ه عد ١لاٌد.

Introduction

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet
Hath been — a most familiar bird —
Taught me my alphabet to say —
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild-wood I did lie
A child — with a most knowing eye

Succeeding years, too wild for song,
Then roll'd like tropic storms along,
Where, tho' the garish lights that fly
Dying along the troubled sky.
Lay bare, thro' vistas thunder-riven,
The blackness of the general Heaven,
That very blackness yet doth fling
Light on the lightning's silver wing.

For, being an idle boy lang syne,
Who read Anacreon, and drank wine,
I early found Anacreon rhymes
Were almost passionate sometimes —
And by strange alchemy of brain
His pleasures always turn'd to pain —
His naivete to wild desire —
His wit to love — his wine to fire —
And so, being young and dipt in folly
I fell in love with melancholy,
And used to throw my earthly rest
And quiet all away in jest —
I could not love except where Death
Was mingling his with Beauty's breath —
Or Hymen, Time, and Destiny
Were stalking between her and me.

אלפבית הפוך

אבגדהוזחטיכלמנסעפצקרשת.
א, בגדהוזחטיכלמנסעפצקרש –
אין סוף. רעיונות, ורחמים אלו,
ב שכח לגמרי. רעיונות כללי
ג לא קיבלתי הסברים ר לכאן
וזה להלכתם שכולם ואמת ו לאור –
וזה ראשונה ו לכתר לוקחים –
וזה לוו ו כלה – וזה לאו ו לומר –
ז יפה, לעזה ולוו זו לראות
ח לבד זו כלה לוו ערבוביות,
ו אלף, ו פה ו לכתר כלה. ט
ולא יפה ולוו ו לכתר לוקחים
י לך קיבלתי הכתיבה ר לכתי
ואם שכחתם לעזה ואמת ו לאור –
וזה אשתוואד ו לכתר לוקחים –
וזה לא

O, then the eternal Condor years
So shook the very Heavens on high,
With tumult as they thunder'd by;
I had no time for idle cares,
Thro' gazing on the unquiet sky!
Or if an hour with calmer wing
Its down did on my spirit fling,
That little hour with lyre and rhyme
To while away — forbidden thing!
My heart half fear'd to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the string.

But *now* my soul hath too much room —
Gone are the glory and the gloom —
The black hath mellow'd into grey,
And all the fires are fading away.

My draught of passion hath been deep —
I revell'd, and I now would sleep —
And after-drunkenness of soul
Succeeds the glories of the bowl —
An idle longing night and day
To dream my very life away.

But dreams — of those who dream as I,
Aspiringly, are damned, and die:

Yet should I swear I mean alone,
By notes so very shrilly blown,
To break upon Time's monotone,
While yet my vapid joy and grief
Are tintless of the yellow leaf —
Why not an imp the greybeard hath,
Will shake his shadow in my path —
And even the greybeard will o'erlook
Connivingly my dreaming-book.

ס, סנכ ם וועגערב .קלעפֿ אמוק
סס לעמ ם רטא .קנרערצ גכ קצ,
/וום 1שערב1 נצ סנ פֿלאסטֿ נ?;
פ קנר. נס 1צנ נ קערב קטקן,
פֿכא פּרקוצ גכ ם רעד/בוו1 קפֿכ!
ש וכ רע כוס /וום קפּנס /וצ
ו1ק נאכ אנר. גכ נצ קלאטו1 נכוצ,
ם נ1ש רעב – נאקוואכע פּוצ!
צצ קפּו1 קצנ נאטר 1 נאי ר קפֿכנ
רעכטק וו 1פֿטרערכר. /וום ם קלאוצ.

נכר1 וציב קסכ קנם 1ע נרכץ פּאנ –
פּגוו פּ ם פּכטא ו ם פּכוע –
ם נכמ קנם נרכסף וע1ע פּפּכ,
ו צכ ם נפֿטמץ פּ נפֿצוצ ר/ב.

נצ נפּכנפֿ1 ם קוערב קנם נאי נכר –
פ פּנכרכף, ו פ וצ /מך קבאן –
ו ענפֿוס נפּצקגכרוווצ ם קסכ
צרכקאצ ם פּכטאץ ם ם נסכ –
רע קערב כעקוץ וב1 ו נב
1נאטר נצ רטא כפֿנ ר/ב.

נכר1 נאטרץ – ם סמץ קע נאטר נצ פ,
רקלפּכוקגכא, פ נרנב, ו נפֿ:

ורו1 כמך פ קוס פ נאא רכסע,
נפ ע1ע סס רטא כאכא נכסע,
1נאכב רקאו .ופֿנצ נרקע1סע,
/פּכ ורו1 נצ רקוצך צוצ ו פּאכנ
פ 1ע1ב1נ ם ם ורכס כאנ –
/ו כע1 רע ונו ם פּאכרנמך קנס,
נפ כמפֿב קצך כמנפֿ נכסע,
ורכנפֿנקגכא נצ נפּאטרץ נכר.

Sonnet: To Science

SCIENCE! meet daughter of old Time thou art
    Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes!
Why prey'st thou thus upon the poet's heart,
    Vulture! whose wings are dull realities!
How should he love thee — or how deem thee wise
    Who woulds't not leave him, in his wandering,
To seek for treasure in the jewell'd skies
    Albeit, he soar with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragg'd Diana from her car,
    And driv'n the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
    The gentle Naiad from her fountain flood,
The elfin from the green grass, and from me
    The summer dream beneath the shrubbery?

·Ƨʜʜʊɿ: ·ן· ·ƧʇɘɿʜƧ

ƧʇɘɿʜƧ! ʎʜן ʟɘɿʊƧ ɾ oɔɟ ·ʟɘɿ ɟɤ ɔo1
  ʏɤ ɘɔʟʊʜʊƧ1 ɘɔ ɒiʁʒ /ıɑ ɔ4 ʟʜɔıʁ ƺʒ!
ʎ/ ʟɔƨɔƧ1 ɔ4 ɾɔƧ ɾʟʜʇ ɔ ʟɑıʊ1Ƨ ʁɔo1,
  ɾʎɔɘʔʊ! ʏʊʒ /ıʁʒ ɔo ʟzɔ ɔʜʎɔıʊ1ƺʒ!
ɟɤ ʔʌɟ ɟʜ cƨʟ ɔ4 — ɘ ɟɤ ʟʜɾ ɔ4 /ƨʒ
  ʏʊ /ʌɟƧ1 ıʊ1 cʜʃ ɾıɾ, ıı ɾıʒ /ƨʇʌɒıʁ,
1 ʕʜʎ ɾ ʟɔʇʜɔ ıı ɔ ʒʌɾɔɟ Ƨɔɟƺ
  ɘɔʃʜıɯ1, ɟʜ ƨɘ /ıɔ ɾʌ ɾʇʜɘıʊ1ɟ /ıʁ?
ʁƧ1 ɔɟ ıʊ1 ʟɔɾɔɟ ·ʟƨʌɾ ɔɔɾɾ ʁɔ ɟɔ,
  ı ʟɔıʟɾʌ ɔ ·ʁɾɾʁʟɔƨɟ ɔɔɾɾ ɔ /ʌɟ
1 ʕʜʎ ɾ ʃʌɔʟɔ ıı ƨɾɾ ʁʃʜɔ Ƨıɟɔ?
  ɔ ʒʌıʊɾɾ ·ıƨɟ ɔɔɾɾ ʁɔ ʃʌɔıʊɾ ɾɔʒɟ,
ɔ ɾɔʃʌɾ ɔɔɾɾ ɔ ɔʜɔıʌ ɔɔɾɾ, ı ɔɔɾɾ ɾʌ
  ɔ ƨʒɾɾ ʟɔɾʌ ɾıʌɔ ɔ ɾƽʟɔʌ?

Mysterious Star!

Mysterious star!
Thou wert my dream
All a long summer night—
Be now my theme!
By this clear stream,
Of thee will I write;
Meantime from afar
Bathe me in light!

Thy world has not the dross of ours,
Yet all the beauty—all the flowers
That list our love or deck our bowers
In dreamy gardens, where do lie
Dreamy maidens all the day;
While the silver winds of Circassy
On violet couches faint away.
Little—oh! little dwells in thee!
Like unto what on earth we see:
Beauty's eye is here the bluest
In the falsest and untruest—
On the sweetest air doth float
The most sad and solemn note—

If with thee be broken hearts,
Joy so peacefully departs,
That its echo still doth dwell,
Like the murmur in the shell.
Thou! thy truest type of grief
Is the gently falling leaf
Thou! Thy framing is so holy
Sorrow is not melancholy.

·ɹɐʃʇɐɥɔɐ ·ʃɐɟ!

ɹɐʃʇɐɥɔɐ ʃɐɟ!
ɥɔ ɹɐǝ ʃɐ ʃɐɥɔɐ
ɥɔ ɹ ɔɹɐɣ ʃɐɹɹɐ ʍɐɟ –
ʃɐ ʍɐ ʃɐ ɥɐɹ!
ʃɐ ɹɐʃ ɥɔɐɯ ʃɐɔɥɹ,
ɾ ɥɐ ɹɐɔ ɔ ɔɐɾ;
ɹɥʍʇɐɹ ɾɔɐɹɹ ɾɟɐ
ʃɐʇɐ ɹɥ ʍ ɔɐɾ!

ɥɔ ɹɐɥɔ ɾɐʒ ʍɐɾ ɹ ɟɔɐɹ ɾ ɥɔɐʒ,
\ʍɾ ɥɔ ɹ ʃɐɥʇ—ɥɔ ɹ ɾɔɥɐɯʒ
ɹɐɾ ɔɐʃ ɥɔ ɔɐʃ ɐ ɟɐɹɾ ɥɔ ʃɥɔɯʒ
ɹ ɟɔɥɹɥ ɐɔɟɹʍʒ, ɹɐ ʃʌ ɔɾ
ɟɔɥɹɥ ɹʇɟɹʍʒ ɥɔ ɹ ʃʇ;
ɹɐɔ ɹ ʃɐɔɹɐ ɹɥʇɐɹʒ ɾ .ʎɐɔɹɐʃ
ʍ ɾɔɐɹɐɾ ɾɥʒɾʒ ɾɐʇʍ ɾ ɹɐʃ.
ɔɹʍɾɔ—o! ɔɹʍɾɔ ɟɐɹɔʒ ʍ ɥɐ!
ɔɐɾɥ ʒʌʍ ɹɐʃ ʍ ɐo ɹɥ ʎɥ:
ʃɐɥʒ ɔ ʍ ɾɐɯ ɹ ɾɔʌɯɹʃ
ɹ ɹ ɾɐɔʎɯɹʃ ʍ ɾɔʌɯɹʃ—
ʍ ɹ ɐɔ ʎɥɯɹʃ o ɾɹɹ ɾɔo1
ɹ ɹɐoʃ ʎɾɟ ʍ ʎɥɔɾɾ ʍo1—

ɯɾ ɹɯo ɥɐ ʃɥ ɔoɟɾʍ ɾɐʎʃ,
ʒɤ ʎo ɯʎʒɾɔɥ ɟɯʃɐʎʃ,
ɥɾɯ ʍʃʃ ʍɔo ʎʃɯɔ ɟɹɹ ɟ/ɔ,
ɔɔɟ ɹ ɾɐɹɹɐ ʍ ɾɔ/ɔ.
ɥɤ! ɹɐ ʃɔɐʍɹʃ ʃɐʃ ɾ ɔʎɥɟ
ʃʒ ɹ ʒʌʍʃɔɥ ɟɐɔʃʒ ɔɥɟ
ɥɤ! ɹɐ ɟɔɐɾʃʒ ʃʒ ʎo ɾoɔɥ
ʎɐɯo ʃʒ ʍɯʃ ɾɔɔɾʍɟoɔɥ.

The Bells

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the Heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight! —
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! — how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

ס. לורם

I.

קום ס שכרנוך וגו ס לורם –
שיברם לורם!
ולא ר וסכך ב ערמורו סם ערכרך כמולורם!
קך סב וגלמרב, וגלמרב, וגלמרב,
וו ס פשך ם ב אבו!
ולכב ס שיסך בת וסרעשכוגלמרב
בכ ס ·קרנרנך, שית ו וו/וגלמרב
וגו ר כמוש1רבוי לוכב1;
ךאוגך ולבר, ולבר, ולבר,
וו ר שים1 ב ·כאוגך סבבר,
1 ס ואוואתלאכדברו בת1 סם ערגלמרבך לורם
כמרר ס לורם, לורם, לורם, לורם,
לורם, לורם, לורם –
ולבר, לורם, לורם, לורם.

II.

קום ס ערכס לתוך לורם
כסבתרו לורם!
ולא ר וסכך ב קרוגוך סם קשנרך כמולורם!
ס׳בכ ס וגבר ולבר וגו ס שיבתוך שורם,
וו ס ערוך!
1 ס ושוברכ ערב בת1 ביקנרנך, ולכב לך בכסוש
ולר ר בוכתוך ערוך כסוש
ו שכ וו ושוך,
כמרר ס ערכסוברו בסבתרו נסוש,
קך סב כוש בולסם! –
בכוך ס לשנך ם ב נסבו
ולא ר וסכך ב קרוגוך סם קשנרך כמולורם!
כסבתרו לורם!
קום ס ערכס תוגוך לורם

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet, the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy meaning of their tone!

III.

ϧⲙ ⲡ ⲥⲁϥ ⲣⲥⲑⲣⲣ ⲗⲙⲥϩ –
ⲗⲥⲁⲍⲣⲁ ⲗⲙⲥϩ!
ⲣⲉⲓ ⲓⲁⲥ ⲉ ⲓⲟⲟⲛ, ⲛⲍ, ⲟⲛ ⲓⲁⲗⲏⲙⲣⲙⲕⲁ ⲓⲁⲙⲥϩ!
ⲛⲁ ⲡ ⲕⲓⲟⲓⲣⲥⲁϥ ⲙⲁ ⲉ ⲛⲍⲓ
ϧⲍ ⲟⲉ ⲕⲇⲁⲏⲣ ⲍⲓ ⲟⲛ ⲣⲇⲍⲓ!
ⲗⲁ ⲣⲁⲙⲥⲁⲛ, ⲛⲁ ⲇⲁⲙⲥⲁⲛ,
ⲟⲉ ⲇⲁⲏ ⲟⲓⲥⲏ ⲣⲍⲏⲇ, ⲣⲍⲏⲇ,
ⲓⲁ ⲡⲁⲣⲣⲍ ⲣⲉⲙⲓⲇⲗ ⲓ ⲕⲗⲏⲇ,
ⲛⲁ ⲣ ⲇⲣⲕⲣⲙⲣⲕ ⲣⲗⲏⲓⲍⲙ ⲓ ⲡ ⲣⲙⲥⲕ ⲉ ⲡ ⲗⲍⲙ,
ⲛⲁ ⲣ ⲣⲁⲏ ⲓⲇⲕⲗⲏⲕⲍⲓⲇⲣⲣⲏ ⲗⲙⲥ ⲡ ⲒⲘⲒ ⲛ ⲥⲇⲍⲏⲙ ⲗⲍⲙ,
ⲥⲏⲗⲙⲍ ⲕⲍⲙ, ⲕⲍⲙ, ⲕⲍⲙ,
ⲗⲙⲥ ⲣ Ⲓⲣⲕⲍⲗⲙⲥⲓⲗ ⲙⲓⲕⲍⲙ,
ⲛ ⲣ ⲥⲏⲍⲣⲥⲁⲓ ⲓⲁⲒⲣⲍⲙ
ⲛⲍ – ⲛⲍ ⲓ ⲥⲓⲓ, ⲉ ⲛⲓⲣⲙ,
ⲗⲉ ⲡ ⲕⲍⲏ ⲣ ⲡ ⲗⲍⲉ ⲗⲇⲉⲓ ⲣⲁⲛ.
ⲟ, ⲡ ⲓⲁⲏⲍ, ⲓⲁⲏⲍ, ⲓⲁⲏⲍ!
ⲗⲣⲓ ⲣ ⲗⲍⲉ ⲡⲥ ⲓⲟⲟⲛ ⲗⲁⲏⲍ
ⲣ ⲓⲙⲓⲥⲗⲟ!
ϧⲍ ⲟⲉ ⲇⲉⲣⲍ, ⲁ ⲇⲉⲣⲣ, ⲁ ⲥⲉ!
ⲗⲣⲓ ⲣ ⲭⲟⲛ ⲟⲉ ⲉⲓⲗⲉ
ⲁⲁ ⲡ ⲗⲙⲍⲣⲣ ⲣ ⲡ ⲗⲉⲥⲓⲗⲁⲉⲓⲗⲍ ⲥ!
ⲓⲟ, ⲡ ⲙ, ⲓⲓ ⲗⲟⲉⲏ ⲁⲟⲍ,
ⲗⲉ ⲡ ⲉ/ⲣⲍⲗⲍ
ⲁ ⲡ ⲇⲉⲣⲍⲗⲍ,
ϧⲍ ⲡ ⲗⲉⲁⲍⲟⲛ ⲏⲗⲏ ⲁ ⲗⲥⲟⲍ;
ⲓⲁ, ⲡ ⲙ ⲙⲓⲥⲓⲗⲍⲓⲥⲏ ⲓⲁⲏⲍ,
ⲛⲁ ⲡ ⲍⲣⲙⲕⲥⲇⲍ
ⲁ ⲡ ⲥⲣⲙⲕⲥⲇⲍ,
ϧⲍ ⲡ ⲗⲉⲁⲍⲟⲛ ⲥⲓⲙⲇⲏ ⲁ ⲥ/ⲏⲍ,
ⲗⲉ ⲡ ⲥⲓⲙⲇⲏ ⲥ ⲡ ⲥ/ⲏⲇⲍ ⲛⲁ ⲡ ⲙⲕⲥⲛ ⲗ ⲡ ⲏⲍⲏ –
ⲗ ⲡ ⲏⲍⲏ,
ⲗ ⲡ ⲏⲍⲏ, ⲏⲍⲏ, ⲏⲍⲏ, ⲏⲍⲏ,
ⲏⲍⲏ, ⲏⲍⲏ, ⲏⲍⲏ –
ⲛⲁ ⲡ ⲇⲣⲥⲣⲟ ⲁ ⲡ ⲇⲣⲙⲕⲛ ⲗ ⲡ ⲏⲍⲏ!

IV.

ϧⲙ ⲡ ⲓⲟⲥⲓⲙ ⲗ ⲡ ⲏⲍⲏ –
ⲃⲟⲁ ⲏⲍⲏ!
ⲗⲣⲓ ⲣ ⲓⲟⲇⲏ ⲗ ⲥⲓⲍⲣⲣ ⲇⲣⲓ ⲡⲟ ⲥⲁⲓⲣⲏ ⲇⲣⲥⲓⲏⲍ!
ⲛⲁ ⲡ ⲥⲓⲇⲣⲥⲁ ⲗ ⲡ ⲁⲓⲓ,
ϧⲍ ⲗⲏ ⲍⲓⲗⲟ ⲗⲙⲥ ⲣⲥⲇⲍⲓ
ⲓⲁ ⲡⲁⲣⲣⲍ ⲣⲉⲙⲓⲇⲗ ⲓ ⲕⲗⲏⲇ,
ⲗⲉ ⲡ ⲥⲣⲙⲕⲥⲇⲍⲏⲙ ⲥⲁⲓⲣⲏ ⲓ ⲡ ⲓⲟⲛ!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls: —
And their king it is who tolls: —
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells: —
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells: —
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells: —
To the tolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

1 ס ׳סוחץ ׳ ס כסכוחץ ל ס לרכץ.
לרכץ, לרכץ, לרכץ –
ל ס לרכץ, לרכץ, לרכץ, לרכץ,
1 ס זסכוץ ל ס לרכץ –
ל ס לרכץ, לרכץ, לרכץ: –
1 ס כסכוץ ל ס לרכץ –
וז ר קסלא .כאוזיד כלר,
סל קא וזרכץ, וזרכץ, וזרכץ,
דאוזץ זלר, זלר, זלר,
1 ס לאוזץ ל ס לרכץ: –
ל ס לרכץ, לרכץ, לרכץ –
1 ס כלכוזאץ ל ס לרכץ –
וז ר לצ1 ל .כאוזיד כלר,
דאוזץ זלר, זלר, זלר,
ל ס לרכץ: –
1 ס אול ל ס לרכץ –
וז ר לצ1 ל .כאוזיד כלר,
דאוזץ זלר, זלר, זלר,
ו קא ד׳וצ׳לץ, ו קא וזרכץ;
/וס ס אול ל ס לרכץ!
ו קוץ ׳סא לאקר׳ר צ/וכץ
ר אול ל׳כר׳ר ס לרכץ!
כסכץ
ו קא כסכץ, כסכץ, כסכץ, כסכץ,
ו קס דוץ וז וץ זלר זסכץ: –
סל פ .כאוכץ: –
סל פ וקסף לכאו1 וה קאר׳ר –
סל פ וקסף ׳ר׳ר זה /א׳ר׳ר –
וו ס קאר׳ר קפו1 ר ל׳זסר –
ל׳ר ר כלכא וו לס כסכוץ
וו פר1 ׳ר׳ל׳כר, ׳ר׳ו׳ר1סר,
ו קא, זסכוץ, זסכוץ, זסכוץ,
זכ ׳רכסר,
סל פר1 ל׳/כר ׳ר ו ס ל׳וקר׳ר,
ו ס וקר׳ר – ׳ג, ס וקר׳ר –
וץ ר כלכא.
כלר׳ר ס כ׳ל51 /וסוו סס כלכ151
ל וקלא ל׳ל׳ך פר1 ל׳כ151

Essays, Reviews, Critiques and Plays

ישראל ישראלי, ירושלים, תשע"ה

The Philosophy of Composition

CHARLES DICKENS, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of *Barnaby Rudge*, says — "By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his *Caleb Williams* backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done."

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin — and indeed what he himself acknowledges, is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens' idea — but the author of *Caleb Williams* was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before any thing be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis — or one is suggested by an incident of the day — or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative — designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or autorial comment, whatever crevices of fact, or action, may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. Keeping originality *always* in view — for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest — I say to myself, in the first place, "Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?" Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can best be wrought by incident or tone — whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone — afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would — that is to say, who could — detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say — but, perhaps, the autorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers — poets in especial — prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy — an ecstatic intuition — and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought — at the true purposes seized only at the last moment — at the innumerable glimpses of idea

.ס .ושכנערת .ל .ישרעלקוירט

.תשכמ .וחדרש, וא ר וסו אב כלוק נוצם שא, רבעוקע 1 רע וקצנערטרעט ב ולאע שבף ל פ שרפרוקרר ל קשסוקא שכקב, שכק – "לב פ לב, פ וא ר/ס פע1 .קיכ/וא כס1 קוב .ישרעל :ושכנערת לחרפוקב? פא ב ולאע שבף ל פ שרפרוקרר ל קשסוקא שכקב, שכק –

that arrived not at the maturity of full view — at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable — at the cautious selections and rejections — at the painful erasures and interpolations — in a word, at the wheels and pinions — the tackle for scene-shifting — the step-ladders, and demon-traps — the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrio*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common, in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analysed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select "The Raven" as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referrible either to accident or intuition — that the work proceeded step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem *per se*, the circumstance — or say the necessity — which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression — for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and every thing like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with any thing that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones — that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least, one half of the *Paradise Lost* is essentially prose — a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions — the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity, of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art — the limit of a single sitting — and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as *Robinson Crusoe* (demanding no unity), this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit — in other words, to the excitement or

elevation — again in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect: — this, with one proviso — that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical, taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem — a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed: and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration — the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect — they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul — not* of intellect, or of heart — upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating "the beautiful." Now I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes — that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment — no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to, is *most readily* attained in the poem. Now the object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable, to a certain extent, in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion, a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me) which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation, of the soul. It by no means follows from any thing here said, that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem — for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast — but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the tone of its highest manifestation — and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

ולטולוגיה יוסף.

כוכבתוש, מהו, יהושע שם של כוכבות, של יוסף ראובן ה/כוכבים כוונתו 1 ה יוסף ישראלים ו ה כוכבים ה יוסף.

שרטוטים, 1 ורודה מהר, שם כפו שם שלושים, זו מהר יהושע זוהר זה ה שרטוט ה יוסף, 1 יוסף מהר זוהר שלושים שרטוטים 1 ה כוכבי־ישראל בני, ו,

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem — some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects — or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense — I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone — both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity — of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so vastly heighten, the effect, by adhering, in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation of the *application* of the *refrain* — the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary: the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt: and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the refrain being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I had at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being — I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non*-reasoning creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

ס כתקס, ס לכתרוגב, ג ס 1ום, לוחץ סצב לוזסגרגד, צ לרזוד גצבלכד 1 שחוסוח וחלצדרג, זוס ס לוא ר רלזגחוס שרג פוזוגלוד ולוגרגשח זוג גצ1 לשכ 1 ום, ס לוא ר ס ורגלזלצדרג ר ס זוסרג – שרג זולרג1 רלוא זוג ס ץסכ גלזלצדרג גצ1 1ום. ח כשלרשח פוקדוק סלסם בכ ס אלצרכ פוזוגלוד שרג 1 ום – ה גצ לכלזוסח לזוגלג, וח ס פחגלכוכדרכ שרוצ – צ לוח וגז1 לשכ 1 וחכדוג – ה גצ לכלזוסח לזוגלג, וח ס פחגלכוכדרכ שרוצ – צ לוח וגז1 לשכ 1 סכוב גלזלצדרג גצ1 1ום. ח כשלרשח פוקדוק סלסם בכ ס אלצרכ פוזוגלוד שרג 1 ום – שרג זולרג1 רלוא זוג ס ץסכ

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven — the bird of ill omen — monotonously repeating the one word, "Nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself — "Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death — was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious — "When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty:* the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world — and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore" — I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the *application* of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending — that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover — the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore" — that I could make this first query a commonplace one — the second less so — the third still less, and so on — until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself — by its frequent repetition — and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it — is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character — queries whose solution he has passionately at heart — propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture — propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote) but because he experiences a phrenzied pleasure in so modeling his questions as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me — or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction — I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query — that to which "Nevermore" should be in the last place an answer — that in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning — at the end, where all works of art should begin — for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

ד קוף יוד כאוי סם לפן שך ם קרעטלחקרט ך ר .כתלרט – ם לסף ך וכ ומרט – שרטיולרעטכח כולאולוף ם לאז יסף, "...יולרסעפ," יל ם קרוקבעלקרט ך אך טלוולף, וו ר שוקר ך שרבריאכח וסוי, י וו בעקם רלציז לאז קוצלכוף בכוצ. וכ, יולרס בעקוב לכוז ך ם רלצבריז טא לכאוולוולף, פ שוסלוקרטרט, ל וכ שיוולף, ל יוסף אכוצ ם ערטלכוז? "לסם" – יול ם שלרעס יסכוז שרבריאכח ו שיולוקף יסכוז ישכוז, קוס ולכ ם שוסף, ולכ שלרעס – "ך וכ שרבריאכח שיולוקף, יול, רפשולוף 1 ם אוולסעקר יסכוז שרבריאכח? לסם" – יול ם שלרעס רשולסיוולוף ך ערוקלוך, וצ ם יסכוז שרבריאכח? "לסם" – יול ם שלרעס יסכוז שרבריאכח ך שיולוקף יסכוז כולכוף. "י יוול," ל סכף, "וצ קוס יסכוז שרבריאכח ך שיולוקף יסכוז ישכוז, קוס ולכ ם שוסף, ולכ שלרעס – "ך וכ וו יסכוז קכסכוף רכבצ וויסכוך 1 צ אוצ:ם לסם, ך ולכוז וכ, שלרעס – "יוול

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil! prophet still if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven — "Nevermore."

I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover — and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza — as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite — and yet, *for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing*. The fact is, originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of the "Raven." The former is trochaic — the latter is octametre acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the refrain of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically — the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short: the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet — the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds) — the third of eight — the fourth of seven and a half — the fifth the same — the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines, taken individually, has been employed before, and what originality the "Raven" has, is in their *combination into stanzas;* nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual, and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the Raven — and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields — but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident: — it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

“...לכתבו!,” אמר ל, “סוף כל סוף! – לכתבו! שלום, זו הפעם ה אחרונה!
לא פעם: קורבן פעם הראשון רוצה רק – לא פעם: כאן. אל הפוך רוצה,
שלח פוש Soc הוא שפה כתבה, זו הוזמן ה מיוחסת: כתבה,
זו לרוב מכונית ר שבועות שנתה קשר ה ובחברה נהר: כלומר –
מכונית ר פה ו מכתיבו שנתה קשר ה ובחברה נהר: כלומר.”
פלוס ה מכתבה – “...אלרסעה.”

ל מרשלופל סוף שיחבר, זו סוף נאיו, לפשי פעל, לא שיתלבורוג ה מכשירים, צ שצ ה לרוח רטא ו פסנבשבו, זה סוקפלג שמעשיות ו ושפעורש, ה כוסקיתג פלוס – ו, שיכרתכח, פעל צ שצ ועשוועכח שבורב ה שפוסר, ה שוום, ו ה כתפן ו בשוסרב רפכבקשבו ה שיחבר – זה לאב זה פסנבשבו ה שיחבר לוב שם 1 וכוקשל, שם פעל ובא ר פשר שצ שמושב סוף וו מפשיפרב וחכפ. קעל צ לאו כלבב, וו ה שלשכפלשו כפשבקשבו, 1 כשבשבכפ שם לוסטשר שיחבר, צ לשת, לוסכו שפכשוכב, קעל לשוקשכח וכחלשבכפ, זו לצ ה שפוסר שיחבר. ה וכפשבו 1 לוב סוף קעל לאו וסטפכפ וחבר. שצ לשפו1 ולקבפ (שב שלשב) לפש שוקבוסבכוא

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber — in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished — this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird — and the thought of introducing him through the window, was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a "tapping" at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader's curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover's throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven's seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage — it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird — the bust of Pallas being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic — approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible — is given to the Raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

> Not the *least obeisance made he* — not a moment stopped or stayed he,
> *But with mien of lord or lady*, perched above my chamber door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out: —

> Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
> By the *grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore*,
> "Though thy *crest be shorn and shaven thou*," I said, "art sure no craven,
> Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore —
> Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
> Quoth the Raven — "Nevermore."
>
> Much I marvelled *this ungainly fowl* to hear discourse so plainly,
> Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
> For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
> *Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —*
> *Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door*,
> With such name as "Nevermore."

ב תוחפשרת, פלא, 1 לכנב ם כלנס וא קוצ לבשנס וא – וא ר לבשנס
כלאתס צנבכוק 1 קוצ לצ ענשסאצ ל קם קע קשת כשאב/ענוצוק וו. ם כאר וצ
כלכבזצנבוצוק שב כוצבכא כשבאב1 – פוצ וא שש לשכעענש ל ם קשבב ב קשב
בכסאא נבנבכא כשבאב1 ב ענשסאצ ל ם שבבכוענב כשבאב1 וו. ם כאר וצ
כלאתס צנבכוק 1 קוצ לצ ענשסאצ ל קם קע קשת כשאב/ענוצוק וו. ם כאר וצ
ב תוחפשרת, פלא, 1 לכנב ם כלנס וא קוצ לבשנס – וא ר לבשנס

—

וא ם וע צ1אנבשב תוב כאכס, ם קוצא וצ שש אלבשכא לאשס צ1אנבשב,
תוב שא עב1 פצ כשקא נבש וצ וא ם·אבוצ ·לכעפסאנא לש!"
קאצ1כא כאכש ו בנאבב1 ·כנבבנ /בקאסוק כאבש ם אבוצא לש –
"פס פצ לאכצ1בא לש ו לבבנב, פא," ב צכא, "פא1 לעכ אס לכנבנב,
לצ ם צכנב ו צוא1 בוקשבב ל ם לבו1בנבנצ וו1 /ש,
פא פוצ אנב בנבב ב צכנב ו צוא1 בוקשבב ל ם לבו1בנבנצ וו1 /ש,

שבב ב שפבבנק פוצ שנאבנא כאב1 קוס בוצבשכא צאשב קאב1 וצ בנבב ב שבב
ב בכסבב נוצוק כבוב שנוצ – כבוב ככנבבנשא ב שש;
ב אא לבנב1 קנכא שכוצוק פב1 אס כוצוק צאשב נוצוק
ענוצ וב1/בב ם שפבבנק ו ם וכשבוב – וו נוצוק שנאבנא פב1 ם בב1 /בב
ב בב1 ם נוצא אס בכב1 ב ·אנבבב, שכפס ב ם וב1כ1 ל ם בוצבשכא1
ענ1/בא ם שפבבנק ו ם וכשבוב – וו נוצוק שנאבנא פב1 ם בב1 /בב
ב בב1 ם נוצא אס בכב1 ב ·אנבבב, שכפס ב ם וב1כ1 ל ם בוצבשכא1
אנבשבנבב שבנכבנוצ בב ם בכבוב ב בב1 ל ם בוצבשכא1 /בב
ענשבב1 ם בב1בוס, וצ ר "1בנוצ" ב1 ם נא, שובנכבנוצ אס ר /וב 1 וכשבב,
בכסס שבנסב, וא ם נסב1 וכבנבב, פב1 ם נכבנוצ ל ם /וצב ל ם נוא
ב1צ1 ם וכשבוב1בנוצ צוב שבא ם /וכא, /בל וכבבנבבנבב. ם בוצ ל בבכוצ ם
שכשבא נבכבנכבב בב ם שנבנשבב1 ל ·נוא1, בל ם שסב וכא אסשבב1בב שבנבב.

ם cסב/ב נוצוק פצב ענשסאצ, צ קוצ ב1 1 ענשנבנוצב ם נוא – ו ם
שכשבא נבכבנכבב בב ם שנבנשבב1 ל ·נוא1, בל ם שסב וכא אסשבב1בב שבנבב.
ם בוצבשכא1 בב ם שנבנשבב1 ל ·נוא1, בל ם שסב וכא אסשבב1בב שבנבב.

ב ענשסאצ, פלא, 1 לכנב ם כלנס וא קוצ לבשנס – וא ר לבשנס
כלאתס צנבכוק 1 קוצ לצ ענשסאצ ל קם קע קשת כשאב/ענוצוק וו. ם כאר וצ
כלכבזצנבוצוק שב כוצבכא כשבאב1 – פוצ וא שש לשכעענש ל ם קשבב ב קשב
בכסאא נבנבכא כשבאב1 ב ענשסאצ ל ם שבבכוענב כשבאב1 וו. ם כאר וצ
כלאתס צנבכוק 1 קוצ לצ ענשסאצ ל קם קע קשת כשאב/ענוצוק וו. ם כאר וצ
ב תוחפשרת, פלא, 1 לכנב ם כלנס וא קוצ לבשנס – וא ר לבשנס

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness: — this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests — no longer sees any thing even of the fantastic in the Raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader — to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dénouement* — which is now brought about as rapidly and as *directly* as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper — with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world — the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, every thing is within the limits of the accountable — of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word, "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven, at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams — the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visiter's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore" — a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer, "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the utmost extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skilfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably required — first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness — some under current, however indefinite of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal*. It is the excess of the suggested meaning — it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme — which turns into prose

ס ופתכ ר ר צרעשצפו לעוץ סצצ לכסרלקוף ק, צ ושעקרוכע לככו ס
קעוקנצוקד ק ר יסע ר ס רסצ1 לכסקכקד. צעסרצעוצ: – סוצ יסע כרררעכצץ
ע ס צ1עקצר פוכרכקוכע קעכסוץ ס צל כרצ1 כ/סוקף, יסע ס כבע,

לרר1 ס .כלכלרע, צ1עוץ cסעכע ער ס1ר לכרצעוף לצצ1, צלסף ססעכע, ע1צ.

קכרר סוצ ש4קד ס czלוס ער כעקצס צעכ15 – ער כעקצס צשץ ער ש4ר סלרר
ר ס קעוקנצוקד ע ס .כלכלרעץ פוקעסע. קש צלעפצ ר קוע עצ ר ״קכסר, רעקבעכש,
כרצ1כש, קצצ1, ע עררערע לסף ר אפ,״ ע קעכץ ס ״צלסע בצ״ לסעוץ ענצץ קוץ
ר ס קעוקנצוקד ע ס .כלכלרעץ פוקעסע. קש צלעפצ ר קוע עצ ר ״קכסר, רעקבעכש,
כרצ1כש, קצצ1, ע עררערע לסף ר אפ,״ ע קעכץ ס ״צלסע בצ״ לסעוץ ענצץ קוץ
רעקבעכש ר סרקבצ1עוע – סרר צעלס כסרע1, קעכעס ע1קבקעכע ע ע1כצ1ע, סרר
רעקבע1 ר סרקבצ1עוע – סרר צעלס כסרע1, קעכעס ע1קבקעכע ע ע1כצ1ע. ע1
עץ סוצ כרעס, ע1 עבצ1עכרר, סרר ע1קבקעכע קעכע1 ר קוע עצ ר בצ1 סס צצ1 ר סרע1
רעקבע1 ר סרקבצ1עוע – סרר צעלס כסרע1, קעכעס ע1קבקעכע ע ע1כצ1ע. ע1
רעקבע1 ר סרקבצ1עוע – סרר צעלס כסרע1, קעכעס ע1קבקעכע ע ע1כצ1ע. ע1
עץ סוצ כרעס, ע1 עבצ1עכרר, סרר ע1קבקעכע קעכע1 ר קוע עצ ר בצ1 סס צצ1 ר סרע1
כעלרצ1 ס קעוקנצוקד צ. ער צעץ פ ע1קעע1ס כעל/כסף – קעכ1, סרר
ער ר1כר ר ע1צ1ע1ע1, קס עץ ר1כ/ר ר קעכעס קצ1ע1ס פ ע1כצ1ע, עץ
ע1צ ר קעע עכסע1 ע1צ קעכ1 פ ע1צ1ר ר קעכעס ר ע1כצ1ע ר סרע1 ר ס ר1כר.

ע סס קס קס קעץ ע1ס ער סרעכסקע1ע1ע ר ס ר1כר ר סרע1 ר ס ר1כר.

ר1כר ס ע1צ1ע1ע1 סס קעע1ר1ף, קצ1ר1 קר1ר1כ1, פ עץ קצ1ר1 ר1ע1ע1,
ער ר1כר ר ע1צ1ע1ע1, קס עץ ר1כ/ר ר קעכעס קצ1ע1ס פ ע1כצ1ע, עץ
ע1צ ר קעע עכסע1 ע1צ קעכ1 פ ע1צ1ר ר קעכעס ר ע1כצ1ע ר סרע1 ר ס ר1כר.

ר1כר ס ע1צ1ע1ע1 סס קעע1ר1ף, קצ1ר1 קר1ר1כ1, פ עץ קצ1ר1 ר1ע1ע1,
ע סס קס קס קעץ ע1ס ער סרעכסקע1ע1ע ר ס ר1כר ר סרע1 ר ס ר1כר.

ע עץ קס קס קעץ ע1ס ער סרעכסקע1ע1ע ר ס ר1כר ר סרע1 ר ס ר1כר.

ר1כר ס ע1צ1ע1ע1 סס קעע1ר1ף, קצ1ר1 קר1ר1כ1, פ עץ קצ1ר1 ר1ע1ע1,
ע סס קס קס קעץ ע1ס ער סרעכסקע1ע1ע ר ס ר1כר ר סרע1 ר ס ר1כר.

(and that of the very flattest kind) the so called poetry of the so called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem — their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The under-current of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines —

"Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore!"

It will be observed that the words, "from out my heart," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical — but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul *from out that shadow* that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore.

ולכבוד (ר פרו ר פ רסא JCרוווS1 ליבוף) פ So ליבוף. ומוולכ ר פ So ליבוף.
וכבראשיתוברכיוס.

קסליוף פאל ומוולכוב, צ יוזוף פ ול ליבוליוף S1וגבוך ר פ ומוכ
– פס SרצכS1וולכוס לאוף פצב שבף 1 ומכולף זכ פ וסכוול יוצ קוב
ולכוציאוף פכר. פ צוולסליכוב1 ר שאוף וב כלכוסף JפכS1 רומכוב1 וס פ
כליבף –

"ולבף פל לאף Jכרר ב1 שב קפ1, ו ולבף פל Jפכר Jכרר רל שב לפכ!"
ליוסף פ כלכוכ1 "...וכוסשכ!"

וו יוול לא רוצפולך פכ1 פ יופוצ, "Jכרר ב1 שב קפ1," וכוכוכך פ JפכS1
שוורJפוליכוב וליSוכלכוכ1 וס פ ומוכר. פב, יוול פ שוכפ, "...וכוסשכ," לוSומוצ
פ שבוף 1 שאל ר שמכב וס זכ פכ1 קוב לאס ולכוליSכא וסכבוול. פ כאוס לוקוב
ב1 1 כוקפף פ כלכוכ1 שך וכוכרכרשוולכוב—לר1 וו וב וב1 רוווכ פ רסא
כJS1 כלא ר פ רסא כJS1 S1וגבוך, פכ1 פ וו1וו1וכ1ס ר שבליוף קוב
וכרכרשוולכוב ר :שמוJכב 1 וכוסשכוליוף .כוגבוכוצוכ וב ומוכוול.
פוS1וקומכא 1 לא שאס:

1 פ כלכוכ1, וכוכס JכרוווS, S1וכ וב S1וווS, S1וכ וב S1וווS,
וב פ ומכוול לצS1 ר .ומכרכ קצS1 רוצכ שב קבכוכס לא;
1 קוב שך קוב זכ פ שאוווS ר ר לאוכרב פכ1 וס לכאכוווS,
1 פ כJS1כב1 סס קוב S1כאוווS פכוכך קוב רוליס וב פ JכפS;
1 שב Soc Jכרר ב1פכ1רוליס פכ1 כשך JכסוווS וב פ JכפS
רוכ לא כוJוול – וכוסשכ.

Cabs

These anomalous vehicles, of which we Americans know so little by personal inspection, and so much through the accounts of the travelled, and the pages of the novelist, are about to be introduced among us "as a regular thing." In New York they are already gaining ground, and *going over* it. The cab proper, as used in London, is an affair *sui generis*, and has very little affinity with any thing else in nature. It resembles, in some respect, the old-fashioned sedan chair, and carries two inside passengers, who sit vis a vis, with the coachman at top. The bottom nearly touches the pavement, and the entire vehicle has an *outré* appearance. Those in New York at present, are of a bright chocolate color, and look very stylish. Their charge is twenty five cents for any distance under two miles. The cab-introduction will bring about among us a peculiar race of people – the cabman. These creatures are not mentioned in Buffon, and Cuvier has entirely forgotten them. They bear a droll kind of resemblance to the human species – but their faces are all fashioned of brass, and they carry both their brains and their souls in their pockets.

.ירחצ

קוצ רטטרבש לעדבצ, ר עוצ אי .רטסוידרטצ טפ so cirbc לכ אופרטרבש וכשלידרט, ו so שצל ופכא ק רבצ'וקצ ר ק ובכללבצ, ו ק ושבעוצ ר ק ונרבכוצ1, פ רשצ'1 לאי וטבכלאיצ1 רטשל רט "שצ ר כבקאוכט ופול." וי .יאש לכ פ שככחאי כעבול פכצ'ל, ו *קסול ופכט* וו. ק ירל וכבוואט, שצ אוצל וי .כזעלרט, וצ רט רשפ *קאי קציוש*, ו קול רפאי cirbc רשוואי עוט וטא ופול וכפ וי טבצ'רט. וו כוזטרלרכש, וי *קצר* כוקשוצ'1, ק ocל אשרטל קוצרל קוצ, ו ציאל ולא וטקצל אטקטרבקטש, קא קוו רוצ פ וי. ק רשפ'ל ולא וטקצל אטקטרבקטש, קא קוו רוצ פ וי, עוט ק ופסזרט שו 1וכו. ק לבכוצרט, ו ק וטוקאם רעדבצ קוצ רט אוקכל ר

The Philosophy of Furniture

"PHILOSOPHY," says Hegel, "is utterly useless and fruitless, and, *for this very reason*, is the sublimest of all pursuits, the most deserving of our attention, and the most worthy of our zeal" — a somewhat Coleridegy assertion, with a rivulet of deep meaning in a meadow of words. It would be wasting time to disentangle the paradox — and the more so as no one will deny that Philosophy has its merits, and is applicable to an infinity of purposes. There is reason, it is said, in the roasting of eggs, and there is philosophy even in furniture — a philosophy nevertheless which seems to be more imperfectly understood by Americans than by any civilized nation upon the face of the earth.

In the internal decoration, if not in the external architecture of their residences, the English are supreme. The Italians have but little sentiment beyond marbles and colours. In France, *meliora probant, deteriora sequuntur* — the people are too much a race of gadabouts to study and maintain those household proprieties of which, indeed, they have a delicate appreciation, or at least the elements of a proper sense. The Chinese and most of the eastern races have a warm but inappropriate fancy. The Scotch are *poor* decorists. The Dutch have merely a vague idea that a curtain is not a cabbage. In Spain they are *all* curtains — a nation of *hang*men. The Russians do not furnish. The Hottentots and Kickapoos are very well in their way. The Yankees alone are preposterous.

How this happens, it is not difficult to see. We have no aristocracy of blood, and having therefore as a natural, and indeed as an inevitable thing, fashioned for ourselves an aristocracy of dollars, the *display of wealth* has here to take the place and perform the office of the heraldic display in monarchical countries. By a transition readily understood, and which might have been easily foreseen, we have been brought to merge in simple *show* our notions of taste itself.

To speak less abstractedly. In England, for example, no mere parade of costly appurtenances would be so likely as with us, to create an impression of the beautiful in respect to the appurtenances themselves — or of taste as respects the proprietor: — this for the reason, first, that wealth is not, in England, the loftiest object of ambition as constituting a nobility; and secondly, that there, the true nobility of blood rather avoids than affects costliness in which a parvenu rivalry may be successfully attempted, confining itself within the rigorous limits, and to the analytical investigation, of legitimate taste. The people *will* naturally imitate the nobles, and the result is a thorough diffusion of a right feeling. But in America, dollars being the supreme insignia of aristocracy, their display may be said, in general terms, to be the sole means of the aristocratic distinction; and the populace, looking up for models, are insensibly led to confound the two entirely separate ideas of magnificence and beauty. In short, the cost of an article of furniture has at length come to be, with us, nearly the sole test of its merit in a decorative point of view — and this test, once established, has led the way to many analogous errors, readily traceable to the one primitive folly.

ס. אוכעקרלא ך. אסעוצם

„אוכעקרלא," סגך קרעכב, „וצ צוסטא אעסבוצ ע אכעוסבוצ, ע, ל פוצלרסא כאצרע, וצ פ קרוכדעוצ1 ך בב אוסצעוצ, פ ססצ1 וצאפסלוצ ך כפ רוועערע, ע פ ססצ1 וספא ך כפ צאב." – ר צדדוך1 ·ביעסוצא רפסקרע, וום ר סוכוסבוצ1 ך אית ססאע ך אסעצ. וצ וא1 יא עדצוום צדר 1 פוצטעעצקבוצ פ ר אכוך ססאע פ ר סדאס ך אסעצ. ר – ,,אוכעקרלא קגצ וצ1 ע ס בב סצ עס צוך אום אוצב פוצ1 ·אוכעקרלא קגצ וצ1 ססאעוצם, ע וצ ל1ועסבוצ ך עבס, ע פס וצ אוכעקרלא אקרע עי צאוכעוצ. פס וצ כאצרע, וצ וצ אוכעקרלא ע1רפסקרעב צום אאגב 1 יא סצ ע1 ום1 ך עבס. פ ·ציקסוצך ק צאוכעוצ. פ ·צוקסוצך פ צאוכעוצ. ע פס וצ אוכעקרלא קגצ וצ1

There could be scarcely any thing more directly offensive to the eye of an artist than the interior of what is termed in the United States, a well-furnished apartment. Its most usual defect is a want of keeping. We speak of the keeping of a room as we would of the keeping of a picture — for both the picture and the room are amenable to those undeviating principles which regulate all varieties of art; and very nearly the same laws by which we decide upon the higher merits of a painting, suffice for a decision upon the adjustment of a chamber. A want of keeping is observable sometimes in the character of the several pieces of furniture, but generally in their colours or modes of adaptation to use. Very often the eye is offended by their inartistic arrangement. Straight lines are too prevalent — too uninterruptedly continued — or clumsily interrupted at right angles. If curved lines occur, they are repeated into unpleasant uniformity. Undue precision spoils the appearance of many a room.

Curtains are rarely well disposed, or well chosen in respect to the other decorations. With formal furniture, curtains are out of place; and an excessive volume of drapery of any kind is, under any circumstance, irreconcilable with good taste — the proper quantum, as well as the proper adjustment, depends upon the character of the general effect.

Carpets are better understood of late than of ancient days, but we still very frequently err in their patterns and colours. A carpet is the soul of the apartment. From it are deduced not only the hues but the forms of all objects incumbent. A judge at common law *may be* an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must be* a genius. Yet I have heard fellows discourse of carpets with the visage of a sheep in reverie — "*d'un mouton qui rêve*" — who should not and who could not be entrusted with the management of their own moustachios. Every one knows that a large floor should have a covering of large figures, and a small one must have a covering of small — yet this is not all the knowledge in the world. As regards texture, the Saxony is alone admissible. Brussels is the preterpluperfect tense of fashion, and Turkey is taste in its dying agonies. Touching pattern — a carpet should *not* be bedizzened out like a Riccaree Indian — all red chalk, yellow ochre, and cock's feathers. In brief, distinct grounds and vivid circular figures, *of no meaning,* are here Median laws. The abomination of flowers, or representations of well-known objects of any kind, should never be endured within the limits of Christendom. Indeed, whether on carpets, or curtains, or paper-hangings, or ottoman coverings, all upholstery of this nature should be rigidly Arabesque. Those antique floor-cloths which are still seen occasionally in the dwellings of the rabble — cloths of huge, sprawling, and radiating devices, stripe-interspersed, and glorious with all hues, among which no ground is intelligible — are but the wicked invention of a race of time-servers and money-lovers — children of Baal and worshippers of Mammon — men who, to save trouble of thought and exercise of fancy, first cruelly invented the Kaleidoscope, and then established a patent company to twirl it by steam.

Glare is a leading error in the philosophy of American household decoration — an error easily recognised as deduced from the perversion of taste just specified. We are violently enamoured of gas and of glass. The former is totally

סם מאר לא שכשכת וגא ומץ שי אוכלפוכת רלאגשוך 1 ם ל ר וש פוווכ ומת
ם ועוואוח ר ור1 וצ ושפוך וא ם .שוגלוון .כ1כ15, ר אוכ שמוגר1 רושפוורגו.
ר1כ שפכ1 שלשוכ לאוכלכ1 וצ ר ור1 ר מוגלוץ. אי שכוא ר ם מוגלוץ ר ר שש שך
ם ר1 ם ווגלוץ ר ר וושכוגר – ל ומס ם שוגלוץ ר ר שש שך ר1 ר1 ר
ר1כ שמכ1 שלשוכ לאוכלכ1 וצ ר ור1 ר מוגלוץ. אי שכוא ר ם מוגלוץ ר ר שש שך
ם ועוואוח ר ור1 וצ ושפוך וא ם .שוגלוון .כ1כ15, ר אוכ שמוגר1 רושפוורגו.
סם מאר לא שכשכת וגא ומץ שי אוכלפוכת רלאגשוך 1 ם ל ר וש פוווכ ומת

inadmissible within doors. Its harsh and unsteady light offends. No one having both brains and eyes will use it. A mild, or what artists term a cool light, with its consequent warm shadows, will do wonders for even an ill-furnished apartment. Never was a more lovely thought than that of the astral lamp. We mean, of course, the astral lamp proper — the lamp of Argand, with its original plain ground-glass shade, and its tempered and uniform moonlight rays. The cut-glass shade is a weak invention of the enemy. The eagerness with which we have adopted it, partly on account of its *flashiness*, but principally on account of its *greater cost*, is a good commentary on the proposition with which we began. It is not too much to say, that the deliberate employer of a cut-glass shade, is either radically deficient in taste, or blindly subservient to the caprices of fashion. The light proceeding from one of these gaudy abominations is unequal, broken, and painful. It alone is sufficient to mar a world of good effect in the furniture subjected to its influence. Female loveliness, in especial, is more than one-half disenchanted beneath its evil eye.

In the matter of glass, generally, we proceed upon false principles. Its leading feature is *glitter* — and in that one word how much of all that is detestable do we express! Flickering, unquiet lights, are *sometimes* pleasing — to children and idiots always so — but in the embellishment of a room they should be scrupulously avoided. In truth, even strong *steady* lights are inadmissible. The huge and unmeaning glass chandeliers, prism-cut, gas-lighted, and without shade, which dangle in our most fashionable drawing-rooms, may be cited as the quintessence of all that is false in taste or preposterous in folly.

The rage for *glitter*—because its idea has become as we before observed, confounded with that of magnificence in the abstract—has led us, also, to the exaggerated employment of mirrors. We line our dwellings with great British plates, and then imagine we have done a fine thing. Now the slightest thought will be sufficient to convince any one who has an eye at all, of the ill effect of numerous looking-glasses, and especially of large ones. Regarded apart from its reflection, the mirror presents a continuous, flat, colourless, unrelieved surface, — a thing always and obviously unpleasant. Considered as a reflector, it is potent in producing a monstrous and odious uniformity: and the evil is here aggravated, not in merely direct proportion with the augmentation of its sources, but in a ratio constantly increasing. In fact, a room with four or five mirrors arranged at random, is, for all purposes of artistic show, a room of no shape at all. If we add to this evil, the attendant glitter upon glitter, we have a perfect farrago of discordant and displeasing effects. The veriest bumpkin, on entering an apartment so bedizzened, would be instantly aware of something wrong, although he might be altogether unable to assign a cause for his dissatisfaction. But let the same person be led into a room tastefully furnished, and he would be startled into an exclamation of pleasure and surprise.

It is an evil growing out of our republican institutions, that here a man of large purse has usually a very little soul which he keeps in it. The corruption of taste is a portion or a pendant of the dollar-manufacture. As we grow rich, our ideas grow rusty. It is, therefore, not among *our* aristocracy that we must look (if at all,

in Appallachia), for the spirituality of a British *boudoir.* But we have seen apartments in the tenure of Americans of moderate means, which, in negative merit at least, might vie with any of the *or-molu'd* cabinets of our friends across the water. Even *now*, there is present to our mind's eye a small and not ostentatious chamber with whose decorations no fault can be found. The proprietor lies asleep on a sofa — the weather is cool — the time is near midnight: I will make a sketch of the room ere he awakes.

It is oblong — some thirty feet in length and twenty-five in breadth — a shape affording the best (ordinary) opportunities for the adjustment of furniture. It has but one door — by no means a wide one — which is at one end of the parallelogram, and but two windows, which are at the other. These latter are large, reaching down to the floor — have deep recesses — and open on an Italian *veranda.* Their panes are of a crimson-tinted glass, set in rose-wood framings, more massive than usual. They are curtained within the recess, by a thick silver tissue adapted to the shape of the window, and hanging loosely in small volumes. Without the recess are curtains of an exceedingly rich crimson silk, fringed with a deep network of gold, and lined with silver tissue, which is the material of the exterior blind. There are no cornices; but the folds of the whole fabric (which are sharp rather than massive, and have an airy appearance), issue from beneath a broad entablature of rich gilt-work, which encircles the room at the junction of the ceiling and walls. The drapery is thrown open also, or closed, by means of a thick rope of gold loosely enveloping it, and resolving itself readily into a knot; no pins or other such devices are apparent. The colours of the curtains and their fringe — the tints of crimson and gold — appear everywhere in profusion, and determine the *character* of the room. The carpet — of Saxony material — is quite half an inch thick, and is of the same crimson ground, relieved simply by the appearance of a gold cord (like that festooning the curtains) slightly relieved above the surface of the *ground,* and thrown upon it in such a manner as to form a succession of short irregular curves — one occasionally overlaying the other. The walls are prepared with a glossy paper of a silver gray tint, spotted with small Arabesque devices of a fainter hue of the prevalent crimson. Many paintings relieve the expanse of paper. These are chiefly landscapes of an imaginative cast—such as the fairy grottoes of Stanfield, or the lake of the Dismal Swamp of Chapman. There are, nevertheless, three or four female heads, of an ethereal beauty—portraits in the manner of Sully. The tone of each picture is warm, but dark. There are no "brilliant effects." *Repose* speaks in all. Not one is of small size. Diminutive paintings give that *spotty* look to a room, which is the blemish of so many a fine work of Art overtouched. The frames are broad but not deep, and richly carved, without being *dulled* or filagreed. They have the whole lustre of burnished gold. They lie flat on the walls, and do not hang off with cords. The designs themselves are often seen to better advantage in this latter position, but the general appearance of the chamber is injured. But one mirror — and this not a very large one — is visible. In shape it is nearly circular — and it is hung so that a reflection of the person can be obtained from it in none of the ordinary sitting-places of the room. Two large low sofas of rosewood and

crimson silk, gold-flowered, form the only seats, with the exception of two light conversation chairs, also of rose-wood. There is a pianoforte (rose-wood, also), without cover, and thrown open. An octagonal table, formed altogether of the richest gold-threaded marble, is placed near one of the sofas. This is also without cover — the drapery of the curtains has been thought sufficient. Four large and gorgeous Sevres vases, in which bloom a profusion of sweet and vivid flowers, occupy the slightly rounded angles of the room. A tall candelabrum, bearing a small antique lamp with highly perfumed oil, is standing near the head of my sleeping friend. Some light and graceful hanging shelves, with golden edges and crimson silk cords with gold tassels, sustain two or three hundred magnificently bound books. Beyond these things, there is no furniture, if we except an Argand lamp, with a plain crimson-tinted ground glass shade, which depends from the lofty vaulted ceiling by a single slender gold chain, and throws a tranquil but magical radiance over all.

Sicd, poch Jcxnh, Jesr p ovch Sh1S, /ol p rdSchlZrx l 1a cZ1 dvxrnSZrx zcqz, zcSo l coz /vf. ps iz r lhxroJe1E (coS /vf, zcSo), /ol0x1 dZln, x ocon olrx. rx xd1pZrxrc 1tlrc, Jesrf zc1vkcpo l p oizis1 poch ocxhlf rsqlrc, iz lcx51 uh /Zx l p SoJrq. pis iz zcSo /ol0x1 drln – p hcelsh l p dqv1rxq qzq lhx ocz1 Srjlrx1. je cSqz x pexzrs .Skrcsr ls5ilq, ix /lz lcvsr r lcoJhkrx l Syh1 x rlrlf Jcxnq, xdhle p Scb1ch cxxflf nqkrcq l p csvr. r 1ec dvxfrcrjcsrr, lsoiq r Syec xx1hd csrx /ol qZch lnOJhrf xc, iz S1xfqiq uh p fqf l sz Sch1lq jcxnh. Srrr cZ1 x pcxcSJrc qzqiq zrxcle, /ol poqfrx ncbiz x dcirzrx Sicd dqhle /ol poch 1xSrcq, Src51x 1v e ocn qZfhcrf rrpxvJqSrx1ch lxxf. lmdS. lhxhf phq oilq, ps iz xo Jouvzo, ri /h rdSch1l x .cpSxfh csrx, /ol r lcxx dcirzrx 1hx1lf pcxxf lcrs zxf, /lz flJlxhz Jcrr p cvJ4h lsecllf Shcip l5 r Siqkrc Scxvho poch zxx, x ocnoz r 1csqd/rc lr1 rrqzidrc cxfmxS olrn ec.

Review of New Books

"The Old Curiosity Shop, and other Tales." By Charles Dickens. With Numerous Illustrations by Cattermole and Browne. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

"Master Humphrey's Clock." By Charles Dickens. (Boz.) With Ninety-one Illustrations by George Cattermole and Hablot Browne. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

What we here give in Italics is the duplicate title, on two separate title-pages, of an octavo volume of three hundred and sixty two pages. Why this method of nomenclature should have been adopted is more than we can understand — although it arises, *perhaps*, from a certain confusion and hesitation observable in the whole structure of the book itself. Publishers have an idea, however, (and no doubt they are the best judges in such matters) that a complete work obtains a readier sale than one "to be continued;" and we see plainly that it is with the design of intimating the *entireness* of the volume now before us, that *"The Old Curiosity Shop and other Tales*," has been made not only the primary and main title, but the name of the whole publication as indicated by the back. This may be quite fair in trade, but is morally wrong not the less. The volume is only one of a series — only part of a whole; and the title has no right to *insinuate otherwise*. So obvious is this intention to misguide, that it has led to the absurdity of putting the inclusive, or general, title of the series, as a secondary instead of a primary one. Anybody may see that if the wish had been fairly to represent the plan and extent of the volume, something like this would have been given on a single page —

"Master Humphrey's Clock. By Charles Dickens. Part I. Containing The Old Curiosity Shop, and other Tales, with Numerous Illustrations, &c. &c."

This would have been better for all parties, a good deal more honest, and a vast deal more easily understood. In fact, there is sufficient uncertainty of purpose in the book itself, without resort to mystification in the matter of title. We do not think it altogether impossible that the rumors in respect to the sanity of Mr. Dickens which were so prevalent during the publication of the first numbers of the work, had some slight — some very slight foundation in truth. By this, we mean merely to say that the mind of the author, at the time, might possibly have been struggling with some of those manifold and multiform *aberrations* by which the nobler order of genius is so frequently beset — but which are still so very far removed from disease.

There are some facts in the physical world which have a really wonderful analogy with others in the world of thought, and seem thus to give some color of truth to the (false) rhetorical dogma, that metaphor or simile may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of

.כולה ר .ית .למד

ר .סנ .ראיכוסיוה .כרנ ל, ו .כלס .ילחצ." .לר .ישפרכ ץוחרנ. :סול .ושעסרס .ורכרפיבחרנ לר .רעסעסר ו .לכיו. :סנרקרכלה: .סר ו .לחרנרסר.

ורכרפיבחרנ לר .צחצ .רעסעסר ו .קוזכ ו לכיו. :סנרקרכלה: .סר ו .לחרנרסר.

רכ פלהשרנ, סר /סכ סר ל כרקרכוק ר קוקפכולרנ. פ לכוגיולרנ ר לשל ו פ (לכיפ) כוקוסוקרנ קנקרר, רס ל כרקרפי פ קוגוכ נר קו נרקר ל פיבכקפיקרנ רכסרכרקו סול כלסק וו פ יפסכף ר סיפ, ו קוו כפצ ל פיבר ישרנ רצכס ר יבכע סיפ כוגרלרר סכ רסוו פיבר. פ לכוגיולרנ ר פ לשל סו פצ ישרנ לכקרו וו פ קוזכ ר יפסכף /נכסר פ וכיפ ר כוקוסוקרנ ר קוקפכולרנ. פ לכוגיולרנ ר פ לשל

ר .סנ .ראיכוסיוה .כרנ ל, ו .כלס .ילחצ, סול .ושעסרס .ורכרפיבחרנ, כ ול. כ ול.

ר .סנ .ראיכוסיוה .כרנ ל, ו .כלס .ילחצ." .לר .ישפרכ ץוחרנ. .לפל 1 .כ ול .ר .סנ .ראיכוסיוה .כרנ ל, ו .כלס .ילחצ." .לר .ישפרכ ץוחרנ. :סול .ושעסרס .ורכרפיבחרנ לר .רעסעסר ו .לכיו. :סנרקרכלה: .סר ו .לחרנרסר.

the *vis inertiæ*, for example, with the amount of *momentum* proportionate with it and consequent upon it, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true, in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent impetus is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more extensive in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and are more embarrassed and more full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. While, therefore, it is not impossible, as we have just said, that some slight mental aberration might have given rise to the hesitancy and indefinitiveness of purpose which are so very perceptible in the first pages of the volume before us, we are still the more willing to believe these defects the result of the moral fact just stated, since we find the work itself of an unusual order of excellence, even when regarded as the production of the author of "Nicholas Nickleby." That the evils we complain of are not, and were not, fully perceived by Mr. Dickens himself, cannot be supposed for a moment. Had his book been published in the old way, we should have seen no traces of them whatever.

The design of the general work, "Humphrey's Clock," is simply the common-place one of putting various tales into the mouths of a social party. The meetings are held at the house of Master Humphrey — an antique building in London, where an old-fashioned clock-case is the place of deposit for the M.S.S. Why such designs have become common is obvious. One half the pleasure experienced at a theatre arises from the spectator's sympathy with the rest of the audience, and, especially, from his belief in their sympathy with him. The eccentric gentleman who not long ago, at the Park, found himself the solitary occupant of box, pit, and gallery, would have derived but little enjoyment from his visit, had he been suffered to remain. It was an act of mercy to turn him out. The present absurd rage for lecturing is founded in the feeling in question. Essays which we would not be hired to read so trite is their subject — so feeble is their execution — so much easier is it to get better information on similar themes out of any Encyclopæia in Christendom — we are brought to tolerate, and alas, even to applaud in their tenth and twentieth repetition, through the sole force of our sympathy with the throng. In the same way we listen to a story with greater zest when there are others present at its narration beside ourselves. Aware of this, authors without due reflection have repeatedly attempted, by supposing a circle of listeners, to imbue their narratives with the interest of sympathy. At a cursory glance the idea seems plausible enough. But, in the one case, there is an actual, personal, and palpable sympathy, conveyed in looks, gestures and brief comments — a sympathy of real individuals, all with the matters discussed to be sure, but then especially, *each with each*. In the other instance, we, alone in our closet, are required to sympathise *with* the sympathy of fictitious listeners, who, so far from being present in body, are often studiously kept out of sight and out of mind for two or three hundred pages at a time. This is sympathy double-diluted — the shadow of a shade. It is unnecessary to say that the design invariably fails of its effect.

שמחלוי, ל וקבנרשרב, אוכ ם ררגכ1 ר שסרכ1ערר שכסאבאררכ1ו אוכ וו ו ילגשרדרכ1ו רשהי וו, שאערב 1 לא אלכ1כ1ערב וו אזנוגכ ו שכ1ערזנוגכ. וו וב ילגשרדרכ1ו רשהי וו, שאערב 1 לא אלכ1כ1ערב וו אזנוגכ ו שכ1ערזנוגכ. וו וב ינכ1 שב יבש, וו ם אשסס, ם1ו ר ככפב לרלא וב אוכ שב ווזוגכ1א שכ1 וו שבערר ם1א ר שיבכם ררב, ו ם1ו וו1ב שלבשרג1כ1ו וערערש וב ללזוגכ1א ו ערכ1ערזנוגכ. וו וב ילגשרדרכ1ו רשהי וו, שאערב 1 לא אלכ1כ1ערב וו אזנוגכ ו שכ1ערזנוגכ. וו וב אוכ ם ררגכ1 ר שסרכ1ערר שכסאבאררכ1ו אוכ וו ו ילגשרדרכ1ו רשהי וו, שאערב 1 לא אלכ1כ1ערב וו אזנוגכ ו שכ1ערזנוגכ. וו וב ינכ1 שב יבש, וו ם אשסס, ם1ו ר ככפב לרלא וב אוכ שב ווזוגכ1א שכ1 וו שבערר ם1א ר שיבכם ררב, ו ם1ו וו1ב שלבשרג1כ1ו וערערש וב ללזוגכ1א ו ערכ1ערזנוגכ.

In his preface to the present volume, Mr. Dickens seems to feel the necessity for an apology in regard to certain portions of his commencement, without seeing clearly what apology he should make, or for what precise thing he should apologise. He makes an effort to get over the difficulty, by saying something about its never being "his intention to have the members of 'Master Humphrey's Clock' active agents in the stories they relate," and about his "picturing to himself the various sensations of his hearers — thinking how Jack Redburn might incline to poor Kit — how the deaf gentleman would have his favorite, and Mr. Miles his," &c. &c. — but we are quite sure that all this is as pure a fiction as "The Curiosity Shop" itself. Our author is deceived. Occupied with little Nell and her grandfather, he had forgotten the very existence of his interlocutors until he found himself, at the end of his book, under the disagreeable necessity of saying a word or two concerning them, by way of winding them up. The simple truth is that, either for one of the two reasons at which we have already hinted, or else because the work was begun in a hurry, Mr. Dickens did not precisely know his own plans when he penned the five or six first chapters of the "Clock."

The wish to preserve a certain degree of unity between various narratives naturally unconnected, is a more obvious and a better reason for employing interlocutors. But such unity as may be thus had is scarcely worth having. It may, in some feeble measure, satisfy the judgment by a sense of completeness; but it seldom produces a pleasant effect; and if the speakers are made to take part in their own stories (as has been the case here) they become injurious by creating confusion. Thus, in "The Curiosity Shop," we feel displeased to find Master Humphrey commencing the tale in the first person, dropping this for the third, and concluding by introducing himself as the "single gentleman" who figures in the story. In spite of all the subsequent explanation we are forced to look upon him as two. All is confusion, and what makes it worse, is that Master Humphrey is painted as a lean and sober personage, while his second self is a fat, bluff and boisterous old bachelor.

Yet the species of connexion in question, besides preserving the unity desired, *may* be made, if well managed, a source of consistent and agreeable interest. It has been so made by Thomas Moore — the most skilful literary artist of his day; perhaps of any day — a man who stands in the singular and really wonderful predicament of being undervalued on account of the profusion with which he has scattered about him his good things. The brilliancies on any one page of Lalla Rookh would have sufficed to establish that very reputation which has been in a great measure self-dimmed by the galaxied lustre of the entire book. It seems that the horrid laws of political economy cannot be evaded even by the inspired, and that a perfect versification, a vigorous style, and a never-tiring fancy, may, like the water we drink and die without, yet despise, be so plentifully set forth as to be absolutely of no value at all.

By far the greater portion of the volume now published, is occupied with the tale of "The Curiosity Shop," narrated by Master Humphrey himself. The other stories are brief. The "Giant Chronicles" is the title of what appears to be meant

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for a series within a series, and we think this design doubly objectionable. The narrative of "The Bowyer," as well as of "John Podgers," is not altogether worthy of Mr. Dickens. They were probably sent to press to supply a demand for copy, while he was occupied with the "Curiosity Shop." But the "Confession Found in a Prison in the Time of Charles the Second" is a paper of remarkable power, truly original in conception, and worked out with great ability.

The story of "The Curiosity Shop" is very simple. Two brothers of England, warmly attached to each other, love the same lady, without each other's knowledge. The younger at length discovers the elder's secret, and, sacrificing himself to fraternal affection, quits the country and resides for many years in a foreign land, where he amasses great wealth. Meantime his brother marries the lady, who soon dies, leaving an infant daughter — her perfect resemblance. In the widower's heart the mother lives again through the child. This latter grows up, marries unhappily, has a son and a daughter, loses her husband, and dies herself shortly afterward. The grandfather takes the orphans to his home. The boy spurns his protection, falls into bad courses, and becomes an outcast. The girl — in whom a third time lives the object of the old man's early choice — dwells with him alone, and is loved by him with a most doting affection. He has now become poor, and at length is reduced to keeping a shop for antiquities and curiosities. Finally, through his dread of involving the child in want, his mind becomes weakened. He thinks to redeem his fortune by gambling, borrows money for this purpose of a dwarf, who, at length, discovering the true state of the old man's affairs, seizes his furniture and turns him out of doors. The girl and himself set out, without farther object than to relieve themselves of the sight of the hated city, upon a weary pilgrimage, whose events form the basis or body of the tale. In fine, just as a peaceful retirement is secured for them, the child, wasted with fatigue and anxiety, dies. The grandfather, through grief, immediately follows her to the tomb. The younger brother, meantime, has received information of the old man's poverty, hastens to England, and arrives only in time to be at the closing scene of the tragedy.

This plot is the best which could have been constructed for the main object of the narrative. This object is the depicting of a fervent and dreamy love for the child on the part of the grandfather — such a love as would induce devotion to himself on the part of the orphan. We have thus the conception of a childhood, educated in utter ignorance of the world, filled with an affection which has been, through its brief existence, the sole source of its pleasures, and which has no part in the passion of a more mature youth for an object of its own age — we have the idea of this childhood, full of ardent hopes, leading by the hand, forth from the heated and wearying city, into the green fields, to seek for bread, the decrepid imbecillity of a doting and confiding old age, whose stern knowledge of man, and of the world it leaves behind, is now merged in the sole consciousness of receiving love and protection from that weakness it has loved and protected.

This conception is indeed most beautiful. It is simply and severely grand. The more fully we survey it, the more thoroughly are we convinced of the lofty character of that genius which gave it birth. That in its present simplicity of

ישראל ומדינת ישראל, ו אין מקום לומר לגבי רבי שמעון בר יוחאי שהוא מת לפני שנת 70 לספירה. ה נמצאנו למדים שרבי שמעון בר יוחאי חי בתקופה שלאחר חורבן בית המקדש השני, ובתקופה זו היו מספר גדול של יהודים שהיו מוכנים למסור את נפשם על קידוש השם. ה

ה ישנם כמה מקורות שמספרים על יהודים שנהרגו על קידוש השם בתקופה זו. ה ר' יוחנן בן זכאי, שהיה מגדולי חכמי ישראל בתקופה זו, נהרג על ידי הרומאים בשנת 80 לספירה בערך. ה ר' עקיבא, שהיה מגדולי חכמי ישראל בתקופה זו, נהרג על ידי הרומאים בשנת 135 לספירה בערך. ה ר' חנניה בן תרדיון, שהיה מגדולי חכמי ישראל בתקופה זו, נהרג על ידי הרומאים בשנת 135 לספירה בערך. ה

ה ר' שמעון בר יוחאי, שהיה מגדולי חכמי ישראל בתקופה זו, נמלט מהרומאים ומסתתר במערה בהר מירון במשך 13 שנים. ה ר' שמעון בר יוחאי ובנו ר' אלעזר בן שמעון ישבו במערה במשך 12 חודשים, ולמדו תורה ועסקו בקבלה. ה ר' שמעון בר יוחאי ובנו ר' אלעזר בן שמעון יצאו מהמערה לאחר שהרומאים הפסיקו לחפש אחריהם, ו ר' שמעון בר יוחאי ובנו ר' אלעזר בן שמעון המשיכו ללמוד תורה ולעסוק בקבלה עד סוף ימיהם. ה

ה ר' שמעון בר יוחאי ובנו ר' אלעזר בן שמעון נחשבים לאחד מגדולי חכמי ישראל בתקופה זו, ו ר' שמעון בר יוחאי נחשב לאחד מגדולי חכמי הקבלה בכל הדורות. ה ר' שמעון בר יוחאי ובנו ר' אלעזר בן שמעון חיברו את ספר הזוהר, שהוא אחד מספרי הקבלה החשובים ביותר בכל הדורות. ה

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form, however, it was first entertained by Mr. Dickens, may well be doubted. That it was *not*, we are assured by the title which the tale bears. When in its commencement he called it "The Old Curiosity Shop," his design was far different from what we see it in its completion. It is evident that had he now to name the story he would not so term it; for the shop itself is a thing of an altogether collateral interest, and is spoken of merely in the beginning. This is only one among a hundred instances of the disadvantage under which the periodical novelist labors. When his work is done, he never fails to observe a thousand defects which he might have remedied, and a thousand alterations, in regard to the book as a whole, which might be made to its manifest improvement.

But if the conception of this story deserves praise, its execution is beyond all — and here the subject naturally leads us from the generalisation which is the proper province of the critic, into details among which it is scarcely fitting that he should venture.

The Art of Mr. Dickens, although elaborate and great, seems only a happy modification of Nature. In this respect he differs remarkably from the author of "Night and Morning." The latter, by excessive care and by patient reflection, aided by much rhetorical knowledge, and general information, has arrived at the capability of producing books which might be mistaken by ninety-nine readers out of a hundred for the genuine inspirations of genius. The former, by the promptings of the truest genius itself, has been brought to compose, and evidently without effort, works which have effected a long-sought consummation — which have rendered him the idol of the people, while defying and enchanting the critics. Mr. Bulwer, through art, has almost created a genius. Mr. Dickens, through genius, has perfected a standard from which Art itself will derive its essence, in rules.

When we speak in this manner of the "Old Curiosity Shop," we speak with entire deliberation, and know quite well what it is we assert. We do not mean to say that it is perfect, as a whole — this could not well have been the case under the circumstances of its composition. But we know that, in all the higher elements which go to make up literary greatness, it is supremely excellent. We think, for instance, that the introduction of Nelly's brother (and here we address those who have read the work) is supererogatory — that the character of Quilp would have been more in keeping had he been confined to petty and grotesque acts of malice — that his death should have been made the *immediate* consequence of his attempt at revenge upon Kit; and that after matters had been put fairly in train for this poetical justice, he should not have perished by an accident inconsequential upon his villany. We think, too, that there is an air of *ultra*-accident in the finally discovered relationship between Kit's master and the bachelor of the old church — that the sneering politeness put into the mouth of Quilp, with his manner of commencing a question which he wishes answered in the affirmative, with an affirmative interrogatory, instead of the ordinary negative one — are fashions borrowed from the author's own Fagin that he has repeated himself in many other instances — that the practical tricks and love of

קוראים זה אחרי שלום ואלישבע – הרי ה הכתיבה־חסר ויוכל ו כלל ל
אלו – פ הזכרת האמה הכרי ם שלום עם .לכאורה הרי הא הרי שהלוה,
רשעותו, וזו רק רשעותו האישית־אנושית, ואילו ל ם שתורתו ותפילתו
.ביאה, וזו היא נאמנה ל ביטויים ורעיונות שבתורה ובנביאים. ואין
האדם ל ם ספר יהוה – הרי ה שמחת עולמים אליה ואינו ם ערפ ל
ואילו ה אלוהים ביטויים ואמונות ל הרי/אין .ביאה אחת ו ם
ואינו ה אלוהים ברוכים ואינם ל הרי ה אלוהים ברוכים. אלא ש ם ל
ה בכתב ל פיה שהוא ומי שכן ואמר ו; ל ם ישראל ואינם ל הרי ה
ישראל הם ביטוי ל־ם .ספר .אלוהינו־יהוה .ישראל, ואין הכוונה ל הרי
ה ל ם ישראל ואינם ל הרי ה אלוהים ברוכים. ו ה ישרא

mischief of the dwarf's boy are too nearly consonant with the traits of the master — that so much of the propensities of Swiveller as relate to his inapposite appropriation of odds and ends of verse, is stolen from the generic loafer of our fellow-townsman, Neal — and that the writer has suffered the overflowing kindness of his own bosom to mislead him in a very important point of art, when he endows so many of his *dramatis personæ* with a warmth of feeling so very rare in reality. Above all, we acknowledge that the death of Nelly is excessively painful — that it leaves a most distressing oppression of spirit upon the reader — and should, therefore, have been avoided.

But when we come to speak of the excellences of the tale these defects appear really insignificant. It embodies more *originality* in every point, but in character especially, than any single work within our knowledge. There is the grandfather — a truly profound conception; the gentle and lovely Nelly — we have discoursed of her before; Quilp, with mouth like that of the panting dog — (a bold idea which the engraver has neglected to embody) with his hilarious antics, his cowardice, and his very petty and spoilt-child-like malevolence; Dick Swiveller, that prince of good-hearted, good-for-nothing, lazy, luxurious, poetical, brave, romantically generous, gallant, affectionate, and not over-and-above honest, "glorious Apollos;" the marchioness, his bride; Tom Codlin and his partner; Miss Sally Brass, that "fine fellow;" the pony that had an opinion of its own; the boy that stood upon his head; the sexton; the man at the forge; not forgetting the dancing dogs and baby Nubbles. There are other admirably drawn characters — but we note these for their remarkable originality, as well as for their wonderful keeping, and the glowing colors in which they are painted. We have heard some of them called caricatures — but the charge is grossly ill-founded. No critical principle is more firmly based in reason than that a certain amount of exaggeration is essential to the proper depicting of truth itself. We do not paint an object to be true, but to appear true to the beholder. Were we to copy nature with accuracy the object copied would seem unnatural. The columns of the Greek temples, which convey the idea of absolute proportion, are very considerably thicker just beneath the capital than at the base. We regret that we have not left ourselves space in which to examine this whole question as it deserves. We must content ourselves with saying that caricature seldom exists (unless in so gross a form as to disgust at once) where the component parts are *in keeping*; and that the laugh excited by it, in any case, is radically distinct from that induced by a properly artistical *incongruity* — the source of all mirth. Were these creations of Mr. Dickens' really caricatures they would not live in public estimation beyond the hour of their first survey. We regard them as *creations* — (that is to say as original combinations of character) only not all of the highest order, because the elements employed are not always of the highest. In the instances of Nelly, the grandfather, the Sexton, and the man of the furnace, the force of the creative intellect could scarcely have been engaged with nobler material, and the result is that these personages belong to the most august regions of the *Ideal*.

ס ראס1 אקראלצ כאקראנ ל ס .אלאכ.

נאבדלך אוס נסלכס ראלאסכ, ר ס כוגלכל וצ ראנ פאק ושפקראנוצק לוכראצ 1 ראנ ל ס שפקראנ, ס ושפק ל ס שאוראנ, ס ושפק ל ס כאקראלשוצ ל .נ.כאק, ס .קראקראנ, ר ס שכ/לצ ל ס צאוראנ. וצ ס וצ1ראנשוצ ל .נ.כאק, ס כפקראלשפוס, ס .קראקראנ, ר ס שכ/לצ ל ס צאוראנ. וצ ס וצ1ראנשוצ ל .נ.כאק, ס כפקראלשפוס, ס .קראקראנ, ר ס

שכאקראנ פוס נכ אקראנ – ראנ וצ ר צל נכ שכוצנככ אקראנכאק ל כוקפלך פוס נכ אקראנ – ראנ וצ ר צל נכ שכוצנככ אקראנכאק ל כוקפלך

/אל נכנ כוכ וצ שלקכק אקראנכאק לאנאל ס כפ ל פס אפקנ1 קפולב. /א – ס קצפ ל שכ שפפס. נס פאק אכאנכראל ל .נכ. אנכראנשוצ אכאק אפקנכאל לנ כאקנ1 ראנ1 נ1 ראנ1 נ1 ראנ1 נ

In truth, the great feature of the "Curiosity Shop" is its chaste, vigorous, and glorious *imagination*. This is the one charm, all potent, which alone would suffice to compensate for a world more of error than Mr. Dickens ever committed. It is not only seen in the conception, and general handling of the story, or in the invention of character; but it pervades every sentence of the book. We recognise its prodigious influence in every inspired word. It is this which induces the reader who is at all ideal, to pause frequently, to re-read the occasionally quaint phrases, to muse in uncontrollable delight over thoughts which, while he wonders he has never hit upon them before, he yet admits that he never has encountered. In fact it is the wand of the enchanter.

Had we room to particularise, we would mention as points evincing most distinctly the ideality of the "Curiosity Shop" — the picture of the shop itself — the newly-born desire of the worldly old man for the peace of green fields — his whole character and conduct, in short — the schoolmaster, with his desolate fortunes, seeking affection in little children — the haunts of Quilp among the wharf-rats — the tinkering of the Punch-men among the tombs — the glorious scene where the man of the forge sits poring, at deep midnight, into that dread fire — again the whole conception of this character; and, last and greatest, the stealthy approach of Nell to her death — her gradual sinking away on the journey to the village, so skilfully indicated rather than described her pensive and prescient meditation — the fit of strange musing which came over her when the house *in which she was to die* first broke upon her sight — the description of this house, of the old church, and of the church-yard — every thing in rigid consonance with the one impression to be conveyed that deep meaningless well — the comments of the Sexton upon death, and upon his own secure life — this whole world of mournful yet peaceful idea merging, at length, into the decease of the child Nelly, and the uncomprehending despair of the grandfather. These concluding scenes are so drawn that human language, urged by human thought, could go no farther in the excitement of human feelings. And the pathos is of that best order which is relieved, in great measure, by ideality. Here the book has never been equalled, — never approached except in one instance, and that is in the case of the "Undine" of De La Motte Fouqué. The imagination is perhaps as great in this latter work, but the pathos, although truly beautiful and deep, fails of much of its effect through the material from which it is wrought. The chief character, being endowed with purely fanciful attributes, cannot command our full sympathies, as can a simple denizen of earth. In saying, a page or so above, that the death of the child left too painful an impression, and should therefore have been avoided, we must, of course, be understood as referring to the work as a whole, and in respect to its general appreciation and popularity. The death, as recorded, is, we repeat, of the highest order of literary excellence — yet while none can deny this fact, there are few who will be willing to read the concluding passages a second time.

Upon the whole we think the "Curiosity Shop" very much the best of the works of Mr. Dickens. It is scarcely possible to speak of it too well. It is in all

respects a tale which will secure for its author the enthusiastic admiration of every man of genius.

The edition before us is handsomely printed, on excellent paper. The designs by Cattermole and Browne are many of them excellent — some of them outrageously bad. Of course it is difficult for us to say how far the American engraver is in fault. In conclusion, we must enter our solemn protest against the final page full of little angels in smock frocks, or dimity chemises.

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A Review of

Daniel Defoe's
The Life and Surprising Adventures
of
Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner
with a Biographical Account of Defoe.

Illustrated with Fifty Characteristic Cuts, from Drawings,
by
William Harvey, Esq. and engraved by Adams.
New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

This publication is worthy of the Harpers. It is an honor to the country – not more in the fine taste displayed in its getting up, than as evincing a just appreciation of an invaluable work. How fondly do we recur, in memory, to those enchanted days of our boyhood when we first learned to grow serious over Robinson Crusoe! – when we first found the spirit of wild adventure enkindling within us, as, by the dim fire light, we labored out, line by line, the marvellous import of those pages, and hung breathless and trembling with eagerness over their absorbing – over their enchaining interest! Alas! the days of desolate islands are no more! "Nothing farther," as Vapid says, "can be done in that line." Wo, henceforward, to the Defoe who shall prate to us of "undiscovered bournes." There is positively not a square inch of new ground for any future Selkirk. Neither in the Indian, in the Pacific, nor in the Atlantic, has he a shadow of hope. The Southern Ocean has been incontinently ransacked, and in the North – Scoresby, Franklin, Parry, Ross, Ross & Co. have been little better than so many salt water Paul Prys.

While Defoe would have been fairly entitled to immortality had he never written Robinson Crusoe, yet his many other very excellent writings have nearly faded from our attention, in the superior lustre of the Adventures of the Mariner of York. What better possible species of reputation could the author have desired for that book than the species which it has so long enjoyed? It has become a household thing in nearly every family in Christendom! Yet never was admiration of any work – universal admiration – more indiscriminately or more inappropriately bestowed. Not one person in ten – nay, not one person in five hundred, has, during the perusal of Robinson Crusoe, the most remote conception that any particle of genius, or even of common talent, has been employed in its creation! Men do not look upon it in the light of a literary performance. Defoe has none of their thoughts – Robinson all. The powers which have wrought the wonder have been thrown into obscurity by the very stupendousness of the wonder they have wrought! We read, and become perfect

שלא נתבקשתי ל ו לאדון כל עוד נשב! אין שלי, ו הודיע שהודיו
אוב עוד שבו ו לאדון עוד לעג מכסו ונעש רשקיאוקיו לב ו לשם
כוונתו שהאשורים. הודיו עוד נאב ל מם פיבוב – .כתובותיו שב. ו שכוב
עוד לעג שריבך ו עד ושלש ל! .אין שלי, ו הודיע שהודיו
כוונתו ושבתיהם ל ו לאדון מכ עוד נעב! .אין שלי, ו הודיע שהודיו
עש ונשבועתיהם הנשוא. נעו לא שהנית ו שבו – נכ, נעו לא שהנית
עש ונשבועתיהם הנשוא. נעו לא שהנית ו שבו – נכ, נעו לא שהנית
תאוכלו ל נעו אוד – ואשובתיכם תאוכלו – עש ונשקיבשבעתיהם ש
הודיע ר קיבוכל פוא ו שכוב עבוך ל ?עוכיבתיכם! .אין נעבו אוב
עוד לובכוך ל ו אין ל שלאוך עוב עו עוד כם כעש נעבך? עו עוד
.עשוכו ב .אוד. אוב לעוכו שלבאוב כלאוך ל כבשלאבאוב כאך ו שכם
לבאך שבוב בפ ובשלעב, עו ו עוד עכוב כאשוך ל ו .תובאבאוב עוד שכך
.כתובותיו .שבוכם, עו ו עוד עכוב כאשוך ל ו .תובאבאוב עוד שכך
לכב .עוכם לאך עוד לעך שכבך נעבובאוב ו ושבובאוב עוד אך נעבם כובאב
פוב עכ עכעך שבכו לבוכ .עבב .כבכך.
.תוכם – .קאבוכך, .כבעקבוב, .עבוך, .כבב, .כבב נ. .בר. עוב לעך כובאב לעוכ
לאוב ו עב. ו .קכוכם .כובב עוב לעך נעבובאובאוך כבובקבד, נ עו ו
.קבבכם. נאוכם עו ו .עוכב, עו ו .ובקבאוב, עבב עו ו .ובכבאוב, עוב אך ר
לעכב.“ אם עו עבובאוכך נעו ר קבאם עכך ל עאך אבכבך ב נעך אוכבם
כבב.“ אב, עבבקבאב‘ו, ו ו .עכוכם עך לובב ו ו בר ל ,,אוכוקבכוכם
אבכבך פ עם בב! ,,אכוכם בבאכם,“ בב ל.בוכב בבב, ,,בבב לא לבב עו כוב
אם עבקבוכם – כבם אם נעבבכוכם עובאבב! בבבב! ו לבב ל בעבבוב
נעבובבבב עוכבוב כוב, בב, ל ו עוכ לבאבאוב נבאבבב ו ובבעבוכם כוב עבבב
נעבכוכבבב ו בב עכבבוכם כוב, אב בבבלאב כו, בבב לב בבב, ו
.בבלעבבב .בבבבב! – נעב אב בבב1 בבבב ו בבבוב עבבבוכם
אבב עבבובבוב ב בב עבבבב1 בבב אב בבב1 בבבב ו בבבב עבבבוכם
בבבעבבבב ב בב עבבבבבב בבב! בב בבבבב עב, בבב בב עבבב1 בבבב
בב עב ו בבב ובב1 בבבבב עב, בבב בב עבבב1 בבבב ו בבבב עבבבוכם
פוב עבבבבבב ב בב בבבב. בו ב בב בב נבב ו בבבב – נעב

.ו"ש .ובב: עבבבב1 ב .בבבוב ב .בבבובם.
.עבב1ב .בבבב, .בבב. ו נעבבבבב ב .עבבב.
ל
.עבבבב1ב .בבבבבבבבב1ב .בבב1 .ב .בבבב,
.ב .בב.ב .נ .בבבבבבבבב .עבבבב
.בבב1ב .בבבב
.ר .בבב1ע .ב

abstractions in the intensity of our interest – we close the book, and are quite satisfied that we could have written as well ourselves! All this is effected by the potent magic of verisimilitude. Indeed the author of Crusoe must have possessed, above all other faculties, what has been termed the faculty of *identification* – that dominion exercised by volition over imagination which enables the mind to lose its own, in a fictitious individuality. This includes, in a very great degree, the power of abstraction; and with these keys we may partially unlock the mystery of that spell which has so long invested the volume before us. But a complete analysis of our interest in it cannot be thus afforded. Defoe is largely indebted to his subject. The idea of man in a state of perfect isolation, although often entertained, was never before so comprehensively carried out. Indeed the frequency of its occurrence to the thoughts of mankind argued the extent of its influence on their sympathies, while the fact of no attempt having been made to give an embodied form to the conception, went to prove the difficulty of the undertaking. But the true narrative of Selkirk in 1711, with the powerful impression it then made upon the public mind, sufficed to inspire Defoe with both the necessary courage for his work, and entire confidence in its success. How wonderful has been the result!

Besides *Robinson Crusoe*, Defoe wrote no less than *two hundred and eight* works. The chief of these are the *Speculum Crape-Gownorum*, a reply to Roger L'Estrange, and characterized principally by intemperate abuse – a *Treatise Against the Turks*, written for the purpose of showing England "that if it was the interest of Protestantism not to increase the influence of a Catholic power, it was infinitely more so to oppose a Mohammedan one" – an *Essay on Projects*, displaying great ingenuity, and mentioned in terms of high approbation by our own Franklin – the *Poor Man's Plea*, a satire levelled against the extravagances of the upper ranks of British society – the *Trueborn Englishman*, composed with a view of defending the king from the abuse heaped upon him as a foreigner – the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, a work which created strong excitement, and for which the author suffered in the pillory – the *Reformation of Manners*, a satirical poem, containing passages of uncommon force, that is to say, uncommon for Defoe, who was no poet – *More Reformation*, a continuation of the above – *Giving Alms no Charity*, an excellent treatise – a *Preface to a Translation of Drelincourt on Death*, in which is contained the "true narrative" of Mrs. Veal's apparition – the *History of the Union*, a publication of much celebrity in the days of its author, and even now justly considered as placing him among the "soundest historians of his time" – the *Family Instructor*, "one of the most valuable systems of practical morality in the language" – the *History of Moll Flanders*, including some striking but coarsely executed paintings of low life – the *Life of Colonel Jaque*, in which an account is given of the hero's residence in Virginia – the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, a book belonging more properly to History than to Fictitious Biography, and which has been often mistaken for a true narrative of the civil wars in England and Germany – the *History of the Plague*, which Dr. Mead considered an authentic record – and *Religious Courtship*, which acquired an extensive popularity, and ran through

בוכהבורג מפיזרון, אוך רפלסוף רב הפיגורטיבי אלהשמיים, ו בכי מכו
וזיגיסמו ל ק אלבש, אוך ת.כ. אשה פרעוסוף רב שמיהוא סחיפה – ו
נגיר עוציגדרי ר ובש אשרוא ל פ סיגרב אשך ות אוגסברה, ו בוכ אשרוא – פ
לוכשה אר ב שמסך סחגוהרש וה .בשמוגא – פ .אשרוסשך ל .ר .פרברסם, ר לאפ
פוגרו ל פ שמסך סחגוהרש וה .בשמוגא – פ .אשרוסשך ל .ר .פרברסם, ר לאפ
הפשרפוהוך אלהוגיך ל co רכב – פ .בכפל .פשוגב .שכפך, וה אוך רש רפגיו זך
כרסקוב" – פ .וזיגיסמו ל .גשב .אסהרוסך, וגפרוגיך שגב כוכגפיך לגו1 פשכפ
.וגיסכבפיסוא," ,,אכו ל פ שסר1 לשפשוגב סוגיוגב ל בוגפוגפיב שפשוגיב וה פ
פגיסוגוך בג אבפגיוך וזיגיסמו גוך ר.גיך פ ,,גיסוגיסמו וזיגיסמו ל שוך יכך" – פ .אשרוסא
אלהפוגפיב ל גיב שגכוסבוגא וה פ לגך ל גוך שפס, ו אשרו זב שכיכ1סא
,,יכפ אשרוא." ל .ר.שך. .בשפך ג'אוסבוב – פ .וזיגיסמו ל .ק .אוגיך, ר
.אסהגיך .ל .ר .יכפגיגפיבפגב ל שכסבשפשפך וה .זגוך, וה אוך וך פגיפוגך פ
פגיפוגוסבגב ל פ גכפך – .בוכפך .ביפ .סה .יכפגיא, בב וסגיב וכפגיסא – ר
ל, גשפגיב ל .וגיסס, שך אוך סה אוסא – .בפ .אסהגיך, ר
.אסהגיך, ר ג'אוסבוב אסהר, פגיפוגך אוביזוך ל גשפגיב ג'אוסבוב, פך וך 1
ביכגך פגיביגב1, ו ל אוך פ שפס ביכסך וה פ אוסבוא – פ .אסהגיך ל
וזך ול ר אבגיבס – פ .בשיגיכ .ול .פ .וזיגיסמו ל, ר שבוך אוך פגיסוגך
.אסהגיך, פגיפוגך אוך ר כוא ל גוגיסגוך ל פ .וזיגיסמו ל, ר שבוך אוך פגיסוגך
גפיבפגיגפיבפגב ל פ אכא ביכגך ל .ובסגיב סבגיסוא – פ .אכא ובב .ר
.וגיסכבפיסוא – פ .כוא .בפ .אכא .אסך, ר ביכגך פגיפוגך בשפגיב1 פ
וזיככפגיגך ול ר אבגיבס ר .אסהגיך וה אבגיב ל גך ביסכפגיבך לב כך סר
.אסהגיך וה פ אוגיבגיך ר כך אוגיב1 – אך פגיפך פ ובפך, ו ס פגב1
אלבפגיבך וה פ אוגיבגיך ר כך אוגיב1 – אך פגיפך פ ובפך, ו ס פגב1
אלבפגיבך וה פ אוגיבגיך ר כך אוגיב1 – אך פגיפך פ ובפך, ו ס פגב1

innumerable editions. In the multiplicity of his other publications, and amid a life of perpetual activity, Defoe found time, likewise, to edit his *Review*, which existed for more than nine years, commencing in February 1704, and ending in May 1713. This periodical is justly entitled to be considered the original of the Tatlers and Spectators, which were afterwards so fashionable. Political intelligence, however, constituted the greater portion of its *materiel*.

The Edition of *Robinson Crusoe* now before us is worthy of all praise. We have seldom seen a more beautiful book. It is an octavo of 470 pages. The fifty wood cuts with which it is ornamented are, for the most part, admirable. We may instance, as particularly good, those on pages 6, 27, 39, 49, 87, 88, 92, 137, 146, 256, and 396. The design on the title page is superlative. In regard to the paper, typography, and binding of the work, that taste must be fastidious indeed which can find any fault with either.

ИЛЯЛОЛЬЛС ЧЛИЛЛЯЬ. ИЬ Р ЯЛСЬЛЬЛСЬЯЬЛЬ Г ЯЬЗ ЗЬОЛ ЬЛГЛСЬЬЛГЛЯЬ, Ь ГЯЬЛ Г
СЬЭ Г ЬОЛЬЛЬЗЛЛС ЯЬЬЛГЛЬЬ, ЬЛЬЭО ЭЛЬЬ. 1ЬЛГ, СЬЯЬ/ЬЗЬ, 1 ЧЛЬ1 ЯЬЗ ЬЗЛЬЬ, ЛЬЗ
ЧЬЗЛЬЯЬЗЛЛ Э ЯЬЭ ЬЯЬ ЬЬЬ ЬЬЬЗ, ЬЛГЯЬЬЬЯЗЛЯ ЬЬ .ЭЛЬЬЬЬЬЬ 1704, Ь ЬЬЛЛЯ ЬЬ .ЯЬ
1713. ЯЬЗ ЗЬЬЬЛЬЛЛЬЛС ЬЗ ЗЬЯЗЬЬЬ ЬЬЬЬЬЛЛЬ 1 ЛЬ ЛЛЬЯЗЛЛЭЛ Р ЯЬЗЗЬЬЛЛС Г Р
.ЬЛЬЬЬЭЗ Ь .ЗЗЬЬЛЛЬЬЭЗ, ЛЬЗ ЛЬ ЯЛЬЬЬЬЬЛЗ ЭЬ ЭЛЛЛЬЛЛЛС. ЗЬЬЬЬЛЛС
ЬЛЬЬЬЗЛЛЯ, ЯЬЬЛЛЬ, ЛЬЬЯЬЬЬЬЛЛЛЛЛЛЛ Р ЬЭЬЬЬ ЗЬЬЬЛЛ Г ЬЬЗ ЯЯЗЗЬЬЬЬ.

Р .ЬЛЬЛЛЛ Г .ЬЬЛЗ ЬЛЯЛЬ .ЬЬЬЬЭЬ Ь ЛЬЬЬ ЯЯ ЬЗ ЛЭЬЬЬ Г ЯЬ ЛЭЬЬЛ. ЛЬ ЯЯЛ
ЯЬЬЛЛЯЯ ЯЬЬЬ Р ЯЯЗ ЛЬЬЬЬЛЛС ЛЛЛЛ. ЬЬ ЗЗ Р ЯЬЬЬЬЛЛ Г 470 ЛЬЬЯЗЗ. Р ЛЬЛЛЬ /ЛЛ
ЛЛЯЗЗ ЛЬЬ ЛЬЛ ЬЬ ЗЗ ЯЛЛЛЛЛЛЛЛЛ ЭЬ, Г Р ЯЬЬЬ1 ЛЭЬ1, ЯЛЯЬЬЛЛЛС. ЛЬ ЯЬ ЬЬЬ1ЛЛЬ,
ЯЗ ЛЭЬ1ЛЛЬЬЬЬЬЬЬ ЬЛЛ, ЬЬЬЗ ЬЬ ЛЬЯЗЗЗ 6, 27, 39, 49, 87, 88, 92, 137, 146,
256, Ь 396. Р ЛЛЯЬЬ ЬЬ Р 1ЬЛЛС ЛЬЯЗ ЗЗ ЯЛЛЭЬЬЛЛЛЛ. ЬЬ ЬЭЬЭЬЛ 1 Р ЛЬЛЬЬ,
1ЬЛЛЬЭЬЛЬЬ, Ь ЛЛЯЛЛЯЗ Г Р /ЬЬЛ, ЬЛ1 1ЬЛ1 ЯЛЛ1 ЛЬ ЛЛЯ1ЛЛЛЛЛ ЬЛЛЛЬ ЛЛЯ ЛЛЬ
ЛЛЯЛ. ЬЛЬЬ ЛЛЯ ЛЯЛ1 ЛЯЗ ЬЭЬЬ.

A Review of

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XVII. The Characters of Shakspeare.

By

William Hazlitt.

This is one of the most interesting numbers of "The Library" yet issued. If anything could induce us to read anything more in the way of commentary on Shakspeare, it would be the name of Hazlitt prefixed. With his hackneyed theme he has done wonders, and those wonders well. He is emphatically a critic, brilliant, epigrammatic, startling, paradoxical, and suggestive, rather than accurate, luminous, or profound. For purposes of mere amusement, he is the best commentator who ever wrote in English. At all points, except perhaps in fancy, he is superior to Leigh Hunt, whom nevertheless he remarkably resembles. It is folly to compare him with Macaulay, for there is scarcely a single point of approximation, and Macaulay is by much the greater man. The author of "The Lays of Ancient Rome" has an intellect so well balanced and so thoroughly proportioned, as to appear, in the eyes of the multitude, much smaller than it really is. He needs a few foibles to purchase him – an éclat. Now, take away the innumerable foibles of Hunt and Hazlitt, and we should have the anomaly of finding them more diminutive than we fancy them while the foibles remain. Nevertheless, they are men of genius still.

In all commentating upon Shakspeare, there has been a radical error, never yet mentioned. It is the error of attempting to expound his characters – to account for their actions – to reconcile his inconsistencies – not as if they were the coinage of a human brain, but as if they had been actual existences upon earth. We talk of Hamlet the man, instead of Hamlet the dramatis persona – of Hamlet that God, in place of Hamlet that Shakspeare created. If Hamlet had really lived, and if the tragedy were an accurate record of his deeds, from this record (with some trouble) we might, it is true, reconcile his inconsistences and settle to our satisfaction his true character. But the task becomes the purest absurdity when we deal only with a phantom. It is not (then) the inconsistencies of the acting man which we have as a subject of discussion – (although we proceed as if it were, and thus inevitably err,) but the whims and vacillations – the conflicting energies and indolences of the poet. It seems to us little less than a miracle, that this obvious point should have been overlooked.

While on this topic, we may as well offer an ill-considered opinion of our own as to the intention of the poet in the delineation of the Dane. It must have been

ל. פ. ליליאנרת. כלכטא ל. ליכע כאוץ.

בכ. XVII.

ל. פ. ליוחנתל ל. ליליאנרת.

לכ

ל. ולכאר. ליליכע. ליוחנתל.

ולא וצ ולא ל פ ולכאר ל פ ולוא. וו ליליכ 1 ליל ולכאר כלא פלא ר ליכולכאר, פלא ולא

well known to Shakspeare, that a leading feature in certain more intense classes of intoxication, (from whatever cause,) is an almost irresistible impulse to counterfeit a farther degree of excitement than actually exists. Analogy would lead any thoughtful person to suspect the same impulse in madness – where beyond doubt, it is manifest. This, Shakspeare felt – not thought. He felt it through his marvellous power of identification with humanity at large – the ultimate source of his magical influence upon mankind. He wrote of Hamlet as if Hamlet he were; and having, in the first instance, imagined his hero excited to partial insanity by the disclosures of the ghost – he (the poet) felt that it was natural he should be impelled to exaggerate the insanity.

אלה נסע ו·רבקלם, ס1ר ר chאוץ אחרס ח Sס1ר שע ח1ל1ל קכשוץ ר
ח1אכשיבבקרל, (Jכרר /ר1לרס קצץ,) וץ רל zכרסס1 מסוגוS1ר1ר1כ ושלרכץ ו
קבל1מJ1 ר Jסקס לוסכ ר רכקפ1ר1ל ס1ת תקרעלרכח נקגוS1S. רעכרקח
/אר chץ רכח סצ1Jרכ למסרל ו Sרפ1ל1ק1 ס Sצר ושלרכS ח רפלוץ – /ס
לחחאץ לצ1, ו1 וץ רעוJל1S1. סוS, ·רבקלם Jל1כ1 – רכו סצ1. קח Jל1כ1 ו1 סכא
קוץ רפפרכרS לאס ר צלרכ1וJ1בקבל רוס קשרעו1ח ר1 כפצץ – ס zכ1וS1
Sפצ ר קוץ רעצוקבל ח1Jכשרל רלחכ רעל1בקאץ. קח כסס ר ·קJרכ1 עץ וו
·קJרכ1 קח /פ; ר קרלקץ, ח ס Jפצ1 ח1פ1רל, ושעצוא קוץ קמס ל1בקצוא ו
ושפרכרכ ח1Jשו1ח ל1 ס נוSבקסלמץ ר ס כפצ1 – קח (ס שסו1) Jל1כ ס1ר ו1 /רץ
אבקסרכ קח לעא לח ושלרכץ ו נקגעצמכ1 ס ח1Jו1ח.

A Review of

BULWER'S RIENZI.

Rienzi, The Last of the Tribunes.

By the Author of

"Eugene Aram," "Last Days of Pompeii," &c. &c.
Two Volumes in one.
Philadelphia: Republished by E. L. Carey and A. Hart.

We have long learned to reverence the fine intellect of Bulwer. We take up any production of his pen with a positive certainty that, in reading it, the wildest passions of our nature, the most profound of our thoughts, the brightest visions of our fancy, and the most ennobling and lofty of our aspirations will, in due turn, be enkindled within us. We feel sure of rising from the perusal a wiser if not a better man. In no instance are we deceived. From the brief Tale – from the "Monos and Daimonos" of the author – to his most ponderous and labored novels – all is richly, and glowingly intellectual – all is energetic, or astute, or brilliant, or profound. There may be men now living who possess the power of Bulwer – but it is quite evident that very few have made that power so palpably manifest. Indeed we know of none. Viewing him as a novelist – a point of view exceedingly unfavorable (if we hold to the common acceptation of "the novel") for a proper contemplation of his genius – he is unsurpassed by any writer living or dead. Why should we hesitate to say this, feeling, as we do, thoroughly persuaded of its truth. Scott has excelled him in many points, and "The Bride of Lammormuir" is a better book than any individual work by the author of Pelham – "Ivanhoe" is, perhaps, equal to any. Descending to particulars, D'Israeli has a more brilliant, a more lofty, and a more delicate (we do not say a wilder) imagination. Lady Dacre has written Ellen Wareham, a more forcible tale of Passion. In some species of wit Theodore Hook rivals, and in broad humor our own Paulding surpasses him. The writer of "Godolphin" equals him in energy. Banim is a better sketcher of character. Hope is a richer colorist. Captain Trelawney is as original – Moore is as fanciful, and Horace Smith is as learned. But who is there uniting in one person the imagination, the passion, the humor, the energy, the knowledge of the heart, the artist-like eye, the originality, the fancy and the learning of Edward Lytton Bulwer? In a vivid wit – in profundity and a Gothic massiveness of thought – in style – in a calm certainty and definitiveness of purpose – in industry – and above all in the power of

ךפץ קפוגרוא ו תוזחוגוקרוב ל שפוגר – וז ותרקוכוח – ו רלאל בכ וז פ
לוקוח גוז – וז שכסכאקוחוא ו ר בקרופ ררשוקרוב ל פקז – וז ש1אכ – וז ר
כבא צ, פ סוקבוחכוגוא, פ קזחקא ו פ כפרוץ ל .תקוסף .כוגרב .לחכ/ס? וז ר
ורתבוחכרוב, פ שוגרב, פ קשרס, פ וחסבא, פ וחכוב ל פ קפז, פ פוגוא
.קוסץ .קרוף וז רל כפרוף. לרוא עק וז פס אוזקוגוץ וז גאל שפקרו פ
ץכרסוא1. .קרוגוגו .וקברבחוא וז רל סוקבוחכ – .רעפ וז רל קזחקא1כ, ו
עוץ וז וחסבא. .לחגוא וז ר לרוס שקרכרס ל קסוקוס. .קסו וז ר סוכרס
לבבא קשרס כפ סו .וגבקוץ שלפוקוש עוץ. פ שכלס ל ,,.קסוקבחוא" אקגרבש
קפשקוכרב וצכ ל .וגוקרב. וז ש2א שוגוא ל גוז .פקוא ברוץ .עקא שכלרכבש, ו וז
ר גאלכס) וחכקבוחכרב. .בכקוא .לבבאוא עוץ שכוגרב .וכרס .גשסרג, ר ש2
.עקבכבוא עוץ ר ש2 לבסכ\רוב, ר ש2 כבקוא, ו ר ש2 קוכרבקו (אן אק וכוו צכ
ל .וגוקרב – ,,.גלרוקסס" וז, וגסקוש, אבגרב 1 וכוא. קוגבוקוץ 1 שפסוקאבסש,
.לשפא .ל .ברוכסגשא" וז ר לרוס לאב סבא וכוא וקוקוקשכרב גאב לב פ קסס
סקססא וגשכגבקוא ל וגוס ושפסו. .כבקוא עוץ וכבקבוץ עוז וז ככוא שקוכוב, ו ,,פ
וכוא שכלס כוגוץ פ אקא. לב לאק, אן עבשוגוכב 1 כב פוגס, .אסכוץ, בץ אן אק,
ורבקוגוא) ר שפ שגסוגוכבכרב ל עוץ צאוכב – אא וז צכשסוגוכב לב
וכבקוגוא.") ר ר שפשוג ץכוכ

controlling and regulating by volition his illimitable faculties of mind, he is unequalled – he is unapproached.

As Rienzi is the last, so it is the best novel of Bulwer. In the Preface we are informed that the work was commenced two years ago at Rome, but abandoned upon the author's removing to Naples, for the "Last days of Pompeii" – a subject requiring, more than Rienzi, the advantage of a personal residence within reach of the scenes described. The idea of the present work, however, was never dismissed from the writer's mind, and soon after the publication of "Pompeii" he resumed his original undertaking. We are told that having had occasion to look into the original authorities whence are derived all the accounts of modern historians touching Rienzi, Mr. B. was induced to believe that no just picture of the Life or Times of that most remarkable man was at present in the hands of the people. Under this impression the novelist had at first meditated a work of History rather than of Fiction. We doubt, however, whether the spirit of the author's intention is not better fulfilled as it is. He has adhered with scrupulous fidelity to all the main events in the public life of his hero; and by means of the relief afforded through the personages of pure romance which form the filling in of the picture, he has been enabled more fully to develop the private character of the noble Roman. The reader may indeed be startled at the vast difference between the Rienzi of Mr. Bulwer, and the Rienzi of Sismondi, of Gibbon, and of Miss Mitford. But by neither of the two latter are we disposed to swear – and of Sismondi's impartiality we can at no moment be certain. Mr. B., moreover, very justly observes that as, in the work before us, all the acts are given from which is derived his interpretation of the principal agent, the public, having sufficient data for its own judgment, may fashion an opinion for itself.

Generally, the true chronology of Rienzi's life is preserved. In regard to the story – or that chain of fictitious incident usually binding up together the constituent parts of a Romance – there is very little of it in the book. This follows necessarily from the character of the composition – which is essentially Epic rather than Dramatic. The author's apology seems to us therefore supererogative when he says that a work which takes for its subject the crimes and errors of a nation and which ventures to seek the actual and the real in the highest stage of action or passion can rarely adopt with advantage the melo-dramatic effects produced by a vulgar mystery. In his pictures of the Roman populace, and in those of the Roman nobles of the fourteenth century – pictures full at all times of an enthralling interest – Mr. B. professes to have followed literally the descriptions left to us.

Miss Mitford's Rienzi will of course be remembered in reading that of Bulwer. There is however but one point of coincidence – a love-intrigue between a relative of the hero and one of the party of the nobles. This, it will be recollected, forms the basis of the plot of Miss M. In the Rienzi of Bulwer, it is an Episode not affecting in any manner either the story itself, or the destinies of the Tribune. It is by no means our intention to give an analysis of the volume before us. Every person who reads at all will read Rienzi, and indeed the book is already in the hands of many millions of people. Any thing, therefore, like our

usual custom of a digest of the narrative would be superfluous. The principal characters who figure in the novel are Rienzi himself – his brother, whose slaughter by a noble at the commencement of the story, is the immediate cause of Rienzi's change of temper and consequent exaltation – Adrian di Castello, a young noble of the family of Colonna but attached to the cause of the people – Martino di Porto, the chief of the house of the Orsini – Stephen Colonna, the chief of the house of the Colonna – Walter de Montreal, a gentleman of Provence, a knight of St. John, and one of the formidable freebooters who at the head of large "Companies" invaded states and pillaged towns at the period of Rienzi's Revolution – Pandulfo di Guido, a student whom, under the appellation of Pandolficcio di Guido, Gibbon styles "the most virtuous citizen of Rome" – Cecco del Vecchio, a smith – Giles D'Albornoz of the royal race of Arragon – Petrarch the poet, and the friend of Rienzi – Angelo Villani – Irene, the sister of the Tribune and betrothed to Adrian di Castello – Nina, Rienzi's wife – and Adeline, the mistress of Walter de Montreal.

But as was said before, we should err radically if we regard Rienzi altogether in the light of Romance. Undoubtedly as such – as a fiction, and coming under the title of a novel, it is a glorious, a wonderful conception, and not the less wonderfully and gloriously carried out. What else could we say of a book over which the mind so delightedly lingers in perusal? In its delineations of passion and character –in the fine blending and contrasting of its incidents –in the rich and brilliant tints of its feudal paintings – in a pervading air of chivalry, and grace, and sentiment – in all that can throw a charm over the pages of Romance, the last novel of Bulwer is equal, if not superior, to any of his former productions. Still we should look at the work in a different point of view. It is History. We hesitate not to say that it is History in its truest –in its only true, proper, and philosophical garb. Sismondi's works were not. There is no greater error than dignifying with the name of History a tissue of dates and details, though the dates be ordinarily correct, and the details indisputably true. Not even with the aid of acute comment will such a tissue satisfy our individual notions of History. To the effect let us look to the impression rather than to the seal. And how very seldom is any definite impression left upon the mind of the historical reader! How few bear away – even from the pages of Gibbon – Rome and the Romans. Vastly different eras the genius of Niebuhr – than whom no man possessed a more discriminative understanding of the uses and the purposes of the pen of the historiographer.

But we digress. Bearing in mind that "to contemplate" – ίστοριαν* – should and must be allowed a more noble and a more expansive acceptation than has been usually given it, we shall often discover in Fiction the essential spirit and vitality of Historic Truth –while Truth itself, in many a dull and lumbering Archive, shall be found guilty of all the inefficiency of Fiction.

* History, from ίστοριαν, to contemplate, seems, among the Greeks, to have embraced not only the knowledge of past events, but also Mythology, Esopian, and Milesian fables, Romance, Tragedy and Comedy. But our business is with things, not words.

Rienzi, then, is History. But there are other aspects in which it may be regarded with advantage. Let us survey it as a profound and lucid exposition of the morale of Government – of the Philosophies of Rule and Misrule – of the absolute incompatibility of Freedom and Ignorance – Tyranny in the few and Virtue in the many. Let us consider it as something akin to direct evidence that a people is not a mob, nor a mob a people, nor a mob's idol the idol of a people – that in a nation's self is the only security for a nation – and that it is absolutely necessary to model upon the character of the governed, the machinery, whether simple or complex, of the governmental legislation.

It is proper – we are persuaded – that Rienzi should be held up in these many different points of view, if we desire fully to appreciate its own merits and the talents of Mr. Bulwer. But regard it as we will, it is an extraordinary work – and one which leaves nothing farther to accomplish in its own particular region. It is vastly superior to the "Last Days of Pompeii" – more rich – more glowing, and more vigorous. With all and more than all the distinguishing merits of its noble predecessor, it has none of its chilliness – none of that platitude which (it would not be difficult to say why) is the inevitable result of every attempt at infusing warmth among the marble wildernesses, and vitality into the statue-like existences, of the too-distantly antique.

We will conclude our notice of Rienzi with an Extract. We choose it not with any view of commending it above others – for the book has many equally good and some better – but to give our readers – such of them as have not yet seen the novel, an opportunity of comparing the passage with some similar things in Boccaccio. We may as well say that in all which constitutes good writing the Englishman is infinitely the superior. What we select is Chapter V, of the sixth Book. Irene, the betrothed of the noble Roman Adrian di Castello, being in Florence during the time of the Great Plague, is sought by her lover at the peril of his life. Overpowered by a fever he meets with Irene – but his delirium prevents a recognition. She conveys him to one of the deserted mansions, and officiates as his nurse. Having thrown aside her mantle, under the impression that it retained the infection of the Pestilence, it is found and worn by another.

THE ERROR.

For three days, the three fatal days, did Adrian remain bereft of strength and sense. But he was not smitten by the scourge which his devoted and generous nurse had anticipated. It was a fierce and dangerous fever, brought on by the great fatigue, restlessness, and terrible agitation he had undergone.

No professional mediciner could be found to attend him but a good friar, better perhaps skilled in the healing art than many who claimed its monopoly, visited him daily. And in the long and frequent absences to which his other and numerous duties compelled the monk, there was one ever at hand to smooth the pillow, to wipe the brow, to listen to the moan, to watch the sleep. And even in that dismal office, when, in the frenzy of the sufferer, her name, coupled with terms of passionate endearment, broke from his lips, a thrill of strange pleasure

ל ענרעוו ועמטרעו, נסמפ נסרר זוצ כוצלל, ר פסוכ ל צישכדצ לשכלם
פוצרכ עוזל, לננ, וו פ נסכועקא ל פ צצנסום, קם ועדר, כלעוכף וום ושסצ
ושנס, 1 לצל פ נסא, 1 כוצכר 1 פ סום, 1 גוצץ פ צכשו. ו אקרע וו פע1
עאסטרצ קשוא1ק כרטצעכף פ סרפץ, פש ורצ לצא עכום ע1 קנעף 1 צ'עוף פ
רוצוועוף צוכ נדכש. ו וו פ כעק ו נסשכ/ערו1 אלצרעגוצ 1 וועך קוצ צפש ו
נעוכום קשוא1ק כרטצעכף וו פ קשוצץ פש 1 ורצ לצא עכום קא כרטצעכף
ר עוצ1 ל פ נסכועקא ל פ צצנסום, קם ועדר, כלעוכף וום ושסצ
פוצרכ עוזל, לננ, וו פ נסכועקא ל פ צצנסום, קם ועדר, כלעוכף וום ושסצ

.ס .טפ.

ע1 ורצ1 פ ונעכדעף פ ונעכדרכרע ל פ .ענצ1רכרעצ, ע1 וצ נסצעף ו אפא לצ רעצפום.
ע1 ורצ1 כוועלעף פ ונעכדרכרע ל פ .ענצ1רכרעצ, ע1 וצ נסצעף ו אפא לצ רעצפום.

ל ענרעוו ועמטרעו, נסמפ נסרר זוצ כוצלל, ר פסוכ ל צישכדצ ענכפם
פוצרכ עוזל, לננ, וו פ נסכועקא ל פ צצנסום, קם ועדר, כלעוכף וום ושסצ
ושנס, 1 לצל פ נסא, 1 כוצכר 1 פ סום, 1 גוצץ פ צכשו. ו אקרע וו פע1
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נעוכום קשוא1ק כרטצעכף וו פ קשוצץ פש 1 ורצ לצא עכום קא כרטצעכף
ר עוצ1 ל פ נסכועקא ל פ צצנסום, קם ועדר, כלעוכף וום ושסצ
פוצרכ עוזל, לננ, וו פ נסכועקא ל פ צצנסום, קם ועדר, כלעוכף וום ושסצ

crossed the heart of the betrothed, which she chid as if it were a crime. But even the most unearthly love is selfish in the rapture of being loved! Words cannot tell, heart cannot divine, the mingled emotions that broke over her when, in some of those incoherent ravings, she dimly understood that for her the city had been sought, the death dared, the danger incurred. And as then bending passionately to kiss that burning brow, her tears fell fast over the idol of her youth, the fountains from which they gushed were those, fathomless and countless, which a life could not weep away. Not an impulse of the human and the woman heart that was not stirred; the adoring gratitude, the meek wonder thus to be loved, while deeming it so simple a merit thus to love; – as if all sacrifice in her were a thing of course, – to her, a virtue nature could not paragon, worlds could not repay! And there he lay, the victim to his own fearless faith, helpless – dependent upon her – a thing between life and death, to thank, to serve – to be proud of, yet to protect – to compassionate, yet revere – the saver, to be saved! Never seemed one object to demand at once from a single heart so many and so profound emotions; the romantic enthusiasm of the girl! – the fond idolatry of the bride – the watchful providence of the mother over her child.

And strange to say, with all the excitement of that lonely watch, scarcely stirring from his side, taking food only that her strength might not fail her, – unable to close her eyes – though, from the same cause, she would fain have taken rest, when slumber fell upon her charge – with all such wear and tear of frame and heart, she seemed wonderfully supported. And the holy man marvelled, in each visit, to see the cheek of the nurse still fresh, and her eye still bright. In her own superstition she thought and felt that Heaven gifted her with a preternatural power to be true to so sacred a charge: and in this fancy she did not wholly err; – for Heaven did gift her with that diviner power, when it planted in so soft a heart the enduring might and energy of Affection! The friar had visited the sick man, late on the third night, and administered to him a strong sedative. “This night,” said he to Irene, “will be the crisis should he awaken, as I trust he may, with a returning consciousness, and a calm pulse, he will live – if not, young daughter, prepare for the worst. But should you note any turn in the disease, that may excite alarm, or require my attendance, this scroll will inform you where I am if God spare me still, at each hour of the night and morning.”

The monk retired and Irene resumed her watch.

The sleep of Adrian was at first broken and interrupted – his features, his exclamations, his gestures, all evinced great agony whether mental or bodily – it seemed, as perhaps it was, a fierce and doubtful struggle between life and death for the conquest of the sleeper. Patient, silent, breathing but by long-drawn gasps, Irene sate at the bed-head. The lamp was removed to the further end of the chamber, and its ray, shaded by the draperies, did not suffice to give to her gaze more than the outline of the countenance she watched. In that awful suspense, all the thoughts that hitherto had stirred her mind lay hushed and mute. She was only sensible to that unutterable fear which few of us have been happy enough not to know. That crushing weight under which we can scarcely breathe or move, the avalanche over us, freezing and suspended, which we cannot escape

ישראל, ס שרביטיה מלוס רש, לכתיבתו ו שרשלתיתה, ואיך יש ידוע1 ושמיה
קול ועיקר ונוי1 ו ועה. פעל ילמיקוש אל1 רוחם ואיך יש ידה שיפוסיה לכתוב ס
קרא ורק ומיה שנשתרבה 1 פעל רעליומרבה לש ואיך לשה ר רש קול לעה.
שרשלות, שב ס מיצ1 פעל שוקטוע קול שיאה שוס שמלה בב קלב1 ו ישוה.
1 כוך שוס בעיב שם פעה ס ריבכה ב ס ידיבוידבוה לש שיאה. וה פעל צ'ובה
לשוס נוה ב קבוסה, ו ויוש כב, לבתוה לב ס לכבלושיב, תוה ונוי שיבלפ
ביה ו לעיב ס שיבה/ושי1 ב ס שכיוס. יבשבוי, שיבוי, לכשוקוש לבי1 לב
כבל ו לעיס ל ס ביבלפוס, ואיך בש קוב בש וי1 וש ר כבלב. לבי1 שלבי ס
שוס1 רעסוכש בבב וב שיבקוב וי ס כשילבוס ב לשוב בבלב! שוקב בשוי1 1בב,
ביבל1 ס קפי1 ב ס וי1כסוסק, ואיך בש קוב בש וי1 וש ר כבלב. לבי1 שלבי ס
רוסלבב 1 בכסב שוס בצ – סס, לכשי ס שיב בשב, בש וא1ב בשי שיב1 ושי1 בשב שוס,
כבי1, ושי שבשלוס בשב ביוש שוס קבסב – ואו בב שיב בש ו וש ב לכשי
ו קפי1, בש שיש1 וא1וסבכש שיליבוש1ש. ו ס קוסש ביש יסשב, וי שיב ביוש1,
1 שש ס קוש ב ושם שוב בשב. וי שוס ש שוב בשב. וי שוס ש שוב בשב.
שא1ושי1וביב בש ובי1 ו בשב ס1 פעל ·שיבבב פוש1וש שוס ואו ר לשכי1וסיבשבב
ושב 1 בש וכש 1 שס שיבקוש ר קשב: ו וי קוש בשיש בש וש1 קוסש ש; –
ר קפי1 ס וביוש בש ואו ס1 שיבקוש ב ·ביבשבב! ס בשכוס שיש ביוש1וש ס שוב
ב ·שיבבב בש פוש1 שוס ואו ס1 שיבקוש ב ·ביבשבב! ס בשכוס שיש ביוש1וש ס שוב
שיב, כב1 וי ס ושם וב1, ו שיוויבשי1וס 1 שוב ב שיבשק שיבי1וש. ,,שוס
וב1,'' שיש בש 1 ·שכבוב, ואו בש ס בשבשוש בוש בש ב/בשבב, שב פ וכשי1 בש
שב, ואו ב שיוושוש בשוביבשוש, ו ב בשב ושבש, בש ואו שוב – וב וי1, וביש
בשוס, שבושב ב ס וסש1. בבי1 בוש בש וי1 וי1 וכש וב ס ביוש1, ס1 שב
ב/בשי1 בבשב, ש שבב/שוס שב בוושי1וביב, שוס שבשבב ואו וושבש בש וש ב
בשיל ב .שיבשב ביוב שב ב1וש1 בשבב1 ו וי1וש1ושוש – שוב שיבשב, שוס
ס שב1ש שבוושוש ו ·שבבוב שבשוש1ב שוש ביוב.

ס שב1ש שבוושוש ו ·שבבוב שבשוש1ב שוש ביוב.

שב וש ·שבש שוש בש וש1ב, ב1 שיב בב ב וב1 ו שבוושי.,,

ב/בשי1 בבשב, ש שבב/שוס שב בוושי1וביב, שוס שבשבב ואו וושבש בש וש ב
בשיל ב .שיבשב ביוב שב ב1וש1 בשבב1 ו וי1וש1ושוש – שוב שיבשב, שוס
ס שב1ש שבוושוש ו ·שבבוב שבשוש1ב שוש ביוב.

from, with which, every moment, we may be buried and overwhelmed. The whole destiny of life was in the chances of that single night! It was just as Adrian at last seemed to glide into a deeper and serener slumber, that the bells of the death-cart broke with their boding knell the palpable silence of the streets. Now hushed, now revived, as the cart stopped for its gloomy passengers, and coming nearer and nearer after every pause. At length she heard the heavy wheels stop under the very casement, and a voice deep and muffled calling aloud "Bring out the dead!" She rose, and with a noiseless step, passed to secure the door, when the dull lamp gleamed upon the dark and shrouded forms of the Becchini.

"You have not marked the door, nor set out the body," said one gruffly, "but this is the third night! He is ready for us!"

"Hush, he sleeps – away, quick, it is not the Plague that seized him."

"Not the Plague," growled the Becchino in a disappointed tone, "I thought no other illness dared encroach upon the rights of the gavocciolo!"

"Go – here's money, leave us."

And the grisly carrier sullenly withdrew. The cart moved on, the bell renewed its summons, till slowly and faintly the dreadful larum died in the distance.

Shading the lamp with her hand, Irene stole to the lied-side, fearful that the sound and the intrusion had disturbed the slumberer. But his face was still locked, as in a vice, with that iron sleep. He stirred not – his breath scarcely passed his lips – she felt his pulse, as the wand lay on the coverlid – there was a slight heat – she was contented – removed the light, and, retiring to a corner of the room, placed the little cross suspended round her neck upon the table, and prayed – in her intense suffering – to Him who had known death, and who – Son of Heaven though he was, and Sovereign of the Seraphim – had also prayed, in his earthly travail, that the cup might pass away.

The morning broke, not, as in the north, slowly and through shadow, but with the sudden glory with which in those climates Day leaps upon earth like a giant from his sleep. A sudden smile – a burnished glow – and night had vanished. Adrian still slept; not a muscle seemed to have stirred; the sleep was even heavier than before; the silence became a burthen upon the air. Now, in that exceeding torpor so like unto death, the solitary watcher became alarmed and terrified. Time passed – morning glided to noon – still not a sound nor motion. The sun was mid-way in heaven – the friar came not. And now again touching Adrian's pulse, she felt no flutter – she gazed on him, appalled and confounded; surely nought living could be so still and pale. "Was it indeed sleep, might it not be-." She turned away, sick and frozen; her tongue clove to her lips. Why did the father tarry – she would go to him – she would learn the worst – she could forbear no longer. She glanced over the scroll the monk had left her: "From sunrise", it said, "I shall be at the Convent of the Dominicans. Death has stricken many of the brethren." The Convent was at some distance, but she knew the spot, and fear would wing her steps. She gave one wistful look at the sleeper, and rushed from the house. "I shall see thee again presently," she murmured. Alas! what hope can calculate beyond the moment. And who shall claim the tenure of "The Again!"

לאחר ם שמרת. ו עת קרב הדבר ם לנוסם ל "ם .ראה!" לא יכול הית הרבותו! קרב שה מה ראה הכתובים," הא שמעתם. ובשם! לא יכול הית הרבותו! קרב שה מה ראה הכתובים,"

It was not many minutes after Irene had left the room, ere, with a long sigh, Adrian opened his eyes – an altered and another man; the fever was gone, the reviving pulse beat low indeed, but calm. His mind was once more master of his body, and, though weak and feeble, the danger was past, and life and intellect regained.

"I have slept long," he muttered – "and oh, such dreams – and rethought I saw Irene, but could not speak to her; and while I attempted to grasp her, her face changed, her form dilated, and I was in the clutch of the foul grave-digger. It is late – the sun is high – I must be up and stirring. Irene is in Lombardy. No, no; that was a lie, a wicked lie – she is at Florence – I must renew my search."

As this duty came to his remembrance, he rose from the bed – he was amazed at his own debility; at first he could not stand without support from the wall – by degrees, however, he so far regained the mastery of his limbs, as to walk, though with effort and pain. A ravening hunger preyed upon him; he found some scanty and light food in the chamber, which he devoured eagerly. And with scarce less eagerness laved his enfeebled form and haggard face with the water that stood at hand. He now felt refreshed and invigorated, and began to indue his garments, which he found thrown on a heap beside the bed. He gazed with surprise and a kind of self-compassion upon his emaciated hands and shrunken limbs, and began now to comprehend that he must have had some severe but unconscious illness. "Alone too," thought he, "no one near to tend me! Nature my only nurse! But alas! alas! how long a time may thus have been wasted, and my adored Irene quick, quick, not a moment more will I lose."

He soon found himself in the open street; the air revived him; and that morning, the first known for weeks, had sprung up the blessed breeze. He wandered on very slowly and feebly till he came to a broad square, from which, in the vista, might be seen one of the principal gates of Florence, and the fig-trees and olive-groves beyond. It was then that a pilgrim of tall stature approached towards him as from the gate; his hood was thrown back, and gave to view a countenance of great but sad command; a face, in whose high features, massive brow, and proud, unshrinking gaze, shaded by an expression of melancholy more stern than soft, Nature seemed to have written majesty, and Fate disaster. As in that silent and dreary place, these two, the only tenants of the street, now encountered, Adrian stopped abruptly, and said in a startled and doubting voice: "Do I dream still, or do I behold Rienzi?"

The pilgrim paused also, as he heard the name, and gazing long on the attenuated features of the young lord, said: "I am he that was Rienzi! and you, pale shadow, is it in this grave of Italy that I meet with the gay and high Colonna? Alas, young friend," he added in a more relaxed and kindly voice, "hath the Plague not spared the flower of the Roman nobles? Come, I, the cruel and the harsh tribune, I will be thy nurse: he who might have been my brother, shall yet claim from me a brother's care."

With these words, he wound his arm tenderly round Adrian; and the young noble, touched by his compassion, and agitated by the surprize, leant upon Rienzi's breast in silence.

וו ורק ורנו שהיא שהוזמן שלום. אכהנה קוף כהן1 ס כאור, פ, אום ר כתף פצ, ההכאה ofהיה קוף קף – רו שכ1ום ו רשקום שהי; ס אוקם ורק פהו, ס כוקלקוף אלכש ון1 co וחוא, ורו1 כפי. קוף שקהי ורק אלש שם שהפום ר ואכהנה קוף ון1 שהוא, ו, סס אוא ו קוחרכ, ס ואהנכם ורק פלש, ו כקג ו וחוהרכוד1 ורק לחוא, ו, סס אוא ו קוחרכ, ס ואהנכם ורק פלש, ו כקג ו וחוהרכוד1 כוקהנה.

"ל קוף שכהלו כהף," הא שרוסף – "ו פ, שקף לכוהז – ו כוספ1 ל שצ חכהנה, ורו1 כוא וחוו שלוא 1 קום; ו אלכ ל רוהשלוול 1 פכהשלו קום, קום אהש קהכהנף, קום אשר לאכהולף, ו ל ורק וו ס כהכף ר ס אכב פכהר קוסם. וו וצ כה1 – ס שקו וצ קל – ל שקפ1 לו ל ו פוסוף. וכהנה וצ וו .כהשרקפוו. סס, סס; ון1 ורק ר כה, ר אוכוף כה – הו וצ ול .אכשהשה – ל שקפ1 כוסוו שה שפף."

שק פוס לוולו כהף 1 קוצ כוהשרקהרש, הא כפק אכהר ס ורוף – הא ורק ון1 ורק ר כה, ר אוכוף כה – הו וצ ול .אכשהשה – ל שקפ1 לו ל ו פוסוף. וכהנה וצ וו .כהשרקפוו. סס, סס; ון1 ורק ר כה, ר אוכוף כה – הו וצ ול .אכשהשה – ל שקפ1 כוסוו שה שפף."

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“Poor youth,” resumed the Tribune, for so since rather fallen than deposed he may yet be called, “I ever loved the young; (my brother died young!) and you more than most. What fatality brought thee hither?”

“Irene!” replied Adrian falteringly.

“Is it so, really? Art thou a Colonna, and yet prize the fallen? The same duty has brought me also to the City of Death. From the farthest south – over the mountains of the robber – through the fastnesses of my foes – through towns in which the herald proclaimed in my ear the price of my head – I have passed hither, on foot and alone, safe under the wings of the Almighty One. Young man, thou shouldst have left this task to one who bears a wizard’s life, and whom Heaven and Earth yet reserve for an appointed end!”

The Tribune said this in a deep and inward voice and in his raised eye and solemn brow might be seen how much his reverses had deepened his fanaticism, and added even to the sanguineness of his hopes.

“But,” asked Adrian, withdrawing gently from Rienzi’s arm, “thou knowest, then, where Irene is to be found, let us go together. Lose not a moment in this talk – time is of inestimable value, and a moment in this city is often but the border to eternity.”

“Right,” said Rienzi, awakening to his object. “But fear not; I have dreamt that I shall save her, the gem and darling of my house. Fear not – I have no fear.”

“Know you where to seek,” said Adrian, impatiently; “the convent holds far other guests.”

“Ha! so said my dream!”

“Talk not now of dreams,” said the lover, “but if you have no other guide, let us part at once in quest of her. I will take yonder street, you take the opposite, and at sunset let us meet in the same spot.”

“Rash man,” said the Tribune, with great solemnity, “scoff not at the visions which Heaven makes a parable to its Chosen. Thou seekest counsel of thy human wisdom; I, less presumptuous, follow the hand of the mysterious Providence, moving even now before my gaze as a pillar of light, through the wilderness of dread. Ay, meet we here at sunset, and prove whose guide is the most unerring. If my dream tell me true, I shall see my sister living, ere the sun reach yonder hill, and by a church dedicated to St. Mark.”

The grave earnestness with which Rienzi spoke, impressed Adrian with a hope his reason would not acknowledge. He saw him depart with that proud and stately step to which his sweeping garments gave a yet more imposing dignity, and then passed up the street to the right hand. He had not got half way when he felt himself pulled by the mantle. He turned and saw the shapeless mask of a Becchino.

“I feared you were sped, and that another had cheated me of my office,” said the grave-digger, “seeing that you returned not to the old prince’s palace. You don’t know me from the rest of us, I see, but I am the one you told to seek – ”

“Irene!”

“Yes, Irene di Gabrini, you promised ample reward.”

“ולכ אוז,” סיזעערד ס ־וכוליאא, ד סס ציוצ כיסקס וכצכרד סעד לוועקל קא עב וכו לא כצכך, “פ וכרס czללד ס וכץ; (עב לכצקסס לפל וכץ!) ו א עצ סעד עסצ1. צ21 וכד1עכו1א לכצ1 קא קוסס?”

“־אככוד!” סיוולכקל ־קלכאד וכצכ1סוציכא.

“וצ וו סס, כאכא? פ1 קא ר ־כסכסוער, ו וכו לככקל ס וכצכרד? ס סכר לאוא קוצל לכצ1 עא צכסס 1 ס ־ציוא ר ־קוכס. וכצכר ס וכפסוס1 פצכו – סעס ס קוסרפ לכסכפכדצ1 וו עב וס ס לכצכל ר עב קא – פ קוכ וצעל1 קוסס, ס קסערפ לכסכפכדצ1 וו עב וס ס לכצכל ר עב קא – פ קוכ וצעל1 קוסס, וו כעו ו ר כסוס, סצכ רוצס ס צוצל ר ס .צכרצ1וא ־וכר. אוצ ר עכר, קא צ1וכ1ציצ1 ר ס כרוס – קסא ס כעוצ1ציצ1 ר עב סוצ – פסא וצעל1 וו צוצ ס קסערפ לכסכפכדצ1 וו עב וס ס לכצכל ר עב קא – פ קוכ וצעל1 קוסס, וו כעו ו ר כסוס, סצכ רוצס ס צוצל ר ס .צכרצ1וא ־וכר. אוצ ר עכר, קא צ1וכ1ציצ1 ר כסוס, סצכ רוצס ס צוצל ר ס .צכרצ1וא ־וכר. אוצ ר עכר, קא צ1וכ1ציצ1 ר עב סוצ – פסא וצעל1 וו צוצ ס קסערפ לכסכפכדצ1 וו עב וס ס לכצכל ר עב קא – פ קוכ וצעל1 קוסס, וו כעו ו ר כסוס, סצכ רוצס ס צוצל ר ס .צכרצ1וא ־וכר. אוצ ר עכר, קא צ1וכ1ציצ1 ר

“כצל,” סקא ־כאוכצא, ר/כדרוא1 ו קוצ צ1צ1כד1. “ר1 אס וכו; פ קוכר ר1כ1 פ1 כ ר1כ כצכר קוס, ס צ1כר ו ק1סכוצ ר עב קצכ. אס וכו – פ קוכר וס אס.”

“וס א /ס ו סאכ,” סקא ־כאוכצא, וו/כדרוא1כא; “ס כא1וכ1כו1 קוסכצ1 כפ צקוס צ1כ1ס.”

“קצ! פס סקא עב ק1כא!”

“וצכ וכו1 וצ ר ק1כא1צ,” סקא ס כרכוס, “ר1 וכ א קוכר וס צקוס פצ1, כ1 כס ו ק1סכוצ ר עב קצכ. אס וכו – פ קוכר וס אס.”

“You shall have it.”

“Follow me.”

The Becchino strode on, and soon arrived at a mansion. He knocked twice at the porter’s entrance; an old woman cautiously opened the door. “Fear not, good aunt,” said the grave-digger, “this is the young lord I spoke to thee of. Thou sayest thou hadst two ladies in the palace, who alone survived of all the lodgers, and their names were Bianca di Medici, and what was the other?”

“Irene di Gabrini, a Roman lady. But I told thee this was the fourth day they left the house, terrified by the deaths within it.”

“Thou didst so – and was there any thing remarkable in the dress of the Signora di Gabrini?”

“Yes, I have told thee, a blue mantle, such as I have rarely seen, wrought with silver.”

“Was the broidery that of stars, silver stars,” exclaimed Adrian, “with a sun in the centre.”

“It was!”

“Alas! alas! the arms of the Tribune’s family! I remember how I praised the mantle the first day she wore it – the day on which we were betrothed!” And the lover at once conjectured the secret sentiment which had induced Irene to retain so carefully a robe so endeared by association.

“You know no more of your lodgers?”

“Nothing.”

“And is this all you have learnt, knave?” cried Adrian.

“Patience. I must bring you from proof to proof, and link to link, in order to win my reward. Follow, Signor.”

The Becchino then passing through the several lanes and streets, arrived at another house of less magnificent size and architecture. Again he tapped thrice at the parlor door, and this time came forth a man withered, old, and palsied, whom death seemed to disdain to strike.

“Signor Astuccio,” said the Becchino,” pardon me; but I told thee I might trouble thee again. This is the gentleman who wants to know, what is often best unknown – but that’s not my affair. Did a lady – young and beautiful – with dark hair, and of a slender form, enter this house, stricken with the first symptom of the plague, three days since?”

“Ay, thou knowest that well enough – and thou knowest still better – that she has departed these two days; it was quick work with her, quicker than with most!”

“Did she wear anything remarkable?”

“Yes, troublesome man, a blue cloak with stars of silver.”

“Couldst thou guess aught of her previous circumstances?”

“No, save that she raved much about the nunnery of Santa Maria dei Pazza, and bravos, and sacrilege.”

“א ראב קנר וו.”

“Jהכס ינ.”

ף לרבהוס צ1סחל וכ, ר צעו רכלקל נ1 ר ינרבראב. קה וכמ1 1/צצ נ1 ף לפו1חק וכ1סראצ; רב ocל /עינב ד1בראסכה ofראל ף לפ. “Jהס וכו, פעל נכ1,” צכה ף פכצב לוקס, “קוצ וק ף \צץ כפל ץ sלoל 1 קה ר. קצ צ1ס1 קצ קולצ1 1ף כדהעק וכ ף לנסכצ, קע רכסע sחלצלק ר 3c ף כעבחק, ר קס וכנב וא ענהעבץ, ר /ל1 אנק ף רקס?”

“שכנכב לה שלבסהכה, ר שסאנב כדהפ. נר1 ץ 1ocל קה קוצ אנק ף לפפס לכ קכ ל1צ, לסוצלקל ל ף לנכס אוסוכ וו.”

“קצ לוצל1 sס – ר אנק קס וכה פוץ סוראפרלרכ וכ ף לסכצ ר ף כהל1 ף צ1צ, לסוצלקל ל ף לנכס אוסוכ וו.”

“וכצ, ץ קנר 1ocל קה, נ לבע ינ1נ1רכ, sנרב נק ץ קנר כפסבח sהצ, כצ1 אוס sלכנס.”

“אנק ף לסבלסה קנ1 ר s1פחק, sלכנס s1פחק,” וכפלככנל .טלסהנ, “אוס ר sצנ וכ ף sכ1נ1ס.”

“וו אל!

“רבנצ! רבנצ! ף פנינק ר ף .1סבלהוב קנרנסכ! ץ סוראנרנס צצ ץ לסכקל ף ינ1נ1רכ ף קפצ1 לכ רה אפ וו – ף לכ וכ אוב אל ס1 לוו1סoף!” ו ף cצלס נ1 אלנל כנוצקבנסל ף sהכס1 sכ1נ1ינ1 אוב קנר וכלהצ1 .הכסכב 1 סוו1כ ס1 כפקנרכ ר כפל ס1 כלהסכ לל רsosהכנרנ.

“א וס וס ענ ר אפ כנצקוק?”

“אבסוצ.”

“ו וק צוצ צב א קנר cפ11, וכנ?” כלכל .טלסהנ.

“לכנרנ. ץ ינ11 לפוצ א אלנר אפ1 ר לסכ ץ לסכק, ו cצצל 1 cצצל, וכ ענהס 1 וצ/ אס צכ סוצ/הל. Jהco, .sהכאפ.”

ף לרבהוס קכנ אלנצוצ סכא ף sלנסנרב ccנצ ו s1סהכ1ל, רכלקל נ1 רכצלס קצל ר cכ ינ1פכנצנרב1 sצל ו פצכנ1צכנס. רקכנ קה 1נ/11 סלכל נ1 ף אפסכס קצ, ו צוצ 1ל/ כנצל Jפוכ ר ינ1נ אוסוק, ocל, ו אפכצהק, קנר קהס 1 נוsלכנ 1 s1סלצל.

“.sהכאפ ינsלאנהס0,” sכה ף לרבהוס,” אפסנב נה; נר1 ץ 1ocל קה ץ נל1 1סנרנרב קה רקכנ. צוצ וצ ף צנכ1נ1רכינ קע /נכ1ל 1 נס, נר1 וצ אנק לכ1 אנרב – נר1 ק11ל נכ1 נל ר ינרבק. קוק ר ccנק – \צץ ו לקכ1נ1רב – /וס קפל קפ, ו ר ר sנכנקוס אפנ, נכ1ס צוצ קצ, s1סלנרנ /וס ף אפל1 sינ11נרנ ר ף 1סבלרב קה רקכנ. צוצ וצ ף צנכ1נ1רכינ קע /נכ1ל 1 נס, נר1 וצ אנק לכ1 אנרב – צוצ קפל ר לכנכף, סלכל נכנ sינל?”

“ף, קצ נסוצ1 קנ1 /נב נכנק – ו קצ נסוצ1 s1וב נכ1ס – קנ1 לק קנק וצ1ל1ק קהצ 1ע נכנצ; נ1 /נב לנ/ל /ספל /וס קוס, לנ/לס קנכ /וס s0s1!”

“קוק לק /ס נכקצוץ סוראפרלרב?”

“א1ס, 1סרלרבsנר1 נ1נכ, ר נבע לבסק /וס s1פחק ר s1סלנס.”

“לנ1פל קצ כהל צ1 ר קוס 1סקנלנס sפסנר1נ1נsנ1ץ?”

“נס, sכנ קנ1 לק כהנל נ1צץ רנצ1 ף ענכסק ר .sכנ1ר .נפסר .נל ינ1נר, ו נסנקסוץ, ו sנלסכוב1ץ.”

“Are you satisfied, Signor?” asked the grave-digger, with an air of triumph, turning to Adrian. “But no, I will satisfy thee better, if thou hast courage. Wilt thou follow?”

“I comprehend thee; lead on. Courage! what is there on earth now to fear?”

Muttering to himself – “Ay, leave me alone. I have a head worth something; I ask no gentleman to go by my word; I will make his own eyes the judge of what my trouble is worth.” The grave-digger now led the way through one of the gates a little out of the city. And here under a shed sat six of his ghastly and illomened brethren, with spades and pick-axes at their feet. His guide now turned round to Adrian, whose face was set and resolute in despair.

“Fair Signor,” said he, with some touch of lingering compassion, “wouldst thou really convince thine own eyes and heart; the sight may appal, the contagion may destroy thee, – if, indeed, as it seems to me, Death has not already written ‘mine’ upon thee.”

“Raven of bode and woe,” answered Adrian, “seest thou not that all I shrink from is thy voice and aspect? Show me her I seek, living or dead.”

“I will show her to you, then,” said the Becchino, sullenly, “such as two nights since she was committed to my charge. Line and lineament may already be swept away, for the Plague hath a rapid besom; but I have left that upon her by which you will know the Becchino is no liar. Bring hither the torches, comrades, and lift the door. Never stare; it’s the gentleman’s whim, and he’ll pay it well.”

Turning to the right, while Adrian mechanically followed his conductors, – a spectacle whose dire philosophy crushes as with a wheel all the pride of mortal man – the spectacle of that vault in which earth hides all that on earth flourished, rejoiced, exulted – awaited his eye!

The Becchino lifted a ponderous grate, lowered their torches (scarcely needed, for through the aperture rushed, with a hideous glare, the light of the burning sun,) and motioned to Adrian to advance. He stood upon the summit of the abyss and gazed below.

* * * * * *

It was a large, deep and circular space, like the bottom of an exhausted well. In niches cut into the walls of earth around, lay, duly confined, those who had been the earliest victims of the plague, when the Becchino’s market was not yet glutted, and priest followed, and friend mourned, the dead. But on the floor below, there was the loathsome horror! Huddled and matted together, –some naked, some in shrouds already black and rotten, – lay the later guests, the unshriven and unblest! The torches, the sun, streamed broad and red over corruption in all its stages, from the pale blue tint and swollen shape, to the moistened undistinguishable mass, or the riddled bones, where yet clung, in strips and tatters, the black and mangled flesh. In many the face remained almost perfect, while the rest of the body was but bone; the long hair, the human face, surmounting the grisly skeleton. There, was the infant, still on the mother’s

"פּ וּ סְרוּעֲסְלֶךְ, ·שְׁוּאֵיפּ?" עִסְדִּי פּ כְּסְדָר לְוִיסְ, לְוִי רְנ פּ דְּכְּרְרְסְ, דְּמְוְעֵ 1 ·דְּלְכְּוְ. "לְרִי וְסְ, פּ לְוִי סְרוּעֲסְלֶךְ פְּוּ לְרְנְסְ, דְּז פְּוּ קְעֲסִי דְּעְכְּוּק. לְוִי1 פְּוּ לְוְכְּס?"

"פּ דְּוְעֲכְּוּקְרְנְדְּ פְּוּ; כְּוְק וְנְ. דְּעְכְּוּק! לְעִי וֵק פְּס וְנְ פְּס וְנְ וְ לְוְ?"

עִדְּוְמְעֵ 1 קְוְעֲסְרְכְּ – "פּ, כְּוְר סְוּ רְכְּסְ. פּ קְעֲר ר קְוְ, לְפְּס סְרְעְמְעֵ; פּ לְרִי רְנ פּ וְסְ לְוִי עִדְּ וְנְ פְּס וְנְ וְ לְוְ?" עִדְּ וְסְ גְּרְרְכְּעְרְרְ 1 פְּס לְ עְ לְפְּס; פּ לְוִי עְדִּ קְוְ וְסְ עְלְ פּ גְּרְקְ ר לְרִי עְ לְכְּעְרְכְּ וְק לְפְּס.” פּ כְּסְדָר לְוִיסְ וְנְ כְּוְ פּ לְ וְכְּוְ לְעִי ר פְּכְּוְלְ סְרְ סְרְעְמְעֵ 1 קְוְעֲסְרְכְּ וְסְ. וְ קְוְ ר קְוְ לְוְעֵ קְוְ פּ קְוְעֲסְרְכְּ וְסְ. וְ קְוְ רְוְלְ פּ לְוְ

breast; there, was the lover stretched across the dainty limbs of his adored! The rats (for they clustered in numbers to that feast,) disturbed, not scared, sate up from their horrid meal as the light glimmered over them, and thousands of them lay round, stark and dead, poisoned by that they fed on! There, too, the wild satire of the grave-diggers had cast, though stripped of their gold and jewels, the emblems that spoke of departed rank – the broken wand of the Councillor; the General's baton; the Priestly Mitre! The foul and livid exhalations gathered like flesh itself, fungous and putrid, upon the walls, and the ——

* * * * * *

But who shall detail the ineffable and unimaginable horrors that reigned over the Palace where the Great King received the prisoners whom the sword of the Pestilence had subdued?

But through all that crowded court – crowded with beauty and with birth, with the strength of the young and the honors of the old, and the valor of the brave, and the wisdom of the learned, and the wit of the scorner, and the piety of the faithful – one only figure attracted Adrian's eye. Apart from the rest, a late comer – the long locks streaming far and dark over arm and breast – lay a female, the face turned partially aside, the little seen not recognisable even by the mother of the dead, – but wrapped round in that fatal mantle, on which, though blackened and tarnished, was yet visible the starry heraldry assumed by those who claimed the name of the proud Tribune of Rome. Adrian saw no more – he fell back in the arms of the grave diggers: when he recovered, he was still without the gates of Florence – reclined upon a green mound – his guide stood beside him – holding his steed by the bridle as it grazed patiently on the neglected grass. The other brethren of the axe had resumed their seat under the shed.

"So you have revived; ah! I thought it was only the effluvia; few stand it as we do. And so, as your search is over, deeming you would not be quitting Florence if you have any sense left to you, I went for your good horse. I have fed him since your departure from the palace. Indeed I fancied he would be my perquisite, but there are plenty as good. Come, young Sir, mount. I feel a pity for you, I know not why, except that you are the only one I have met for weeks who seem to care for another more than for yourself. I hope you are satisfied now that I showed some brains, eh! In your service, and as I have kept my promise, you'll keep yours."

"Friend," said Adrian, "here is gold enough to make thee rich; here too is a jewel that merchants will tell thee princes might vie to purchase. Thou seemest honest, despite thy calling, or thou mightest have robbed and murdered me long since. Do me one favor more."

"By my poor mother's soul, yes."

"Take yon – yon clay from that fearful place. Inter it in some quiet and remote spot – apart – alone! You promise me – you swear it – it is well. And now help me on my horse."

קטלג; סט, ירק ס כללס שיטתיז רכיבת ס לבנוף ביוק ר קוז רוחק! ס כנוס (ר סב ךכשיטוף וי אזרוסק 1 סעז אחש1,) תוישוקף, ונו1 שכוף, שב1 לא קכר סט קמוף שוכ ק כב1 פכיוסף סלס סטר, י סיקנרוקז ר סטר בב אינ1, תוישלב1 סל ךכבוף, ם סב שלוש1 קעך כוזף י שפוטף שא כעק ונ

"Farewell Italy, and if I die not with this stroke, may I die as befits at once honor and despair – with trumpet and banner round me – in a well-fought field against a worthy foe! – save a knightly death nothing is left to live for!"

Here, in many incidents of extraordinary force – in the call of the Becchini on the third night – in the most agonizing circumstance of Irene's abandonment of Adrian – in the bodily weakness and mental prostration of that young nobleman – in the desolation of the streets – in the meeting with Rienzi – in the colossal dignity of the words, "I am he that was Rienzi!" – in the affectionate attention of the fallen hero – and lastly, in the appalling horror of the vault and its details – may be seen and will be felt much, but not all, of the exceeding power of the "Last of the Tribunes."

“Jo/ic .ilrch, i ij z lz inl/ oio qia Sicod, sc z lz sz lrJrls s1 zlcs inco i qiSlo – oio 1ocrJlil i lsnco cxcq. sh – in o /nc Js1 Jrcq. rpcls1 r /eopk Jo! Scdl r ivb1ch fno ivzoiq tz cvJ1 1 dlr J!”

qio, in snch inSilrs1S l rdS1cxSqhiocpk Jesf – in o dsc l o .lcrzhkk ic o oeq. ivb1 – in o sos1 xpcrvzlqiz Sedrrs1shs l .kxcdvtz rlshqrvsrvr1 l .tqcxk – in o lnqick /kdcis i snvirc lcvs1cxcrrc l os1 1zq ioqrcsrc – in o qSsrcdcrrc l o S1cks1S – in o snilq /io .cxkvnzk – in o drcvSsrc kqcvik l o /eqz, “z sr ck os1 /rz .cxkvnzk!” – in o rJkdrcrvr1 rvlvrcrc l o Jscrc qioo – i cs1ck, in o rlscdiq qeso l o lsc1 i vis hvlcz – sc lk Sck i /ic lk Jkc1 szz, lrr1 ivi sc, l o rdSkhiq lxio l o .,,cs1 .l .o .ickl/ hvz.”

Some Secrets of the Magazine Prison-House

The want of an International Copy-Right Law, by rendering it nearly impossible to obtain anything from the booksellers in the way of remuneration for literary labor, has had the effect of forcing many of our best writers into the service of the Magazines and Reviews, which with a pertinacity that does them credit, keep up in a certain or uncertain degree the good old saying, that even in the thankless field of Letters the laborer is worthy of his hire. How — by dint of what dogged instinct of the honest and proper, these journals have contrived to persist in their paying practices, in the very teeth of the opposition got up by the Fosters and Leonard Scotts, who furnish for eight dollars any four of the British periodicals for a year, is a point we have had much difficulty in settling to our satisfaction, and we have been forced to settle it, at last, upon no more reasonable ground than that of a still lingering *esprit de patrie*. That Magazines can live, and not only live but thrive, and not only thrive but afford to disburse money for original contributions, are facts which can only be solved, under the circumstances, by the really fanciful but still agreeable supposition, that there is somewhere still existing an ember not altogether quenched among the fires of good feeling for letters and literary men that once animated the American bosom.

It would *not do* (perhaps this is the idea) to let our poor devil authors absolutely starve, while we grow fat, in a literary sense, on the good things of which we unblushingly pick the pocket of all Europe; it would not be exactly the thing *comme il faut*, to permit a positive atrocity of this kind, and hence we have Magazines, and hence we have a portion of the public who subscribe to these Magazines (through sheer pity), and hence we have Magazine publishers (who sometimes take upon themselves the duplicate title of "editor *and* proprietor,") — publishers, we say, who, under certain conditions of good conduct, occasional puffs, and decent subserviency at all times, make it a point of conscience to encourage the poor devil author with a dollar or two, more or less as he behaves himself properly and abstains from the indecent habit of turning up his nose.

We hope, however, that we are not so prejudiced or so vindictive as to insinuate that what certainly does look like illiberality on the part of them (the Magazine publishers) is really an illiberality chargeable to *them*. In fact, it will be seen at once, that what we have said has a tendency directly the reverse of any such accusation. These publishers pay *something* — other publishers nothing at all. Here certainly is a difference — although a mathematician might contend that the difference might be infinitesimally small. Still, these Magazine editors and proprietors *pay* (that is the word), and with your true poor devil author the smallest favors are sure to be thankfully received. No: the illiberality lies at the door of the demagogue-ridden public, who suffer their anointed delegates (or perhaps arointed — which is it?) to insult the common sense of them (the public)

·לכוזרי ·קיצ

·ברר ·שיחכוראל ·ל ·ס ·ערפרקיא

ס לארו ר רש ·אוסטערריורב ·ליהאכפו ·בצ, לר סכיתמוע וו אסכח
וישהעריורב 1 רלוכו ושאוע כסרר ס לעפעיכסב וו ס לכ ר סוערעסטריורב ר
כוומסא כבלס, קעב קעל ס וכוכוהצ ר יפעפיע ערעא ר בכ לרע1 סכלומב ושלא ס
ערפרקיא ר ·ערפרקיאב ו ·סוכלהצ, ולוב לוע ר יפעוואערפיא קע1 לבצ פער
ולב לר ·ערפרקיא ר

by making orations in our national halls on the beauty and conveniency of robbing the Literary Europe on the highway, and on the gross absurdity in especial of admitting so unprincipled a principle, that a man has any right and title either to his own brains or to the flimsy material that he chooses to spin out of them, like a confounded caterpillar as he is. If anything of this gossamer character stands in need of protection, why we have our hands full at once with the silk-worms and the *morus multicaulis*.

But if we cannot, under the circumstances, complain of the absolute illiberality of the Magazine publishers (since pay they do), there is at least one particular in which we have against them good grounds of accusation. Why (since pay they must) do they not pay with a good grace, and *promptly?* Were we in an ill humor at this moment, we could a tale unfold which would erect the hair on the head of Shylock. A young author, struggling with Despair itself in the shape of a ghastly poverty, which has no alleviation — no sympathy from an every-day world, that cannot understand his necessities, and that would pretend not to understand them if it comprehended them ever so well — this young author is politely requested to compose an article, for which he will "be handsomely paid." Enraptured, he neglects perhaps for a month the sole employment which affords him the chance of a livelihood, and having starved through the month (he and his family) completes at length the month of starvation and the article, and despatches the latter (with a broad hint about the former) to the pursy "editor" and bottle-nosed "proprietor" who has condescended to honor him (the poor devil) with his patronage. A month (starving still), and no reply. Another month — still none. Two months more — still none. A second letter, modestly hinting that the article may not have reached its destination — still no reply. At the expiration of six additional months, personal application is made at the "editor's" and "proprietor's" office. Call again. The poor devil goes out, and does not fail to call again. Still call again; — and call again is the word for three or four months more. His patience exhausted, the article is demanded. No — he can't have it (the truth is, it was too good to be given up so easily) — "it is in print," and "contributions of this character are never paid for (it is a *rule* we have) under six months after publication. Call in six months after the issue of your affair, and your money is ready for you — for we are business men, ourselves — prompt." With this the poor devil is satisfied, and makes up his mind that the "editor and proprietor" is a gentleman, and that of course he (the poor devil) will wait as requested. And it is supposable that he would have waited if he could — but Death in the mean time would not. He dies, and by the good luck of his decease (which came by starvation) the fat "editor and proprietor" is fat henceforward and for ever to the amount of five and twenty dollars, very cleverly saved, to be spent generously in canvas-backs and champagne.

There are two things which we hope the reader will not do, as he runs over this article; first, we hope that he will not believe that we write from any personal experience of our own, for we have only the reports of actual sufferers to depend upon, and second, that he will not make any personal application of

ולא יכולתי שלא לחשוב על הדברים שאמר לי ד"ר ברנשטיין. הוא אמר שהוא מאמין שהמוח שלי יכול להתחבר מחדש, ושאני יכול ללמוד לדבר שוב. אבל אני לא בטוח שאני רוצה. אני לא בטוח שאני רוצה לחזור להיות מי שהייתי לפני התאונה. אני לא בטוח שאני רוצה לחזור להיות מי שהייתי לפני שהתחתנתי עם אמא, לפני שנולדו הילדים, לפני שהתחלתי לעבוד בחברת הביטוח. אני לא בטוח שאני רוצה לחזור להיות מי שהייתי לפני שהתחלתי לכתוב את היומן הזה.

אבל אני לא יודע איך להסביר את זה לאחרים. כשאני מנסה לדבר על זה, אני מרגיש שאני נשמע כמו מישהו שמנסה להסביר חלום שהיה לו בלילה. אי אפשר באמת להסביר חלום. אפשר רק לספר סיפור על חלום, ואז הסיפור הופך למשהו אחר לגמרי. הוא הופך למשהו שיש לו התחלה, אמצע וסוף, למשהו שיש לו משמעות. אבל החלום עצמו לא היה כזה. החלום היה רק תחושה, רק רגש, רק תמונה שנעלמת ברגע שמנסים לתפוס אותה.

אני חושב שזה בדיוק מה שקרה לי בתאונה. לא רק שהמוח שלי נפגע, אלא שהדרך שבה אני חושב על עצמי ועל העולם השתנתה לגמרי. לפני התאונה הייתי אדם שיודע בדיוק מי הוא ומה הוא רוצה. היה לי תפקיד ברור בחיים, היה לי מקום ברור בעולם. אחרי התאונה נשארתי עם גוף שעדיין נושם, עם לב שעדיין פועם, עם מוח שעדיין מעבד מידע – אבל לא עם תחושה ברורה של מי אני. הרגשתי כמו ספר שמישהו קרע ממנו את כל הדפים ואז ניסה להחזיר לו את הכריכה ולהגיד שהוא עדיין ספר.

ד"ר ברנשטיין אמר לי שזה נקרא "הפרעה בזיכרון אוטוביוגרפי". הוא הסביר לי שהמוח שומר את הזיכרונות שלנו בכמה מקומות שונים, ושהחיבור בין המקומות האלה נפגע בתאונה. אני יודע שהוא צודק, כי אני יכול לראות את זה בעצמי. אני יכול לזכור עובדות – איפה נולדתי, מתי התחתנתי עם אמא, כמה ילדים יש לי, איפה אני גר – אבל אני לא יכול להרגיש את הזיכרונות האלה. הם נשארו שם, אבל הם נותקו ממני. הם הפכו לסיפור שאני יודע, אבל לא לחוויה שאני חי.

זה מרגיש כמו לקרוא יומן של מישהו אחר. אני יודע שזה היומן שלי, אני יודע שהכתב הוא שלי, אני יודע שהתמונות בתוכו הן שלי, אבל אני לא מרגיש שום קשר רגשי לאדם שכתב את הדברים האלה. אני יכול לקרוא על הילדים שלי ולהרגיש שאני לא מכיר אותם. אני יכול לקרוא על אמא ולהרגיש שאני לא יודע מי היא בשבילי. אני יכול לקרוא על עצמי ולהרגיש שאני מסתכל על מישהו אחר דרך חלון.

our remarks to any Magazine publisher now living, it being well known that they are all as remarkable for their generosity and urbanity, as for their intelligence, and appreciation of Genius.

A Prediction: An Essay

By the bye, lest you infer that my views, in detail, are the same with those advanced in the *Nebular Hypothesis*, I venture to offer a few addenda, the substance of which was penned, though never printed, several years ago, under the head of – A Prediction.

As soon as the next century it will be entered in *the books*, that the Sun was originally condensed *at once* (not gradually, according to the supposition of Laplace) into his smallest size; that, thus condensed, he rotated on an axis; that this axis of rotation was not the centre of his figure, so that he not only rotated, but revolved in an elliptical orbit (the rotation and revolution are one; but I separate them for convenience of illustration); that, thus formed and thus revolving, he was on fire (in the same way that a volcano and an ignited meteoric stone are on fire) and sent into space his substance in the form of vapor, this vapor reaching farthest on the side of the larger hemisphere, partly on account of the largeness, but principally because the force of the fire was greater here; that, in due time, this vapor, not necessarily carried then to the place now occupied by Neptune, condensed into Neptune; that the planet took, as a matter of necessity, the same figure that the Sun had, which figure made his rotation a revolution in an elliptical orbit; that, in consequence of such revolution — in consequence of his being *carried backward* at each of the daily revolutions — the velocity of his *annual* revolution is not so great as it would be, if it depends solely upon the Sun's velocity of rotation (Kepler's Third Law); that his figure, by influencing his rotation — the heavier half, as it turns downward toward the Sun, gains an impetus sufficient to carry it by the direct line of attraction, and thus to *throw outward* the centre of gravity — gave him power to save himself from falling to the Sun (and, perhaps, to work himself gradually outward to the position he now holds); that he received, through a series of ages, the Sun's heat, which penetrated to his centre, causing volcanic eruptions eventually, and thus throwing off vapor; and which evaporated substances upon his surface, till finally his moons and his gaseous ring (if it is true that he has a ring) were produced; that these moons took elliptical forms, rotated and revolved "both under one," were kept in their *monthly* orbits by the centrifugal force acquired in their *daily* orbits, and required a longer time to make their monthly revolutions than they would have required if they had had no daily revolutions.

I said enough, without referring to the other planets, to give you an inkling of my hypothesis, which is all I intended to do. I did not design to offer any

ר. ולכוואדרת: רת. ולדב

לכ ם לכ, ctd1 ה ודאם סת1 זכ לאב, וי לאוכב, פ ם לכזר וות סת1 ם.

evidence of its reasonableness; since I have not, in fact, any collected, excepting as it is flitting, in the shape of a shadow, to and from within my brain.

You perceive that I hold to the idea that our Moon must rotate upon her axis oftener than she revolves round her primarily, the same being the case with the satellites accompanying Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus.

Since the penning, a closer analysis of the matter contained has led me to modify somewhat my opinion as to the origin of the satellites — that is, I think now that these came, not from vapor sent off in volcanic burnings and by simple diffusion under the solar rays, but from rings of it which were left in the inter-planetary spaces, after the precipitation of the primaries. There is no insuperable obstacle in the way of the conception that aerolites and "shooting-stars" have their source in matter which has gone off from the Earth's surface and from out her bowels; but it is hardly supposable that a sufficient quantity could be produced thus to make a body so large as, by centrifugal force resulting from rotation, to withstand the absorptive power of its parent's rotation. The event implied may take place not until the planets have become flaming suns — *from an accumulation of their own Sun's caloric, reaching from centre to circumference, which shall, in the lonesome latter days, melt all the elements and dissipate the solid foundations out as a scroll!* {Please substitute the idea for that in "Conversation of Eiros and Charmion").

Ты — Ученик Мастера Ордена Ночных Стражей, и твой долг велик. Ты должен стать Мастером, чтобы защищать Врата Ночи от Тьмы, которая стремится проникнуть в наш мир. Ты должен быть готов к любым испытаниям, которые ждут тебя на пути к Мастерству.

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The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion

EIROS.

WHY do you call me Eiros?

CHARMION.

So henceforward will you always be called. You must forget, too, my earthly name, and speak to me as Charmion.

EIROS.

This is indeed no dream!

CHARMION.

Dreams are with us no more — but of these mysteries anon. I rejoice to see you looking life-like and rational. The film of the shadow has already passed from off your eyes. Be of heart, and fear nothing. Your allotted days of stupor have expired; and, tomorrow, I will myself induct you into the full joys and wonders of your novel existence.

EIROS.

True — I feel no stupor — none at all. The wild sickness and the terrible darkness have left me, and I hear no longer that mad, rushing, horrible sound, like the "voice of many waters." Yet my senses are bewildered, Charmion, with the keenness of their perception of *the new*.

CHARMION.

A few days will remove all this — but I fully understand you, and feel for you. It is now ten earthly years since I underwent what you undergo — yet the remembrance of it hangs by me still. You have now suffered all of pain, however, which you will suffer in Aidenn.

.ק .ראנדמעדיצין
.ל
.כהנת .ו .השמיר.

.כהנת.

?לא לעו ח ראב שי .כהנת

.השמיר.

So ענדצאיפ/מת. וור ח שכ/ד לח ראכף. ח שרצ1 לאפכ1, עו, שד סמכח ו.נצ, ו כ1חיד 1 שי שך .השמיר.

.כהנת.

פוס זב ונחף. וס לכחר!

.השמיר.

לכחרב פ וור רב וס שפ – לר1 ק פוף שוצ1סחף רוננ. פ כוקצכ 1 כי ח cvראף כבל כבל ו כ1ארנרב. ק לוכר ל ק רעוס ענב שככחף אנצ1 לכר1 רב אנ עבג. לח ל ענ1, ו לח וצמוף. אפ רכ1וולף ענב ל כ1עלוס ענר וכ1ל ו ;ראצלכמת ו עוצפס, פ וור שבקנכל ונאבר1 ח ונ1ע ק לעכ קנצב ו לצנחמב ל אפ ונלנרב נקבוצ1רנ.

.כהנת.

וכע – פ לעכ וס כ1עלוס – וצנ שר1 שכ. ק לבכף צוכחנ ו ק וסערנרב ענכחנ ענר כל.ל1 שי, ו פ לוס וס כרקמס קש1 שעף, כזרוק, ענערנרב כנכף, כבל ק "נכב ל שנחי לע1וב." וכ1 שפ כ1ו1נצ פ נ1וכנכתמת, .השמיר, וור ק כחנוב ל קפ עומכ1ערנ ל ק וח.

.השמיר.

ר לח ענצ וור כוישל שכ פוס – לר1 פ לעכח רעתס1ונף ח, ו לעכ ל ח. ו1ו וצ וב1 וור פחכח וחצ כ1וב פ פעתו/ב1 שר1 ח רעתפס – ב1ו ק כוישרנכרנ ל ו1 ענשב לב שי כ1וב. ח ענר וב פצכוס שכ ל ובנ, ענכנרב, וור ח וור כצכוס וו .ענרנ.

.ל .ק .ראנדמעדיצין
.כהנת .ו .השמיר.

EIROS.

In Aidenn?

CHARMION.

In Aidenn.

EIROS.

Oh God! — pity me, Charmion! — I am overburthened with the majesty of all things — of the unknown now known — of the speculative Future merged in the august and certain Present.

CHARMION.

Grapple not now with such thoughts. To-morrow we will speak of this. Your mind wavers, and its agitation will find relief in the exercise of simple memories. Look not around, nor forward — but back. I am burning with anxiety to hear the details of that stupendous event which threw you among us. Tell me of it. Let us converse of familiar things, in the old familiar language of the world which has so fearfully perished.

EIROS.

Most fearfully, fearfully! — this is indeed no dream.

CHARMION.

Dreams are no more. Was I much mourned, my Eiros?

EIROS.

Mourned, Charmion? — oh deeply. To that last hour of all there hung a cloud of intense gloom and devout sorrow over your household.

CHARMION.

And that last hour — speak of it. Remember that, beyond the naked fact of the catastrophe itself, I know nothing. When, coming out from among mankind, I passed into Night through the Grave — at that period, if I remember aright, the calamity which overwhelmed you was utterly unanticipated. But, indeed, I knew little of the speculative philosophy of the day.

.כלגע

וו .דאתע?

.ישמענ.

וו .דאתע.

.כלגע

o .כעלף! – ולוא שי, .ישמענ! – ל נער ofנהפמתענ. וול פ ננגעזיצי ב
זכ פוצל – ב פ צננסו נצ נסו – ב פ צלעכשכנעוב .אשכם שפצל וו פ
צקפצ1 ו צפולנ .יכסעכנצ1.

.ישמענ.

קכנעכנ ננ1 נצ וול שנצ פצ1צ. 1ענשפס אי וול צלאל ב פוצ. \פ ענקל
לכבמל, ו ו1צ ננגו1כנצ וול אבקל כסקא וו פ נכצמסקצל ב צינעכנ ענסמסא.
cvd ננ1 נסכקל, נפ אפ/סמ – נב1 נאב. ל נער נפמוצ וול מצל2ו1א 1 צמ פ
אא1כבל ב פב1 צ1ענ1כנצ וקנב1 ול2 פכצ אי ננצצל נצ. 1נב צא ב ו1. ב1ב נצ
ב1נבמפל ב נכצנכנ פוצל, וו פ ocל אבננכנ cנצקפו2 ב פ /פכל ול2 קנל
צפ אמכנסא נפוכ2.

.כלגע

ננפצ1 אמכנסא, אמכנסא! – פוצ זב וו1א1 נפ אכנפ.

.ישמענ.

אכנפל פ נפ פנ. נסל ל ננל נפנא, נל .כלגע?

.כלגע.

נפנא, .ישמענ? – o אא1כא. 1 פב1 cנצ1 צפ ב זכ פפ צצל נ צבכא
ב וו1א1נ פכנע ו נו2נ1 צפפ פנס אפ צצ1צפסכא.

.ישמענ.

ו פב1 cנצ1 צפ – צא1ל ב וו1. פסנננכנס פב1, נא1נא1 פ וכבכא אנבל ב פ
צבנצ1כנכנא וו1צנכנ, ל פפ וכפסנ. /נכ, צבננצ נ1 אכנב ננצצ ננא1כבא1,
ל אנ1כנא פכנע ו נו2נ1 צפפ פנס אפ צצ1צפסכא.

.ישמענ.

נפנא, .ישמענ? – o אא1כא. 1 פב1 cנצ1 צפ ב זכ פפ צצל נ צבכא
ב וו1א1נ פכנע ו נו2נ1 צפפ פנס אפ צצ1צפסכא.

.כלגע

The individual calamity was, as you say, entirely unanticipated; but analogous misfortunes had been long a subject of discussion with astronomers. I need scarce tell you, my friend, that, even when you left us, men had agreed to understand those passages in the most holy writings which speak of the final destruction of all things by fire, as having reference to the orb of the earth alone. But in regard to the immediate agency of the ruin, speculation had been at fault from that epoch in astronomical knowledge in which the comets were divested of the terrors of flame. The very moderate density of these bodies had been well established. They had been observed to pass among the satellites of Jupiter, without bringing about any sensible alteration either in the masses or in the orbits of these secondary planets. We had long regarded the wanderers as vapory creations of inconceivable tenuity, and as altogether incapable of doing injury to our substantial globe, even in the event of contact. But contact was not in any degree dreaded; for the elements of all the comets were accurately known. That among *them* we should look for the agency of the threatened fiery destruction had been for many years considered an inadmissible idea. But wonders and wild fancies had been, of late days, strangely rife among mankind; and, although it was only with a few of the ignorant that actual apprehension prevailed upon the announcement by astronomers of a *new* comet, yet this announcement was generally received with I know not what of agitation and mistrust.

The elements of the strange orb were immediately calculated, and it was at once conceded by all observers that its path, at perihelion, would bring it into very close proximity with the earth. There were two or three astronomers, and these of secondary note, who resolutely maintained that a contact was inevitable. I cannot very well express to you the effect of this intelligence upon the people. For a few short days they would not believe an assertion which their intellect, so long employed among worldly considerations, could not in any manner grasp. But the truth of a vitally important fact soon makes it way into the understanding of even the most stolid. Finally, all men saw that astronomical knowledge lied not, and they awaited the comet. Its approach was not, at first, seemingly rapid — nor was its appearance of very unusual character. It was of a dull red, and had little perceptible train. For seven or eight days we saw no material increase in its apparent diameter, and but a partial alteration in its colour. Meantime, the ordinary affairs of men were discarded, and all interests absorbed in a growing discussion, instituted by the philosophic, in respect to the cometary nature. Even the grossly ignorant aroused their sluggish capacities to such considerations. The learned *now* gave their intellect — their soul — to no such points as the allaying of fear, or to the sustenance of loved theory. They sought — they panted for right views. They groaned for perfected knowledge. *Truth* arose in the purity of her strength and exceeding majesty, and the wise bowed down and adored.

That material injury to our globe or to its inhabitants would result from the apprehended contact, was an opinion which hourly lost ground among the wise — and the wise were now freely permitted to rule the reason and the fancy of the

.עכבע.

ס ועלרוצעערב ערבעגועלא אלצ, עצ ש צב, וועלסבא צעעלוציולבעלא; לרו רעגבערבע גוצלאבלרעצ קעת לאש בעצ ר צלצלבעלו ר ענצלבלרו אוס רצלבאעגרעגב. צ שאל צלבסע 1וכ ש, צצ לבאעלא, סע1, אקרע אעג ש בכלו רס, צוצ קעת אבאלש 1 ס אעלא1 בצרעגבעגב וג ס צסס1 קסבא בכלוצלש אוצ צלאב לא ר לבאעב ענצלבלרו ר צכ סוצלצ לא לבאס, צצ קעבלש בלבסעגב 1 ס אצ ר לבאעב ענצלבלרו ר לבאעב ענצלבלרו אוס

crowd. It was demonstrated, that the density of the comet's nucleus was far less than that of our rarest gas; and its harmless passage among the satellites of Jupiter was a point strongly insisted upon, and which served greatly to allay terror. Theologists, with an earnestness fear-enkindled, dwelt upon the biblical prophecies, and expounded them to the people with a directness and simplicity, of which no previous instance had been known. That the final destruction of the earth must be brought about by the agency of fire, was urged with a spirit that enforced every where conviction; and that the comets were of no fiery nature (as all men now knew) was a truth which relieved all, in a great measure, from the apprehension of the great calamity foretold. It is noticeable that the popular prejudices and vulgar errors in regard to pestilences and wars — errors which were wont to prevail upon every appearance of a comet — were now altogether unknown. As if by some sudden convulsive exertion, reason had at once hurled superstition from her throne. The feeblest intellect had derived vigor from excessive interest.

What minor evils might arise from the contact were points of elaborate question. The learned spoke of slight geological disturbances; of probable alterations in climate and consequently in vegetation; of possible magnetic and electric influences. Many held that no visible or perceptible effect would in any manner be produced. While such discussions were going on their subject gradually approached, growing larger in apparent diameter, and of a more brilliant lustre. Mankind grew paler as it came. All human operations were suspended.

There was an epoch in the course of the general sentiment when the comet had attained at length a size surpassing that of any previously recorded visitation. The people now, dismissing any lingering hope that the astronomers were wrong, experienced all the certainty of evil. The chimerical aspect of their terror was gone. The hearts of the stoutest of our race beat violently within their bosoms. A very few days sufficed, however, to merge even such feelings in sentiments more unendurable. We could no longer apply to the strange orb any *accustomed* thoughts. Its *historical* attributes had disappeared. It oppressed us with a hideous *novelty* of emotion. We saw it not as an astronomical phenomenon in the heavens — but as an incubus upon our hearts, and a shadow upon our brain. It had taken, with inconceivable rapidity, the character of a gigantic mantle of rare flame, extending from horizon to horizon.

Yet a day, and men breathed with greater freedom. It was clear that we were already within the influence of the comet — yet we lived. We even felt an unusual elasticity of frame and vivacity of mind. The exceeding tenuity of the object of our dread was apparent, all heavenly objects were plainly visible through it. Meantime, our vegetation had perceptibly altered — and we gained faith, from this predicted circumstance, in the foresight of the wise. A wild luxuriance of foliage — utterly unknown before — burst out upon every vegetable thing.

Yet another day — and the evil was not altogether upon us. It was now evident that its nucleus would first reach us. A wild change had come over all

ירמיהו פרק לד – ישמח ראוי לחיים – לפני צדקיהו מלך יהודה וכל העם אשר בירושלים לקרא אליהם דרור. ב כה אמר יהוה אלהי ישראל הנני נתן את העיר הזאת ביד מלך בבל והצית אותה באש. ג ואתה לא תמלט מידו כי תפוש תתפש ובידו תנתן ועיניך את עיני מלך בבל תראינה ופיהו את פיך ידבר ואל בבלה תבוא. ד אך שמע דבר יהוה צדקיהו מלך יהודה כה אמר יהוה עליך לא תמות בחרב. ה בשלום תמות וכמשרפות אבותיך המלכים הראשנים אשר היו לפניך כן ישרפו אותך והוי אדון יספדו לך כי דבר אני דברתי נאם יהוה. ו וידבר ירמיהו הנביא אל צדקיהו מלך יהודה כל הדברים האלה בירושלים. ז וצבא מלך בבל נלחם על ירושלים ועל כל ערי יהודה שארית הערים לכיש ועזקה כי הנה נשארו ערי המבצר מערי יהודה. ח הדבר אשר היה אל ירמיהו מאת יהוה אחרי כרות המלך צדקיהו ברית את כל העם אשר בירושלים לקרא להם דרור. ט לשלח איש עבדו ואיש אמתו העברי והחפשי לבלתי עבד בהם ביהודי אחיו איש. י וישמעו כל השרים וכל העם אשר באו בברית לשלח איש עבדו ואיש אמתו לבלתי עבד בהם ושמעו ויתרו. יא ויאחרי כן שבו והשיבו את העבדים ואת השפחות אשר שלחו חפשים ויכבשום לעבדים ולשפחות. יב ויהי דבר יהוה אל ירמיהו מאת יהוה לאמר. יג כה אמר יהוה אלהי ישראל אנכי כרתי ברית את אבותיכם ביום הוציאי אותם מארץ מצרים מבית עבדים לאמר. יד מקץ שבע שנים תשלחו איש את אחיו העברי אשר ימכר לך ועבדך שש שנים ושלחתו חפשי מעמך ולא שמעו אבותיכם אלי ולא הטו את אזנם. טו ותשבו אתם היום ותעשו הישר בעיני לקרא דרור איש לרעהו ותכרתו ברית לפני בבית אשר נקרא שמי עליו. טז ותשבו ותחללו את שמי וישיבו איש את עבדו ואיש את שפחתו אשר שלחתם חפשים לנפשם ותכבשו אתם להיות לכם לעבדים ולשפחות. יז לכן כה אמר יהוה אתם לא שמעתם אלי לקרא דרור איש לאחיו ואיש לרעהו הנני קרא לכם דרור נאם יהוה אל החרב אל הדבר ואל הרעב והשמותי אתכם לזעוה לכל ממלכות הארץ. יח ונתתי את האנשים העברים את אשר לא הקימו את דברי הברית אשר כרתו לפני העגל אשר כרתו לשנים ויעברו בין בתריו. יט שרי יהודה ושרי ירושלים הסריסים והכהנים וכל עם הארץ העברים בין בתרי העגל. כ ונתתי אתם ביד אויביהם וביד מבקשי נפשם והיתה נבלתם למאכל לעוף השמים ולבהמת הארץ. כא ואת צדקיהו מלך יהודה ואת שריו אתן ביד אויביהם וביד מבקשי נפשם וביד חיל מלך בבל העלים מעליכם. כב הנני מצוה נאם יהוה והשבתים אל העיר הזאת ונלחמו עליה ולכדוה ושרפוה באש ואת ערי יהודה אתן שמה משמם מאין יושב. פרק לה א הדבר אשר היה אל ירמיהו מאת יהוה בימי יהויקים בן יאשיהו מלך יהודה לאמר. ב לך אל בית הרכבים ודברת אתם והבאת אתם בית יהוה אל אחד החדרים והשקית אתם יין. ג ואקח את יאזניה בן ירמיהו בן חבצניה ואת אחיו ואת כל בניו ואת כל בית הרכבים. ד ואביא אתם בית יהוה אל חדר בני חנן בן יגדליהו איש האלהים אשר אצל חדר השרים אשר מעל חדר מעשיהו בן שלם שמר הסף. ה ואתנה לפני בני בית הרכבים קסת מלאת יין וכסות ואמר אליהם שתו יין. ו ויאמרו לא נשתה יין כי יונדב בן רכב אבינו צוה עלינו לאמר לא תשתו יין עד עולם אתם ובניכם. ז ובית לא תבנו וזרע לא תזרעו וכרם לא תטעו ולא יהיה לכם כי כל ימיכם באהלים תשבו למען תחיו ימים רבים על פני האדמה אשר אתם גרים עליה. ח ונשמע בקול יונדב בן רכב אבינו בכל אשר צוה עלינו לבלתי שתות יין כל ימינו אנחנו נשינו ובנינו ובנותינו. ט ולבלתי בנות בתים למושבתינו ולא יהיה לנו כרם ושדה וזרע. י וישבנו באהלים וישמענו ונעש ככל אשר צוה עלינו יונדב אבינו. יא ויהי בעלות נבוכדנאצר מלך בבל על הארץ ונאמר לבואו וניבואה ונלכה ירושלים מפני חיל הכשדים ומפני חיל ארם וישבו בירושלים. יב ויהי דבר יהוה אל ירמיהו לאמר. יג כה אמר יהוה צבאות אלהי ישראל לך ואמרת אל איש יהודה ואל יושבי ירושלים הלוא תקחו מוסר לשמוע אל דברי נאם יהוה. יד הקמת בכורי יונדב בן רכב אשר צוה את בניו לבלתי שתות יין ועד היום הזה לא שתו כי שמעו את מצות אביהם ואנכי דברתי אליכם השכם ודבר ולא שמעתם אלי. טו ואשלח אליכם את כל עבדי הנביאים השכם ושלח לאמר שובו נא איש מדרכו הרעה והיטיבו מעלליכם ואל תלכו אחרי אלהים אחרים לעבדם ושבתם על האדמה אשר נתתי לכם ולאבותיכם ולא הטיתם את אזנכם ולא שמעתם אלי. טז כי עשו בני יונדב בן רכב את מצות אבותם אשר צוה אתם ולעם הזה לא שמעו אלי. יז לכן כה אמר יהוה אלהים צבאות אלהי ישראל הנני מביא על יהודה ועל כל יושבי ירושלים את כל הרעה אשר דברתי עליהם כי דברתי אליהם ולא שמעו וקראתי להם ולא ענו. יח ואל בית הרכבים אמר ירמיהו כה אמר יהוה צבאות אלהי ישראל יען אשר שמעתם את מצות יונדב אביכם ותשמרו את כל פקודיו ותעשו ככל אשר צוה אתכם. יט לכן כה אמר יהוה צבאות אלהי ישראל לא יכרת איש ליונדב בן רכב עמד לפני כל הימים.

men — and the first sense of pain — was the wild signal for general lamentation and horror. This first sense of pain lay in a rigorous constriction of the breast and lungs, and an insufferable dryness of the skin. It could not be denied that our atmosphere was radically affected — the conformation of this atmosphere and the possible modifications to which it might be subjected, were now the topics of discussion. The result of investigation sent an electric thrill of the intensest terror through the universal heart of man.

It had been long known that the air which encircled us was a compound of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of twenty-one measures of oxygen, and seventy-nine of nitrogen, in every one hundred of the atmosphere. Oxygen, which was the principle of combustion, and the vehicle of heat, was absolutely necessary to the support of animal life, and was the most powerful and energetic agent in nature. Nitrogen, on the contrary, was incapable of supporting either animal life or flame. An unnatural excess of oxygen would result, it had been ascertained, in just such an elevation of the animal spirits as we had latterly experienced. It was the pursuit, the extension of the idea, which had engendered awe. What would be the result of *a total extraction of the nitrogen?* A combustion irresistible, all-devouring, omni-prevalent, immediate — the entire fulfilment, in all its minute and terrible details, of the fiery and horror-inspiring denunciations of the prophecies of the Holy Book.

Why need I paint, Charmion, the now disenchained frenzy of mankind? That tenuity in the comet which had previously inspired us with hope, was now the source of the bitterness of despair. In its impalpable gaseous character we clearly perceived the consummation of Fate. Meantime a day again passed — bearing away with it the last shadow of Hope. We gasped in the rapid modification of the air. The red blood bounded tumultuously through its strict channels. A furious delirium possessed all men; and, with arms immoveably outstretched towards the threatening heavens, they trembled and shrieked aloud. But the nucleus of the destroyer was now upon us. Even here in Aidenn, I shudder while I speak. Let me be brief — brief as the ruin that overwhelmed. For a short moment there was a wild lurid light alone, visiting and penetrating all things. Then — let us bow down, Charmion, before the excessive majesty of the great God! — then, there came a great pervading sound, as if from the mouth itself of HIM; while the whole incumbent mass of ether in which we existed burst at once into a species of intense flame, for whose surpassing brilliancy and all-fervid heat even the angels in the great Heaven of pure knowledge have no name. Thus ended all.

שלו – ו פ אמצ1 שלום ל אלו – ורק פ ילקח שיפורב ל בלוטורב כשרטיבורן ו קצום. פוס אמצ1 שלום ל אלו כב וו ר סוקטרב ערטציאיבורן ל פ לכתב1 ו כתקל, ו רט וטצבאטרורב לכתניוב ל פ שכוו. וו ראך וטו1 לש וועבל פעו כף ערטרבאם ורק כתוועיבוך רלבכיוול – פ ראוצאשטיבורן ל פוס ערטרבאם ו פ הלכתב1 ל ורק וו שב1 לש שרבטיבוול, אס וצב פ ושלוצב1 ל וועבטיבורן

Tales

The Fall of The House of Usher

DURING the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was — but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain — upon the bleak walls — upon the vacant eye-like windows — upon a few rank sedges — and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium — the bitter lapse into common life — the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart — an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it — I paused to think — what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the reason, and the analysis, of this power, lie among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down — but with a shudder even more thrilling than before — upon the re-modelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country — a letter from him — which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness — of a pitiable mental idiosyncrasy which oppressed him — and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed, his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and

ס. ובר. ל. ס. קיבן. ל. עלום

לאוכוץ ס קסכ ר לצכ, לפפך, ו שיתלכיש לד וו ס צ'ורר ל ס וש, /וכו ס ךכיתלץ קרץ ס'כשיעכיכח co וו ס קתרכתץ, צ קנת לאו ענשוץ רכסו, וו קשעלנת, סכש ר שיקפאיכסכח לכוסח וכטיפ'ו ל ךצ'וכיש; ו ת'ו כיעקס לאיתל ס שיכתכיכת. צ עכ וכוו קצ וו /צץ – לתר'ו, /וסו ס לסטיו פכוכלש ל ס לוכקוץ, ר שכוכ ל ס. עלום. צ עכ וכוו קצ וו /צץ – לתר'ו, /וסו ס לסטיו פכוכלש ל ס לוכקוץ, ר שכוכ ל ס וכשעלנתכתכ פכשר עסלכתאל לצ שעסוו. צ שכ וכשצלסתכתכ; ל ס לאוכוץ /תר וו צכתל אפעתכח כוקאלץ אתכת ס שיסוויו וכתכסכת וכוצוצ ל ס לשתכוו ענשוץ ל ס ס'כ. צ כעכ ר ענ

much more, was said — it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request — which allowed me no room for hesitation — and I accordingly obeyed, what I still considered a very singular summons, forthwith.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested, of late, in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognisable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact, that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth, at no period, any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other — it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission, from sire to son, of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher" — an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment, of looking down within the tarn, had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition — for why should I not so term it? — served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy — a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that around about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity — an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn, in the form of an inelastic vapor or gas — dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leadenhued. Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the utterly

שרך שם, ורק שלח – וו ורק ס רשאתו קשלסו אנוו וום קוק כוקלאו – ווך רכקף שא וס כשר ל קעקוועדתו – ו צ רקשתוקכא סולף, ור1 צ שוונ קרעשוקתו ר קשא שוקפאהכס שצררש, אשס/וום.

שכקס, שק ינק, אא קוק נשא אקרש ועוווש1 רשסשר1ש, וא1 צ כאכא וגא כוורכ ל שצ אסכוף. קוק כוקשסר קוק נשא שכ/שק וקשוסוש ר קרעוצרכ. צ ורק רוא, קשוקס, סש1 קוק רשא קנרוש1 אששכא קוק נשא שסוופ, 1ושר צ1 ר שצלף, ל ר שאוהשאוס שכרשקעוכוש1א ר 1ושראשרכש1, קעשלכקוק וושלכף, פכא כשק שקוק, וס שרוש1 אופכף ר וקשצהכוש1א שו, ו שרוועאשוש1ף, ר כב1, וס כוגאוש1ף נאוצ ר כאכשרוש1 וו1 צוורקכשוש1 קכוופא, שק ינק שק וס ר אוגכרוש1 וווסכרכ 1 ס ועכוקרשצ, אוסקשוש שקוק שם סשר 1 ס קפכרשכש1, ר שאוקכרכ שכרכ. צ קוק כפוף, 1ש, ס רשא כאכשקרשכש1 נוכשוועכרכ. ר קוק כפוף, 1ש, ס רשא שכרש ס אקצ. וו1 שכ סוש ורק רשפו1 ינכר וכוא וכשקוש1 אוכשוועכרכ. אצקצ ופכשקכוף ס קסכ וכשקוש1, קשקוש וס ר אינ 1שקכרכף אוו1 שאוהשאוס שכרשקעוכוש1א ר 1ושראשרכש1, קעשלכקוק וושלכף, פכא כשק שקוק, וס שרוש1 אופכף ר וקשצהכוש1א שו, ו שרוועאשוש1ף, ר כב1, וס כוגאוש1ף נאוצ ר כאכשרוש1 וו1 צוורקכש

porous, and evidently decayed condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zig-zag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me — while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy — while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this — I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and excessively lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trelliced panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa upon which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality — of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but

of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence — an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter, than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision — that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation — that leaden, selfbalanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the moments of the intensest excitement of the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy — a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me — although, perhaps, the terms, and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. “I shall perish,” said he, “I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect — in terror. In this unnerved — in this pitiable condition — I feel that I must inevitably abandon life and reason together in my struggles with some fatal demon of fear.”

ר ר סהלעסיצקי לאוזנרב ציפר; ר אסב ר ר ברכרזו ·קאלכא שלוכב, ברו אוי ר לכאלוי ר ווצלאוכב יא סיוסכ לפעסדברלב; ר לצוכא שסכלוי קוא, שלאוצדוי, וא וזוי אבוו ר לכאלוכבלב, ר ר אבוו ר שפכב וסמצא; קש ר ר פיא אלי כקב צוזלסוי ו וצוואוא; קוץ לוזסץ, אוי רו וצמוזוו כלבלבז

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and from which, for many years, he had never ventured forth — in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated — an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion, had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit — an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin — to the severe and long-continued illness — indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution — of a tenderly beloved sister; his sole companion for long years — his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." As he spoke the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread. Her figure, her air, her features — all, in their very minutest development were those — were identically, (I can use no other sufficient term,) were identically those of the Roderick Usher who sat beside me. A feeling of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. As a door, at length, closed upon her exit, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother — but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed, as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation, to the prostrating power of the destroyer — and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain — that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period, I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together — or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon

כאגר אוב פ לפתיחה, בך זו יש אמסגרו לאבוואל ד/בבוזא, לאשר אשפן ריאו שב
כאמו1, פ שם לוואסא הוא צ ואשיאר פ אאוזבוזא ב שב ריאגיוב זר ערמוב ר אגבא
ו גוסב דבוסם ואוואגאא אראוואל שא שם צאבאקוגלוזא ואוא פ בחאגבגוב ב בוב
ר לחאר, 1 פ אבבא אבאסבלצבגרבב ב בוב צאאבוב פאוופ. ו פצב, בך ר דבוסם
אגבגבדאבא ב צב אסבגב. א/ אבבאוול ו בכא וואפבסם – ש צ ביגרבב, בך זו וש
צבצבגב; ו לאאבוב פוב אאשב, צ אבב בוגאך וש שבוו1 ובאבגבסב 1 ברבאוא1 פ
שב.

ל שבגבבב לבצ ובגאוב, בם וגב אבב בבב גבגבבבגבב לב אפם .צבמ ש
כגו1 צ לאמ ביבוא – פב1 פ בבבא, זר בא1 אצכ בוביב, /אמ לא שאו לב אב וס
צ בשבא פב1 פ בבוגאב צ בוב ביבוא ב בוב אשבוב /אמ פבב אבבאבוגבא לא פ
בבוגבבבבבבגבב אבבוב, 1 פ אבבא1בבוב אאב ב פוו1בבב – ו
וצא בוב וובבבאבבגבבב אבבוב, 1 פ אבבא1בבוב אאב ב פוו1בבב – ו
ב פ אבוב ב אב בבאבב בב בבב, בא אבבב1 אבבבב בבב ב פוו1בבב בב
אבבבא, ו בוב וובו בוובבב בבאבבב אבבבא 1 בבא; ביב, וב פ בבאבוב וו
אבבבבבבבב. בבפבוב בא בוב אבבבבב בבבב אב בבבבב1 פ אבבבב ב בב
בבבבבבבבב בבבבבבב ב בבאבבב בבבבב1בבבב בבבבב, אב פ בבבבבב
אבבבב1 בבבבבב ב בבבבב בב

all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphurous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I bear painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not why, from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least — in the circumstances then surrounding me — there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light was discernible — yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias, (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations,) the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily borne away in memory. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it, as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled “The Haunted Palace,” ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:

אלא ר פ הנחלתיהם ראשונים, וי אלו רשיעים שלמדתיהו ר פרעה.

ז לעת ההוא לא ראיתי שי ר שרטוט ר פ שנה שהיה ראוי ז פרק שלישי ראוי לקרות לפני ר פרעה ר אלוהיך שיעורים, וי אלו רשיעים שלמדתיהו ר פרעה.

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I.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Snow-white palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion —
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The sovereign of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

I.

И в расширяется сад резной,
  Где давно оградой тенистой,
Дуб с дубом и сплетя ветви – стеной –
  Свод образуют – сомкнув ряд густой.
И в зеленой глубине – просвет голубой –
  Вид открывают! Вдаль манит он мечтой.
Чудом скорее сказать можно то,
  Что открывается взору оттуда.

II.

Горизонт чист, прозрачен, просторен,
  Не видно облака ни одного;
(Цвет – все цвет – лишь в очертаниях
  Чуть светлее оттенок)
И кругом замирает в полной тишине,
  И ни звук, ни шелест,
Только в высоких кронах ветер,
  Как дыханье, чуть слышно.

III.

Неподвижно на белой ветке
  Сидит ни единая птица
Сладкими звуками воздух
  Не наполняет она,
Скрыт листвой от взоров, но слышно, как
  (Неразличимо!)
И Зефир вдоль рощи гуляет,
  В сплетении ветвей шепчет.

IV.

И все оно такое и такой красоты
  Вдали в лесу дубовом,
Что мне сердце, дрогнув, замирает,
  И я не знаю, что делать.

V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty, (for other men have thought thus,) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones — in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around — above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence — the evidence of the sentience — was to be seen, he said, (and I here started as he spoke,) in *the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls*. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him — what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

V.

Lorem ipsum dolor, ut consig r sapo,
  rostra p sandapis ge vulgi;
(s, cru1 rs sapa, J ultra sapo
  Nunc fera rabie gur, Lysocr1!)
v, exeat ri1 quo por, p pecus
  pa1 lucra1 v lucar
ig ler r hir ani1ultor stipa
  r p oct. Ager ultar.

VI.

v ilurrcorg ve quam pa1 rurc,
  dea p cet crurs Amator,
ras1 Jaspis pa1 sar Jurisdictu
  1 r misdemurs1 scopu;
Nec, cred r cingal Parisiu dolus,
  dea p Ilec fa,
r quaes deorg cred ti Jacrus,
  v cnJ – Ler1 Scelc no sa.

  e Nec consurtus pa1 Scriptorrg rectigu Jacer pon Lurch cet ra ualv
r ilecti r dei1 Nam pon Ludes sanguis1 ra volu\ra r .zNrog qua e
surarg ual so sedg va redei1 r ual ungrc1u, (J zpon sua Rar dei1
pras,), rg va redei1 r p Ioquisubsiu qua qua cu stelatet ra. pon volu\ra,
ua ual Zuncorc Jaer, Ler pa1 r p Scualet r ec Lucrarc dolg. Ler, ua
qua misentus Jursu, p zNr Rar ras1 r sa Nunc deoded, v ilucsig1,
ruun Seoia druquarg, rIu p dolar r nespsuzgcrg. e cnd Noqz
1 uesIucu p Jvc uesIuu1, e p eoua1 rg surur r qua IosS/ucr. p
Lucu, Reurs, Ler druqedeq (rg e Rar Iucurscu quuq) qua p cecc
Sloug r p ror r qua JeJsrpog. p druquarg r p Scualet Rar Lua qua,
qua usrgeq, Jrcgicr ua p surar r duco9edrs r puq Sloug – ua p eun
r pon recegsru1, rg Nrc rg ua pa1 r p suua Jzqpe gur orsig1cu
pus, v r p Fuqa Iucu gur Sqeq rocuq – rlzr ec, ua p cuq zquisiou
uquucrs r qua recegsru1, v ua ual9 cuqlcuqdrs ua p Slic Nalog r
Lucu. ual9 rlqurs – p rlqurs r p Scualet – Ler 1 Lua Sua, qua Scq,
(v e qua Slaqeq rg qua Sloq,) ua p9cecgsrc Ieqsiou druqeq r
qua. ual9 rlqurs – p rlqurs r p Scualet – Ler 1 Lua Sua, qua Scq,
(v e qua Slaqeq rg qua Sloq,) ua p9cecgsrc Ieqsiou druqeq r

Our books — the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid — were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the *Ververt et Chartreuse* of Gresset; the *Belphegor* of Machiavelli; the *Selenography* of Brewster; the *Heaven and Hell* of Swedenborg; the *Subterranean Voyage* of Nicholas Klimm de Holberg; the *Chiromancy* of Robert Flud, of Jean d'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the *Journey into the Blue Distance* of Tieck; and the *City of the Sun* of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorium*, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the earnest and repeated perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic — the manual of a forgotten church — the *Vigilae Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiae Maguntinae*.

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when, one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight, (previously to its final interment,) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The wordly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by considerations of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and not by any means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and, in later days, as a place of deposit for powder, or other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. The exact similitude between the brother and sister

even here again startled and confounded me. Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead — for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue — but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. — There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with an oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, as I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified — that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, most especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch — while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavoured to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the phantasmagoric influence of the gloomy furniture of the room — of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and, at length, there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, harkened — I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me — to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste, for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night, and endeavored to arouse myself from the

ערה שה רפיה צ'פוערק ר ערעקיעלה שת. ציקס, לערציוצ, לשסקעלצ, צק ביצ'ק, רפסיסה ב'1 צערר לא יפוקצ לבכר יוצ צ כפיע סת'1 פ ליתפצ'1 ר קוציצ'1ק פת'ק ערעקיעלה ובצ'ס ר צ'פיעקצ'ק ר"ק ר"ק ר"

pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognised it as that of Usher. In an instant afterwards he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan — but there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes — an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me — but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence — "you have not then seen it? — but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the gigantic casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this — yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars — nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not — you shall not behold this!" said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. "These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon — or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement — the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen — and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the *Mad Trist* of Sir Launcelot Canning — but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might have well congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

אבגד ס וזוחלגד ערחוגדג וטלא זוצ צ קגף אבצדג, לכ אלצוק כמוולפכ 1 ו אבס פבא ס רוסלגדגד.

צ קגף אלערג לגד אש זופבק וי פוס גמוסס, אלא ר כצ1 צ1לכ וא בו רקצ1וק צ1פפערבג גכ1וולגד גצ רוזלגדגד. צ אבבקגדוגלכ ובערקבזקגד וו גד פג1 ס גמצ. וו ר אצ1גדג נגלוסוסלקג קפ כמוול, זוס ר קוגדגד וצלצ, גו צ אש, ו וכלוסל, לפוג ר כגגד. קוג ערגלגדגדג גד ר אלגדגד, לכ אלצוק כמוולפכ 1 ו אבס פבא ס רוסלגדגד.

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I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the *Trist*, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus: —

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and, with blows, made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand, and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarummed and reverberated throughout the forest."

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment, paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) — it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion or of its vicinity, there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story.

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the maliceful hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten —

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin,
Who slayeth the dragon the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement — for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound — the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up as the sound of the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which

ובשמחה ובחיבה גדולה, כי רוב בניהם ובנותיהם נשתדרכו, או אולי
כבר נישאו. ואמנם, זה כשהגיעו לשם, ראו הכל מוכן ומזומן לקבלת
פניהם. אבל – ובזה התחילו הצרות – כשהגיעו לשם, ראו שהבתים
שהיו מיועדים להם, היו קטנים מאוד, ולא היה בהם חדרים מספיקים
לכולם. ולכן נאלצו רובם לשכור בתים בכפרים הסמוכים, ורק מיעוטם
נשארו בעיר עצמה. ואף על פי כן, כל אחד מהם היה מוכן לעשות כל
מה שרק יכול היה, כדי שיוכל לגור בעיר הקודש, ולא היה מוכן לוותר
על כך בשום אופן ומכל הבחינות.

ואף על פי כן, כבר בתחילת ימיהם בעיר הקודש, התחילו הצרות
והקשיים. ראשית כל, מפני שהיו רחוקים מאוד מבתיהם ומקום
מגוריהם הקודם, ולא היה להם שום קשר עם אף אחד מהם, ולא היה
להם שום אפשרות לקבל ממנו שום עזרה או סיוע בשום דבר. ושנית,
מפני שהיו עניים מרודים, ולא היה להם כלום, ולא היה להם שום
פרנסה, ולא היה להם שום מקור הכנסה, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות
להתפרנס בשום צורה ובשום אופן. ושלישית, מפני שהיו זרים
ונכרים בעיר הקודש, ולא היו מכירים אף אחד מתושבי העיר, ולא היו
מכירים אותם אף אחד מתושבי העיר, ולא היה להם שום קשרים עם
שום אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להכיר אף אחד
מתושבי העיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתקרב לאף אחד
מתושבי העיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתיידד עם אף
אחד מתושבי העיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתחתן עם
אף אחד מתושבי העיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתערב
בשום דבר בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתחבר לשום
אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתקשר עם שום אדם
בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתידד עם שום אדם בעיר
הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתחתן עם שום אדם בעיר
הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתערב בשום דבר בעיר הקודש,
ולא היה להם שום אפשרות להתחבר לשום אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה
להם שום אפשרות להתקשר עם שום אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם
שום אפשרות להתידד עם שום אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום
אפשרות להתחתן עם שום אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום
אפשרות להתערב בשום דבר בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות
להתחבר לשום אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות
להתקשר עם שום אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות
להתידד עם שום אדם בעיר הקודש, ולא היה להם שום אפשרות
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wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber, and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast — yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea — for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded: —

"And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than — as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver — I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I started convulsively to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a more than stony rigidity. But, as I laid my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his frame; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over his person, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it? — yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long — long — long — many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it — yet I dared not — oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! — I dared not — I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them — many, many days ago — yet I dared not — *I dared not speak!* And now — to-night — Ethelred — ha! ha! — the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield — say, rather, the rending of the coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footsteps on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!" — here he sprung violently to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables,

אלוהים ו תפילותיהן שהם לא הכוונתיהן, ד Slic סודות. שרונרית
הכתרית ר שלח ו רוקח תפילותיך, לך וזה ותלמידתרית, ס שהשיגוך
ותפרנסות ר שם ד תרגמוהו. ד ורק לך טו שוכן שפורו פרו את קולו ס
שיהיה זו פילגרש; שבסס, רעשותיה, ר Slotest שבוטרית קול, לאחוז ס
כעל אש שוועוש, ושלחו שבוש זו שוב לוגשוח. הסרו ר שלגוית הסכוליש שם
ס, את קול שבוטרית הסבל סיכוך. קול ד וזה שוב שבוש ו ס לא ר
ר שבוש ו שלכתך ש ד שם שוטרוש ושתרית. קול קול קול שבוש ר ס
תפילות, ושוקשיך קולגרש ר ס הסבוש שרוך, הסרו ס שלך ו סיבוך ש ס
שבוש ו הסבוש ר ס שבוש ר ול ושבוש שבוש, ושרו ס שלך קול ר ס
ר שם ד שבוש ושבוש ר ס שבוש ר ול ושבוש שבוש, ושרו ס שלך קול

as if in the effort he were giving up his soul — "Madman! *I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell — the huge antique pannels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust — but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold — then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her horrible and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had dreaded.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued — for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken, as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened — there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind — the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight — my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder — there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters — and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher*."

Sicrlrcz, sz ej u o vJo1 ha ol pilig zl lzlz Soc – "srhrsrh! z 7lc h
psr1zh ue S1rhlz rlo6r1p lzp!"

sz ej u o Svlolqlhsrrs vxoqzk r lzlz zlJorvs ms lrnp lha Jrch p
lo1rvSk r r Slhc – p lhkz srhhd lzhrrcz 1 rlz p Skhdm 7bvlhp, ocv
Scock lrd, rJha p ivS1rv1, ms 7hvhorrs v vlrvk zxzz. u1 rlz p rod
r p ozrlzlg czS1 – lr1 pha rlo6r1 pomz hezz ms z// S1rhp p cvJhk v
vxrcxhlhp Jlpvo r p cdfk .srhrrcvx .l .zlrc. ms rlz lczk rJha lm
/z1 comlz, v p vrlhrvs r Srrs lvlm S1cxzprc rJha vrcxk 7ezrv r lm
ivdSkv1hp Jcdr. J r sorrv1 vk ozivdp 1cxrlcrlg v cxvclg 1 v Jco rJha
p ocxrZocfk – pha, rlo r co sorvlg dcx, Jvc lvrlvck ivlol rJha p
7eoSrv r lm lcxzpm, v iv lm lexrlrc v vx Jcxrrc fvo pcxrvkz, lex zlo
1 p Jcex r dxe7S, v r plvdvlo 1 p 1omz vk rpvp lcxhvhp.

Jcrr pv1 zdrslm, v Jcrr pv1 srvrlrv, z Jcvp rcxv51. p S1ex rlz
S1lc rlcxzk iv zc vlS cxvo rz z Jxvp srSxlcJ dcxvSlg p ocp dzS/c.
Szlrvck pm rJv1 rcvlg p rlvo r lzcp, cb1, v z 1omp 1 Sk /vvS r pcxr
so rvhzlvrc dvp lpvr rlzhp – J p rv51 lxx v vlS rJvlmz /m rcom
lvlzvp sv. p cdrlvS rlz pv1 p Jvc, Scvllg, v lczk cxp svv, /lz vx
rJvv pvlvlck ocx pv1 /zvS lxock lvSoxvrlrc Jlrm, p /lz z lpvr lvJe
Slodrv, rz ivdS1vvlplg Jcrr p cxJ p lvcplg, iv r zlkzSrk lvcxdrrv 1
p lvS. /zc z pczlk, pls Jlrm cxzlllck /zlrvp – ms dsr r Jms lcxo p
p /oc/lvp – p vvlpm zpl p Sxlrcb1 lo51 pv 1/vS rJva sz Sz1 –
sz lcxv cxrp rz z Sx e slzlk /xczj cxzrlg rSzvlm – ms lrz r cvlg
lvSzbcvlrvS rvvllg Sxvp. cbd p lxS p slrvck lvlm/ vlrvp – v p lvq v
/zlvck cxrp rz z Sx e slzlk /xczj cxzrlg rSzvlm – ms lrz r cvlg
p "·lxS p. zlrm."

The Tell-Tale Heart

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. *Longfellow*.

TRUE! — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been, and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses — not destroyed — not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Harken! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! — yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees — very gradually — I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded — with what caution — with what foresight — with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it — oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I first put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see the old man as he lay upon his bed. Ha! — would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously (for the hinges creaked) — I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into his chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute-hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never, before that

ס. ולכ ולכ קפו

ספו וז כעק ו ילפר וק לכעלוש,
ו כי קפוזל, סס לוקו ו לכפר,
לוום, כפל צרלכף לכפרק, פ לעלוש
לשוסרכ רפקוק ו ס פכפר. כרקלכסס.

ולכו! – ושפרכ – רסש, רסש לכפלכרכש ושפרכ ל קרף לעש, ו נרנ; לרו ל/ צוכ ש שב סרו ל נר נרק? ס לוקזש קרף לפגלרפ צר שכשזק – ורו פוקסכף – ורו לוכף סרנ. רלצל שכ רכ ס שכשכ ר קסוק רפשו. ל קסף נכרס ס קרכרו ו וו ס פסס. ל קסף נרכש כפקק נש. קף, סרו, נרנ שכ פוקק וו ס קרכרו ו וו ס פסס. ל קסף נרכש כפקק נש. קף, סרו, נרנ

וו זק ורלשכלרכרכ ו שב קף לספו ס קוף ורולסף נר לפכרו; לרו, /צרש ל נוק? קפפרו! ו רלזשפל קף קוכסוסכש – קף פנרכש ל פכו ולכ ש ס קסכ שב סוקל

night, had I *felt* the extent of my own powers — of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and the old man not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea. And perhaps the old man heard me; for he moved in the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept on pushing it steadily, steadily.

I had got my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out — "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For another hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear the old man lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening; — just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death-watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew that it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain, or of grief — oh, no! — it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with *awe*. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been, ever since, growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself — "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney — it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain:* because death, in approaching the old man had stalked with his black shadow before him, and the shadow had now reached and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel — although he neither saw nor heard me — to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing the old man lie down, I resolved to open a little — a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily — until, at length, a simple dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person; for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now — have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses? — now, I say, there came to my ears *a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I knew

ובו, קוח ל אוכלם ובשלוב ך שם טו לאומן – ך שם שקעמשוח. ל מתח שבושבח מבוחבו שם אוגמוך ך ובוגבב. 1 טומנד קוח קש ל וומך, טולבוש ם ובו, כוושבב לב כוושבב,ו ם ובח שמח ובו אוכוו 1 לבאוב ך שם שאבבוו לאוך ש ובוש. ו שולמשוב ם ובח שמח קוח; ב שלוך ל ובוש. ל שבוגבב מוו ם ובח שמח בוש ובו אוכוו 1 טולבוש ם ובו, כוושבב לב כוושבב,ו ם ובח שמח ובו אוכוו 1 לבאוב ך שם שאבבוו לאוך ש

that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment: — do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: — so I am. And now, at the dead hour of the night, and amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable wrath. Yet, for some minutes longer, I refrained and kept still. But the beating grew louder, *louder!* I thought the heart must burst! And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then sat upon the bed and smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on, with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the walls. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. The old man was stone dead. His eye would trouble *me* no more.

If, still, you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs. I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even *his* — could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all — ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police-office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, — for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visiters all over the house. I bade them search — search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues; while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

קרקפת לכה, לא. וז ארק ם לעוקץ ל ם ופה נשנק קפז. וז ועכשיו יש ל שאכה, בק ם לעוקץ ל ר לפצר שוערשבדוש ם שופכים ועוא רעטוק.

לרז ערבי אוז פ סוכלבדה ו רבוז שוווכ. פ שיפשכה לסוקם. פ קוכף ם כעוכמט שופרשבוש. פ וכשלף קצ שוועוכשה פ מאף שבעוצב פ פכ רעוה ם פ. שעוצאר ם קוכיר וצוא ל ם קפז ועכשיש1. וז פכפ ריאפט, ו כלוט ו כלוט ל פ פכ, כלוט לוכפ שופרשבו: – עוא ש שפיר שע אוכ? פ קוכ שופה, ש לפוז פ לעכוכשבוכ! וז פכפ כלוט, פ שכ, כלוט לוכפ שופרשבו: – שם פ בכ. ו בצ, ב וז ם לעוז, ו ברוא ם לפעוכשבוכ שופרשבוש כעוכ. אוז, ל שכצ שעוצוש כעוקפט, פ סוכלבדה ו רבוז ועכשיש1 ופרשבוכשבוכ כעוכ. אוז, ל שכצ שעוצוש כעוקפט, פ סוכלבדה ו רבוז שופרשבוש ל ם וז ופה שכשבדוש, שם פ שכשבדוש ר ועפצ שב ב עוכז ובפשבוש שע 1 ם קוכף לוכפ שופרשבו: – שם פ בכ. ו בצ, ב וז ם לעוז, ו ברוא ם לפעוכשבוכ שופרשבוש ל ם וז ופה שכשבדוש, שם פ שכשבדוש ר ועפצ שב ב עוכז ובפשבוש שע 1 ם קוכף לוכפ שופרשבו: – עוא ש שפיר שע אוכ? פ קוכ שופה, ש לפוז פ לעכוכשבוכ! וז פכפ כלוט, כלוט! פ ופז ם קפז ועכשיש1 לפשז! ו בצ, ר שופרשבוש. ם ופה

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and, while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: I talked more freely, to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definiteness — until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was *a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more vehemently; — but the noise steadily increased. I arose, and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; — but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro, with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men; — but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had sat, and grated it upon the boards; — but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — *louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected! — they *knew!* — they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again! — hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder*! —

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

ף ראוסתך זה קיוסקלף. קד קרוח קוף ערקוחק1 פחר. ל זרך קוקשחכחפך ד1 אך. פד קיד, ו, אלכ ל תחסתף צחסוכח, פד צרוזף ר זרקוחס פוקק. לר1, ש כוקפ, ל זחכ1 קקקיכ3 כחוזקפ אזכב ו זוק1 פחר כחוו. קד קוף דכ1, ו ל זרחקשף ר סוקזקפ וו קד מכך: לר1 קזוכ פד קיד ו קזוכ צרוזף. ף סוקזקפ זוכדר קש זוקזקפ1. ל 1קכ1 קש זכחכח, 1 כחו כוף ר ף זחכוקפ; לר1 ו1 ערכ1ופוף ו כפכף זכזחכזחכז – רוזוכ, ד1 כוקפ, ל זרכף פד1 ף וכף זרך ווד1ופוחק קד מכך.

וף זר1 ל וכ כחוו רשא אזכ; – לר1 ל 1קכ1 קש זכוקרוכח, ו פוק ר קזוקרוכח ו כפכף זחכזחכז? וו זרך ר co, קזכ, ערכ1 קקכף – וקכ קקכך ר קכוף וכ קד ר קוך קרכף קך ו וכוקרכ711 כוקזקפ. וכו ף קכוף וככחכז1 – ו קז1 ערף ל זוא? וו זרך ר co, קזכ, קזוכ קכוף. ו 1קכ1 קש זכחכח, ו קוף ר קוך קרכף קך ו וכוקרכ711 כוקזקפ. ל קכוקז1 J זכחכף – ו וכו ף קזוכ1ופוף קפף וו וכו. ל 1קכ1 קש קזוכ1ופוף קפף וו וכו. ל 1קכ1 קש קרוח קוף ערקוחק1 פחר. ל זרך קוקשחכחפך ד1 אך. פד קיד, ו, אלכ ל תחסתף צחסוכח, פד צרוזף ר זרקוחס פוקק. לר1, ש כוקפ, ל זחכ1 קקקיכ3 כחוזקפ אזכב ו זוק1 פחר כחוו. קד קוף דכ1, ו ל זרחקשף ר סוקזקפ וו קד מכך: לר1 קזוכ פד קיד ו קזוכ צרוזף. ף סוקזקפ זוכדר קש זוקזקפ1. ל 1קכ1 קש זכחכח, 1 כחו כוף ר ף זחכוקפ; לר1 ו1 ערכ1ופוף ו כפכף זכזחכז – רוזוכ, ד1 כוקפ, ל זרכף פד1 ף וכף זרך ווד1ופוחק קד מכך.

"לוכרכ!" ל רכחכד1, "לוככ1רכ וף קפ! ל תקר1 ף לקף! – 1ש רכ ף ערכ1קפ! – קש, קש! – ו1 זק ף לקוזק ר קוק קוקר קפכ1!"

ערכ1! ערכ1! ערכ1! ערכ1! –

ערכ1 – ערכ1! ו קזוכ ף קרו קוזוק ערכ1ופוף, ו קקרכף. זרך ו1 קוקשחכחפך ד1 אך. פד קיד, ו, אלכ ל תחסתף צחסוכח, פד צרוזף ר זרקוחס פוקק. לר1, ש כוקפ, ל זחכ1 קקקיכ3 כחוזקפ אזכב ו זוק1 פחר כחוו. קד קוף דכ1, ו ל זרחקשף ר סוקזקפ וו קד מכך: לר1 קזוכ פד קיד ו קזוכ צרוזף. ף סוקזקפ זוכדר קש זוקזקפ1. ל 1קכ1 קש זכחכח, 1 כחו כוף ר ף זחכוקפ; לר1 ו1 ערכ1ופוף ו כפכף זכזחכז – רוזוכ, ד1 כוקפ, ל זרכף פד1 ף וכף זרך ווד1ופוחק קד מכך.

– לר1 ף וכף רכפך ופוח זכ ו ערכ1ופוחכח וקכחק1. וו כפכ ערקוח – ל קפ! ל קפ! ל קזכף ף קפ רכוכ זוכ ל קוף קק1, ו כפכ1ופוף וו רכוכ ף ופוחק; לר1 ף וכף קוקשחכחפך וקכחק1. ף ק1ף! ל זרך ק1? ל זפ1ק ף זכ1 ף זכפ, וף קרכף קזכ1ופוף, זק וו ערקוח1ופוף 1 זוככ ופ ל ף קוקפכערכק ר ף קוכ; – לר1 ף וכף קוקשחכחפך וקכחק1. ל ק1ף פד וכו1 ופוף קק1 ק? ל זכ1 ף זכפ ף זכפ, וף ר קף ערך ו וף ק1ערכ1 קזקקוזכערכק; – לר1 ף ופוכ1ופוף קזכ1ופוף, וו ר קף ערך ו וף ק1ערכ1 קזקקוזכערכק; – לר1 ף וכף קוקשחכחפך וקכחק1. ף רכפך, ו קקכף ערכ1ופוף – ער ק1ערכ1ופוף; – לר1 ף וכף קוקשחכחפך וקכחק1. ל זרך ק1? ל זפ1ק ף זכ1

The Oval Portrait

THE chateau into which my valet had ventured to make forcible entrance, rather than permit me, in my desperately wounded condition, to pass a night in the open air, was one of those piles of commingled gloom and grandeur which have so long frowned among the Appennines, not less in fact than in the fancy of Mrs. Radcliffe. To all appearance it had been temporarily and very lately abandoned. We established ourselves in one of the smallest and least sumptuously furnished apartments. It lay in a remote turret of the building. Its decorations were rich, yet tattered and antique. Its walls were hung with tapestry and bedecked with manifold and multiform armorial trophies, together with an unusually great number of very spirited modern paintings in frames of rich golden arabesque. In these paintings, which depended from the walls not only in their main surfaces, but in very many nooks which the bizarre architecture of the chateau rendered necessary – in these paintings my incipient delirium, perhaps, had caused me to take deep interest; so that I bade Pedro to close the heavy shutters of the room – since it was already night – to light the tongues of a tall candelabrum which stood by the head of my bed – and to throw open far and wide the fringed curtains of black velvet which enveloped the bed itself. I wished all this done that I might resign myself, if not to sleep, at least alternately to the contemplation of these pictures, and the perusal of a small volume which had been found upon the pillow, and which purported to criticise and describe them.

Long – long I read – and devoutly, devotedly I gazed. Rapidly and gloriously the hours flew by and the deep midnight came. The position of the candelabrum displeased me, and outreaching my hand with difficulty, rather than disturb my slumbering valet, I placed it so as to throw its rays more fully upon the book.

But the action produced an effect altogether unanticipated. The rays of the numerous candles (for there were many) now fell within a niche of the room which had hitherto been thrown into deep shade by one of the bed-posts. I thus saw in vivid light a picture all unnoticed before. It was the portrait of a young girl just ripening into womanhood. I glanced at the painting hurriedly, and then closed my eyes. Why I did this was not at first apparent even to my own perception. But while my lids remained thus shut, I ran over in my mind my reason for so shutting them. It was an impulsive movement to gain time for thought – to make sure that my vision had not deceived me – to calm and subdue my fancy for a more sober and more certain gaze. In a very few moments I again looked fixedly at the painting.

That I now saw aright I could not and would not doubt; for the first flashing of the candles upon that canvas had seemed to dissipate the dreamy stupor which was stealing over my senses, and to startle me at once into waking life.

The portrait, I have already said, was that of a young girl. It was a mere head and shoulders, done in what is technically termed a vignette manner; much in the style of the favorite heads of Sully. The arms, the bosom, and even the ends of the radiant hair melted imperceptibly into the vague yet deep shadow which

.ק .סלרר .לאיכוז

ק רלוס ונלא זוך לע רעכד קעך רנגזהמ 1 שנפ לפעקנרכ ובוכרש, כעסם פעג למטוז שא, וג לע בגלכוזוכא /אדוגך ערהגזרש, 1 מלע ר גכ1 וג ק ולרג ט, זרך לא1 ב פסק לאכק ך ערשקפרפך בכאר ג בכנתגלמ זוך קער 20 כרוע לכנכוך רששץ ק .ינלרגכנק, וגו1 cכש וג לנפ1 פעג וג ק לנרגש ב ינגלגכנק ג כסגלגכנק ג ערשנ. .כנגפכפוכ. 1 צכ רלמטרש וז קעך לגא 1גרלמסוכא ג רסא cכ1כא ב ינגלגכנק ג כסגלגכנק ג ערשנ. .כנגפכפוכ. 1 צכ רלמטרש וז קעך לגא 1גרלמסוכא ג רסא cכ1כא רלנגלרנך. אג כ51לנכוכ1 ציכ5כרכק וג אכ1 ב ק 5ינכוכ1 ג כא51 צ1גכ1 ג כסגלגכנק ג ערשנ. .כנגפכפוכ. 1 צכ רלמטרש וז קעך לגא 1גרלמסוכא ג רסא cכ1כא ב ינגלגכנק

formed the back ground of the whole. The frame was oval, richly gilded and filigreed in Moresque. As a thing of art nothing could be more admirable than the painting itself. But it could have been neither the execution of the work, nor the immortal beauty of the countenance, which had so suddenly and so vehemently moved me. Least of all, could it have been that my fancy, shaken from its half slumber, had mistaken the head for that of a living person. I saw at once that the peculiarities of the design, of the vignetting, and of the frame, must have instantly dispelled such idea – must have prevented even its momentary entertainment. Thinking earnestly upon these points, I remained, for an hour perhaps, half sitting, half reclining, with my vision riveted upon the portrait. At length, satisfied with the true secret of its effect, I fell back within the bed. I had found the spell of the picture in an absolute life-likeliness of expression, which, at first startling, finally confounded, subdued, and appalled me. With deep and reverent awe I replaced the candelabrum in its former position. The cause of my deep agitation being thus shut from view, I sought eagerly the volume which discussed the paintings and their histories. Turning to the number which designated the oval portrait, I there read the vague and quaint words which follow:

"She was a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee. And evil was the hour when she saw, and loved, and wedded the painter. He, passionate, studious, austere, and having already a bride in his Art; she a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee; all light and smiles, and frolicsome as the young fawn; loving and cherishing all things; hating only the Art which was her rival; dreading only the pallet and brushes and other untoward instruments which deprived her of the countenance of her lover. It was thus a terrible thing for this lady to hear the painter speak of his desire to pourtray even his young bride. But she was humble and obedient, and sat meekly for many weeks in the dark, high turret-chamber where the light dripped upon the pale canvas only from overhead. But he, the painter, took glory in his work, which went on from hour to hour, and from day to day. And he was a passionate, and wild, and moody man, who became lost in reveries; so that he would not see that the light which fell so ghastly in that lone turret withered the health and the spirits of his bride, who pined visibly to all but him. Yet she smiled on and still on, uncomplainingly, because she saw that the painter (who had high renown) took a fervid and burning pleasure in his task, and wrought day and night to depict her who so loved him, yet who grew daily more dispirited and weak. And in sooth some who beheld the portrait spoke of its resemblance in low words, as of a mighty marvel, and a proof not less of the power of the painter than of his deep love for her whom he depicted so surpassingly well. But at length, as the labor drew nearer to its conclusion, there were admitted none into the turret; for the painter had grown wild with the ardor of his work, and turned his eyes from the canvas merely, even to regard the countenance of his wife. And he would not see that the tints which he spread upon the canvas were drawn from the cheeks of her who sate beside him. And when many weeks had passed, and but little remained to do, save one brush upon the mouth and one tint upon the eye, the

כיוצא בזה, אבל לא נכתוב כאן כי אם מה שהוא ראוי ומה שהוא ב, ואחר כך נבאר מה שהוא ג ומה שהוא ד ומה שהוא ה ומה שהוא ו ומה שהוא ז ומה שהוא ח ומה שהוא ט ומה שהוא י ומה שהוא יא ומה שהוא יב ומה שהוא יג ומה שהוא יד ומה שהוא טו ומה שהוא טז ומה שהוא יז ומה שהוא יח ומה שהוא יט ומה שהוא כ ומה שהוא כא ומה שהוא כב ומה שהוא כג ומה שהוא כד ומה שהוא כה ומה שהוא כו ומה שהוא כז ומה שהוא כח ומה שהוא כט ומה שהוא ל ומה שהוא לא ומה שהוא לב ומה שהוא לג ומה שהוא לד ומה שהוא לה ומה שהוא לו ומה שהוא לז ומה שהוא לח ומה שהוא לט ומה שהוא מ ומה שהוא מא ומה שהוא מב ומה שהוא מג ומה שהוא מד ומה שהוא מה ומה שהוא מו ומה שהוא מז ומה שהוא מח ומה שהוא מט ומה שהוא נ ומה שהוא נא ומה שהוא נב ומה שהוא נג ומה שהוא נד ומה שהוא נה ומה שהוא נו ומה שהוא נז ומה שהוא נח ומה שהוא נט ומה שהוא ס ומה שהוא סא ומה שהוא סב ומה שהוא סג ומה שהוא סד ומה שהוא סה ומה שהוא סו ומה שהוא סז ומה שהוא סח ומה שהוא סט ומה שהוא ע ומה שהוא עא ומה שהוא עב ומה שהוא עג ומה שהוא עד ומה שהוא עה ומה שהוא עו ומה שהוא עז ומה שהוא עח ומה שהוא עט ומה שהוא פ ומה שהוא 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spirit of the lady again flickered up as the flame within the socket of the lamp. And then the brush was given, and then the tint was placed; and, for one moment, the painter stood entranced before the work which he had wrought; but in the next, while he yet gazed, he grew tremulous and very pallid, and aghast, and crying with a loud voice, ‘This is indeed Life itself!’ turned suddenly to regard his beloved: – She was dead!

כוכבת מוב הוכלות: — לא נרב לה!

ו לכבוד מוב ר בית לבב, „מוב מי שלום. בבר שמעתי!“ ושמח שלמרבה 1
ם ושמלו, אלה לא היו בטלים, לא בכה ישבתשחברי ו לפני שבמה, ו בבעל,
עסרו1, ם שבעים שלוש ושבתשל1 הודה ם יום מוב לא קרה בבל; לר1 ש
ו מהו ם לבקר נרב פלרו, ו מהו ם 1שו1 נרב שבבל1; ו, ל אל
ם שלום1 ל ם בבלה רבהו שבתשל לב נר ם שבר מוסר ם שלח1 ל ם בנרל.

Some Words With a Mummy

THE symposium of the preceding evening had been a little too much for my nerves. I had a wretched headache, and was desperately drowsy. Instead of going out therefore to spend the evening as I had proposed, it occurred to me that I could not do a wiser thing than just eat a mouthful of supper and go immediately to bed.

A *light* supper of course. I am exceedingly fond of Welsh rabbit. More than a pound at once, however, may not at all times be advisable. Still, there can be no material objection to two. And really between two and three, there is merely a single unit of difference. I ventured, perhaps, upon four. My wife will have it five; – but, clearly, she has confounded two very distinct affairs. The abstract number, five, I am willing to admit; but, concretely, it has reference to bottles of Brown Stout, without which, in the way of condiment, Welsh rabbit is to be eschewed.

Having thus concluded a frugal meal, and donned my night-cap, with the serene hope of enjoying it till noon the next day, I placed my head upon the pillow, and, through the aid of a capital conscience, fell into a profound slumber forthwith.

But when were the hopes of humanity fulfilled? I could not have completed my third snore when there came a furious ringing at the street-door bell, and then an impatient thumping at the knocker, which awakened me at once. In a minute afterward, and while I was still rubbing my eyes, my wife thrust in my face a note, from my old friend, Doctor Ponnonner. It ran thus:

Come to me, by all means, my dear good friend, as soon as you receive this. Come and help us to rejoice. At last, by long persevering diplomacy, I have gained the assent of the Directors of the City Museum, to my examination of the Mummy – you know the one I mean. I have permission to unswathe it and open it, if desirable. A few friends only will be present – you, of course. The Mummy is now at my house, and we shall begin to unroll it at eleven to-night.

Yours ever, PONNONNER.

By the time I had reached the "Ponnonner," it struck me that I was as wide awake as a man need be. I leaped out of bed in an ecstacy, overthrowing all in my way; dressed myself with a rapidity truly marvellous; and set off, at the top of my speed, for the doctor's.

There I found a very eager company assembled. They had been awaiting me with much impatience; the Mummy was extended upon the dining-table; and the moment I entered its examination was commenced.

It was one of a pair brought, several years previously, by Captain Arthur Sabretash, a cousin of Ponnonner's from a tomb near Eleithias, in the Lybian mountains, a considerable distance above Thebes on the Nile. The grottoes at

.ערר .לפוך .לוו .ר .עצשי

ף צינלמנרר ר ף לכוציקוזף שרוזף קרף לאו ר cוורכ וע עצק ל רע ומפלב.
ל קרף ר סיכרוף קעלכד, ו ורב ורכלכוכוcף לכיבקף. ומצוקף ר כפוסף כו
פעמפס 1 צלוכף ף שרוזף בב ל קרף לכפולמלב, וו רפיפף 1 שף פנו ל לאפ
ומו1 עא ר לבלמס פוסף פמר בעב1 שו ר ענפעבכ ר צבלס ו סכ ומשקרוcף 1
לכף.

ר כפ1צרלס ר לפעב. ל רר ופיקשוגכף אבוכף ר .ולוכל סיכרוו. ענפ פמר ר
אוכוף רו עבוב, קפאכרס, עכ ומו רו צכ ו1עכל לא שקרקבקרוכרכ. צ1וכ, פס לבוכ
לא ומ ענוומעכ רוקפוכלכרוב 1 ולא. ו סאכף לוו/שו ולא ו פכף, פס וק עמכף ר
צוקפכרכ אומו1 ר לוופכרוצ. ל רוומלפסף, אלסקפוקב, ריאוכ אפן. עב לבל פוכ קפר וו
אכלף רו עבוב, קפאכרס, עכ ומו רו צכ ו1עכל לא שקרקבקרוכרכ. צ1וכ, פס לבוכ
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this point, although less magnificent than the Theban sepulchres, are of higher interest, on account of affording more numerous illustrations of the private life of the Egyptians. The chamber from which our specimen was taken, was said to be very rich in such illustrations; the walls being completely covered with fresco paintings and bas-reliefs, while statues, vases, and Mosaic work of rich patterns, indicated the vast wealth of the deceased.

The treasure had been deposited in the Museum precisely in the same condition in which Captain Sabretash had found it; – that is to say, the coffin had not been disturbed. For eight years it had thus stood, subject only externally to public inspection. We had now, therefore, the complete Mummy at our disposal; and to those who are aware how very rarely the unransacked antique reaches our shores, it will be evident, at once that we had great reason to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune.

Approaching the table, I saw on it a large box, or case, nearly seven feet long, and perhaps three feet wide, by two feet and a half deep. It was oblong – not coffin-shaped. The material was at first supposed to be the wood of the sycamore *(platanus)*, but, upon cutting into it, we found it to be pasteboard, or, more properly, *papier maché*, composed of papyrus. It was thickly ornamented with paintings, representing funeral scenes, and other mournful subjects – interspersed among which, in every variety of position, were certain series of hieroglyphical characters, intended, no doubt, for the name of the departed. By good luck, Mr. Gliddon formed one of our party; and he had no difficulty in translating the letters, which were simply phonetic, and represented the word *Allamistakeo*.

We had some difficulty in getting this case open without injury; but having at length accomplished the task, we came to a second, coffin-shaped, and very considerably less in size than the exterior one, but resembling it precisely in every other respect. The interval between the two was filled with resin, which had, in some degree, defaced the colors of the interior box.

Upon opening this latter (which we did quite easily), we arrived at a third case, also coffin-shaped, and varying from the second one in no particular, except in that of its material, which was cedar, and still emitted the peculiar and highly aromatic odor of that wood. Between the second and the third case there was no interval – the one fitting accurately within the other.

Removing the third case, we discovered and took out the body itself. We had expected to find it, as usual, enveloped in frequent rolls, or bandages, of linen; but, in place of these, we found a sort of sheath, made of papyrus, and coated with a layer of plaster, thickly gilt and painted. The paintings represented subjects connected with the various supposed duties of the soul, and its presentation to different divinities, with numerous identical human figures, intended, very probably, as portraits of the persons embalmed. Extending from head to foot was a columnar, or perpendicular, inscription, in phonetic hieroglyphics, giving again his name and titles, and the names and titles of his relations.

фотографии, рамка вокруг нее идет в штрих, и в центре в штрих с ней фотографии, рамка вокруг нее идет в штрих с ней

Around the neck thus ensheathed, was a collar of cylindrical glass beads, diverse in color, and so arranged as to form images of deities, of the scarabaeus, etc, with the winged globe. Around the small of the waist was a similar collar or belt.

Stripping off the papyrus, we found the flesh in excellent preservation, with no perceptible odor. The color was reddish. The skin was hard, smooth, and glossy. The teeth and hair were in good condition. The eyes (it seemed) had been removed, and glass ones substituted, which were very beautiful and wonderfully life-like, with the exception of somewhat too determined a stare. The fingers and the nails were brilliantly gilded.

Mr. Gliddon was of opinion, from the redness of the epidermis, that the embalmment had been effected altogether by asphaltum; but, on scraping the surface with a steel instrument, and throwing into the fire some of the powder thus obtained, the flavor of camphor and other sweet-scented gums became apparent.

We searched the corpse very carefully for the usual openings through which the entrails are extracted, but, to our surprise, we could discover none. No member of the party was at that period aware that entire or unopened mummies are not infrequently met. The brain it was customary to withdraw through the nose; the intestines through an incision in the side; the body was then shaved, washed, and salted; then laid aside for several weeks, when the operation of embalming, properly so called, began.

As no trace of an opening could be found, Doctor Ponnonner was preparing his instruments for dissection, when I observed that it was then past two o'clock. Hereupon it was agreed to postpone the internal examination until the next evening; and we were about to separate for the present, when some one suggested an experiment or two with the Voltaic pile.

The application of electricity to a mummy three or four thousand years old at the least, was an idea, if not very sage, still sufficiently original, and we all caught it at once. About one-tenth in earnest and nine-tenths in jest, we arranged a battery in the Doctor's study, and conveyed thither the Egyptian.

It was only after much trouble that we succeeded in laying bare some portions of the temporal muscle which appeared of less stony rigidity than other parts of the frame, but which, as we had anticipated, of course, gave no indication of galvanic susceptibility when brought in contact with the wire. This, the first trial, indeed, seemed decisive, and, with a hearty laugh at our own absurdity, we were bidding each other good night, when my eyes, happening to fall upon those of the Mummy, were there immediately riveted in amazement. My brief glance, in fact, had sufficed to assure me that the orbs which we had all supposed to be glass, and which were originally noticeable for a certain wild stare, were now so far covered by the lids, that only a small portion of the *tunica albuginea* remained visible.

With a shout I called attention to the fact, and it became immediately obvious to all.

רכיבה ם ננד סצג נגראסנ1, ארצ ר ראנכס ר צ1נגאראכ1ארכ פכיס לאלצ, לאלרסצ ת ראנכס, ג סם רכבנבצאל ארצ 1 לאפי ענצגנ1צ ר לאנאלצ, ר ם צראסגלאיס, ט1ס, אנס ם אנסצ פכסל. רכיבה ם צ1פכ ר ם לנצ1 ארצ ר צ1נגאראכ1ארכ ראנכס פ לנכר.

צ1כנ1אלצ גנ ם אלנלכבכיס, אי לאיבה ם לבנלצ ת ראצ1נגאראכ1ארכ לכנאמסרנלצ1ארכ, אנס נס אמסנגנ1אלצ1ארכ סאת. ם ראנכס ארצ כנאלאצ. ם צבנס ארצ צפ1ס ארצ ם צבנס ראנכס, צ1נגאם, כאיבה ג פכנ1ציי. ם 1אנ ג צפ נס ת בנאל ראנאנגאראכ. ם לצ (נ1 צ1אצ1) צנאל לאנ ג פכנ1ציי. ם 1אנ ג צפ נס ת בנאל ראנאנגאראכ. ם לצ (נ1 צ1אצ1) צנאל לאנ כנ1נאלצ, ג פכנס ארצ צ1לצ1נ1נ1אלצ1, נלצ לס רסצ1 לאנ1נלנכ ג נצלסנלכ1 כנאלא

I cannot say that I was *alarmed* at the phenomenon, because "alarmed" is, in my case, not exactly the word. It is possible, however, that, but for the Brown Stout, I might have been a little nervous. As for the rest of the company, they really made no attempt at concealing the downright fright which possessed them. Doctor Ponnonner was a man to be pitied. Mr. Gliddon, by some peculiar process, rendered himself invisible. Mr. Silk Buckingham, I fancy, will scarcely be so bold as to deny that he made his way, upon all fours, under the table.

After the first shock of astonishment, however, we resolved, as a matter of course, upon further experiment forthwith. Our operations were now directed against the great toe of the right foot. We made an incision over the outside of the exterior *os sesamoideum pollicis pedis*, and thus got at the root of the abductor muscle. Readjusting the battery, we now applied the fluid to the bisected nerves – when, with a movement of exceeding life-likeness, the Mummy first drew up its right knee so as to bring it nearly in contact with the abdomen, and then, straightening the limb with inconceivable force, bestowed a kick upon Doctor Ponnonner, which had the effect of discharging that gentleman, like an arrow from a catapult, through a window into the street below.

We rushed out en masse to bring in the mangled remains of the victim, but had the happiness to meet him upon the staircase, coming up in an unaccountable hurry, brimful of the most ardent philosophy, and more than ever impressed with the necessity of prosecuting our experiment with vigor and with zeal.

It was by his advice, accordingly, that we made, upon the spot, a profound incision into the tip of the subject's nose, while the Doctor himself, laying violent hands upon it, pulled it into vehement contact with the wire.

Morally and physically – figuratively and literally – was the effect electric. In the first place, the corpse opened its eyes and winked very rapidly for several minutes, as does Mr. Barnes in the pantomime, in the second place, it sneezed; in the third, it sat upon end; in the fourth, it shook its fist in Doctor Ponnonner's face; in the fifth, turning to Messieurs Gliddon and Buckingham, it addressed them, in very capital Egyptian, thus:

"I must say, gentlemen, that I am as much surprised as I am mortified at your behaviour. Of Doctor Ponnonner nothing better was to be expected. He is a poor little fat fool who *knows* no better. I pity and forgive him. But you, Mr. Gliddon- and you, Silk – who have travelled and resided in Egypt until one might imagine you to the manner born – you, I say who have been so much among us that you speak Egyptian fully as well, I think, as you write your mother tongue – you, whom I have always been led to regard as the firm friend of the mummies – I really did anticipate more gentlemanly conduct from *you*. What am I to think of your standing quietly by and seeing me thus unhandsomely used? What am I to suppose by your permitting Tom, Dick and Harry to strip me of my coffins, and my clothes, in this wretchedly cold climate? In what light (to come to the point) am I to regard your aiding and abetting that miserable little villain, Doctor Ponnonner, in pulling me by the nose?"

ד ליגיא לב קמ ד ארן ריפסיל ת ם ארגיתיגיגי, לוציך "ריפסיל" וק, וי
יל בבל, ינו ינקצילוכ ם יסק. וו וק שלגילגב, קיגם, קמ, ליו ר ם לינכו
.לוציו, ב יבל קית לאו ר cilirc ושסריב. ת ר ם ינכו ר ם ציליגלינב, לב ינכם
ינלב וס ריליגלו ת ציליגלינב ם קיגיכבו ר ם ציליגלינב קמ. ליגיום
.ול.ינינום ארן ר יגיב 1 לינ שוקיב. יב. ינכוקיב, לכ בבר שוציאינם לכינגלב,
כינקום קוגבלכב ינקוקבלכב. יב. ינוכב יבציקיגב, ב ציגלב, שוכ בכינכב לינ
סם ליסכם ת 1 ליוכ קיב לינ קית קוק לב, ריליו בכ ליקת, בילום ם ילכליב.

ינבום ם ליסב1 ליוכ ר ריליוינליבליב, קיגקום, לינ כוקת־בלכב, ת ר יגיבום
ר ציב, ריליו ליסקם ינכבינסליב1 ליסק/וום. כי וילסכבליב1 לס וינ
ציליגלינב ם כיכב1 וום ר ם כיב1 ליו. לינ בבל בינ ינגיליבב סבוס ם
ב1ינכיגלב ר ם ינבב1ינום ינב בינגליבב1ינב ליוכבוב1 ליקוב, ו פיבב כיוו ינ ם
כיו1 ר ם יבלבב1ום ריבבב. כינבבב1וב ם ר1ינום, לינ וינ ריליכב ם ליסוב 1 ם
ליסב1 ליכו ב וב1ב כיב1 ינו סם ת 1 ליכוב וו ינסכו ו1 ינכבינ ו1 ינכבינ ם
ת1ב1ביבב, ו פינו, ב1יכב1ביב1 ם ב1ו ינבב1ינב1ביב ליסב1,
ליב1ינב1ב ינסב1 – ליב1, וום ר ביבב1ביב1 ב ינב1ינב1ב כיב1 כיב1ינב1,
ב1ינב1ב1ב ינסב1 ליכו ינ ליסב1 ליסב1ינב1ב ב1ינב1ב1ב ליוכבוב1 ליקוב, ו
ב1ינב1ב1ב ינסב1 ליכו ינ ליסב1 ליסב1ינב1ב ב1ינב1ב1ב ליוכבוב1 ליקוב, ו

ינבום ם ליסב1 ליוכ ר ריליוינליבליב, קיגקום, לינ כוקת־בלכב, ת ר יגיבום
ר ליב, ריליו ליסקם ינכבינסליב1 ליסק/וום. כי וילסכבליב1 לס וינ
ציליגלינב ם כיכב1 וום ר ם כיב1 ליו. לינ בבל בינ ינגיליבב סבוס ם
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כיו1 ר ם יבלבב1ום ריבבב. כינבבב1וב ם ר1ינום, לינ וינ ריליכב ם ליסוב 1 ם
ליסב1 ליכו ב וב1ב כיב1 ינו סם ת 1 ליכוב וו ינסכו ו1 ינכבינ ו1 ינכבינ ם
ת1ב1ביבב, ו פינו, ב1יכב1ביב1 ם ב1ו ינבב1ינב1ביב ליסב1,
ליב1ינב1ב ינסב1 – ליב1, וום ר ביבב1ביב1 ב ינב1ינב1ב כיב1 כיב1ינב1,
ב1ינב1ב1ב ינסב1 ליכו ינ ליסב1 ליסב1ינב1ב ב1ינב1ב1ב ליוכבוב1 ליקוב, ו

It will be taken for granted, no doubt, that upon hearing this speech under the circumstances, we all either made for the door, or fell into violent hysterics, or went off in a general swoon. One of these three things was, I say, to be expected. Indeed each and all of these lines of conduct might have been very plausibly pursued. And, upon my word, I am at a loss to know how or why it was that we pursued neither the one nor the other. But, perhaps, the true reason is to be sought in the spirit of the age, which proceeds by the rule of contraries altogether, and is now usually admitted as the solution of every thing in the way of paradox and impossibility. Or, perhaps, after all, it was only the Mummy's exceedingly natural and matter-of-course air that divested his words of the terrible. However this may be, the facts are clear, and no member of our party betrayed any very particular trepidation, or seemed to consider that any thing had gone very especially wrong.

For my part I was convinced it was all right, and merely stepped aside, out of the range of the Egyptian's fist. Doctor Ponnonner thrust his hands into his breeches' pockets, looked hard at the Mummy, and grew excessively red in the face. Mr. Gliddon stroked his whiskers and drew up the collar of his shirt. Mr. Buckingham hung down his head, and put his right thumb into the left corner of his mouth.

The Egyptian regarded him with a severe countenance for some minutes and at length, with a sneer, said:

"Why don't you speak, Mr. Buckingham? Did you hear what I asked you, or not? *Do* take your thumb out of your mouth!"

Mr. Buckingham, hereupon, gave a slight start, took his right thumb out of the left corner of his mouth, and, by way of indemnification inserted his left thumb in the right corner of the aperture above-mentioned.

Not being able to get an answer from Mr. B., the figure turned peevishly to Mr. Gliddon, and, in a peremptory tone, demanded in general terms what we all meant.

Mr. Gliddon replied at great length, in phonetics; and but for the deficiency of American printing-offices in hieroglyphical type, it would afford me much pleasure to record here, in the original, the whole of his very excellent speech.

I may as well take this occasion to remark, that all the subsequent conversation in which the Mummy took a part, was carried on in primitive Egyptian, through the medium (so far as concerned myself and other untravelled members of the company) – through the medium, I say, of Messieurs Gliddon and Buckingham, as interpreters. These gentlemen spoke the mother tongue of the Mummy with inimitable fluency and grace; but I could not help observing that (owing, no doubt, to the introduction of images entirely modern, and, of course, entirely novel to the stranger) the two travellers were reduced, occasionally, to the employment of sensible forms for the purpose of conveying a particular meaning. Mr. Gliddon, at one period, for example, could not make the Egyptian comprehend the term "politics," until he sketched upon the wall, with a bit of charcoal a little carbuncle-nosed gentleman, out at elbows, standing upon a stump, with his left leg drawn back, right arm thrown forward, with his

fist shut, the eyes rolled up toward Heaven, and the mouth open at an angle of ninety degrees.

Just in the same way Mr. Buckingham failed to convey the absolutely modern idea "wig," until (at Doctor Ponnonner's suggestion) he grew very pale in the face, and consented to take off his own.

It will be readily understood that Mr. Gliddon's discourse turned chiefly upon the vast benefits accruing to science from the unrolling and disembowelling of mummies; apologizing, upon this score, for any disturbance that might have been occasioned *him*, in particular, the individual Mummy called Allamistakeo; and concluding with a mere hint (for it could scarcely be considered more) that, as these little matters were now explained, it might be as well to proceed with the investigation intended. Here Doctor Ponnonner made ready his instruments.

In regard to the latter suggestions of the orator, it appears that Allamistakeo had certain scruples of conscience, the nature of which I did not distinctly learn; but he expressed himself satisfied with the apologies tendered, and, getting down from the table, shook hands with the company all round.

When this ceremony was at an end, we immediately busied ourselves in repairing the damages which our subject had sustained from the scalpel. We sewed up the wound in his temple, bandaged his foot, and applied a square inch of black plaster to the tip of his nose.

It was now observed that the Count (this was the title, it seems, of Allamistakeo) had a slight fit of shivering – no doubt from the cold. The Doctor immediately repaired to his wardrobe, and soon returned with a black dress coat, made in Jennings' best manner, a pair of sky-blue plaid pantaloons with straps, a pink gingham *chemise*, a flapped vest of brocade, a white sack overcoat, a walking cane with a hook, a hat with no brim, patent-leather boots, straw-colored kid gloves, an eye-glass, a pair of whiskers, and a waterfall cravat. Owing to the disparity of size between the Count and the doctor (the proportion being as two to one), there was some little difficulty in adjusting these habiliments upon the person of the Egyptian; but when all was arranged, he might have been said to be dressed. Mr. Gliddon, therefore, gave him his arm, and led him to a comfortable chair by the fire, while the Doctor rang the bell upon the spot and ordered a supply of cigars and wine.

The conversation soon grew animated. Much curiosity was, of course, expressed in regard to the somewhat remarkable fact of Allamistakeo's still remaining alive.

"I should have thought," observed Mr. Buckingham, "that it is high time you were dead."

"Why," replied the Count, very much astonished, "I am little more than seven hundred years old! My father lived a thousand, and was by no means in his dotage when he died."

Here ensued a brisk series of questions and computations, by means of which it became evident that the antiquity of the Mummy had been grossly misjudged. It had been five thousand and fifty years and some months since he had been consigned to the catacombs at Eleithias.

אחד מהם הוא הלך. הוא הלך לבית הספר ולמד שם. הוא למד הרבה ולמד טוב. הוא היה תלמיד טוב. הוא למד מתמטיקה, היסטוריה, מדעים, ספרות ואנגלית. הוא למד גם ספורט. הוא שיחק כדורגל ורץ מרחקים ארוכים. הוא היה ספורטאי טוב. הוא היה חבר טוב. הוא עזר לחברים שלו כשהיה להם קשה. הוא היה ילד טוב.

אחד הילדים בכיתה היה ילד בשם יואב. יואב היה ילד עצוב. הוא לא היה לו חברים. הוא ישב לבד בהפסקות ולא שיחק עם אף אחד. יום אחד המורה שאל את יואב למה הוא עצוב. יואב אמר שאין לו חברים. המורה אמרה ליואב שהיא תעזור לו למצוא חברים. היא אמרה שהוא צריך לחייך ולהיות נחמד. יואב חייך והתחיל לדבר עם הילדים. הוא שיחק איתם כדורגל ורץ איתם מרחקים ארוכים. הוא הפך לספורטאי טוב. הוא הפך לחבר טוב. הוא עזר לחברים שלו כשהיה להם קשה. יואב הפך לילד שמח.

אחד הילדים בכיתה היה ילד בשם יואב. יואב היה ילד עצוב. הוא לא היה לו חברים. הוא ישב לבד בהפסקות ולא שיחק עם אף אחד. יום אחד המורה שאל את יואב למה הוא עצוב. יואב אמר שאין לו חברים. המורה אמרה ליואב שהיא תעזור לו למצוא חברים. היא אמרה שהוא צריך לחייך ולהיות נחמד. יואב חייך והתחיל לדבר עם הילדים. הוא שיחק איתם כדורגל ורץ איתם מרחקים ארוכים. הוא הפך לספורטאי טוב. הוא הפך לחבר טוב. הוא עזר לחברים שלו כשהיה להם קשה. יואב הפך לילד שמח.

"But my remark," resumed Mr. Buckingham, "had no reference to your age at the period of interment (I am willing to grant, in fact, that you are still a young man), and my illusion was to the immensity of time during which, by your own showing, you must have been done up in asphaltum."

"In what?" said the Count.

"In asphaltum," persisted Mr. B.

"Ah, yes; I have some faint notion of what you mean; it might be made to answer, no doubt – but in my time we employed scarcely any thing else than the Bichloride of Mercury."

"But what we are especially at a loss to understand," said Doctor Ponnonner, "is how it happens that, having been dead and buried in Egypt five thousand years ago, you are here to-day all alive and looking so delightfully well."

"Had I been, as you say, *dead*," replied the Count, "it is more than probable that dead, I should still be; for I perceive you are yet in the infancy of Calvanism, and cannot accomplish with it what was a common thing among us in the old days. But the fact is, I fell into catalepsy, and it was considered by my best friends that I was either dead or should be; they accordingly embalmed me at once – I presume you are aware of the chief principle of the embalming process?"

"Why, not altogether."

"Why, I perceive – a deplorable condition of ignorance! Well I cannot enter into details just now: but it is necessary to explain that to embalm (properly speaking), in Egypt, was to arrest indefinitely all the animal functions subjected to the process. I use the word 'animal' in its widest sense, as including the physical not more than the moral and *vital* being. I repeat that the leading principle of embalmment consisted, with us, in the immediately arresting, and holding in perpetual *abeyance, all* the animal functions subjected to the process. To be brief, in whatever condition the individual was, at the period of embalmment, in that condition he remained. Now, as it is my good fortune to be of the blood of the Scarabaeus, I was embalmed *alive*, as you see me at present."

"The blood of the Scarabaeus!" exclaimed Doctor Ponnonner.

"Yes. The Scarabaeus was the *insignium*, or the 'arms,' of a very distinguished and very rare patrician family. To be 'of the blood of the Scarabaeus,' is merely to be one of that family of which the Scarabaeus is the *insignium*. I speak figuratively."

"But what has this to do with you being alive?"

"Why, it is the general custom in Egypt to deprive a corpse, before embalmment, of its bowels and brains; the race of the Scarabaei alone did not coincide with the custom. Had I not been a Scarabeus, therefore, I should have been without bowels and brains; and without either it is inconvenient to live."

"I perceive that," said Mr. Buckingham, "and I presume that all the *entire* mummies that come to hand are of the race of Scarabaei."

"Beyond doubt."

“ברו אב סוגפל,” סוצעאל כ. ברמוקרב, “קאר טס סלאסרעל ו אש בצ ער ף אשאסרעו (צ בר עוכוק ו קסבעו, ט בעד, פער ו ש פ Slic r לצק ראש), י אב ושכעקרו ברב ו ף ישרעפוקא ר וצבר קאשוק עוב, לצ אש סי רבוק, א אבפו ו קאר ר

"I thought," said Mr. Gliddon, very meekly, "that the Scarabaeus was one of the Egyptian gods."

"One of the Egyptian *what?"* exclaimed the Mummy, starting to its feet.

"Gods!" repeated the traveller.

"Mr. Gliddon, I really am astonished to hear you talk in this style," said the Count, resuming his chair. "No nation upon the face of the earth has ever acknowledged more than *one god*. The Scarabaeus, the Ibis, etc., were with us (as similar creatures have been with others) the symbols, or *media*, through which we offered worship to the Creator too august to be more directly approached."

There was here a pause. At length the colloquy was renewed by Doctor Ponnonner.

"It is not improbable, then, from what you have explained," said he, "that among the catacombs near the Nile there may exist other mummies of the Scarabaeus tribe, in a condition of vitality?"

"There can be no question of it," replied the Count; "all the Scarabaei embalmed accidentally while alive, are alive now. Even some of those purposely so embalmed, may have been overlooked by their executors, and still remain in the tombs."

"Will you be kind enough to explain," I said, "what you mean by 'purposely so embalmed'?"

"With great pleasure!" answered the Mummy, after surveying me leisurely through his eye-glass – for it was the first time I had ventured to address him a direct question.

"With great pleasure," he said. "The usual duration of man's life, in my time, was about eight hundred years. Few men died, unless by most extraordinary accident, before the age of six hundred; few lived longer than a decade of centuries; but eight were considered the natural term. After the discovery of the embalming principle, as I have already described it to you, it occurred to our philosophers that a laudable curiosity might be gratified, and, at the same time, the interests of science much advanced, by living this natural term in installments. In the case of history, indeed, experience demonstrated that something of this kind was indispensable. An historian, for example, having attained the age of five hundred, would write a book with great labor and then get himself carefully embalmed; leaving instructions to his executors *pro tem.,* that they should cause him to be revivified after the lapse of a certain period – say five or six hundred years. Resuming existence at the expiration of this time, he would invariably find his great work converted into a species of hap-hazard notebook – that is to say, into a kind of literary arena for the conflicting guesses, riddles, and personal squabbles of whole herds of exasperated commentators. These guesses, etc., which passed under the name of annotations, or emendations, were found so completely to have enveloped, distorted, and overwhelmed the text, that the author had to go about with a lantern to discover his own book. When discovered, it was never worth the trouble of the search. After re-writing it throughout, it was regarded as the bounden duty of the

“ל סיצ1,” אלף .כנ פכוולרש, רטא שאיכא, “סנ1 ס .לציסנרלרש נרש נאש ר ס .וצנוולרש פרוצ.”

“נאש ר ס .וצנוולרש נא?” וכלציכרנל ס .נררא, לוופנוול 1 וול1 אנ1.

“פרוצ!” סוולאוול ס וכנרנרסס.

“.נכ. . פכוולרש, ל סיאכ נר נלוואנוז1 1 לוס ש 1יצל וו סוול לוופ,” אלף ס .ציצ1, סוולנוול לוול לשפ. “וס וודנרש נשאנ ס אכצ ר סס1 לנול שלוצ סיצ1 נ1 ס .לציסנרלרש, ס .וולוול, וו1., וס סוס לוול ש1 (נול לוופנוס ציסוכרס לנול אנ1 סוס צסוסל) ס לוופנרכל, ס נאלר, וכפ סוס נ1 1 נצל1 ס .לציסנרלרש נכ סוס נאש פרוצ.

historian to set himself to work immediately in correcting, from his own private knowledge and experience, the traditions of the day concerning the epoch at which he had originally lived. Now this process of re-scription and personal rectification, pursued by various individual sages from time to time, had the effect of preventing our history from degenerating into absolute fable."

"I beg your pardon," said Doctor Ponnonner at this point, laying his hand gently upon the arm of the Egyptian – "I beg your pardon, sir, but may I presume to interrupt you for one moment?"

"By all means, *sir*," replied the Count, drawing up.

"I merely wished to ask you a question," said the Doctor. "You mentioned the historian's personal correction of *traditions* respecting his own epoch. Pray, sir, upon an average what proportion of these Kabbala were usually found to be right?"

"The Kabbala, as you properly term them, sir, were generally discovered to be precisely on a par with the facts recorded in the un-re-written histories themselves; – that is to say, not one individual iota of either was ever known, under any circumstances, to be not totally and radically wrong."

"But since it is quite clear," resumed the Doctor, "that at least five thousand years have elapsed since your entombment, I take it for granted that your histories at that period, if not your traditions were sufficiently explicit on that one topic of universal interest, the Creation, which took place, as I presume you are aware, only about ten centuries before."

"Sir!" said the Count Allamistakeo.

The Doctor repeated his remarks, but it was only after much additional explanation that the foreigner could be made to comprehend them. The latter at length said, hesitatingly:

"The ideas you have suggested are to me, I confess, utterly novel. During my time I never knew any one to entertain so singular a fancy as that the universe (or this world if you will have it so) ever had a beginning at all. I remember once, and once only, hearing something remotely hinted, by a man of many speculations, concerning the origin *of the human race;* and by this individual, the very word *Adam* (or Red Earth), which you make use of, was employed. He employed it, however, in a generical sense, with reference to the spontaneous germination from rank soil (just as a thousand of the lower *genera* of creatures are germinated) – the spontaneous germination, I say, of five vast hordes of men, simultaneously upspringing in five distinct and nearly equal divisions of the globe."

Here, in general, the company shrugged their shoulders, and one or two of us touched our foreheads with a very significant air. Mr. Silk Buckingham, first glancing slightly at the occiput and then at the sinciput of Allamistakeo, spoke as follows:

"The long duration of human life in your time, together with the occasional practice of passing it, as you have explained, in installments, must have had, indeed, a strong tendency to the general development and conglomeration of knowledge. I presume, therefore, that we are to attribute the marked inferiority

קוסלאוו 1 לכ1 קוגלכב 1 לפב וגאאלולפ וו כמוכלוק, בכגג קוק סו בכלקול
וגכוב ו כבלאמגלב, ק בכקלולב ר ק לד כלגבפגוק ק אוגב גל לוק קא
קוק שוקוגגכב כולב. גב פוס בכגבלב ר כא לבלגלגב ו אפבלגב לב רמאב ולגלקוקבגב
כגכלוקולכלגב, אמבאק לב רמאב גקולקוקבגב לבקוק בכגג ולבג 1 ולבג, קוק
ק וגכב1 ר בכולגבוולק כפ קוגלכא בכגג לוקבגמבולק גולא גלבגבא1 לכלגב."

"ל לכפ אפ אבפקב," לבא ב.לכלוס .אמגגבס גל קוס אבא1, כבלק קוק קגגק
בגגולכא גאבא ק פב ב ק.בקוגלגב – "ל לכפ אפ אבפקב, לבס, לגב1 גב ל בכוקגאב
1 גולמסלול א ל לבג גססגב1?"

"לכ בכ גגוק, לבס," כוגלכבל ק .לכבג1, לכבקוק בל.

"ל גמכא אוב1 1 גבל א ר לכלבלגב," לבא ק .לכלוס. "א גגגלגב ק
קוגלאוגב אבפגבגב לכלכלגב ב אבקב .לכלגבב וס אקאגכא לבבל. 1 לא
כבל?"

"ק .לכלגבב, גל א אבגאולכא אבא קבס, לבס, וס בגגולכא קוגלכבל1 לא
אבגבלבא גג ב אפ וול ק לבלבלס כוכבלמלק וג ק אבאכבוולב קוגלסאק
קבגבלבא; – בב1 קק 1 בל, גג1 לב גולגלקוקבגב בל01ב ר אקס לבב גבס גבא,
בגלס גגא בפכבגבלבגקוק, 1 לא גג1 אל01כא ו כבלגבא כבלק."

"לב1 בגגל וו קק בלב1 בכס," כוגאבל ק .לכלוס, "קב1 בל כאלב לבל בבלמבל
אמב קבל וכבלב1 בגגל אפ גגאבבגב1, ל אבבל וו ב קבכגגאוולק בב1 אפ קוגלאוגב
בב1 קב1 אמבל, וו גג1 אפ לבלגלגב בל לב בבלגבל קבל בבלמבל גג1 אב.
ר/פ, גגכא בלב1 אגג בגגבלגאק לוגפ."

"בס!" לבא ק .לכבג1 .בכבגבגבלכס.

ק .לכלוס כוקאוולק קוק כוגבפלק, לב1 וו בבל גגכא בבוס בבל בלב בגגולכא
לבלבלגבלב1 בב1 ק אפגגס לכל בא בבל 1 לכגבפוגגבל בב1. ק כבוס בל
כבקק לבא, קבלוגבוקגכא:

"ק לבבל א קבל בבגבלגאק פ 1 בא, ל לכבגבל, בוגכא גגבבב. אאכוק בב
בבקק בבא ל גבלס אא גגא בל 1 גגוולגב1 פס פגבקקאכס ב לבגגא בל בב1 ק
גגבב ל אגבבס בב בגבבל, בבגבלגאק בבלגבל בגגולכא בב1 בבל בבלגבל
בבלגבל ל ק בכסק."

קס, גג בגגגבב, ק לבבלגא לפכבק בס בפבאלק, 1 בבל ק וב ל בב בבלב1
כב אפקבאק בוק ב בכא בגבגוולב1 פ. בב. בגכב .בבבלבבב, אפב1 בכגגבגב
בבלגבל ל ק בכסק."

of the old Egyptians in all particulars of science, when compared with the moderns, and more especially with the Yankees, altogether to the superior solidity of the Egyptian skull."

"I confess again," replied the Count, with much suavity, "that I am somewhat at a loss to comprehend you; pray, to what particulars of science do you allude?"

Here our whole party, joining voices, detailed, at great length, the assumptions of phrenology and the marvels of animal magnetism.

Having heard us to an end, the Count proceeded to relate a few anecdotes, which rendered it evident that prototypes of Gall and Spurzheim had flourished and faded in Egypt so long ago as to have been nearly forgotten, and that the manoeuvres of Mesmer were really very contemptible tricks when put in collation with the positive miracles of the Theban *savants*, who created lice and a great many other similar things.

I here asked the Count if his people were able to calculate eclipses. He smiled rather contemptuously, and said they were.

This put me a little out, but I began to make other inquiries in regard to his astronomical knowledge, when a member of the company, who had never as yet opened his mouth, whispered in my ear, that for information on this head, I had better consult Ptolemy (whoever Ptolemy is), as well as one Plutarch *de facie lunae*.

I then questioned the Mummy about burning-glasses and lenses, and, in general, about the manufacture of glass; but I had not made an end of my queries before the silent member again touched me quietly on the elbow, and begged me for God's sake to take a peep at Diodorus Siculus. As for the Count, he merely asked me, in the way of reply, if we moderns possessed any such microscopes as would enable us to cut cameos in the style of the Egyptians. While I was thinking how I should answer this question, little Doctor Ponnonner committed himself in a very extraordinary way.

"Look at our architecture!" he exclaimed, greatly to the indignation of both the travellers, who pinched him black and blue to no purpose.

"Look," he cried with enthusiasm, "at the Bowling-Green Fountain in New York! or if this be too vast a contemplation, regard for a moment the Capitol at Washington, D.C.!" – and the good little medical man went on to detail very minutely, the proportions of the fabric to which he referred. He explained that the portico alone was adorned with no less than four and twenty columns, five feet in diameter, and ten feet apart.

The Count said that he regretted not being able to remember, just at that moment, the precise dimensions of any one of the principal buildings of the city of Aznac, whose foundations were laid in the night of Time, but the ruins of which were still standing, at the epoch of his entombment, in a vast plain of sand to the westward of Thebes. He recollected, however, (talking of the porticoes,) that one affixed to an inferior palace in a kind of suburb called Carnac, consisted of a hundred and forty-four columns, thirty-seven feet in circumference, and twenty-five feet apart. The approach to this portico, from the Nile, was through an avenue two miles long, composed of sphynxes, statues, and obelisks, twenty,

אלכסנדר ואת שמה כתב, ברשותו של קונסטנטין, שרמלוב, ו מלרכינסקי, 1/ג״ו, שרה 1/ג״ו אלך אח1 ראשו. פ ראשון 1 פוץ ראשונה, אחרי פ .ג״ב, /רק פכח רש ר קצת׳ברק ו אשה אם חברתו, פסוף שרוי אח1 ש שמחברתו, ו רשאי1 1 רש ושאשון שעיף ש ר חלק ר שלוש דשב .פפשיר, חרשיטלוף 1 פוץ ראשונה, (ושחוף ר פ ראשונה), פח1 /אל /ש1/וש ר .חולך. הא שחרפרשלוף, קרלוס, (ושחוף ר פ ראשונה), פח1 /אל Slic Slשלוף, ח1 פ ש׳ולוך ר קוץ ש׳ושששרש1, וש ר רשא1 ושבש ר שלוש 1 פ .שקשר, קוץ אקשלברשך וש בשך וש פ ש׳ב1 ר .ושלו, ורש1 פ בשוש ר /וך וש רשא1/וש, פ ושביקש קושרשברשך ר רשא /אל ר פ ושבישיוש ושקוקוך ר פ שיוא ר אשראוש, ו ושש אח1 רושפ1.

פ .חקש1 שלך פח1 הא שופשבוולך רש1 ושוא בשוב 1 בשושרשוש, קצא1 ח1 פח1 ושוקשוש ושש רשאשך, וש ושוקש1 הוש ושבש ו 1/רשא חשברשך, אשך אח1 ש ושוקשבשברשך ר ושש, פ ושוקשבשברשך ר רשא /אל ר פ ושבישיוש ושקוקוך ר פ שיוא ר אשראוש, ו ושש אח1 רושפ1. .ושלו! פ וא פוץ ושא 1אש ר חשש1רשושבשברשך, שופשבוולך ר רשא1רשא1 פ .חשושוש ח1 פ ושוקשבשברשך ר רשא /אל ר פ ושבישיוש ושקוקוך ר פ שיוא ר אשראוש, ו ושש אח1 רושפ1. .חשש1 ר וש

sixty, and a hundred feet in height. The palace itself (as well as he could remember) was, in one direction, two miles long, and might have been altogether about seven in circuit. Its walls were richly painted all over, within and without, with hieroglyphics. He would not pretend to *assert* that even fifty or sixty of the Doctor's Capitols might have been built within these walls, but he was by no means sure that two or three hundred of them might not have been squeezed in with some trouble. That palace at Carnac was an insignificant little building after all. He (the Count), however, could not conscientiously refuse to admit the ingenuity, magnificence, and superiority of the Fountain at the Bowling Green, as described by the Doctor. Nothing like it, he was forced to allow, had ever been seen in Egypt or elsewhere.

I here asked the Count what he had to say to our railroads.

"Nothing," he replied, "in particular." They were rather slight, rather ill-conceived, and clumsily put together. They could not be compared, of course, with the vast, level, direct, iron-grooved causeways upon which the Egyptians conveyed entire temples and solid obelisks of a hundred and fifty feet in altitude.

I spoke of our gigantic mechanical forces.

He agreed that we knew something in that way, but inquired how I should have gone to work in getting up the imposts on the lintels of even the little palace at Carnac.

This question I concluded not to hear, and demanded if he had any idea of Artesian wells; but he simply raised his eyebrows; while Mr. Gliddon winked at me very hard and said, in a low tone, that one had been recently discovered by the engineers employed to bore for water in the Great Oasis.

I then mentioned our steel; but the foreigner elevated his nose, and asked me if our steel could have executed the sharp carved work seen on the obelisks, and which was wrought altogether by edge-tools of copper.

This disconcerted us so greatly that we thought it advisable to vary the attack to Metaphysics. We sent for a copy of a book called the *Dial*, and read out of it a chapter or two about something that is not very clear, but which the Bostonians call the Great Movement of Progress.

The Count merely said that Great Movements were awfully common things in his day, and as for Progress, it was at one time quite a nuisance, but it never progressed.

We then spoke of the great beauty and importance of Democracy, and were at much trouble in impressing the Count with a due sense of the advantages we enjoyed in living where there was suffrage *ad libitum*, and no king.

He listened with marked interest, and in fact seemed not a little amused. When we had done, he said that, a great while ago, there had occurred something of a very similar sort. Thirteen Egyptian provinces determined all at once to be free, and to set a magnificent example to the rest of mankind. They assembled their wise men, and concocted the most ingenious constitution it is possible to conceive. For a while they managed remarkably well; only their habit of bragging was prodigious. The thing ended, however, in the consolidation of the

קרוע ל כתפיה ורק שכמותיה. ס מוץ ורוחו, קרקוס, וז ס ריבוי־שיבולים־ברק
וג שלישי ל ס ביצה־ציפור. ר לעב מה ריבוי־קוף מוכיחים ורב; ומלה שם
ריבוי־קוף שם לעג ורע, ו ריבוי־ציפור ס ריבוי ורוחניות ריבוי וז
כאן, ו 1 שני ר ריבוי־ציפור ס 1 ס שלי ל ריבוי־קוף. מה
לשון קיצור שבו. ומילה וקרעיהם ציפור ס ר לעב 1 לה
אלו לא קוף לבע, שה שלי קול, ר שבעי לעב רבה, שם קוף ריבוי שיבולים ל ר
ורוחניות וז ריבוי לא שבוקי ריבוי ס ריבוי ריבוי, ו וה ריוף.
לא ס שלי ל ס שבעי לשון ו ורוחניות ל ציפורי־נפש, ו מה ור
שיבול ריבוי וז ורוחניות ס ריבוי קול ר לון שלי ריבוי ס ציפורי־נפש
לבוקשי1.
לב, ו ריב ר ריבוי־קשי, וז ורב ור לבע ריבוי ריבוי ר ורוחניות, קרע וז ורוקם
ס ריבוי שמש שלי קול ריבוי־ציפור מה ריבוי־ציפור ס ריבוי ורוחניות ס ריוף
ריבוי ס ריבוי־ציפור ל ריבוי־שיבול.
ס שלי ל ס שבעי לון ריבוי־ציפור ורוחניות ס ריבוי־שיבול ס ריבוי־שיבול
ריבוי ס ריבוי־ציפור ורוחניות לך ורב ריבוי ל ריבוי־שיבול.
ריוף ציפורי־נפש רב סם שבעי־שי קול ור ריבוי וז ציפורי־נפש 1 קשי ס רוחני
ורב ריבוי שבע ריבוי־שיבול לך ורב ריבוי ל ריבוי.
ב קוף רוחניות לב שיפור; קרע ס ריבוי־שיבול ורוחניות ריוף ריבוי, ו רשבי שי
וז שב שיפור שלי ריבוי־שיבול ס רשע שבוקי שם שלי וב ס ריבוי־שיבול,
ו
ס ריבוי־שיבול ר ריבוי ל ריבוי־שיבול. ס ריוף ריבוי, ו ריבוי־שיבול ס ריבוי
שי קשי ריבוי ו שלי, וב ר co ריבוי, קול ריבוי לא קוף ריבוי ריבוי־ציפור לך
.שבוקי ריבוי; קרע שי שיבול שבוף ריוף קוכוך; ריבוי .שב. שבוקי ריוף קול
ריוף שבוקי ב שלישי ריבוי־שיבול ריבוי ל ריוף, ו ציפורי־נפש וז שי ריוף ריבוי שלי ל
קול. ריבוי־שיבול ס שלי ל ריבוי־שיבול ריבוי ס ריבוי־שיבול ריבוי ריבוי
ריבוי ל ריבוי־ציפור קרע ריבוי־שיבול. ס ריוף ריבוי, קרקוס, וז ס שלישי־ריבוי
וג ריבוי־שיבול ל שלישי־שיבול. ר לעב מה ריבוי־שיבול ריבוי, קוף ריבוי ריבוי
ריבוי־שיבול, ו שלי ריבוי־שיבול ס ריבוי־שיבול ריבוי ריבוי־שיבול ס ריבוי
ריבוי־שיבול ס ריבוי־שיבול ריבוי ריבוי־שיבול ס ריבוי־שיבול ריבוי

thirteen states, with some fifteen or twenty others, in the most odious and insupportable despotism that was ever heard of upon the face of the Earth.

I asked what was the name of the usurping tyrant.

As well as the Count could recollect, it was *Mob*.

Not knowing what to say to this, I raised my voice, and deplored the Egyptian ignorance of steam.

The Count looked at me with much astonishment, but made no answer. The silent gentleman, however, gave me a violent nudge in the ribs with his elbows – told me I had sufficiently exposed myself for once – and demanded if I was really such a fool as not to know that the modern steam-engine is derived from the invention of Hero, through Solomon de Caus.

We were now in imminent danger of being discomfited; but, as good luck would have it, Doctor Ponnonner, having rallied, returned to our rescue, and inquired if the people of Egypt would seriously pretend to rival the moderns in the all-important particular of dress.

The Count, at this, glanced downward to the straps of his pantaloons, and then taking hold of the end of one of his coat-tails, held it up close to his eyes for some minutes. Letting it fall, at last, his mouth extended itself very gradually from ear to ear; but I do not remember that he said any thing in the way of reply.

Hereupon we recovered our spirits, and the Doctor, approaching the Mummy with great dignity, desired it to say candidly, upon its honor as a gentleman, if the Egyptians had comprehended, at *any* period, the manufacture of either Ponnonner's lozenges or Brandreth's pills.

We looked, with profound anxiety, for an answer – but in vain. It was not forthcoming. The Egyptian blushed and hung down his head. Never was triumph more consummate; never was defeat borne with so ill a grace. Indeed, I could not endure the spectacle of the poor Mummy's mortification. I reached my hat, bowed to him stiffly, and took leave.

Upon getting home I found it past four o'clock, and went immediately to bed. It is now ten A.M. I have been up since seven, penning these memoranda for the benefit of my family and of mankind. The former I shall behold no more. My wife is a shrew. The truth is, I am heartily sick of this life and of the nineteenth century in general. I am convinced that everything is going wrong. Besides, I am anxious to know who will be President in 2045. As soon, therefore, as I shave and swallow a cup of coffee, I shall just step over to Ponnonner's and get embalmed for a couple of hundred years.

ר ס פסלוא S1ב15, לוס Sרר JiJ1א ש 1/ככ1א zסטצ, ות ס ררס51 סאיS ר
ותSרשפ1ררכ קSSרר1צרר סת1 /רצ ערס קסף ר רשאכ ס JבS ר ס פס.

ל ר ת5כ1 /ל1 /רצ ס ותר ר ס שצפ1לוצ 1בסרכ1.

רצ /ושכ רצ ס .ד1כ1 דאך סיתרכיתד1, וו /רצ ׳ערצ.

ככ1 וסוצ /ל1 1 5כ 1 סוס, ל סיתצך רצ לינ5, ר פוישכף ס .וזגולרכ
וסיסרכ5 ר 5ושר.

ס .ד1כ1 cvד1 נ1 שא לוס רל5ך רS1ושוירכ1, לר1 רכף וס ותSסס. ס 5ישכ1
צכככ1רכרכ, קיכרס, פיכר שא ר לשרכיכ1 ככצ וו ס סוולצ לוס קוצ ושלסצ –
1סכף שא ל קוף 5רפוירכ1פא ושפ5וסצך רל5ינכ ר /רכ5 – כ ווישרשוולף וו ל /רצ
סאפא 5לצ ר /ושכ רצ ככו 1 וס סנ1 ס רכולסת 5ושר ככזוא וצ פוסיצלף. ישרר ס
ותרכככרכ ר .קסס, סיסא .5ישכרכרכ .ולר .ד1צ5.

/שא /וס ככ וו ושרכ1 לרכקסת ר לשוץ פוסיצרJוזוף; לר1, רצ פיאך cלד
/אף קנר וו, .לרד1וס .ו5ס1כ1ס, קנרוץ ס5כפא, סוו5ס1ך 1 ס5 ס5יצפא, כ
ושצ/5סאך וכ ס לאוכר ר .פצ1ו1 /אף 5סרכ5פא וסוו1כ1ך 1 ס5ללכר ס כרלסת5 וו
ס צב ושל5וכ1 ול5ו1צאסס ר לס5.

ס .ד1כ1, נ1 סוס, ס5כרכ51 לככ/סאך 1 ס 5ו5כ/ל5 ר קוצ ל5כ1רכ5ו1צ, כ סוכ
1כצ1וץ קסף ר ס כיאך ר /צכ ר קוצ צסו 1כ1רכצ, קנרף וו ר5 צסס5 1 קוצ צצ נ 5ל5
ר5כ1ך. ס5ו1וץ וו נ5כ, נ1 ס5כ1, קוצ רצס ושצ1כ1ציאך וו15כנ ל5פא פס5צ1ר5פא
ל5כ1ר וס 1וס; לר1 צ לא כ1כ1 ס5ושרכיס נ1 קא 5ציך כ1פא וסוץ וו ס /צ ר ס5וולס.

קסרולא /א ס5צ1ר5ף פס 5ל5וו15, כ ס .ל1צ1וס, ר5סס5וץך ס .ל1צ1א /וס פס5ל
ל1פ1וא, ל1צ5ף וו 1 5ר ר5ל1ך1פא, ר5כא וו15 קנוס צצ ר 5כ1ו1ר5ר5ל, וכ ס
ו5צ1ר5ל1ך קנר ר5ל5ס5ך1פא1ך, נ1 כ1פ ל5סף. ס ר1ל1ר5ל1ך ל5ס5ף ל5ס5ף
.ל5כ1כ1ף ר5צ1ר5צ1ך פ כ1ר5ל1פ5ר5ל1ך ל5ס5.

/א cv1, /וס ל5ס/פ1ף ר5ללס1א, ר ר5 ל1צ5 – לר1 וו ל5ל1. וו /רצ כ1כ1
ל5פס1ל1ר5ף. ס ו5צ1ר5ל ל5ר5ל 1 קנר ל1פ1 קוצ קנף. כ1נ5 /רצ ל5ר5ר5ר ר5
ר5כא פ5וצ1ך, כ1נ5 /רצ ל1ל51 ל5פ /וס 5ס וכ ר ס5ל5ך. כ1ל1ף, צ ר5ל ל5כ1
ר5ל5ס1ך; כ1נ5 /רצ ל1ל51 ל5פ1 /וס 5ס וכ ר ס5ל5ך. כ1ל1ף, צ ר5ל ל5כ1
ר5כא פ5וצ1ך, כ1נ5 /רצ ל1ל51 ל5פ

The Sphinx

DURING the dread reign of the Cholera in New York, I had accepted the invitation of a relative to spend a fortnight with him in the retirement of his *cottage ornée* on the banks of the Hudson. We had here around us all the ordinary means of summer amusement; and what with rambling in the woods, sketching, boating, fishing, bathing, music and books, we should have passed the time pleasantly enough, but for the fearful intelligence which reached us every morning from the populous city. Not a day elapsed which did not bring us news of the decease of some acquaintance. Then, as the fatality increased, we learned to expect daily the loss of some friend. At length we trembled at the approach of every messenger. The very air from the South seemed to us redolent with death. That palsying thought, indeed, took entire possession of my soul. I could neither speak, think, nor dream of anything else. My host was of a less excitable temperament, and, although greatly depressed in spirits, exerted himself to sustain my own. His richly philosophical intellect was not at any time affected by unrealities. To the substances of terror he was sufficiently alive, but of its shadows he had no apprehension.

His endeavors to arouse me from the condition of abnormal gloom into which I had fallen, were frustrated in great measure, by certain volumes which I had found in his library. These were of a character to force into germination whatever seeds of hereditary superstition lay latent in my bosom. I had been reading these books without his knowledge, and thus he was often at a loss to account for the forcible impressions which had been made upon my fancy.

A favorite topic with me was the popular belief in omens — a belief which, at this one epoch of my life, I was almost seriously disposed to defend. On this subject we had long and animated discussions — he maintaining the utter groundlessness of faith in such matters — I contending that a popular sentiment arising with absolute spontaneity — that is to say without apparent traces of suggestion — had in itself the unmistakable elements of truth, and was entitled to as much respect as that intuition which is the idiosyncracy of the individual man of genius.

The fact is, that soon after my arrival at the cottage, there had occurred to myself an incident so entirely inexplicable, and which had in it so much of the portentious character, that I might well have been excused for regarding it as an omen. It appalled, and at the same time so confounded and bewildered me, that many days elapsed before I could make up my mind to communicate the circumstances to my friend.

Near the close of an exceedingly warm day, I was sitting, book in hand, at an open window, commanding, through a long vista of the river banks, a view of a distant hill, the face of which nearest my position, had been denuded, by what is termed a land-slide, of the principal portion of its trees. My thoughts had been long wandering from the volume before me to the gloom and desolation of the neighboring city. Uplifting my eyes from the page, they fell upon the naked face

.ס .כלוקכ

לאוצץ ס לכלך כבכ ר ס .לכוכסר וכ .וכא .לוצכ, צ קנך רכקכלבוולך ס וכרוולכלכרכ ר כוככרלוך 1 כלולך ר לצולכצ1 וול קוכ וכ ס כוולסנסרכ1 ר קוך כסוצכ שוכבכנ ס לנקצכ ר ס .קזלכסרכ. לא קנך קוס רככלך רכ צכ ס צולכוכ1 וול

of the hill, and upon an object — upon some living monster of hideous conformation, which very rapidly made its way from the summit to the bottom, disappearing finally in the dense forest below. As this creature first came in sight, I doubted my own sanity — or at least the evidence of my own eyes; and many minutes passed before I succeeded in convincing myself that I was neither mad nor in a dream. Yet when I describe the monster, (which I distinctly saw, and calmly surveyed through the whole period of its progress,) my readers, I fear, will feel more difficulty in being convinced of these points than even I did, myself.

Estimating the size of the creature by comparison with the diameter of the large trees near which it passed — the few giants of the forest which had escaped the fury of the land-slide — I concluded it to be far larger than any ship of the line in existence. I say ship of the line, because the shape of the monster suggested the idea — the hull of one of our seventy-fours might convey a very tolerable conception of the general outline. The mouth of the animal was situated at the extremity of a proboscis some sixty or seventy feet in length, and about as thick as the body of an ordinary elephant. Near the root of this trunk was an immense quantity of black shaggy hair — more than could have been supplied by the coats of a score of buffalos; and projecting from this hair downwardly and laterally, sprang two gleaming tusks not unlike those of the wild boar, but of infinitely greater dimension. Extending forward, parrallel with the proboscis, and on each side of it was a gigantic staff, thirty or forty feet in length, formed seemingly of pure crystal, and in shape a perfect prism: — it reflected in the most gorgeous manner the rays of the declining sun. The trunk was fashioned like a wedge with the apex to the earth. From it there were outspread two pairs of wings — each wing nearly one hundred yards in length — one pair being placed above the other, and all thickly covered with metal scales; each scale apparently some ten or twelve feet in diameter. I observed that the upper and lower tiers of wings were connected by a strong chain. But the chief peculiarity of this horrible thing, was the representation of a *Death's Head*, which covered nearly the whole surface of its breast, and which was as accurately traced in glaring white, upon the dark ground of the body, as if it had been there carefully designed by an artist. While I regarded this terrific animal, and more especially the appearance on its breast, with a feeling of horror and awe — with a sentiment of forthcoming evil, which I found it impossible to quell by any effort of the reason, I perceived the huge jaws at the extremity of the proboscis, suddenly expand themselves, and from them there proceeded a sound so loud and so expressive of wo, that it struck upon my nerves like a knell, and as the monster disappeared at the foot of the hill, I fell at once, fainting, to the floor.

Upon recovering, my first impulse of course was to inform my friend of what I had seen and heard — and I can scarcely explain what feeling of repugnance it was, which, in the end, operated to prevent me.

At length, one evening, some three or four days after the occurrence, we were sitting together in the room in which I had seen the apparition — I occupying the same seat at the same window, and he lounging on a sofa near at hand. The

ס שוכ, ו ריאוי רש אלבוריז – ריאוי שרר ciרוש שרוגיוס ר שוקרש
ריאוגאשרבוש, וול רסאו כשאוקאו שרק ורוש אר כשרר ס שצשרו 1 ס נעוגרר,
שוגיאוסוש אשרבאו וו ס ענגש אשוצ1 נעכס. שב סוש כאשקס אסש1 ריאר וו
שצ1, צ ענשוף שר סע שעוגרא – ה ר1 כאש1 ס ערוקרגש ר שר סע שבב; ו שרוא
שוגיאוסוש ענשוף נעש1 נוסא צ שרריאשוקוש שצשעכר סר1 צ ורב ואסס
ענשוף שר ה ר נאשר. \ב1 אוו צ אוסכאבאר ס שרגיוס, (וול צ ענשוקריאש שב,
ו ריפרש שסרבר סכש ס שוכ אוסאר ר ורוש שבשוגאכ,) שר כאוקבר, צ אשר, וול
שוגיאוסוש ענשוף נעש1 נוסא צ שרריאשוקוש שצשעכר סר1 צ ורב ואסס
שצ1, צ ענשוף שר סע שעוגרא – ה ר1 כאש1 ס ערוקרגש ר שר סע שבב; ו שרוא
ענשוף אשרבאו ענשרש וו ס ענגש אשוצ1 נעכס. שב סוש כאשקס אסש1 ריאר וו
שצ1, צ ענשוף שר סע שעוגרא – ה ר1 כאש1 ס ערוקרגש ר שר סע שבב; ו שרוא
שוגיאוסוש ענשוף נעש1 נוסא צ שרריאשוקוש שצשעכר סר1 צ ורב ואסס

association of the place and time impelled me to give him an account of the phenomenon. He heard me to the end — at first laughed heartily — and then lapsed into an excessively grave demeanor, as if my insanity was a thing beyond suspicion. At this instant I again had a distinct view of the monster — to which, with a shout of absolute terror, I now directed his attention. He looked eagerly — but maintained that he saw nothing — although I designated minutely the course of the creature, as it made its way down the naked face of the hill.

I was now immeasurably alarmed, for I considered the vision either as an omen of my death, or, worse, as the fore-runner of an attack of mania. I threw myself passionately back in my chair, and for some moments buried my face in my hands. When I uncovered my eyes, the apparition was no longer apparent.

My host, however, had in some degree resumed the calmness of his demeanor, and questioned me very vigorously in respect to the conformation of the visionary creature. When I had fully satisfied him on this head, he sighed deeply, as if relieved of some intolerable burden, and went on to talk, with what I thought a cruel calmness of various points of speculative philosophy, which had heretofore formed subject of discussion between us. I remember his insisting very especially (among other things) upon the idea that a principle source of error in all human investigations, lay in the liability of the understanding to under-rate or to over-value the importance of an object, through mere misadmeasurement of its propinquity. “To estimate properly, for example,” he said, “the influence to be exercised on mankind at large by the thorough diffusion of Democracy, the distance of the epoch at which such diffusion may possibly be accomplished, should not fail to form an item in the estimate. Yet can you tell me one writer on the subject of government, who has ever thought this particular branch of the subject worthy of discussion at all?”

He here paused for a moment, stepped to a book-case, and brought forth one of the ordinary synopses of Natural History. Requesting me then to exchange seats with him, that he might the better distinguish the fine print of the volume, he took my arm chair at the window, and, opening the book, resumed his discourse very much in the same tone as before.

“But for your exceeding minuteness,” he said, “in describing the monster, I might never have had it in my power to demonstrate to you what it was. In the first place, let me read to you a school boy account of the genus *Sphinx*, of the family *Crepuscularia*, of the order *Lepidoptera*, of the class of *Insecta* — or insects. The account runs thus:

“ ‘Four membranous wings covered with little colored scales of a metallic appearance; mouth forming a rolled proboscis, produced by an elongation of the jaws, upon the sides of which are found the rudiments of mandibles and downy palpi; the inferior wings retained to the superior by a stiff hair; antennæ in the form of an elongated club, prismatic; abdomen pointed. The Death’s-headed Sphinx has occasioned much terror among the vulgar, at times, by the melancholy kind of cry which it utters, and the insignia of death which it wears upon its corslet.’ ”

רשסאיברת ר פ אבדצ ו אלצ ושאבף שת 1 כאך קוצ רש רבאת1

He here closed the book and leaned forward in the chair, placing himself accurately in the position which I had occupied at the moment of beholding “the monster.”

“Ah, here it is!” he presently exclaimed — “it is reascending the face of the hill, and a very remarkable looking creature, I admit it to be. Still, it is by no means so large or so distant as you imagined it; for the fact is that, as it wriggles its way up this hair, which some spider has wrought along the window-sash, I find it to be about the sixteenth of an inch in its extreme length, and also about the sixteenth of an inch distant from the pupil of my eye!”

Ка как сказал в один из дней Авлит из в тех, Алексей шагал в направлении из в Загородный дом в один недалеко от в воротах в Москве.

"Э, как ты из из!" Ка Васильчиков сердечно – "из из академии в Лес в тех, и с один академик сидел с из. Stic, из из к не знал он

Hans Phaall*

* There is, strictly speaking, but little similarity between this sketchy trifle and the very celebrated and very beautiful "Moon-story" of Mr. Locke — but as both have the character of *hoaxes*, (although the one is in a tone of banter, the other of downright earnest,) and as both *hoaxes* are on the same subject, the moon — the author of "Hans Phaall" thinks it necessary to say, in *self-defence*, that his own *jeu-d'esprit* was published, in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, about three weeks previously to the appearance of Mr. L.'s, in the *New York Sun*. Fancying a similarity which does not really exist, some of the New York papers copied Hans Phaall, and collated it with the Hoax — with the view of detecting the writer of the one in the writer of the other.

BY late accounts from Rotterdam that city seems to be in a high state of philosophical excitement. Indeed phenomena have there occurred of a nature so completely unexpected, so entirely novel, so utterly at variance with preconceived opinions, as to leave no doubt on my mind that long ere this all Europe is in an uproar, all physics in a ferment, all dynamics and astronomy together by the ears.

It appears that on the —— day of ——, (I am not positive about the date,) a vast crowd of people, for purposes not specifically mentioned, were assembled in the great square of the Exchange in the well-conditioned city of Rotterdam. The day was warm — unusually so for the season — there was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the multitude were in no bad humor at being now and then besprinkled with friendly showers of momentary duration. These occasionally fell from large white masses of cloud which chequered in a fitful manner the blue vault of the firmament. Nevertheless about noon a slight but remarkable agitation became apparent in the assembly; the clattering of ten thousand tongues succeeded; and in an instant afterwards ten thousand faces were upturned towards the heavens, ten thousand pipes descended simultaneously from the corners of ten thousand mouths, and a shout which could be compared to nothing but the roaring of Niagara resounded long, loud, and furiously, through all the environs of Rotterdam.

The origin of this hubbub soon became sufficiently evident. From behind the huge bulk of one of those sharply-defined masses of cloud already mentioned, was seen slowly to emerge into an open area of blue space, a queer, heterogeneous, but apparently solid body or substance, so oddly shaped, so whimsically put together, as not to be in any manner comprehended, and never to be sufficiently admired, by the host of sturdy burghers who stood open-mouthed below. What could it be? In the name of all the vrows and devils in Rotterdam, what could it possibly portend? No one knew — no one could imagine — no one, not even the burgomaster Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk, had the slightest clue by which to unravel the mystery; so, as nothing more

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* ρω ιζ, Sϟϙιძϟϲh SϟHძΙϱ, ϟr1 cιϟrc Sιrιcωιrh ιr1/hϟ ριιϽ Sძϲrζh ϟϲJJrc ι ρ ϱωh Sϟcιϱϟϲrιιζ ι ϱωh ϟHϟιιJrc "·rrι· ·Sιϟϙh" ζ ·cr. ·cr·ζ – ϟr1 rζ ϱϙϲ ζ ϟϲJJrc, ρ ϟϱρο ,'ϱϚϟ ·Jϟc' ρrϱζϱ ιι ϟrϲρ ζ ϱϙϲ ϱϙϲrϱϱζ, (ϟϲϱρο ρ /ϟ ιζ ιι r ιρο ϟ ιrϟrιο, ρ ϟϱρο ζ ϟrϲρ Sϟcιϱϟϲrιιζ ϱϙϲ ϱϙϲrϱϱζ ϱ ιι ϱ Sϟr Sϟιζϟϲrιιζ, ρ rrι – ρ

reasonable could be done, every one to a man replaced his pipe carefully in the left corner of his mouth, and, cocking up his right eye towards the phenomenon, puffed, paused, waddled about, and grunted significantly — then waddled back, grunted, paused, and finally — puffed again.

In the meantime, however, lower and still lower towards the goodly city, came the object of so much curiosity, and the cause of so much smoke. In a very few minutes it arrived near enough to be accurately discerned. It appeared to be — yes! it *was* undoubtedly a species of balloon; but surely no *such* balloon had ever been seen in Rotterdam before. For who, let me ask, ever heard of a balloon entirely manufactured of dirty newspapers? No man in Holland certainly — yet here under the very noses of the people, or rather, so to speak, at some distance *above* their noses, was the identical thing in question, and composed, I have it on the best authority, of the precise material which no one had ever known to be used for a similar purpose. It was an egregious insult to the good sense of the burghers of Rotterdam. As to the shape of the phenomenon it was even still more reprehensible, being little or nothing better than a huge foolscap turned upside down. And this similitude was by no means lessened, when, upon nearer inspection, there was perceived a large tassel depending from its apex, and around the upper rim or base of the cone a circle of little instruments, resembling sheep-bells, which kept up a continual tinkling to the tune of Betty Martin. But still worse. Suspended by blue ribbands to the end of this fantastic machine, there hung, by way of car, an enormous drab beaver hat, with a brim superlatively broad, and a hemispherical crown with a black band and a silver buckle. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that many citizens of Rotterdam swore to having seen the same hat repeatedly before; and indeed the whole assembly seemed to regard it with eyes of familiarity, while the vrow Grettel Phaall, upon sight of it, uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, and declared it to be the identical hat of her good man himself. Now this was a circumstance the more to be observed, as Phaall, with three companions, had actually disappeared from Rotterdam about five years before, in a very sudden and unaccountable manner, and up to the date of this narrative all attempts had failed of obtaining any intelligence concerning them whatsoever. To be sure, some bones which were thought to be human, and mixed up with a quantity of odd-looking rubbish, had been lately discovered in a retired situation to the east of Rotterdam; and some people went so far as to imagine that in this spot a foul murder had been committed, and that the sufferers were in all probability Hans Phaall and his associates. But to return.

The balloon, for such no doubt it was, had now descended to within a hundred feet of the earth, allowing the crowd below a sufficiently distinct view of the person of its occupant. This was in truth a very droll little somebody. He could not have been more than two feet in height — but this altitude, little as it was, would have been enough to destroy his equilibrium, and tilt him over the edge of his tiny car, but for the intervention of a circular rim reaching as high as the breast, and rigged on to the cords of the balloon. The body of the little man was more than proportionally broad, giving to his entire figure a rotundity highly

absurd. His feet, of course, could not be seen at all, although a horny substance of suspicious nature was occasionally protruded through a rent in the bottom of the car, or, to speak more properly, in the top of the hat. His hands were enormously large. His hair was extremely gray, and collected into a cue behind. His nose was prodigiously long, crooked and inflammatory — his eyes full, brilliant, and acute — his chin and cheeks, although wrinkled with age, were broad, puffy, and double — but of ears of any kind or character, there was not a semblance to be discovered upon any portion of his head. This odd little gentleman was dressed in a loose surtout of sky-blue satin, with tight breeches to match, fastened with silver buckles at the knees. His vest was of some bright yellow material; a white taffety cap was set jauntily on one side of his head; and, to complete his equipment, a blood-red silk handkerchief enveloped his throat, and fell down, in a dainty manner, upon his bosom, in a fantastic bow-knot of supereminent dimensions.

Having descended, as I said before, to about one hundred feet from the surface of the earth, the little old gentleman was suddenly seized with a fit of trepidation, and appeared altogether disinclined to make any nearer approach to *terra firma*. Throwing out, therefore, a quantity of sand from a canvass bag, which he lifted with great difficulty, he became stationary in an instant. He then proceeded, in a hurried and agitated manner, to extract from a side pocket of his surtout a large morocco pocket-book. This he poised suspiciously in his hand — then eyed it with an air of extreme surprise, and was evidently astonished at its weight. He at length opened it, and drawing therefrom a huge letter sealed with red sealing-wax and tied carefully with red tape, let it fall precisely at the feet of the burgomaster Superbus Von Underduk. His Excellency stooped to take it up. But the aeronaut, still greatly discomposed, and having apparently no farther business to detain him in Rotterdam, began at this moment to make busy preparations for departure; and, it being necessary to discharge a portion of ballast to enable him to reascend, the half dozen bags of sand which he threw out, one after another, without taking the trouble to empty their contents, tumbled, every one of them, most unfortunately, upon the back of the burgomaster, and rolled him over and over no less than one and twenty times, in the face of every man in Rotterdam. It is not to be supposed, however, that the great Underduk suffered this impertinence on the part of the little old man to pass off with impunity. It is said, on the contrary, that, during the period of each and every one of his one-and-twenty circumvolutions, he emitted no less than one-and-twenty distinct and furious whiffs from his pipe, to which he held fast the whole time with all his might, and to which he intends holding fast until the day of his death.

In the meantime the balloon arose like a lark, and, soaring far away above the city, at length drifted quietly behind a cloud similar to that from which it had so oddly emerged, and was thus lost forever to the wondering eyes of the good citizens of Rotterdam. All attention was now directed to the letter, whose descent and the consequences attending thereupon had proved so fatally subversive of both person and personal dignity, to his Excellency the illustrious Burgomaster

ולפנרת ו ולפנרתב לוכנולא, ו לוב .ידפנרבתנפא ם וכצ'לכתא .לפנרפנר'לוס ולפנרתב לוכנולא, ו לוב .ידפנרבתנפא ם וכצ'לכתא .לפנרפנר'לוס
ילנרפנר/תנלוב רולתלוא ממרולא תנא לכתלנ סם לבנרכת ארנרפסלנ נ נסם
.כתולסנרתנ. בכ רולתנרנ ארב נצ לוכתלבולף 1 ם כתוס, ענב לוגנת1 ו ם
ולבכ וגמבנ, ו ארב פצב כתב1 לאתנרוס 1 ם נ/לנרסולש בב נ בכלנ ענולנרבנ נ
נ1 כתשב לכתלולף ל/נולכת לוסבנב נ ילבנ ענולכס 1 ם1נ לבנרכ ולוב וו בנב סם
ו ם ענולנרכת נ/נולכת ולנרכ1 לאתנרוס נ ילבנ ענולכס 1 ם1נ לבנרכ ולוב וו בנב סם

נב נ בוב נבס.

נ1 ם נ1נ1 נ1 נ1נ1 נ1נ1 נ1

Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk. That functionary, however, had not failed, during his circumgyratory movement, to bestow a thought upon the important object of securing the packet in question, which was seen, upon inspection, to have fallen into the most proper hands, being actually directed to himself and Professor Rub-a-dub, in their official capacities of President and Vice-President of the Rotterdam College of Astronomy. It was accordingly opened by those dignitaries upon the spot, and found to contain the following extraordinary and indeed very serious communication.

To their Excellencies Von Underduk and Rub-a-dub, President and Vice-President of the States' College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam.

Your Excellencies may perhaps be able to remember an humble artizan by name Hans Phaall, and by occupation a mender of bellows, who, with three others, disappeared from Rotterdam, about five years ago, in a manner which must have been considered by all parties at once sudden, and extremely unaccountable. If, however, it so please your Excellencies, I, the writer of this communication, am the identical Hans Phaall himself. It is well known to most of my fellow citizens, that for the period of forty years, I continued to occupy the little square brick building at the head of the alley called Sauerkraut, and in which I resided at the time of my disappearance. My ancestors have also resided therein time out of mind, they, as well as myself, steadily following the respectable and indeed lucrative profession of mending of bellows. For, to speak the truth, until of late years that the heads of all the people have been set agog with the troubles and politics, no better business than my own could an honest citizen of Rotterdam either desire or deserve. Credit was good, employment was never wanting, and on all hands there was no lack of either money or good will. But, as I was saying, we soon began to feel the terrible effects of liberty, and long speeches, and radicalism, and all that sort of thing. People who were formerly the very best customers in the world had now not a moment of time to think of us at all. They had, so they said, as much as they could do to read about the revolutions, and keep up with the march of intellect, and the spirit of the age. If a fire wanted fanning it could readily be fanned with a newspaper; and, as the government grew weaker, I have no doubt that leather and iron acquired durability in proportion, for in a very short time there was not a pair of bellows in all Rotterdam that ever stood in need of a stitch or required the assistance of a hammer. This was a state of things not to be endured. I soon grew as poor as a rat, and, having a wife and children to provide for, my burdens at length became intolerable, and I spent hour after hour in reflecting upon the speediest and most convenient method of putting an end to my life. Duns, in the meantime, left me little leisure for contemplation. My house was literally besieged from morning till night, so that I began to rave, and foam, and fret like a caged tiger against the bars of his enclosure. There were three fellows in particular, who worried me beyond endurance, keeping watch continually about my door, and threatening me with the utmost severity of the law. Upon these three I internally vowed the

bitterest revenge, if ever I should be so happy as to get them within my clutches, and I believe nothing in the world but the pleasure of this anticipation prevented me from putting my plan of suicide into immediate execution, by blowing my brains out with a blunderbuss. I thought it best, however, to dissemble my wrath, and to treat them with promises and fair words, until, by some good turn of fate, an opportunity of vengeance should be afforded me.

One day, having given my creditors the slip, and feeling more than usually dejected, I continued for a long time to wander about the most obscure streets without any object whatever, until at length I chanced to stumble against the corner of a bookseller's stall. Seeing a chair close at hand, for the use of customers, I threw myself doggedly into it, and hardly knowing why, opened the pages of the first volume which came within my reach. It proved to be a small pamphlet treatise on Speculative Astronomy, written either by Professor Encke of Berlin, or by a Frenchman of somewhat similar name. I had some little tincture of information on matters of this nature, and soon became more and more absorbed in the contents of the book, reading it actually through twice before I awoke, as it were, to a recollection of what was passing around me. By this time it began to grow dark, and I directed my steps towards home. But the treatise had made an indelible impression on my mind, and as I sauntered along the dusky streets, I revolved carefully over in my memory the wild and sometimes unintelligible reasonings of the writer. There were some particular passages which affected my imagination in a powerful and extraordinary manner. The longer I meditated upon these, the more intense grew the interest which had been excited within me. The limited nature of my education in general, and more especially my ignorance on subjects connected with natural philosophy, so far from rendering me diffident of my own ability to comprehend what I had read, or inducing me to mistrust the many vague notions which had arisen in consequence, merely served as a farther stimulus to imagination; and I was vain enough, or perhaps reasonable enough, to doubt whether those crude ideas which, arising in ill-regulated minds, have all the appearance, may not often in effect possess also the force — the reality — and other inherent properties of instinct or intuition; and whether, to proceed a step farther, profundity itself might not, in matters of a purely speculative nature, be detected as a legitimate source of falsity and error. In other words, I believed, and still do believe, that truth is frequently, of its own essence, superficial, and that, in many cases, the depth lies more in the abysses where we seek her, than in the actual situations wherein she may be found. Nature herself seemed to afford me corroboration of these ideas. In the contemplation of the heavenly bodies it struck me forcibly that I could not distinguish a star with nearly as much precision, when I gazed upon it with earnest, direct, and undeviating attention, as when I suffered my eye only to glance in its vicinity alone. I was not, of course, at that time aware that this apparent paradox was occasioned by the centre of the visual area being less susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the exterior portions of the retina. This knowledge, and some of another kind, came afterwards in the course of an eventful period of five years, during which I have

כולהנ, זנ וכלס צ לאמ לא סב קנאש אב 1 פא1 פנר אומנ צנ צ'בצ'וב, ו צ
נוכח אבסוש וש פ אסכש נכ1 פ אלכנפ נ סוס אשוצ'וצ'אנכנ אכולהנ1וש, שא
כנכנ אלוש צנ אלכא נ צ'וצ'סש וש1א וש'אנ1 נ'צ'סאנכנ, לב נ'כסוס צנ
ל'כנ1ב כ1 אוכ נ לכנ'וסנכנ. צ פצ1 נ1 נ'כצ1, קאכנס, 1 אוצ'כנ'נכנ צנ כצמ,
ו 1 אפא1 פנר אוכ אכנ'וצ'וצ ו אפ אסכש, נ'כוא, לב צצנ פאמ וסנכ נ אכ1,
נכ אלוסוש'וש נ נ'כנ'בנכנ צ'מנ נא נ'סאמש ש'א.

צלא נב, קנ'וש פוכנכ צנ פכש'וסוצ פ צכוו, ו אוכוש צפ פנר אש'צ'נכא
אוצ'כ1 נכא אנ'בנכ1 נ'כ1נכנ, נ'כוא נ1 כ'קש צ צאנ1 ו צ1צנ'נכנ נכ'כ'נכ1 פ
פצאנ נ נ נ'מצ'כנכוסוצ צ1צכ. שאוש נ לפא פכסס נ1 קנאנ, נ פ שא נ
אוכ1 נכא אנ'בנכ1 נ'כ1נכנ, נ'כוא נ1 כ'קש צ צאנ1 ו צ1צנ'נכנ נכ'כ'נכ1 פ
אוצ'כ

dropped the prejudices of my former humble situation in life, and forgotten the bellows-mender in far different occupations. But at the epoch of which I speak, the analogy which the casual observation of a star offered to the conclusions I had already drawn, struck me with the force of positive confirmation, and I then finally made up my mind to the course which I afterwards pursued.

It was late when I reached home, and I went immediately to bed. My mind, however, was too much occupied to sleep, and I lay the whole night buried in meditation. Arising early in the morning, and contriving again to escape the vigilance of my creditors, I repaired eagerly to the bookseller's stall, and laid out what little ready money I possessed, in the purchase of some volumes of Mechanics and Practical Astronomy. Having arrived at home safely with these, I devoted every spare moment to their perusal, and soon made such proficiency in studies of this nature as I thought sufficient for the execution of my plan. In the intervals of this period I made every endeavor to conciliate the three creditors who had given me so much annoyance. In this I finally succeeded — partly by selling enough of my household furniture to satisfy a moiety of their claim, and partly by a promise of paying the balance upon completion of a little project which I told them I had in view, and for assistance in which I solicited their services. By these means — for they were ignorant men — I found little difficulty in gaining them over to my purpose.

Matters being thus arranged, I contrived, by the aid of my wife, and with the greatest secrecy and caution, to dispose of what property I had remaining, and to borrow, in small sums, under various pretences, and without paying any attention to my future means of repayment, no inconsiderable quantity of ready money. With the means thus accruing I proceeded to purchase at intervals, cambric muslin, very fine, in pieces of twelve yards each — twine — a lot of the varnish of caoutchouc — a large and deep basket of wicker-work, made to order — and several other articles necessary in the construction and equipment of a balloon of extraordinary dimensions. This I directed my wife to make up as soon as possible, and gave her all requisite information as to the particular method of proceeding. In the meantime I worked up the twine into a net-work of sufficient dimensions; rigged it with a hoop and the necessary cords; bought a quadrant, a compass, a spy-glass, a common barometer with some important modifications, and two astronomical instruments not so generally known. I then took opportunities of conveying by night, to a retired situation east of Rotterdam, five iron-bound casks, to contain about fifty gallons each, and one of a larger size — six tinned ware tubes, three inches in diameter, properly shaped, and ten feet in length — *a quantity of a particular metallic substance or semi-metal* which I shall not name — and a dozen demi-johns of a *very common acid*. The gas to be formed from these latter materials is a gas never yet generated by any other person than myself — or at least never applied to any similar purpose. The secret I would make no difficulty in disclosing, but that it of right belongs to a citizen of Nantz in France, by whom it was conditionally communicated to myself. The same individual submitted to me, without being at all aware of my intentions, a method of constructing balloons from the membrane of a certain animal, through

which substance any escape of gas was nearly an impossibility. I found it however altogether too expensive, and was not sure, upon the whole, whether cambric muslin with a coating of gum caoutchouc was not equally as good. I mention this circumstance, because I think it probable that hereafter the individual in question may attempt a balloon ascension with the novel gas and material I have spoken of, and I do not wish to deprive him of the honor of a very singular invention.

On the spot which I intended each of the smaller casks to occupy respectively during the inflation of the balloon, I privately dug a hole two feet deep — the holes forming in this manner a circle of twentyfive feet in diameter. In the centre of this circle, being the station designed for the large cask, I also dug a hole three feet in depth. In each of the five smaller holes, I deposited a canister containing fifty pounds, and in the larger one a keg holding one hundred and fifty pounds of cannon powder. These — the keg and the canisters — I connected in a proper manner with covered trains; and having let into one of the canisters the end of about four feet of slow-match, I covered up the hole, and placed the cask over it, leaving the other end of the match protruding about an inch, and barely visible beyond the cask. I then filled up the remaining holes, and placed the barrels over them in their destined situation.

Besides the articles above enumerated, I conveyed to the depôt, and there secreted, one of M. Grimm's improvements upon the apparatus for condensation of the atmospheric air. I found this machine, however, to require considerable alteration before it could be adapted to the purposes to which I intended making it applicable. But with severe labor, and unremitting perseverance, I at length met with entire success in all my preparations. My balloon was soon completed. It would contain more than forty thousand cubic feet of gas; would take me up, I calculated, easily, with all my implements, and, if I managed rightly, with one hundred and seventy-five pounds of ballast into the bargain. It had received three coats of varnish, and I found the cambric muslin to answer all the purposes of silk itself — quite as strong and a good deal less expensive.

Everything being now ready, I exacted from my wife an oath of secrecy in relation to all my actions from the day of my first visit to the bookseller's stall, and, promising, on my part, to return as soon as circumstances would admit, I gave her all the money I had left, and bade her farewell. Indeed I had little fear on her account. She was what people call a notable woman, and could manage matters in the world without my assistance. I believe, to tell the truth, she always looked upon me as an idle body, a mere make-weight, good for nothing but building castles in the air, and was rather glad to get rid of me. It was a dark night when I bade her good bye, and, taking with me, as *aids-de-camp*, the three creditors who had given me so much trouble, we carried the balloon, with the car and accoutrements, by a roundabout way, to the station where the other articles were deposited. We there found them all unmolested, and I proceeded immediately to business.

It was the first of April. The night, as I said before, was dark — there was not a star to be seen, and a drizzling rain, falling at intervals, rendered us very

אוך שלגיהש נוא שבדכ ך בעש אוך אמכא ש אושהשקוכוא. ל אבאך וו
קוכוס שכוארמוס ואו נבשלנשבוך, י אוך נוו1 ובאכ, ש1אוו ס קסכ, אמוס
ובשכ שכוארמוס ואו נבשלנשבוך, י אוך נוו1 ובאכ, ש1אוו ס קסכ, אמוס
בשכוכוא שבקכוו אוך ש אוסף ך בעש בשבשב אוך נוו1 אפוכוא שך בעאך. ל
אוך שלגיהש נוא שבדכ ך בעש אוך אמכא ש אושהשקוכוא. ל אבאך וו
ואוקוכוגשבוכ וו בשלשבוך ש, ו אוך בשבשב ש אושהשקוכוא. ל אבאך וו
קוכוס שכוארמוס ואו נבשלנשבוך, י אוך נוו1 ובאכ, ש1אוו ס קסכ, אמוס
בשכוכוא שבקכוו אוך ש אוסף ך בעש בשבשב אוך נוו1 אפוכוא שך בעאך. ל
אוך שלגיהש נוא שבדכ ך בעש אוך אמכא ש אושהשקוכוא. ל אבאך וו

uncomfortable. But my chief anxiety was concerning my balloon, which in spite of the varnish with which it was defended, began to grow rather heavy with the moisture: my powder also was liable to damage. I therefore kept my three duns working with great diligence, pounding down ice around the central cask, and stirring the acid in the others. They did not cease, however, importuning me with questions as to what I intended to do with all this apparatus, and expressed much dissatisfaction at the terrible labor I made them undergo. They could not perceive, so they said, what good was likely to result from their getting wet to the skin merely to take a part in such horrible incantations. I began to get uneasy, and worked away with all my might — for I verily believe the idiots supposed that I had entered into a compact with the devil, and that, in short, what I was now doing was nothing better than it should be. I was, therefore, in great fear of their leaving me altogether. I contrived, however, to pacify them by promises of immediate payment as soon as I could bring the present business to a termination. To these speeches they gave of course their own interpretation — fancying, no doubt, that at all events I should come into possession of vast quantities of ready money; and provided I paid them all I owed, and a trifle more, in consideration of their services, I dare say they cared very little what became of either my soul or my carcass.

In about four hours and a half I found the balloon sufficiently inflated. I attached the car, therefore, and put all my implements in it — not forgetting the condensing apparatus, a copious supply of water, and a large quantity of provisions, such as pemmican, in which much nutriment is contained in comparatively little bulk. I also secured in the car a pair of pigeons and a cat. It was now nearly daybreak, and I thought it high time to take my departure. Dropping a lighted cigar on the ground, as if by accident, I took the opportunity, in stooping to pick it up, of igniting privately the piece of slow match, whose end, as I said before, protruded a very little beyond the lower rim of one of the smaller casks. This manoeuvre was totally unperceived on the part of the three duns, and, jumping into the car, I immediately cut the single cord which held me to the earth, and was pleased to find that I shot upwards, rapidly carrying with all ease one hundred and seventy-five pounds of leaden ballast, and able to have carried up as many more.

Scarcely, however, had I attained the height of fifty yards, when, roaring and rumbling up after me in the most horrible and tumultuous manner, came so dense a hurricane of fire, and smoke, and sulphur, and legs, and arms, and gravel, and burning wood, and blazing metal, that my very heart sunk within me, and I fell down in the bottom of the car, trembling with unmitigated terror. Indeed I now perceived that I had entirely overdone the business, and that the main consequences of the shock were yet to be experienced. Accordingly, in less than a second, I felt all the blood in my body rushing to my temples, and, immediately thereupon, a concussion, which I shall never forget, burst abruptly through the night, and seemed to rip the very firmament asunder. When I afterwards had time for reflection, I did not fail to attribute the extreme violence of the explosion, as regarded myself, to its proper cause — my situation directly above

רעדצ'סוירנרב. נרו צ' קיפ שקקנוקפ ירק ד'רעסיוקפ צ' נרבעי, ווק ו
ס'לפ ר פ'סוירק ווס ווק ו ירק ווינ'יקפ, נוסרי 1 סכס כ'ופס קנרפ ווס פ
צ'ק'קס: צ' לקוס בכסס ירק כ'נרנרב 1 ר'ענוק. ל פ'סוקס ד'ל1 צ' ס'כפ
ר'נפ ר'סוקפ ווס פכפ'1 ר'וכ'נרב'ע, לקיפ'ק נ'ק ר'כ'קנ פ ס'ע1כ'נרב ד'ע'ק,
ו ס'1סוק פ ר'ק'ק ו פ צ'ופס. פ' ר'ק ע'ו1 ס'קס, קצ'נרס, ו'ר'סו'1ס'ק'ק ס'ק
ר'ס'ק'נרב'ק צ' 1 ל'ל ל ו'ע1'ק'ק'ק 1 ע'ו ווס בכ פ'וס צ'ר'כ'ע1'נרב, ו ד'ס'ל'כ'ס'ל
ר'ו 1 פ ל'פ'ק ס'מכ'ק 1 ו'פ'ל ר ל'פ'1 ק ש'נרב'ק ר'ס'ק'ע'ל'ס'ק'ק. פ נ'וכ'ק
ע'ו'1 ל'ס'ש'ק, כס פ' ל'ק'ק, ירו'1 כ'פ'ק ירב ב'כ'ס'ק 1 כ'ופ'ל'כ'1 ל'כ'ק פ'ס'ו'ק
ע'ל'ב ר'ס'ק'ע'ל'ס'ק'ק ס'1 פ ו'כ'ס'ק'ק ס'ל'ל'כ ל ס'ל'ק פ'ס'ר ר'ע'ס'פ'כ. פ' ד'פ'ק
ר'ל'ס'ק'נרב צ' 1 ל'ל ל ו'ע1'ק'ק'ק 1 ע'ו ווס בכ פ'וס צ'ר'כ'ע1'נרב, ו ד'ס'ל'כ'ס'ל
ו ס'1סוק פ ר'ק'ק ו פ צ'ופס. פ' ר'ק ע'ו1 ס'קס, קצ'נרס, ו'ר'סו'1ס'ק'ק ס'ק
ל'ע'ק ר'סוקפ ווס פכפ'1 ר'וכ'נרב'ע, לקיפ'ק נ'ק ר'כ'קנ פ ס'ע1כ'נרב ד'ע'ק,
ס'1סוק פ ר'ק'ק ו פ צ'ופס. פ' ר'ק ע'ו1 ס'קס, קצ'נרס, ו'ר'סו'1ס'ק'ק ס'ק
ס'לפ ר פ'סוירק ווס ווק ו ירק ווינ'יקפ, נוסרי 1 סכס כ'ופס קנרפ ווס פ
ר'ע'ק'ס'ו'ר'נרב. נרו צ' קיפ שקקנוקפ ירק ד'רעסיוקפ צ' נרבעי, ווק ו

it, and in the exact line of its greatest power. But at the time I thought only of preserving my life. The balloon at first collapsed — then furiously expanded — then whirled round and round with horrible velocity — and finally, reeling and staggering like a drunken man, hurled me with great force over the rim of the car, and left me dangling, at a terrific height, with my head downwards, and my face outwards from the balloon, by a piece of slender cord about three feet in length, which hung accidentally through a crevice near the bottom of the wicker-work, and in which, as I fell, my left foot became most providentially entangled. It is impossible — utterly impossible — to form any adequate idea of the horror of my situation. I gasped convulsively for breath — a shudder resembling a fit of the ague agitated every nerve and muscle in my frame — I felt my eyes starting from their sockets — a horrible nausea overwhelmed me — and at length I fainted away.

How long I remained in this state, it is impossible to say. It must, however, have been no inconsiderable time, for when I partially recovered the sense of existence, I found the day breaking, and the balloon at a prodigious height over a wilderness of ocean, and not a trace of land to be discovered far and wide within the limits of the vast horizon. My sensations, however, upon thus recovering, were by no means so rife with agony as might have been anticipated. Indeed there was much of incipient madness in the calm survey which I began to take of my situation. I drew up to my eyes each of my hands, one after the other, and wondered what occurrence could have given rise to the swelling of the veins, and the horrible blackness of the finger nails. I afterwards carefully examined my head, shaking it repeatedly, and feeling it with minute attention, until I succeeded in satisfying myself that it was not — as I had more than half suspected — larger than my balloon. Then, in a knowing manner, I felt in both my breeches pockets, and missing therefrom a set of tablets and a tooth-pick case, I endeavored to account for their disappearance, and, not being able to do so, felt inexpressibly chagrined. It now occurred to me that I suffered great uneasiness in the joint of my left ankle, and a dim consciousness of my situation began to glimmer through my mind. But, strange to say! I was neither astonished nor horror-stricken. If I felt any emotion at all, it was a kind of chuckling satisfaction at the cleverness I was about to display in extricating myself from this dilemma; and I never, for a moment, looked upon my ultimate safety as a question susceptible of doubt. For a few minutes I remained wrapped in the profoundest meditation. I have a distinct recollection of frequently compressing my lips, putting my fore-finger to the side of my nose, and making use of other gesticulations and grimaces common to men who, at ease in their arm-chairs, meditate upon matters of intricacy or importance. Having, as I thought, sufficiently collected my ideas, I now, with great caution and deliberation, put my hands behind my back, and unfastened the large iron buckle which belonged to the waistband of my inexpressibles. This buckle had three teeth, which, being somewhat rusty, turned with great difficulty upon their axis. I brought them, however, after some trouble, at right angles to the body of the buckle, and was

ש ס תקצחד1 כלא ר ושנ בכטדוגב1 ושטס. נחר ע1 ס שלצ ל סיב1 סוכח ר כוכזשמוש צצ כלנ. ס נרבשש ע1 אסב1 ל־חשכ – סטח אשכעבכח ובלגעלחוד ל־חשכ ושטס ר נחר ע1 ס שלצ ל סיב1 סוכח ר כוכזשמוש צצ כלנ. ס נרבשש ע1 אסב1 ל־חשכ – סטח אשכעבכח ובלגעלחוד ל־חשכ ושטס ר נחר ע1 ס שלצ ל סיב1 סוכח ר כוכזשמוש צצ כלנ. ס נרבשש ע1 אסב1 ל־חשכ – סטח אשכעבכח ובלגעלחוד ל־חשכ ושטס ר נחר ע1 ס שלצ ל סיב1 סוכח ר כוכזשמוש צצ כלנ. ס נרבשש ע1 אסב1 ל־חשכ – סטח אשכעבכח ובלגעלחוד ל־חשכ ושטס ר נחר ע1 ס שלצ ל סיב1 סוכח ר כוכזשמוש צצ כלנ. ס נרבשש ע1 אסב1 ל־חשכ – סטח אשכעבכח ובלגעלחוד

glad to find them remain firm in that position. Holding the instrument thus obtained within my teeth, I now proceeded to untie the knot of my cravat. I had to rest several times before I could accomplish this manoeuvre — but it was at length accomplished. To one end of the cravat I then made fast the buckle, and the other end I tied, for greater security, tightly around my wrist. Drawing now my body upwards, with a prodigious exertion of muscular force, I succeeded, at the very first trial, in throwing the buckle over the car, and entangling it, as I had anticipated, in the circular rim of the wicker-work.

My body was now inclined towards the side of the car, at an angle of about forty-five degrees — but it must not be understood that I was therefore only forty-five degrees below the perpendicular. So far from it, I still lay nearly level with the plane of the horizon — for the change of situation which I had acquired, had forced the bottom of the car considerably outwards from my position, which was accordingly one of the most imminent and deadly peril. It should be remembered, however, that when I fell, in the first instance, from the car, if I had fallen with my face turned towards the balloon, instead of turned outwardly from it as it actually was — or if, in the second place, the cord by which I was suspended had chanced to hang over the upper edge, instead of through a crevice near the bottom of the car, — I say it may readily be conceived that, in either of these supposed cases, I should have been unable to accomplish even as much as I had now accomplished, and the wonderful adventures of Hans Phaall would have been utterly lost to posterity. I had therefore every reason to be grateful — although, in point of fact, I was still too stupid to be anything at all, and hung for, I suppose, a quarter of an hour, in that extraordinary manner, without making the slightest farther exertion whatsoever, and in a singularly tranquil state of idiotic enjoyment. But this feeling did not fail to die rapidly away, and thereunto succeeded horror, and dismay, and a chilling sense of utter helplessness and ruin. In fact, the blood so long accumulating in the vessels of my head and throat, and which had hitherto buoyed up my spirits with madness and delirium, had now begun to retire within their proper channels, and the distinctness which was thus added to my perception of the danger, merely served to deprive me of the self-possession and courage to encounter it. But this weakness was, luckily for me, of no very long duration. In good time came to my rescue the spirit of despair, and with frantic cries and convulsive struggles, I jerked my way bodily upwards, till, at length, clutching with a vice-like grip the long desired rim, I writhed my person over it, and fell headlong and shuddering within the car.

It was not until some time afterwards that I recovered myself sufficiently to attend to the ordinary cares of the balloon. I then, however, examined it with attention, and found it, to my great relief, uninjured. My implements were all safe, and I had, fortunately, lost neither ballast nor provisions. Indeed, I had so well secured them in their places, that such an accident was entirely out of the question. Looking at my watch, I found it six o'clock. I was still rapidly ascending, and my barometer showed a present altitude of three and three-quarter miles. Immediately beneath me in the ocean, lay a small black object,

פכתך 1 לכלך סלר כוגרת לפך וא רע1 ולרוגרת. קסכלוץ ם ומלכגרגת1 פלכ
רלאלך לוסוא גב 1שס, צ גיצ לכסכשלולך 1 רגלצ ם גיג1 ר גב ככגרג1. צ קלך 1
כלכ1 שלרסגב 1לגלך לוגפא צ לאך רבגילבוץ פוס גרגלגס – לר1 וו 1רך ג1
ביקפם רלגילבוץ1. 1 1לא גיך ר ם ככגרג1 צ סלא אצך לנצ1 ם לצלגב, ו ם
צקפם גיך צ 1לצך, נ פכתלוס שיללכוך1ך, 1פ1לך רבאלך גב כוצ1. לכסקפ גיצ גב
ר1 לוס רלגילבוץ, לוס ר לכסוקוצגרב ככקפלגרב ר גבשלללכס לפגב, צ שרבשלולך, ג1
לגלך צ/שלוצך. ג1 ר ם שלולכס שיללכוך1ך, 1פ1לך רבאלך גב כוצ1. לכסקפ גיצ גב
צקפם גיך צ 1לצך, נ פכתלוס שיללכוך1ך, 1פ1לך רבאלך גב כוצ1. לכסקפ גיצ גב
ביקפם רלגילבוץ1. 1 1לא גיך ר ם ככגרג1 צ סלא אצך לנצ1 ם לצלגב, ו ם
כלכ1 שלרסגב 1לגלך לוגפא צ לאך רבגילבוץ פוס גרגלגס – לר1 וו 1רך ג1
רלאלך לוסוא גב 1שס, צ גיצ לכסכשלולך 1 רגלצ ם גיג1 ר גב ככגרג1. צ קלך 1
פכתך 1 לכלך סלר כוגרת לפך וא רע1 ולרוגרת. קסכלוץ ם ומלכגרגת1 פלכ

slightly oblong in shape, seemingly about the size, and in every way bearing a great resemblance to one of those childish toys called a domino. Bringing my spy-glass to bear upon it, I plainly discerned it to be a British ninety-four gun ship, close-hauled, and pitching heavily in the sea with her head to the W.S.W. Besides this ship, I saw nothing but the ocean and the sky, and the sun, which had long arisen.

It is now high time that I should explain to your Excellencies the object of my perilous voyage. Your Excellencies will bear in mind, that distressed circumstances in Rotterdam had at length driven me to the resolution of committing suicide. It was not, however, that to life itself I had any positive disgust — but that I was harassed beyond endurance by the adventitious miseries attending my situation. In this state of mind — wishing to live, yet wearied with life — the treatise at the stall of the bookseller opened a resource to my imagination. I then finally made up my mind. I determined to depart, yet live — to leave the world, yet continue to exist — in short, to drop enigmas, I resolved, let what would ensue, to force a passage — if I could — to the moon. Now, lest I should be supposed more of a madman than I actually am, I will detail, as well as I am able, the considerations which led me to believe that an achievement of this nature, although without doubt difficult, and incontestably full of danger, was not absolutely, to a bold spirit, beyond the confines of the possible.

The moon's actual distance from the earth was the first thing to be attended to. Now, the mean or average interval between the *centres* of the two planets is 59.9643 of the earth's equatorial radii, or only about 237000 miles. I say the mean or average interval. But it must be borne in mind, that the form of the moon's orbit being an ellipse of eccentricity amounting to no less than 0.05484 of the major semi-axis of the ellipse itself, and the earth's centre being situated in its focus, if I could, in any manner, contrive to meet the moon, as it were, in its perigee, the above-mentioned distance would be materially diminished. But to say nothing, at present, of this possibility, it was very certain, that at all events, from the 237000 miles I should have to deduct the radius of the earth, say 4000, and the radius of the moon, say 1080, in all 5080, leaving an actual interval to be traversed, under average circumstances, of 231920 miles. Now this, I reflected, was no very extraordinary distance. Travelling on land has been repeatedly accomplished at the rate of thirty miles per hour, and indeed a much greater speed may be anticipated. But even at this velocity, it would take me no more than 322 days to reach the surface of the moon. There were, however, many particulars inducing me to believe that my average rate of travelling might possibly very much exceed that of thirty miles per hour, and, as these considerations did not fail to make a deep impression upon my mind, I will mention them more fully hereafter.

The next point to be regarded was a matter of far greater importance. From indications afforded by the barometer, we find that, in ascensions from the surface of the earth, we have, at the height of 1000 feet, left below us about one-thirtieth of the entire mass of atmospheric air — that at 10600, we have ascended through nearly one-third — and that at 18000, which is not far from the elevation

ספיגה תרכוב או לבן, שיעורים רציף פ צלב, ו או ירוק לב לשון ר כאבי סוציולוגיה 1 עלה ר סוג ציפורניים ירוק ריצה ר הנשרה. לשון עם צלב פרט 1 לא רחוב וז, ב תכנית מיסוך וז1 1 לא ר יקיר ר אבידה תיעוד 1 הפרה יום קול ר פ א.ס. המילה סוס לון, ב צב ארוחה נתן ר סחר ו פ צלב, ו פ צבע, עור קול כתב רכוש.

וז1 וק גיא לא אור סנן ב לעג ריכוז 1 אם יקרבינאשק פ תקבוע ר שלושה לשון. אם יקרבינאשק עור לא או צמיח, סנן מיסוכל1 שפתיים ב יום יקרבינאשק וז1 עיר לעג ריצוי, ד ברזל ריבוע 1 אם ר פחמן ב פ – סנן ר1 10600, אל קול רשתאל ספיגה ר פ חום, אל קול, ר1 פ קל ר 1000 אול, כתן נוכח רש רציף עלה ר פ חום, אל ריבוע ר1 18000, עור וק נוי אם אבור פ ורבלבורת פנה שמכת עלה פתח – ו סנן ר1 ר1 10600, אל קול רשתאל פתיחה ר פ נוילה ורבלבורת ב – סנן ר1 ב עורקאומת פ – סנן ר1 10600, אל קול רשתאל פתיחה ר פ נוילה ורבלבורת ב עור שמכת עלה פתח – ו סנן ר1 ר1 18000, עור וק נוי אם אבור פ ורבלבורת פתח חשמלית ב אל שמכת עלה פתח – ו סנן ר1 ר1 18000, עור וק נוי אם אבור פ ורבלבורת

of Cotopaxi, we have surmounted one-half of the material, or, at all events, one-half the *ponderable* body of air incumbent upon our globe. It is also calculated, that at an altitude not exceeding the hundredth part of the earth's diameter — that is, not exceeding eighty miles — the rarefaction would be so excessive, that animal life could, in no manner, be sustained, and moreover, that the most delicate means we possess of ascertaining the presence of the atmosphere, would be inadequate to assure us of its existence. But I did not fail to perceive that these latter calculations are founded altogether on our experimental knowledge of the properties of air, and the mechanical laws regulating its dilation and compression in what may be called, comparatively speaking, *the immediate vicinity* of the earth itself; and, at the same time, it is taken for granted, that animal life is, and must be, essentially *incapable of modification* at any given unattainable distance from the surface. Now, all such reasoning, and from such data, must of course be simply analogical. The greatest height ever reached by man was that of 25000 feet, attained in the aeronautic expedition of Messieurs Gay-Lussac and Biot. This is a moderate altitude, even when compared with the eighty miles in question; and I could not help thinking that the subject admitted room for doubt, and great latitude for speculation.

But, in point of fact, an ascension being made to any stated altitude, the ponderable quantity of air surmounted in any *farther* ascension, is by no means in proportion to the additional height ascended, (as may be plainly seen from what has been stated before,) but in a ratio constantly decreasing. It is therefore evident that, ascend as high as we may, we cannot, literally speaking, arrive at a limit beyond which no atmosphere is to be found. It *must exist*, I argued — it *may* exist in a state of infinite rarefaction.

On the other hand, I was aware that arguments have not been wanting to prove the existence of a real and definite limit to the atmosphere, beyond which there is absolutely no air whatsoever. But a circumstance which has been left out of view by those who contend for such a limit, seemed to me, although no positive refutation of their creed, still a point worthy of very serious investigation. On comparing the intervals between the successive arrivals of Encke's comet at its perihelion, after giving credit, in the most exact manner, for all the disturbances or perturbations due to the attractions of the planets, it appears that the periods are gradually diminishing — that is to say — the major axis of the comet's ellipse is growing shorter, in a slow but perfectly regular decrease. Now, this is precisely what ought to be the case, if we suppose a resistance experienced by the comet from an extremely *rare ethereal medium* pervading the regions of its orbit. For it is evident that such a medium must, in retarding its velocity, increase its centripetal, by weakening its centrifugal force. In other words, the sun's attraction would be constantly attaining greater power, and the comet would be drawn nearer at every revolution. Indeed, there is no other way of accounting for the variation in question. But again. The real diameter of the same comet's nebulosity, is observed to contract rapidly as it approaches the sun, and dilate with equal rapidity in its departure towards its aphelion. Was I not justifiable in supposing, with M. Valz, that this apparent condensation of volume has its origin

ל ,ילוסלגעזו, ,א קנר ׳סמעיבוילא ,לבא קנר ל ם ערבוגב, ש, ער בב וקרעבוצ,
,לבא קנר ם ,לוגעטרערבוגב ל ש ועבצרבוער רבוגב כש בכסל. וז וק בבסם
ל ׳בוסלגעזו, ,א קנר ׳סמעיבוילא ,לבא קנר ל ם ערבוגב, ש, ער בב וקרעבוצ,

in the compression of the same ethereal medium I have spoken of before, and which is only denser in proportion to its solar vicinity? The lenticular-shaped phenomenon, also, called the zodiacal light, was a matter worthy of attention. This radiance, so apparent in the tropics, and which cannot be mistaken for any meteoric lustre, extends from the horizon obliquely upwards, and follows generally the direction of the sun's equator. It appeared to me evidently in the nature of a rare atmosphere extending from the sun outwards, beyond the orbit of Venus at least, and I believed indefinitely farther.* Indeed, this medium I could not suppose confined to the path of the comet's ellipse, or the immediate neighborhood of the sun. It was easy, on the contrary, to imagine it pervading the entire regions of our planetary system, condensed into what we call atmosphere at the planets themselves, and in some of them modified by considerations, so to speak, purely geological.

* The zodiacal light is probably what the ancients called Trabes. Emicant Trabes quos docos vocant. — Pliny lib. 2, p. 26.

Having adopted this view of the subject, I had little further hesitation. Granting that on my passage I should meet with atmosphere *essentially* the same as at the surface of the earth, I conceived that, by means of the very ingenious apparatus of M. Grimm, I should readily be enabled to condense it in sufficient quantities for the purpose of respiration. This would remove the chief obstacle in a journey to the moon. I had indeed spent some money and great labor in adapting the apparatus to the purposes intended, and I confidently looked forward to its successful application, if I could manage to complete the voyage within any reasonable period. This brings me back to the *rate* at which it might be possible to travel.

It is true that balloons, in the first stage of their ascensions from the earth, are known to rise with a velocity comparatively moderate. Now, the power of elevation lies altogether in the superior lightness of the gas in the balloon, compared with the atmospheric air; and, at first sight, it does not appear probable that, as the balloon acquires altitude, and consequently arrives successively in atmospheric strata of densities rapidly diminishing — I say, it does not appear at all reasonable that, in this, its progress upwards, the original velocity should be accelerated. On the other hand, I was not aware that, in any recorded ascension, a diminution was apparent in the absolute rate of ascent — although such should have been the case, if on account of nothing else, on account of the escape of gas through balloons illconstructed, and varnished with no better material than the ordinary varnish. It seemed, therefore, that the effect of such an escape was only sufficient to counterbalance the effect of some accelerating power. I now considered, that provided in my passage I found the medium I had imagined, and provided it should prove to be actually and *essentially* what we denominate atmospheric air, it could make comparatively little difference at what extreme state of rarefaction I should discover it — that is to say, in regard to my power of ascending — for the gas in the balloon would not only be itself subject to a

ובזה יו ם ידרשכירת ר ם שבי ומטרה שאיר ב קנר שלומית ר נוהם, י ומר
יו ע ומיכ לנשים יו ב ומלוהרת 1 ויו שמכם רוסיות? ם ביבוקשהכם לבני
ומרבירבות, ובכמ, ידבק ם קומתידרה כבו, ומר ר שבוי ומסה ר ריבוירת.
פוי שכתיבו, שם ריטורו יו ם יבכוהיד, י ומר ידבוי לה שוקטידרת ל וכה
שיוטומיד כבשוי, וכדשוטקב יסרי ם קשבקרת ופכחידה ב/ומוקב, י יהכסב
ביוטרכה ם חוכידרת ר ם שבוב יד/בוי. יו ריטומ 1 שה ידקוטוכוכה יו ם
וכדם ר ר כש יוטרבשים וכדשוטקוקב יסרי ם שבו בו/ומוקב, לשוטד ם שקוי ר
.ישוטרב בו chש1, י ב ובכשקר יוקבשוטוכוכה ישפסם.* ובקשי, פוי שיאיר ב ידשי
וכוי שריטבק ידרשיכיקד 1 ם ביוט ר ם ידשוויש וכובש, ש ם וטשקיר וכדשפסשקי ר ם
שבו. יו ומר שקש, וכי ם ידכוויבכש, 1 וטרבקוי יו ביוטרשים בו ם ובכוויש
כפ ביבשוויבכש שיבשוטרי, ידרקוכבש1 וכוי ומר 1ש ידשב בוטרשים בו ם ובכוויש
ביבשוויבכש בו ב. ביכסוי, ב שבי שכוויבכש ישבשוטרב ידרקוכבש1 וכוי וכ
בו ם שפוקב ר ם פש, ב ידרשקר בו1, ביב שיאיב ר ם בשש וכקשיבש
שרבשיטרב ר ט. ביכסוי, ב שבי שכוויבכש ישבשוטרב ידרקוכבש1 וכוי וכ
שרבקוטרב ידשכוויבשב ב ם ביבשוויבכש ר בכשיבשוטרב. פוי שבי שכוויבכש
בשיטרב וכ ר בשכבכש 1 ם שבי. ב קנר וכקשי שבוכש שרב שבכש י בכבש
ביבשוויבכש וכ ר בשכבכש 1 ם שבי. ב קנר וכקשי שבוכש שרב שבכש י בכבש
בשיטרב

rarefaction partially similar, (in proportion to the occurrence of which, I could suffer an escape of so much as would be requisite to prevent explosion,) but, *being what it was*, would still, at all events, continue specifically lighter than any compound whatever of mere nitrogen and oxygen. In the meantime the force of gravitation would be constantly diminishing, in proportion to the squares of the distances, and thus, with a velocity prodigiously accelerating, I should at length arrive in those distant regions where the power of the earth's attraction would be superseded by the moon's. In accordance with these ideas, I did not think it worth while to encumber myself with more provisions than would be sufficient for a period of forty days.

There was still, however, another difficulty which occasioned me some little disquietude. It has been observed, that in balloon ascensions to any considerable height, besides the pain attending respiration, great uneasiness is experienced about the head and body, often accompanied with bleeding at the nose, and other symptoms of an alarming kind, and growing more and more inconvenient in proportion to the altitude attained.* This was a reflection of a nature somewhat startling. Was it not probable that these symptoms would increase indefinitely, or at least until terminated by death itself? I finally thought not. Their origin was to be looked for in the progressive removal of the *customary* atmospheric pressure upon the surface of the body, and consequent distention of the superficial blood-vessels — not in any positive disorganization of the animal system, as in the case of difficulty in breathing, where the atmospheric density is *chemically insufficient* for the purpose of a due renovation of blood in a ventricle of the heart. Unless for default of this renovation, I could see no reason, therefore, why life could not be sustained even in a *vacuum* — for the expansion and compression of chest, commonly called breathing, is action purely muscular, and the *cause*, not the *effect*, of respiration. In a word, I conceived that, as the body should become habituated to the want of atmospheric pressure, these sensations of pain would gradually diminish, and to endure them while they continued, I relied strongly upon the iron hardihood of my constitution.

* Since the original publication of Hans Phaall I find that Mr. Green, of Nassan-balloon notoriety, and other late aeronauts, deny the assertions of Humboldt, in this respect, and speak of a *decreasing* inconvenience — precisely in accordance with the theory here urged in a mere spirit of banter.

Thus, may it please your Excellencies, I have detailed some, though by no means all the considerations which led me to form the project of a lunar voyage. I shall now proceed to lay before you the result of an attempt so apparently audacious in conception, and, at all events, so utterly unparalleled in the annals of human kind.

Having attained the altitude before mentioned, that is to say, three miles and three-quarters, I threw out from the car a quantity of feathers, and found that I still ascended with sufficient rapidity — there was, therefore, no necessity for discharging any ballast. I was glad of this, for I wished to retain with me as much

מיכאל־הדרת הפרנסה שיווקם, (או הכוונתרת 1 ם רפסרת ר זוב, ל תמ שלום רע נצחי ר סם עלב בן אלה אין מחק/וצוו 1 הכולנת1 ובלכסבתרת,) נרו, לשוק/צלול/לבב, אלה שיוב, נר זב ולנת1ב, תרת1ה שיוב1ובתה כיום סת נשא תיעלתרת ר שם ובסבתרת ו ופעיבת. וה ם שת1ב1ר ם ליבת ר כביבת1ברת אלה בת1ב1

weight as I could carry, for reasons which will be explained in the sequel. I as yet suffered no bodily inconvenience, breathing with great freedom, and feeling no pain whatever in the head. The cat was lying very demurely upon my coat, which I had taken off, and eyeing the pigeons with an air of *nonchalance*. These latter being tied by the leg, to prevent their escape, were busily employed in picking up some grains of rice scattered for them in the bottom of the car.

At twenty minutes past six o'clock, the barometer showed an elevation of 26,400 feet, or five miles to a fraction. The prospect seemed unbounded. Indeed, it is very easily calculated by means of spherical geometry, what a great extent of the earth's area I beheld. The convex surface of any segment of a sphere is, to the entire surface of the sphere itself, as the versed sine of the segment is to the diameter of the sphere. Now, in my case, the versed sine — that is to say, the *thickness* of the segment beneath me, was about equal to my elevation, or the elevation of the point of sight above the surface. "As five miles, then, to eight thousand," would express the proportion of the earth's area seen by me. In other words, I beheld as much as a sixteen-hundredth part of the whole surface of the globe. The sea appeared unruffled as a mirror, although, by means of the spyglass, I could perceive it to be in a state of violent agitation. The ship was no longer visible, having drifted away, apparently, to the eastward. I now began to experience, at intervals, severe pain in the head, especially about the ears — still, however, breathing with tolerable freedom. The cat and pigeons seemed to suffer no inconvenience whatsoever.

At twenty minutes before seven, the balloon entered within a long series of dense cloud, which put me to great trouble, by damaging my condensing apparatus, and wetting me to the skin. This was, to be sure, a singular *rencontre*, for I had not believed it possible that a cloud of this nature could be sustained at so great an elevation. I thought it best, however, to throw out two five-pound pieces of ballast, reserving still a weight of one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Upon so doing, I soon rose above the difficulty, and perceived immediately, that I had obtained a great increase in my rate of ascent. In a few seconds after my leaving the cloud, a flash of vivid lightning shot from one end of it to the other, and caused it to kindle up, throughout its vast extent, like a mass of ignited and glowing charcoal. This, it must be remembered, was in the broad light of day. No fancy may picture the sublimity which might have been exhibited by a similar phenomenon taking place amid the darkness of the night. Hell itself might then have found a fitting image. Even as it was, my hair stood on end, while I gazed afar down within the yawning abysses, letting imagination descend, as it were, and stalk about in the strange vaulted halls, and ruddy gulfs, and red ghastly chasms of the hideous and unfathomable fire. I had indeed made a narrow escape. Had the balloon remained a very short while longer within the cloud — that is to say — had not the inconvenience of getting wet determined me to discharge the ballast, inevitable ruin would have been the consequence. Such perils, although little considered, are perhaps the greatest which must be encountered in balloons. I had by this time, however, attained too great an elevation to be any longer uneasy on this head.

ערד בך ל מעך מעה, ל מתגרב גוב גוכ לת ובפלבטך ות פ שתפגכ. ל בך ערד ות פ שתפגכ. ל בך ערד ות פ שתפגכ. ל בך ערד

I was now rising rapidly, and by seven o'clock the barometer indicated an altitude of no less than nine miles and a half. I began to find great difficulty in drawing my breath. My head too was excessively painful; and, having felt for some time a moisture about my cheeks, I at length discovered it to be blood, which was oozing quite fast from the drums of my ears. My eyes, also, gave me great uneasiness. Upon passing the hand over them they seemed to have protruded from their sockets in no inconsiderable degree, and all objects in the car, and even the balloon itself, appeared distorted to my vision. These symptoms were more than I had expected, and occasioned me some alarm. At this juncture, very imprudently, and without consideration, I threw out from the car three five-pound pieces of ballast. The accelerated rate of ascent thus obtained carried me too rapidly, and without sufficient gradation, into a highly rarefied stratum of the atmosphere, and the result had nearly proved fatal to my expedition and to myself. I was suddenly seized with a spasm which lasted for better than five minutes, and even when this, in a measure, ceased, I could catch my breath only at long intervals, and in a gasping manner — bleeding all the while copiously at the nose and ears, and even slightly at the eyes. The pigeons appeared distressed in the extreme, and struggled to escape; while the cat mewed piteously, and, with her tongue hanging out of her mouth, staggered to and fro in the car as if under the influence of poison. I now too late discovered the great rashness I had been guilty of in discharging the ballast, and my agitation was excessive. I anticipated nothing less than death, and death in a few minutes. The physical suffering I underwent contributed also to render me nearly incapable of making any exertion for the preservation of my life. I had, indeed, little power of reflection left, and the violence of the pain in my head seemed to be greatly on the increase. Thus I found that my senses would shortly give way altogether, and I had already clutched one of the valve ropes with the view of attempting a descent, when the recollection of the trick I had played the three creditors, and the inevitable consequences to myself, should I return to Rotterdam, operated to deter me for the moment. I lay down in the bottom of the car, and endeavored to collect my faculties. In this I so far succeeded as to determine upon the experiment of losing blood. Having no lancet, however, I was constrained to perform the operation in the best manner I was able, and finally succeeded in opening a vein in my right arm, with the blade of my penknife. The blood had hardly commenced flowing when I experienced a sensible relief, and by the time I had lost about half a moderate basin full, most of the worst symptoms had abandoned me entirely. I nevertheless did not think it expedient to attempt getting on my feet immediately; but, having tied up my arm as well as I could, I lay still for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of this time I arose, and found myself freer from absolute *pain* of any kind than I had been during the last hour and a quarter of my ascension. The difficulty of breathing, however, was diminished in a very slight degree, and I found that it would soon be positively necessary to make use of my condenser. In the meantime looking towards the cat, who was again snugly stowed away upon my coat, I discovered, to my infinite surprise, that she had taken the opportunity of my indisposition to bring

ל ורק וא כלגוש כנ'וחכו, ו לכ שכרנ רמכמל פ נרכנ'ונ'ופ ות'וממ'וחל נ
ענ'ופ'וחל ב ופ כנש פמנ וכנ' שמכש ו ר קנ'ב. ל נ'וקמנ 1 לכחל מכמ1
ת'וממ'ופ'וחו ות לכמוש של נכמק. של בחל 1ופ ורק ומכשנ'וכנ'ו אכנ'ופב; ו, קנ'וקוש
נ'ופ1 ב שנר 1נר ר שעקנס רנ'ו של בחמש, ל נ' cעקש ת'וממ'ונ'ופ ו 1 נח
נ'וכנ'ל, ונ'ר ורק ענ'וקוש ל'נ'פ1 ב'נ'ופ1 נכנר פ נכמנ'ונ ר של ופב. של שב, שכפס, מכנ
ש'ו מכמ1 נ'ופחנ'ופו. נ'וכנ ב'נ'ופ1 מנ'ופ מנר פנר פב שחנ' 1 קנ'ר נכמ'ומכנ'ופל
מכנר פס שנ'ופ1ס ות וס ות'ופנ'ופמ'ונ'ופב ל'ופכו, ו שכ ב'ל'ב'ופ1ס ות פ ופס, ו
ל'נ'פב פ קנ'ר ו'ופכנ ו'ופ1נ'ו, נ'וכוב ת'ופ'ופמ'ופל 1 של פ'ונ'ופב. פחב שו'ופ'ונ'ופב ות שס
ל'נ'פב, ונ'ר ורק ענ'וקוש ל'נ'פ1 נכנר פ נכמנ'ונ ר של ופב. של שב, שכפס, מכנ
נ'ופ1 נ שנר 1נר ר שנ'ופכס נ'ל'ב1 של בחמש, ל נ' cעקש ת'וממ'ונ'ופ ו 1 נח
ת'וממ'ופ'וחו ות נכמנ'ונ של נכמק. של בחל 1ופ ורק ומכשנ'וכנ'ו אכנ'ופב; ו, קנ'וקוש
נ'ופ1 ב שנר 1נר ר שנ'ופכס נ'ל'ב1 של בחמש, ל נ' cעקש ת'וממ'ונ'ופ ו 1 נח
ל ורק וא כלגוש כנ'וחכו, ו לכ שכרנ רמכמל פ נרכנ'ונ'ופ ות'וממ'וחל נ

into light a litter of three little kittens. This was an addition to the number of passengers on my part altogether unexpected; but I was pleased at the occurrence. It would afford me a chance of bringing to a kind of test the truth of a surmise, which, more than anything else, had influenced me in attempting this ascension. I had imagined that the *habitual* endurance of the atmospheric pressure at the surface of the earth was the cause, or nearly so, of the pain attending animal existence at a distance above the surface. Should the kittens be found to suffer uneasiness *in an equal degree with their mother*, I must consider my theory in fault, but a failure to do so I should look upon as a strong confirmation of my idea.

By eight o'clock I had actually attained an elevation of seventeen miles above the surface of the earth. Thus it seemed to me evident that my rate of ascent was not only on the increase, but that the progression would have been apparent in a slight degree even had I not discharged the ballast which I did. The pains in my head and ears returned, at intervals, with violence, and I still continued to bleed occasionally at the nose: but, upon the whole, I suffered much less than might have been expected. I breathed, however, at every moment, with more and more difficulty, and each inhalation was attended with a troublesome spasmodic action of the chest. I now unpacked the condensing apparatus, and got it ready for immediate use. The view of the earth, at this period of my ascension, was beautiful indeed. To the westward, the northward, and the southward, as far as I could see, lay a boundless sheet of apparently unruffled ocean, which every moment gained a deeper and a deeper tint of blue, and began already to assume a slight appearance of convexity. At a vast distance to the eastward, although perfectly discernible, extended the islands of Great Britain, the entire Atlantic coasts of France and Spain, with a small portion of the northern part of the continent of Africa. Of individual edifices not a trace could be discovered, and the proudest cities of mankind had utterly faded away from the face of the earth. From the rock of Gibraltar, now dwindled into a dim speck, the dark Mediterranean sea, dotted with shining islands as the heaven is dotted with stars, spread itself out to the eastward as far as my vision extended, until its entire mass of waters seemed at length to tumble headlong over the abyss of the horizon, and I found myself listening on tiptoe for the echoes of the mighty cataract. Overhead, the sky was of a jetty black, and the stars were brilliantly visible.

The pigeons about this time seeming to undergo much suffering, I determined upon giving them their liberty. I first untied one of them — a beautiful gray-mottled pigeon — and placed him upon the rim of the wicker-work. He appeared extremely uneasy, looking anxiously around him, fluttering his wings, and making a loud cooing noise — but could not be persuaded to trust himself from off the car. I took him up at last, and threw him to about half-a-dozen yards from the balloon. He made, however, no attempt to descend as I had expected, but struggled with great vehemence to get back, uttering at the same time very shrill and piercing cries. He at length succeeded in regaining his former station on the rim — but had hardly done so when his head dropped upon his breast, and he fell

ספיה כוורב פרורב. וגם ורב בו רוגרבו 1 ם אבוהם ב אנשבתסב אב בע ובשי ב 1בשי בבבוסבב; ברו ל ורב ובחב בו ם רפסבע. וו /מו רפשי שו ר בבוב ב בוסגוש 1 ר פבתב ב 1בב1 ם 1בשו ב ר שסוסבב, /וב, שם 1בשי שבבוסבבפוש בוובפשבפרוב. ב ורב ובחב בו ם 1בשו ב ר שסוסבב, /וב, שם ושבבוסבב בב, ורב וובשבוסב1 שו וו בוסבו1וב בוג בשוובבב. ל ורב ב ורב ובחב בו ם ב1בוסב1בוש בב ב בוסבו1 ב ר בבוב ב בוסבו1 בוב1בשבבב ב ר בוסבו1 בוב1בשבבב בוב1 ב בוסבו1 בוב1בשבבב בוב1 ב בוסבו1 בוב1בשבבב בוב1 ב

dead within the car. The other one did not prove so unfortunate. To prevent his following the example of his companion, and accomplishing a return, I threw him downwards with all my force, and was pleased to find him continue his descent, with great velocity, making use of his wings with ease, and in a perfectly natural manner. In a very short time he was out of sight, and I have no doubt he reached home in safety. Puss, who seemed in a great measure recovered from her illness, now made a hearty meal of the dead bird, and then went to sleep with much apparent satisfaction. Her kittens were quite lively, and so far evinced not the slightest sign of any uneasiness whatever.

At a quarter-past eight, being able no longer to draw breath at all without the most intolerable pain, I proceeded, forthwith, to adjust around the car the apparatus belonging to the condenser. This apparatus will require some little explanation, and your Excellencies will please to bear in mind that my object, in the first place, was to surround myself and car entirely with a barricade against the highly rarefied atmosphere in which I was existing — with the intention of introducing within this barricade, by means of my condenser, a quantity of this same atmosphere sufficiently condensed for the purposes of respiration. With this object in view I had prepared a very strong, perfectly air-tight, but flexible gumelastic bag. In this bag, which was of sufficient dimensions, the entire car was in a manner placed. That is to say, it (the bag) was drawn over the whole bottom of the car — up its sides — and so on, along the outside of the ropes, to the upper rim or hoop where the net-work is attached. Having pulled the bag up in this way, and formed a complete enclosure on all sides, and at bottom, it was now necessary to fasten up its top or mouth, by passing its material over the hoop of the net-work — in other words between the net-work and the hoop. But if the net-work was separated from the hoop to admit this passage, what was to sustain the car in the meantime? Now the net-work was not permanently fastened to the hoop, but attached by a series of running loops or nooses. I therefore undid only a few of these loops at one time, leaving the car suspended by the remainder. Having thus inserted a portion of the cloth forming the upper part of the bag, I refastened the loops — not to the hoop, for that would have been impossible, since the cloth now intervened, — but to a series of large buttons, affixed to the cloth itself, about three feet below the mouth of the bag — the intervals between the buttons having been made to correspond to the intervals between the loops. This done, a few more of the loops were unfastened from the rim, a farther portion of the cloth introduced, and the disengaged loops then connected with their proper buttons. In this way it was possible to insert the whole upper part of the bag between the net-work and the hoop. It is evident that the hoop would now drop down within the car, while the whole weight of the car itself, with all its contents, would be held up merely by the strength of the buttons. This, at first sight, would seem an inadequate dependence, but it was by no means so, for the buttons were not only very strong in themselves, but so close together that a very slight portion of the whole weight was supported by any one of them. Indeed, had the car and contents been three times heavier than they were, I should not have been at all uneasy. I now raised up the hoop again

within the covering of gum-elastic, and propped it at nearly its former height by means of three light poles prepared for the occasion. This was done, of course, to keep the bag distended at the top, and to preserve the lower part of the net-work in its proper situation. All that now remained was to fasten up the mouth of the enclosure; and this was readily accomplished by gathering the folds of the material together, and twisting them up very tightly on the inside by means of a kind of stationary tourniquet.

In the sides of the covering thus adjusted round the car, had been inserted three circular panes of thick but clear glass, through which I could see without difficulty around me in every horizontal direction. In that portion of the cloth forming the bottom, was likewise a fourth window, of the same kind, and corresponding with a small aperture in the floor of the car itself. This enabled me to see perpendicularly down, but having found it impossible to place any similar contrivance overhead, on account of the peculiar manner of closing up the opening there, and the consequent wrinkles in the cloth, I could expect to see no objects situated directly in my zenith. This, of course, was a matter of little consequence — for, had I even been able to place a window at top, the balloon itself would have prevented my making any use of it.

About a foot below one of the side windows was a circular opening eight inches in diameter, and fitted with a brass rim adapted in its inner edge to the windings of a screw. In this rim was screwed the large tube of the condenser, the body of the machine being, of course, within the chamber of gum-elastic. Through this tube a quantity of the rare atmosphere circumjacent being drawn by means of a vacuum created in the body of the machine, was thence discharged in a state of condensation to mingle with the thin air already in the chamber. This operation, being repeated several times, at length filled the chamber with atmosphere proper for all the purposes of respiration. But in so confined a space it would in a short time necessarily become foul, and unfit for use from frequent contact with the lungs. It was then ejected by a small valve at the bottom of the car — the dense air readily sinking into the thinner atmosphere below. To avoid the inconvenience of making a total vacuum at any moment within the chamber, this purification was never accomplished all at once, but in a gradual manner, — the valve being opened only for a few seconds, then closed again, until one or two strokes from the pump of the condenser had supplied the place of the atmosphere ejected. For the sake of experiment I had put the cat and kittens in a small basket, and suspended it outside the car to a button at the bottom, close by the valve, through which I could feed them at any moment when necessary. I did this at some little risk, and before closing the mouth of the chamber, by reaching under the car with one of the poles before mentioned to which a hook had been attached. As soon as dense air was admitted in the chamber, the hoop and poles became unnecessary; the expansion of the enclosed atmosphere powerfully distending the gum-elastic.

By the time I had fully completed these arrangements and filled the chamber as explained, it wanted only ten minutes of nine o'clock. During the whole period of my being thus employed I endured the most terrible distress from

אומה ב צב לוגה פצב טרבכך צ נתהכך פ סמפ1 לשרבב מיפיכת כתבר
בב רפכתב, וז אתוולך ועכח לזה שוומיפ ב נבא רפכתב. לאכתך פ קסב
לתבר ב צב לוגה פצב טרבכך צ נתהכך פ סמפ1 לשרבב מיפיכת כתבר
ולאכתמיפכתבר תבר נתרם רפכתבתבר1פ ו אוכך פ קבתם ב כתבר
מיפיכתלוגה פ פצב וכבתשוך.

לב פ לצב צ רוך אמכח פרבלכתולך פתב רכבתבתבר1פ ו אוכך פ קבתם
בב רפכתב, וז אתוולך ועכח לזה שוומיפ ב נבא רפכתב. לאכתך פ קסב
לתבר ב צב לוגה פצב טרבכך צ נתהכך פ סמפ1 לשרבב מיפיכת כתבר
ולאכתמיפכתבר תבר נתרם רפכתבתבר1פ ו אוכך פ קבתם ב כתבר
מיפיכתלוגה פ פצב וכבתשוך; ו פוך תבר כתוולך רפכתבתבר1 לב פתבסוולך פ אוכך ב
לתבר ב צב לוגה פצב טרבכך צ נתהכך פ סמפ1 לשרבב מיפיכת כתבר
ולאכתמיפכתבר תבר נתרם רפכתבתבר1פ ו אוכך פ קבתם ב כתבר
מיפיכתלוגה פ פצב וכבתשוך. זב פצ1 נצ סוצבתך תבר 1 אובתבר צ לב פ צבפ ב פ
לתבר, תבר כפב/לב ר אבפ וולוס, ב פ לבר פלוך, ו פבתבלכתולך וול ר
רבפוך תת וו תבכך קבוזבתבר1בר וובפלבתבר. וו פצ1 אבפבתר ב פ פבוס אבוולך פ
לב פתבסוולך פ וול בר1 פבוס פבתבר, פבפ וול צ פלוך. תת פוב1 וו1וולבר1ך
פלפולבתם לבוב ב

difficulty of respiration, and bitterly did I repent the negligence, or rather fool-hardiness, of which I had been guilty in putting off to the very last moment a matter of so much importance. But having at length accomplished it, I soon began to reap the benefit of my invention. Once again I breathed with perfect freedom and ease — and indeed why should I not? I was also agreeably surprised to find myself, in a great measure, relieved from the violent pains which had hitherto tormented me. A slight headache, accompanied with a sensation of fulness or distention about the wrists, the ankles, and the throat, was nearly all of which I had now to complain. Thus it seemed evident that a greater part of the uneasiness attending the removal of atmospheric pressure had actually *worn off*, as I had expected, and that much of the pain endured for the last two hours should have been attributed altogether to the effects of a deficient respiration.

At twenty minutes before nine o'clock — that is to say, a short time prior to my closing up the mouth of the chamber, the mercury attained its limit, or ran down, in the barometer, which, as I mentioned before, was one of an extended construction. It then indicated an altitude on my part of 132000 feet, or five-and-twenty miles, and I consequently surveyed at that time an extent of the earth's area amounting to no less than the three-hundred-and-twentieth part of its entire superficies. At nine o'clock I had again entirely lost sight of land to the eastward, but not before I became fully aware that the balloon was drifting rapidly to the N.N.W. The convexity of the ocean beneath me was very evident indeed — although my view was often interrupted by the masses of cloud which floated to and fro. I observed now that even the lightest vapors never rose to more than ten miles above the level of the sea.

At half-past nine I tried the experiment of throwing out a handful of feathers through the valve. They did not float as I had expected — but dropped down perpendicularly, like a bullet, *en masse*, and with the greatest velocity — being out of sight in a very few seconds. I did not at first know what to make of this extraordinary phenomenon: not being able to believe that my rate of ascent had, of a sudden, met with so prodigious an acceleration. But it soon occurred to me that the atmosphere was now far too rare to sustain even the feathers — that they actually fell, as they appeared to do, with great rapidity — and that I had been surprised by the united velocities of their descent and my own elevation.

By ten o'clock I found that I had very little to occupy my immediate attention. Affairs went on swimmingly, and I believed the balloon to be going upwards with a speed increasing momently, although I had no longer any means of ascertaining the progression of the increase. I suffered no pain or uneasiness of any kind, and enjoyed better spirits than I had at any period since my departure from Rotterdam, busying myself now in examining the state of my various apparatus, and now in regenerating the atmosphere within the chamber. This latter point I determined to attend to at regular intervals of forty minutes, more on account of the preservation of my health, than from so frequent a renovation being absolutely necessary. In the meanwhile I could not help making anticipations. Fancy revelled in the wild and dreamy regions of the moon.

ערוצים ב מכשירים, ו לוחות לוח ב מוצרים ו תקציבים, ם מחיר ב מוצרים ו תקציבים, ם מחיר ב מוצרים ו תקציבים, ם מחיר

Imagination, feeling herself for once unshackled, roamed at will among the ever-changing wonders of a shadowy and unstable land. Now there were hoary and time-honored forests, and craggy precipices, and waterfalls tumbling with a loud noise into abysses without a bottom. Then I came suddenly into still noonday solitudes where no wind of heaven ever intruded, and where vast meadows of poppies, and slender, lily-looking flowers spread themselves out a weary distance, all silent and motionless forever. Then again I journeyed far down away into another country where it was all one dim and vague lake, with a boundary-line of clouds. And out of this melancholy water arose a forest of tall eastern trees, like a wilderness of dreams. And I bore in mind that the shadows of the trees which fell upon the lake remained not on the surface where they fell — but sunk slowly and steadily down, and commingled with the waves, while from the trunks of the trees other shadows were continually coming out, and taking the place of their brothers thus entombed. "This, then," I said thoughtfully, "is the very reason why the waters of this lake grow blacker with age, and more melancholy as the hours run on." But fancies such as these were not the sole possessors of my brain. Horrors of a nature most stern and most appalling would too frequently obtrude themselves upon my mind, and shake the innermost depths of my soul with the bare supposition of their possibility. Yet I would not suffer my thoughts for any length of time to dwell upon these latter speculations, rightly judging the real and palpable dangers of the voyage sufficient for my undivided attention.

At five o'clock P.M., being engaged in regenerating the atmosphere within the chamber, I took that opportunity of observing the cat and kittens through the valve. The cat herself appeared to suffer again very much, and I had no hesitation in attributing her uneasiness chiefly to a difficulty in breathing — but my experiment with the kittens had resulted very strangely. I had expected of course to see them betray a sense of pain, although in a less degree than their mother; and this would have been sufficient to confirm my opinion concerning the habitual endurance of atmospheric pressure. But I was not prepared to find them, upon close examination, evidently enjoying a high degree of health, breathing with the greatest ease and perfect regularity, and evincing not the slightest sign of any uneasiness whatever. I could only account for all this by extending my theory, and supposing that the highly rarefied atmosphere around might perhaps not be, as I had taken for granted, chemically insufficient for the purposes of life, and that a person born in such a medium might possibly be unaware of any inconvenience attending its inhalation, while, upon removal to the denser strata near the earth, he might endure tortures of a similar nature to those I had so lately experienced. It has since been to me a matter of deep regret that an awkward accident at this time occasioned me the loss of my little family of cats, and deprived me of the insight into this matter which a continued experiment might have afforded. In passing my hand through the valve with a cup of water for the old puss, the sleeve of my shirt became entangled in the loop which sustained the basket, and thus, in a moment, loosened it from the button. Had the whole actually vanished into air it could not have shot from my sight in

ישנגוזרנרט, אוכוץ קמסנכך ל ילצנ רנלנזרכף, כסרף ז1 ולכ ררנץ ק קרם צכרנבוץ ילצנתם ך ר לנזוסף ו רנ51ללרכ כרוף. וצ סש ול קצא ו 1לר קוטוף אכוז51ף, ו כלרפא לכטנלוזוצ, ו ילוסנכבכ 1לרלכוץ ולוז ר כצף וצא ו ולרכ ללרכ ולוז ר לנזוסף. סנו ל לנר צלנרנכא ונולא צ1וכ ואלף צרכוולאלצ לש וסא ולוף ך קרכרא קרם וטכאלוף, ו לש רמ51 שרוסף ך אלצ, ו צכנוף, כוכא כעלוץ אכצנלוף, ו ולש רכסל ך צלנרנכא ונולא

a more abrupt and instantaneous manner. Positively there could not have intervened the tenth part of a second between the disengagement of the basket and its absolute and total disappearance with all that it contained. My good wishes followed it to the earth, but, of course, I had no hope that either cat or kittens would over live to tell the tale of their misfortune.

At six o'clock I perceived a great portion of the earth's visible area to the eastward involved in thick shadow, which continued to advance with great rapidity until, at five minutes before seven, the whole surface in view was enveloped in the darkness of night. It was not, however, until long after this time that the rays of the setting sun ceased to illumine the balloon; and this circumstance, although of course fully anticipated, did not fail to give me an infinite deal of pleasure. It was evident that, in the morning, I should behold the rising luminary many hours at least before the citizens of Rotterdam, in spite of their situation so much farther to the eastward, and thus, day after day, in proportion to the height ascended, would I enjoy the light of the sun for a longer and a longer period. I now determined to keep a journal of my passage, reckoning the days from one to twenty-four hours continuously, without taking into consideration the intervals of darkness.

At ten o'clock, feeling sleepy, I determined to lie down for the rest of the night — but here a difficulty presented itself, which, obvious as it may appear, had totally escaped my attention up to the very moment of which I am now speaking. If I went to sleep as I proposed, how could the atmosphere in the chamber be regenerated in the interim? To breathe it for more than an hour, at the farthest, would be a matter of impossibility; or if even this term could be extended to an hour and a quarter, the most ruinous consequences might ensue. The consideration of this dilemma gave me no little disquietude, and it will hardly be believed that, after the dangers I had undergone, I should look upon this business in so serious a light, as to give up all hope of accomplishing my ultimate design, and finally make up my mind to the necessity of a descent. But this hesitation was only momentary. I reflected that man is the veriest slave of custom — and that many points in the routine of his existence are deemed *essentially* important, which are only so *at all* by his having rendered them habitual. It was very certain that I could not do without sleep — but I might easily bring myself to feel no inconvenience from being awakened at regular intervals of an hour during the whole period of my repose. It would require but five minutes at most, to regenerate the atmosphere in the fullest manner, and the only real difficulty was to contrive a method of arousing myself at the proper moment for so doing. But this was a question which, I am willing to confess, occasioned me no little trouble in its solution. To be sure, I had heard of the student who, to prevent his falling asleep over his books, held in one hand a ball of copper, the din of whose descent into a basin of the same metal on the floor beside his chair, served effectually to startle him up, if, at any moment, he should be overcome with drowsiness. My own case, however, was very different indeed, and left me no room for any similar idea — for I did not wish to keep awake, but to be aroused from slumber at regular intervals of time. I at length hit

שם רוכלות ו תעשיות־אדמה ירמוס. הקצוותיהם פס חתך נוגד קרן ותעלות ס לובש לפני ר קטיפת לוח/אח ס לוגיסטיקה־ברזל ס לימודיו ו ולוח

upon the following expedient, which, simple as it may seem, was hailed by me, at the moment of discovery, as an invention fully equal to that of the telescope, the steam-engine, or the art of printing itself.

It is necessary to premise that the balloon, at the elevation now attained, continued its course upwards with an even and undeviating ascent, and the car consequently followed with a steadiness so perfect that it would have been impossible to detect in it the slightest vacillation whatever. This circumstance favored me greatly in the project I now determined to adopt. My supply of water had been put on board in kegs containing five gallons each, and ranged very securely around the interior of the car. I unfastened one of these — took two ropes, and tied them tightly across the rim of the wicker-work from one side to the other, placing them about a foot apart and parallel, so as to form a kind of shelf, upon which I placed the keg and steadied it in a horizontal position. About eight inches immediately below these ropes, and four feet from the bottom of the car, I fastened another shelf — but made of thin plank, being the only similar piece of wood I had. Upon this latter shelf, and exactly beneath one of the rims of the keg a small earthen pitcher was deposited. I now bored a hole in the end of the keg over the pitcher, and fitted in a plug of soft wood, cut in a tapering or conical shape. This plug I pushed in or pulled out, as might happen, until, after a few experiments, it arrived at that exact degree of tightness, at which the water, oozing from the hole, and falling into the pitcher below, should fill the latter to the brim in the period of sixty minutes. This, of course, was a matter briefly and easily ascertained by noticing the proportion of the pitcher filled in any given time. Having arranged all this, the rest of the plan is obvious. My bed was so contrived upon the floor of the car, as to bring my head, in lying down, immediately below the mouth of the pitcher. It was evident, that, at the expiration of an hour, the pitcher, getting full, would be forced to run over, and to run over at the mouth, which was somewhat lower than the rim. It was also evident, that the water, thus falling from a height of better than four feet, could not do otherwise than fall upon my face, and that the sure consequence would be, to waken me up instantaneously, even from the soundest slumber in the world.

It was fully eleven by the time I had completed these arrangements, and I immediately betook myself to bed with full confidence in the efficiency of my invention. Nor in this matter was I disappointed. Punctually every sixty minutes was I aroused by my trusty chronometer, when, having emptied the pitcher into the bung-hole of the keg, and performed the duties of the condenser, I retired again to bed. These regular interruptions to my slumber caused me even less discomfort than I had anticipated, and when I finally arose for the day it was seven o'clock, and the sun had attained many degrees above the line of my horizon.

April 3*d*. I found the balloon at an immense height indeed, and the earth's apparent convexity increased in a material degree. Below me in the ocean lay a cluster of black specks, which undoubtedly were islands. Far away to the northward I perceived a thin, white, and exceedingly brilliant line or streak on the edge of the horizon, and I had no hesitation in supposing it to be the southern

ס כבר ב סצבבגרע, ו ב קעך טס קזגוועדערע עי שרוסזוצ וו1 ן לא ס שצסטע
ישסס/טא צ שוסאקך ר סוא, צ/ן, ו ידאשאוצשא לכסכאר1 כבא פ שיכאל עי
פכשצ/ס ב שוסאקך ר סוא, צ/ן, ו ידאשאוצשא לכסכאר1 כבא פ שיכאל עי
ידרוקידשוא עכאכא1 עי ר שרשסאב לעכאך. לכסס שא עי ס סבקרע בב ר
פכשצ/ס ב לכשב שצאבץ, צוב רעקיוועכא סס שבכעקץ. כפ ר/ב ן ס
כשרע ס לעוארע ב ס בפ, צ אנשכעב רעצסס בעכב – לרן שצב ב סוא שכעצץ,
לעוא ס סוכא שיעכסב שאב ב /אב צ בעב. רשאא סוש cעוסס בעכב, ו עכפצידכא
ר צסכ עי ס עכב ב ס בכף ר שצשב פסקרע שוכסס בעכב עי ב עכפ. ב עע לשפ
ר שסכ עי ס עכב ב ס בכף ר שצשב פסקרע שוכסס בעכב עי ב עכפ. ב עע לשפ
ע/ב שצאב ן ס צסוס, שכבציץ פעכ רעקן ר אע1 רשפן ו שסעכעכ, סס צב ן
אשך – ן9ב עו כסשב, ו ועצך פעכ ן9ככאך רשכעב ס כוע ב ס אוכס /סב אסכע
עך, ו כבעכצך נסא שיכאשכא רסכעך ר ועשסאס ב ס בפ. צ אעכצצסעב /ע ב
צב שרשכאב ב /עוס צעך נשא אע1 עי נשפ עי בעך ב עכעכעב אבב פעכעב
שבשצסעכעב עבנסב צא פכבכעכא עי ס שכבעצכן ב עיב ע1עשסעב ן רשעשן.
ס1ב שכשבעכעב ן ע1עכן עי ן1 ס שכבעצכן רצשכבעכעב /עכעסב. ס1ב
ידרוקידשוא עכאכא1 עי ר שרשסאב לעכאך. לכסס שא עי ס סבקרע בב ר
פכשצ/ס ב שוסאקך ר סוא, צ/ן, ו ידאשאוצשא לכסכאר1 כבא פ שיכאל עי
ס שצסטע

disk of the ices of the Polar sea. My curiosity was greatly excited, for I had hopes of passing on much farther to the north, and might possibly, at some period, find myself placed directly above the Pole itself. I now lamented that my great elevation would, in this case, prevent my taking as accurate a survey as I could wish. Much however might be ascertained. Nothing else of an extraordinary nature occurred during the day. My apparatus all continued in good order, and the balloon still ascended without any perceptible vacillation. The cold was intense, and obliged me to wrap up closely in an overcoat. When darkness came over the earth, I betook myself to bed, although it was for many hours afterwards broad daylight all around my immediate situation. The water-clock was punctual in its duty, and I slept until next morning soundly — with the exception of the periodical interruption.

April 4*th*. Arose in good health and spirits, and was astonished at the singular change which had taken place in the appearance of the sea. It had lost, in a great measure, the deep tint of blue it had hitherto worn, being now of a grayish-white, and of a lustre dazzling to the eye. The islands were no longer visible — whether they had passed down the horizon to the south-east, or whether my increasing elevation had left them out of sight, it is impossible to say. I was inclined however, to the latter opinion. The rim of ice to the northward, was growing more and more apparent. Cold by no means so intense. Nothing of importance occurred, and I passed the day in reading — having taken care to supply myself with books.

April 5*th*. Beheld the singular phenomenon of the sun rising while nearly the whole visible surface of the earth continued to be involved in darkness. In time, however, the light spread itself over all, and I again saw the line of ice to the northward. It was now very distinct, and appeared of a much darker hue than the waters of the ocean. I was evidently aproaching it, and with great rapidity. Fancied I could again distinguish a strip of land to the eastward — and one also to the westward — but could not be certain. Weather moderate. Nothing of any consequence happened during the day. Went early to bed.

April 6*th*. Was surprised at finding the rim of ice at a very moderate distance, and an immense field of the same material stretching away off to the horizon in the north. It was evident that if the balloon held its present course, it would soon arrive above the Frozen Ocean, and I had now little doubt of ultimately seeing the Pole. During the whole of the day I continued to near the ice. Towards night the limits of my horizon very suddenly and materially increased, owing undoubtedly to the earth's form being that of an oblate spheroid, and my arriving above the flattened regions in the vicinity of the Arctic Circle. When darkness at length overtook me I went to bed in great anxiety, fearing to pass over the object of so much curiosity when I should have no opportunity of observing it.

April 7*th*. Arose early, and, to my great joy, at length beheld what there could be no hesitation in supposing the northern Pole itself. It was there, beyond a doubt, and immediately beneath my feet — but, alas! I had now ascended to so vast a distance that nothing could with accuracy be discerned. Indeed, to judge from the progression of the numbers indicating my various altitudes respectively

לכסכסרכרת ר ס אזרסמ ארמדבוצ סל רסאס מכוועלצ כוסלרבוכרת
ר מוסלרת פת1 אזסוצ דאמ וום מאהכרסא לא מוסמת. ארצא, 1 צצל אכרר ס
לכ1, א וסאמ1ת לוצוס סל אל – לר1, רכרס! ל צוצ אל רסלרצוצ 1 סמ רל1
לא אס צוצ1כרכרת ת סרלמזוצ ס אסמסת .loc ר1סלכר. ר1 /רב סש, לאוצר ר
סמ צצל דאמכסלסוא /אל ל ל/אל 1 לרצ ת אכסב1 אצמזוצ, אמסוצ 1 אלצ אסר ס אלבכב1 ר
ס אכרולרצ כאבצרב ת ס ר1סלסוא1 ר .צבצוולר .צבסבכר. /אל לבסכסוא סל1 כ1פס
רצלצוולא 1 ס פסס אסכר לוצוס פת1 ר כל ס אלכב1 צלמזוצ, אמסוצ 1 אלצ אסר ס אלבכב1 ר
סמ צצל דאמכסלסוא /אל ל ל/אל 1 לרצ ת אכסב1 אצמזוצ, אמסוצ 1 אלצ אסר ס אלבכב1 ר

at different periods, between six A.M. on the second of April, and twenty minutes before nine A.M. of the same day, (at which time the barometer ran down,) it might be fairly inferred that the balloon had now, at four o'clock in the morning of April the seventh, reached a height of *not less* certainly than 7254 miles above the surface of the sea. This elevation may appear immense, but the estimate upon which it is calculated gave a result in all probability far inferior to the truth. At all events I undoubtedly beheld the whole of the earth's major diameter — the entire northern hemisphere lay beneath me like a chart orthographically projected — and the great circle of the equator itself formed the boundary line of my horizon. Your Excellencies may, however, readily imagine that the confined regions hitherto unexplored within the limits of the Arctic circle, although situated directly beneath me, and therefore seen without any appearance of being foreshortened, were still, in themselves, comparatively too diminutive, and at too great a distance from the point of sight to admit of any very accurate examination. Nevertheless what could be seen was of a nature singular and exciting. Northwardly from that huge rim before mentioned, and which, with slight qualification, may be called the limit of human discovery in these regions, one unbroken, or nearly unbroken sheet of ice continues to extend. In the first few degrees of this its progress, its surface is very sensibly flattened — farther on depressed into a plane — and finally, becoming *not a little concave*, it terminates at the Pole itself in a circular centre, sharply defined, whose apparent diameter subtended at the balloon an angle of about sixty-five seconds, and whose dusky hue, varying in intensity, was, at all times darker than any other spot upon the visible hemisphere, and occasionally deepened into the most absolute and impenetrable blackness. Farther than this little could be ascertained. By twelve o'clock the circular centre had materially decreased in circumference, and by seven P.M. I lost sight of it entirely — the balloon passing over the western limb of the ice, and floating away rapidly in the direction of the equator.

April 8*th*. Found a sensible diminution in the earth's apparent diameter, besides a material alteration in its general color and appearance. The whole visible area partook in different degrees of a tint of pale yellow, and in some portions had acquired a brilliancy even painful to the eye. My view downwards was also considerably impeded by the dense atmosphere in the vicinity of the surface being loaded with clouds, between whose masses I could only now and then obtain a glimpse of the earth itself. This difficulty of direct vision had troubled me more or less for the last forty-eight hours — but my present enormous elevation brought closer together, as it were, the floating bodies of vapor, and the inconvenience became, of course, more and more palpable in proportion to my ascent. Nevertheless I could easily perceive that the balloon now hovered above the range of great lakes in the continent of North America, and was holding a course due south which would soon bring me to the tropics. This circumstance did not fail to give me the most heartfelt satisfaction, and I hailed it as a happy omen of ultimate success. Indeed the direction I had hitherto taken had filled me with uneasiness; for it was evident that, had I continued it

much longer, there would have been no possibility of my arriving at the moon at all, whose orbit is inclined to the ecliptic at only the small angle of 5º 8’ 48”. Strange as it may seem, it was only at this late period that I began to understand the great error I had committed, in not taking my departure from earth at some point *in the plane of the lunar ellipse.*

April 9*th*. To-day, the earth’s diameter was greatly diminished, and the color of the surface assumed hourly a deeper tint of yellow. The balloon kept steadily on her course to the southward, and arrived at nine P.M. over the northern edge of the Mexican Gulf.

April 10*th*. I was suddenly aroused from slumber, about five o’clock this morning, by a loud, crackling, and terrific sound, for which I could in no manner account. It was of very brief duration, but, while it lasted, resembled nothing in the world of which I had any previous experience. It is needless to say that I became excessively alarmed, having, in the first instance, attributed the noise to the bursting of the balloon. I examined all my apparatus, however, with great attention, and could discover nothing out of order. Spent a great part of the day in meditating upon an occurrence so extraordinary, but could find no means whatever of accounting for it. Went to bed dissatisfied, and in a state of great anxiety and agitation.

April 11*th*. Found a startling diminution in the apparent diameter of the earth, and a considerable increase, now observable for the first time, in that of the moon itself, which wanted only a few days of being full. It now required long and excessive labor to condense within the chamber sufficient atmospheric air for the sustenance of life.

April 12*th*. A singular alteration took place in regard to the direction of the balloon, and although fully anticipated, afforded me the most unequivocal delight. Having reached, in its former course, about the twentieth parallel of southern latitude, it turned off suddenly at an acute angle to the eastward, and thus proceeded throughout the day, keeping nearly, if not altogether, *in the exact plane of the lunar ellipse*. What was worthy of remark, a very perceptible vacillation in the car was a consequence of this change of route — a vacillation which prevailed, in a more or less degree, for a period of many hours.

April 13*th*. Was again very much alarmed by a repetition of the loud crackling noise which terrified me on the tenth. Thought long upon the subject, but was unable to form any satisfactory conclusion. Great decrease in the earth’s apparent diameter, which now subtended from the balloon an angle of very little more than twenty-five degrees. The moon could not be seen at all, being nearly in my zenith. I still continued in the plane of the ellipse, but made little progress to the eastward.

April 14*th*. Extremely rapid decrease in the diameter of the earth. To-day I became strongly impressed with the idea, that the balloon was now actually running up the line of apsides to the point of perigee — in other words, holding the direct course which would bring it immediately to the moon in that part of its orbit the nearest to the earth. The moon itself was directly over-head, and

קנר לאו טו אלשרוכוזלא ר צר רכלקוצ נז ס צאע נז בכ, קעצ שלוז וצ ועדכלאל 1 ס ודכוולוזל נז ועכא ס לצבכ אקפרכ ר 5º 8' 48". לוככרלצ אל וז צר לאצ, וז נרל ועכא נז סוצ כבצ אלשאל קנז צ נקפרז 1 צלוסלוזלא ס פכבצ שכרכ ר ואכ ס קנז ועכא נז ועכא ס לצבכ אקפרכ ר 5º 8' 48". לוככרלצ אל וז צר לאצ, וז נרל ועכא נז סוצ כבצ אלשאל קנז צ נקפרז 1 צלוסלוזלא ס פכבצ שכרכ ר ואכ ס קנז

consequently hidden from my view. Great and long continued labor necessary for the condensation of the atmosphere.

April 15*th*. Not even the outlines of continents and seas could now be traced upon the earth with anything approaching to distinctness. About twelve o'clock I became aware, for the third time, of that unearthly and appalling sound which had so astonished me before. It now, however, continued for some moments and gathered horrible intensity as it continued. At length, while stupified and terror-stricken I stood in expectation of I know not what hideous destruction, the car vibrated with excessive violence, and a gigantic and flaming mass of some material which I could not distinguish, came with a voice of a thousand thunders, roaring and booming by the balloon. When my fears and astonishment had in some degree subsided, I had little difficulty in supposing it to be some mighty volcanic fragment ejected from that world to which I was so rapidly approaching, and, in all probability, one of that singular class of substances occasionally picked up on the earth and termed meteoric stones for want of a better appellation.

April 16*th*. To-day, looking upwards as well I could, through each of the side windows alternately, I beheld, to my great delight, a very small portion of the moon's disk protruding, as it were, on all sides beyond the huge circumference of the balloon. My agitation was extreme — for I had now little doubt of soon reaching the end of my perilous voyage. Indeed the labor now required by the condenser had increased to a most oppressive degree, and allowed me scarcely any respite from exertion. Sleep was a matter nearly out of the question. I became quite ill, and my frame trembled with exhaustion. It was impossible that human nature could endure this state of intense suffering much longer. During the now brief interval of darkness a meteoric stone again passed in my vicinity, and the frequency of these phenomena began to occasion me much anxiety and apprehension.

April 17*th*. This morning proved an epoch in my voyage. It will be remembered that, on the thirteenth, the earth subtended an angular breadth of twenty-five degrees. On the fourteenth, this had greatly diminished — on the fifteenth, a still more rapid decrease was observable — and on retiring for the night of the sixteenth I had noticed an angle of no more than about seven degrees and fifteen minutes. What, therefore, must have been my amazement on awakening from a brief and disturbed slumber on the morning of this day, the seventeenth, at finding the surface beneath me so suddenly and wonderfully *augmented* in volume as to subtend no less than thirty-nine degrees in apparent angular diameter! I was thunderstruck. No words — no earthly expression can give any adequate idea of the extreme — the absolute horror and astonishment with which I was seized, possessed, and altogether overwhelmed. My knees tottered beneath me — my teeth chattered — my hair started up on end. "The balloon then had actually burst" — these were the first tumultuous ideas which hurried through my mind — "the balloon had positively burst. I was falling — falling — falling — with the most intense, the most impetuous, the most unparalleled velocity. To judge from the immense distance already so quickly

ישראל אבן שושן, ירושלים תשנ"ב – הוא גם הוציא לאור את ספרו של אביו, "מלון חדש לשפה העברית". ספר זה, שנכתב בשנים 1943–1948, כלל כ־3,000 מילים חדשות, רובן מבוססות על שורשים מקראיים. בין המילים שהציע: "מטוס" (מן "טוס"), "רדיו" (מן "הד"), "חשמל" (מן "חשמונים" – נחושת מבהיקה) ו"טלפון" (מן "רחוק" ו"קול"). רבות מהן התקבלו בשפה, אך לא כולן. המילה "אוטובוס" נדחתה לטובת "מכונית", ו"מקרר" נשאר בשימוש לצד "מקרר". אבן שושן עצמו ויתר על חלק מהצעותיו המאוחרות, כגון "חלון" במקום "חלון" (שהתקבלה בסופו של דבר).

תקנה 15ד. נוהל פרסום ספרי לימוד בבתי־ספר ממלכתיים ובתי־ספר ממלכתיים־דתיים. (א) לא יאושר ספר לימוד לשימוש בבתי־ספר ממלכתיים או בבתי־ספר ממלכתיים־דתיים, אלא אם כן הוגש בקשה לכך על ידי המחבר או המו"ל, בכתב, לא יאוחר מיום 1 בנובמבר של השנה שקדמה לשנת הלימודים שבה מבוקש השימוש בספר. (ב) בקשה לפי סעיף קטן (א) תלווה בשלושה עותקים של הספר, בצורה מודפסת ובצורה אלקטרונית, ובתצהיר חתום על ידי המחבר, המו"ל והמחבר המתרגם, לפי העניין, המאשר כי הספר הוא מקורי ואינו מפר זכויות יוצרים של אחרים. (ג) הוגשה בקשה לפי תקנה זו, ימנה השר ועדה לבחינת הספר, שתורכב מנציג משרד החינוך, מנציג הרשות לתכנון תוכניות לימודים ומנציג ציבור ההורים, ובה יכהנו לפחות שלושה חברים. (ד) הוועדה תמליץ בפני השר אם לאשר את הספר, אם לדחותו ואם לאשרו בכפוף לתיקונים שיפורטו בהמלצתה. (ה) השר יודיע למגיש הבקשה על החלטתו בתוך 60 ימים מיום קבלת ההמלצה, ובמקרה של דחייה – יפרט את הנימוקים לכך. (ו) ספר שאושר לשימוש לפי תקנה זו יישאר מאושר לתקופה של חמש שנים, אלא אם כן הודיע המחבר או המו"ל, לפחות שנה לפני תום התקופה, על רצונם להאריכה.

תקנה 16ד. ועדת ספרי לימוד לבתי־ספר ממלכתיים ובתי־ספר ממלכתיים־דתיים. (א) ועדת ספרי הלימוד שהוקמה לפי תקנה 15ד(ג) תורכב מחמישה חברים, שלושה מהם יהיו מומחים בתחומי הדעת הרלוונטיים לספרים שיובאו בפניה, אחד יהיה מורה בעל ותק של לפחות עשר שנים בהוראה, ואחד יהיה נציג ההורים שמונה על ידי ועד ההורים הארצי. (ב) חברי הוועדה ימונו לתקופה של שלוש שנים, ואחת לשנה יפרוש החבר שכיהן הכי הרבה זמן, אלא אם כן הוחלט אחרת. (ג) הוועדה תתכנס לפחות ארבע פעמים בשנה, ובישיבותיה יידרש קוורום של שלושה חברים, ובהם יושב הראש או סגנו. (ד) הוועדה רשאית להזמין לישיבותיה מומחים או נציגי ציבור, אך אלה לא יהיו זכאים להצביע. (ה) החלטות הוועדה יתקבלו ברוב קולות החברים הנוכחים, ובמקרה של שוויון קולות יכריע יושב הראש. (ו) חבר הוועדה חייב להצהיר על כל ניגוד עניינים אפשרי ביחס לספר הנדון, ובמקרה כזה לא ישתתף בדיון ובהצבעה בעניין אותו ספר.

תקנה 17ד. סמכויות הוועדה. (א) הוועדה תבחן את הספרים שהוגשו לה בהתאם לתקנה 15ד(ד), ותמליץ בפני השר אם לאשר את הספר, אם לדחותו ואם לאשרו בכפוף לתיקונים שיפורטו בהמלצתה. (ב) בבחינת ספר לימוד תשקול הוועדה, בין היתר, את התאמתו לתכנית הלימודים הרשמית, את רמתו המקצועית, את נאותות השפה והסגנון, את היעדר דעות קדומות או תכנים פוגעניים, ואת התאמתו לגיל ולרמת ההבנה של קהל היעד. (ג) הוועדה רשאית לקבוע כי ספר יאושר רק לשימוש בכיתות מסוימות או בקבוצות גיל מסוימות, ורשאית היא להתנות את האישור בהגבלות כאלה. (ד) הוועדה תמליץ לדחות ספר אם מצאה כי הוא מכיל תכנים המנוגדים לערכי היסוד של מערכת החינוך, כפי שנקבעו בחוק יסודות החינוך, התשי"ג–1953, או אם מצאה כי הוא מקדם אינטרסים מסחריים של המחבר או המו"ל על חשבון מטרות החינוך. (ה) הוועדה תמליץ לאשר ספר בכפוף לתיקונים אם מצאה כי ניתן לתקן את הפגמים שזוהו בספר בתוך פרק זמן סביר, ובלבד שהתיקונים לא יפגעו באופיו הכולל של הספר.

passed over, it could not be more than ten minutes, at the farthest, before I should meet the surface of the earth, and be hurled into annihilation." But at length reflection came to my relief. I paused — I considered — and I began to doubt. The matter was impossible. I could not in any reason have so rapidly come down. Besides, although I was evidently approaching the surface below me, it was with a speed by no means commensurate with the velocity I had at first so horribly conceived. This consideration served to calm the perturbation of my mind, and I finally succeeded in regarding the phenomenon in its proper point of view. In fact amazement must have fairly deprived me of my senses when I could not see the vast difference, in appearance, between the surface below me, and the surface of my mother earth. The latter was indeed over my head, and completely hidden by the balloon, while the moon — the moon itself in all its glory — lay beneath me, and at my feet.

The stupor and surprise produced in my mind by this extraordinary change in the posture of affairs was perhaps, after all, that part of the adventure least susceptible of explanation. For the *bouleversement* in itself was not only natural and inevitable, but had been long actually anticipated as a circumstance to be expected whenever I should arrive at that exact point of my voyage where the attraction of the planet should be superseded by the attraction of the satellite — or, more precisely, where the gravitation of the balloon towards the earth should be less powerful than its gravitation towards the moon. To be sure I arose from a sound slumber, with all my senses in confusion, to the contemplation of a very startling phenomenon, and one which, although expected, was not expected at the moment. The revolution itself must, of course, have taken place in an easy and gradual manner, and it is by no means clear that, had I even been awake at the time of the occurrence, I should have been made aware of it by any *internal* evidence of an inversion — that is to say by any inconvenience or disarrangement either about my person or about my apparatus.

It is almost needless to say that upon coming to a due sense of my situation, and emerging from the terror which had absorbed every faculty of my soul, my attention was, in the first place, wholly directed to the contemplation of the general physical appearance of the moon. It lay beneath me like a chart, and although I judged it to be still at no inconsiderable distance, the indentures of its surface were defined to my vision with a most striking and altogether unaccountable distinctness. The entire absence of ocean or sea, and indeed of any lake or river, or body of water whatsoever, struck me, at the first glance, as the most extraordinary feature in its geological condition. Yet, strange to say! I beheld vast level regions of a character decidedly alluvial — although by far the greater portion of the hemisphere in sight was covered with innumerable volcanic mountains, conical in shape, and having more the appearance of artificial than of natural protuberances. The highest among them does not exceed three and three- quarter miles in perpendicular elevation — but a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegræi would afford to your Excellencies a better idea of their general surface than any unworthy description I might think proper to attempt. The greater part of them were in a state of evident eruption,

רוא"ל. פ פכ"ט ואפ"ל ב סוי"ר יוס יח ר פ"ט"ל ב ירוא"ל וכ"ל ו, א"כל יש סם צ"ח"ס ספ"ת כיא ח"ע ב"ל"פ ווכ"ל"ת ב"ל"ת פ"ע ו יח"ל"ת ב"ל"ת ב פ"ת"ל"ת ב פ"ת"ל"ת ב פ"ת

and gave me fearfully to understand their fury and their power by the repeated thunders of the miscalled meteoric stones which now rushed upwards by the balloon with a frequency more and more appalling.

April 18*th*. To-day I found an enormous increase in the moon's apparent bulk, and the evidently accelerated velocity of my descent began to fill me with alarm. It will be remembered that, in the earliest stage of my speculations upon the possibility of a passage to the moon, the existence in its vicinity of an atmosphere dense in proportion to the bulk of the planet had entered largely into my calculations — this too in spite of many theories to the contrary, and, it may be added, in spite of a general disbelief in the existence of any lunar atmosphere at all. But, in addition to what I have already urged in regard to Encke's comet and the zodiacal light, I had been strengthened in my opinion by certain observations of Mr. Schroeter, of Lilienthal. He observed the moon, when two days and a half old, in the evening soon after sunset, before the dark part was visible, and continued to watch it until it became visible. The two cusps appeared tapering in a very sharp faint prolongation, each exhibiting its farthest extremity faintly illuminated by the solar rays, before any part of the dark hemisphere was visible. Soon afterwards, the whole dark limb became illuminated. This prolongation of the cusps beyond the semicircle, I thought, must have arisen from the refraction of the sun's rays by the moon's atmosphere. I computed, also, the height of the atmosphere (which could refract light enough into its dark hemisphere, to produce a twilight more luminous than the light reflected from the earth when the moon is about 32º from the new) to be 1356 Paris feet; in this view, I supposed the greatest height capable of refracting the solar ray, to be 5376 feet. My ideas upon this topic had also received confirmation by a passage in the 82d volume of the Philosophical Transactions, in which it is stated that at an occultation of Jupiter's satellites, the third disappeared after having been about 1" or 2"of time indistinct, and the fourth became indiscernible near the limb.*

* Hevelius writes that he has several times found, in skies perfectly clear, when even stars of the sixth and seventh magnitude were conspicuous, that, at the same altitude of the moon, at the same elongation from the earth, and with one and the same excellent telescope, the moon and its maculæ did not appear equally lucid at all times. From the circumstances of the observation, it is evident that the cause of this phenomenon is not either in our air, in the tube, in the moon, or in the eye of the spectator, but must be looked for in something (an atmosphere?) existing about the moon. Cassini frequently observed Saturn, Jupiter, and the fixed stars, when approaching the moon to occultation, to have their circular figure changed into an oval one, and, in other occultations, he found no alteration of figure at all. Hence it might be supposed that at some times and not at others, there is a dense matter encompassing the moon wherein the rays of the stars are refracted.

ﻣﻨﺠﺮﻛﺔ 1 ﺯﻟﻮﺳﻴﺎﺭﻫ ﻣﻦ ﺍﻟﻬﻜﻮ ﺍ ﻣﻦ ﺍﻟﻜﻮﻥ ﻟﻪ ﻭ ﺟﻴﺎﻟﻮﻟﻴ
ﻭﺯﻟﻮﻣﺞ ﺭ ﻭ ﺳﻴﺪﻳﺤﺮ ﺳﻬﻴﻮﻫﻮ ﺳﻴﻮﻣﺞ ﻟﻴﺰ ﺍﺯ ﻫﺰﺭﻱ ﻟ ﻭﻟﻮﻟﻴﻤﺞ ﻟﻪ
ﻭ ﺍﺭﺭﻫﺍ ﻟﻴﺰ ﺭ ﺟﻬﻴﺪﺭﺳﻴﻪ ﺳﺮ ﺍ ﺳﺮ ﺭﻟﻴﺤﻴﺞ.

ﺗﺠﻬﺮﻫ 18ﻭ. ﻟﻬﻠﻪ ﻫ ﺟﻴﻬ ﺭﺍ ﻫﻤﻴﺮﺭﺳ ﻫﻬﺠﻬﺲ ﻫﺍ ﻭ ﺳﻬﺰ ﺭﻫﻴﺮﻫ ﻟﺰﺣﻪ،
ﺍ ﻭ ﺣﺮﻣﻬﺍﺭﻫﻪ ﺳﺪﻳﺘﻪﺭﻫﻟﻪ ﺭﺭﻫﺘﻴﺮﻫ ﺭ ﺯﻩ ﻟﻴﺴﻬﺍ ﻟﻨﻴﺮﻫ 1 Jlc ﺳﻪ ﻟﻴﻭ
ﺭﻫﻴﺮ. ﺍ ﻟﻴﻭ ﻟﻪ ﻫﻴﺮﺳﺰﻟﻨﻴﺮ ﻭﺯ، ﻫﺍ ﻭ ﻫﻴﺮﺳ ﺳﻴﺰﻫ ﺭ ﺯﻩ ﺳﻬﻬﻴﻪﺭﻫﺰﻫ
ﺭﻫﻬﺍ ﻭ ﻬﻬﺰﺭﻬﻴﺮﻫﻪ ﺭ ﺭ ﻫﻬﻴﺰﻫ 1 ﻭ ﺳﻬﻬ، ﻭ ﻫﻨﻴﺰﺳﻴﺮﻫﺰ ﻫﺍ ﺍﺭﺯ ﺭﻫﻴﻬﺍﻫﻪ ﺭ ﻫﻬ
ﻫﻬﻬﻴﺰﻫ ﻟﻬﻬﺰ ﻫﺍ ﻫﻴﻭﻫﻬﻴﺮﻫﻪ ﺭ ﻫﻬﻴﺰﻫ ﺭ ﻭﻫ ﻫﻴﻬﻬﺍ ﻫﻴﻭﻫ ﻫﻬﻬﻴﻪﺭﻫﻪ
ﻫﻬﻴﻪﺭ ﻫﻬﻴﻬﻴﻪ ﻫﻬﻴﻬﻴﻪﺭﻫﻪ – ﻭﻫﺰ ﻫﻬ ﻫﻴﻬﻴﻪ ﺭ ﻫﻬﻬﻪ ﻫﻬﻬﻪ 1 ﻭ ﻫﻬﻬﻴﻬﻪ، ﻫ،
ﻫﻬﻴﻪﺭﻫﻬﻪ ﻫﻬﻪ ﻫﻬﻪ ﻫﻬﻪﻫﻪﺭﻫﻪ ﻫﻬﻪ ﻫﻬﻪﻫﻪﺭﻫﻪ ﻫﻬﻪ ﻫﻬﻪﻫﻪﺭﻫﻪ ﻫﻬﻪ ﻫﻬﻪﻫﻪﺭﻫﻪ ﻫﻬﻪ ﻫﻬﻪﻫﻪﺭﻫﻪ
ﻫﻬﻪﻫﻪﺭﻫ

Upon the resistance, or more properly, upon the support of an atmosphere, existing in the state of density imagined, I had, of course, entirely depended for the safety of my ultimate descent. Should I then, after all, prove to have been mistaken, I had in consequence nothing better to expect as a finale to my adventure than being dashed into atoms against the rugged surface of the satellite. And indeed I had now every reason to be terrified. My distance from the moon was comparatively trifling, while the labor required by the condenser was diminished not at all, and I could discover no indication whatever of a decreasing rarity in the air.

April 19*th*. This morning, to my great joy, about nine o'clock, the surface of the moon being frightfully near, and my apprehensions excited to the utmost, the pump of my condenser at length gave evident tokens of an alteration in the atmosphere. By ten I had reason to believe its density considerably increased. By eleven very little labor was necessary at the apparatus — and at twelve o'clock, with some hesitation, I ventured to unscrew the tourniquet, when, finding no inconvenience from having done so, I finally threw open the gum-elastic chamber, and unrigged it from around the car. As might have been expected, spasms and violent headache were the immediate consequence of an experiment so precipitate and full of danger. But these and other difficulties attending respiration, as they were by no means so great as to put me in peril of my life, I determined to endure as I best could, in consideration of my leaving them behind me momently in my approach to the denser strata near the moon. This approach, however, was still impetuous in the extreme; and it soon became alarmingly certain that, although I had probably not been deceived in the expectation of an atmosphere dense in proportion to the mass of the satellite, still I had been wrong in supposing this density, even at the surface, at all adequate to the support of the great weight contained in the car of my balloon. Yet this *should* have been the case, and in an equal degree as at the surface of the earth, the actual gravity of bodies at either planet being supposed in the ratio of their atmospheric condensation. That it was not the case, however, my precipitous downfall gave testimony enough — why it was not so, can only be explained by a reference to those possible geological disturbances to which I have formerly alluded. At all events I was now close upon the planet, and coming down with the most terrible impetuosity. I lost not a moment accordingly in throwing overboard first my ballast, then my water-kegs, then my condensing apparatus and gum-elastic chamber, and finally every individual article within the car. But it was all to no purpose. I still fell with horrible rapidity, and was now not more than half a mile at farthest from the surface. As a last resource, therefore, having got rid of my coat, hat, and boots, I cut loose from the balloon *the car itself*, which was of no inconsiderable weight, and thus, clinging with both hands to the hoop of the net-work, I had barely time to observe that the whole country as far as the eye could reach was thickly interspersed with diminutive habitations, ere I tumbled headlong into the very heart of a fantastical-looking city, and into the middle of a vast crowd of ugly little people, who none of them uttered a single syllable, or gave themselves the least trouble to render me assistance, but stood, like a parcel

רלאא ף כוקוצ'ורצ, פ סצ לכיבולסכח, רלאא ף צרלפ1 ר רט ע1ערצלאם, וקפוצ'ולוץ וט ף צ'ופ1 ר ענצצ'ולוח וערצקוע, ל קוע, ר ציפצ, וטוופכח ענלטעוע ר ף צ'ופ1 ר צע zכוועע1 עוצ'ופ1. לאעל ל ף'וט, ע'ופ1ם צכ, לכאלר 1 קוע לאח ע1צ'ופ1ט, ל קוע וט ציאוצ'ופ1ט/ופ1ט אכף'וץ ופ'ופ1ם 1 ופ'ופ1ם ע1 ר ע'ופ1כח 1 ף צ'ופ1 ר ע1 ל'ופ1ם כ'ופ1 ף כ

of idiots, grinning in a ludicrous manner, and eyeing me and my balloon askant with their arms set a-kimbo. I turned from them in contempt, and gazing upwards at the earth so lately left, and left perhaps forever, beheld it like a huge, dull, copper shield, about two degrees in diameter, fixed immoveably in the heavens overhead, and tipped on one of its edges with a crescent border of the most brilliant gold. No traces of land or water could be discovered, and the whole was clouded with variable spots, and belted with tropical and equatorial zones.

Thus, may it please your Excellencies, after a series of great anxieties, unheard of dangers, and unparalleled escapes, I had, at length, on the nineteenth day of my departure from Rotterdam, arrived in safety at the conclusion of a voyage undoubtedly the most extraordinary, and the most momentous, ever accomplished, undertaken, or conceived by any denizen of earth. But my adventures yet remain to be related. And indeed your Excellencies may well imagine that after a residence of five years upon a planet not only deeply interesting in its own peculiar character, but rendered doubly so by its intimate connection, in capacity of satellite, with the world inhabited by man, I may have intelligence for the private ear of the States' College of Astronomers of far more importance than the details, however wonderful, of the mere *voyage* which so happily concluded. This is, in fact, the case. I have much — very much which it would give me the greatest pleasure to communicate. I have much to say of the climate of the planet — of its wonderful alternations of heat and cold — of unmitigated and burning sunshine for one fortnight, and more than polar frigidity for the next — of a constant transfer of moisture, by distillation like that *in vacuo*, from the point beneath the sun to the point the farthest from it — of a variable zone of running water — of the people themselves — of their manners, customs, and political institutions — of their peculiar physical construction — of their ugliness — of their want of ears, those useless appendages in an atmosphere so peculiarly modified — of their consequent ignorance of the use and properties of speech — of their substitute for speech in a singular method of inter-communication — of the incomprehensible connection between each particular individual in the moon, with some particular individual on the earth — a connection analogous with, and depending upon that of the orbs of the planet and the satellite, and by means of which the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the one are interwoven with the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the other — and above all, if it so please your Excellencies, above all of those dark and hideous mysteries which lie in the outer regions of the moon — regions which, owing to the almost miraculous accordance of the satellite's rotation on its own axis with its sidereal revolution about the earth, have never yet been turned, and, by God's mercy, never shall be turned, to the scrutiny of the telescopes of man. All this, and more — much more — would I most willingly detail. But to be brief, I must have my reward. I am pining for a return to my family and to my home: and as the price of any farther communications on my part — in consideration of the light which I have it in my power to throw upon many very important branches of physical and metaphysical science — I must

אנשים ואין ר׳ שלמה מקורביו נמצאו, ויאמר אין זה ענין לרבינו ועשה לו סעודה בביתו. ד ואמר אחר כך לתלמידיו, ואיני יודע לו סוד בתורה יותר מזה, שכל מי שיש לו מדה טובה בעולם הזה ומתגאה בה, הקב״ה משפיל אותו ומוריד אותו עד עפר, ומי שיש לו מדה רעה בעולם הזה ומתבייש בה, הקב״ה מגדיל אותו ומרומם אותו עד עפר. ה ר׳ אלעזר בן ר׳ שמעון היה מהלך בדרך ופגע בו אדם אחד ונתן לו שלום, והשיב לו שלום ואמר לו, רקה, אינך יודע שאין מלכות בשר ודם מתקיימת אלא שנים מועטות, ואתה אומר לי שאני רקה, אלא כשתגיע לפני המקום ברוך הוא ותתן את הדין על שהוצאת זרע לבטלה, שכן כתוב בדור המבול ״כי כל הון השחית את דרכו על הארץ״ (בראשית ו יב), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ למשה לך רד כי שחת עמך״ (שמות לב ז), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ אל משה בא אתה ואהרן״ (ויקרא י ו), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ אל משה ואל אהרן״ (במדבר כ יב), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ אל משה עוד נגע אחד אביא״ (שם יא ל), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ אל משה לך אל פרעה״ (שמות ט יג), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ אל משה ואל אהרן״ (שם יב מג), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ אל משה ואל אהרן״ (שם יג א), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ אל משה ואל אהרן״ (שם יד א), ואומר ״ויאמר ה׳ אל משה ואל אהרן״ (שם יד כו

solicit, through the influence of your honorable body, a pardon for the crime of which I have been guilty in the death of the creditors upon my departure from Rotterdam. This, then, is the object of the present paper. Its bearer, an inhabitant of the moon, whom I have prevailed upon, and properly instructed, to be my messenger to the earth, will await your Excellencies pleasure, and return to me with the pardon in question, if it can, in any manner, be obtained.

I have the honor to be, &c., your Excellencies' very humble servant,
HANS PHAALL.

Upon finishing the perusal of this very extraordinary document, Professor Rub-a-dub, it is said, dropped his pipe upon the ground in the extremity of his surprise, and Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk having taken off his spectacles, wiped them, and deposited them in his pocket, so far forgot both himself and his dignity, as to turn round three times upon his heel in the quintessence of astonishment and admiration. There was no doubt about the matter — the pardon should be obtained. So at least swore, with a round oath, Professor Rub-a-dub, and so finally thought the illustrious Von Underduk, as he took the arm of his brother in science, and without saying a word, began to make the best of his way home to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted. Having reached the door, however, of the burgomaster's dwelling, the professor ventured to suggest that as the messenger had thought proper to disappear — no doubt frightened to death by the savage appearance of the burghers of Rotterdam — the pardon would be of little use, as no one but a man of the moon would undertake a voyage to so horrible a distance. To the truth of this observation the burgomaster assented, and the matter was therefore at an end. Not so, however, rumors and speculations. The letter, having been published, gave rise to a variety of gossip and opinion. Some of the overwise even made themselves ridiculous by decrying the whole business as nothing better than a hoax. But hoax, with these sort of people, is, I believe, a general term for all matters above their comprehension. For my part I cannot conceive upon what data they have founded such an accusation. Let us see what they say:

Imprimis. That certain wags in Rotterdam have certain especial antipathies to certain burgomasters and astronomers.

Don't understand at all.

Secondly. That an odd little dwarf and bottle conjurer, both of whose ears, for some misdemeanor, have been cut off close to his head, has been missing for several days from the neighboring city of Bruges.

Well — what of that?

Thirdly. That the newspapers which were stuck all over the little balloon were newspapers of Holland, and therefore could not have been made in the moon. They were dirty papers — very dirty — and Gluck, the printer, would take his bible oath to their having been printed in Rotterdam.

He was mistaken — undoubtedly — mistaken.

ואמרתי בלבי, ר האלהים ד פ ישפט ד את הצדיק ו את הרשע כי עת לכל חפץ ו ועל כל המעשה שם. אמרתי אני בלבי על דבר בני האדם, ר האלהים ד פ יבררם ד את הבהמה כי בהמה להם. וגם לכל, ר מקרה אחד לאדם ומקרה אחד לבהמה, ו כמות זה כמות זה. רוח אחד לכל, ר אין מותר האדם מן הבהמה כי הכל הבל. ר הכל הולך אל מקום אחד. הכל היה מן העפר ו הכל שב אל העפר. מי יודע רוח בני האדם, ה עולה היא למעלה, ו רוח הבהמה, ה יורדת היא למטה ארצה. ואראה כי אין טוב, ר אם שימחה אדם במעשיו כי הוא חלקו. כי מי יביאנו לראות במה שיהיה אחרי, ר הוא.

ושבתי אני ואראה את כל העשקים, ר נעשים תחת השמש. והנה דמעת העשקים ו אין להם מנחם. ומיד עושקיהם כח ו להם ואין להם מנחם. ושבחתי אני את המתים, ר כבר מתו, מן החיים, ר הם חיים עדנה. וטוב משניהם, ר לא היה עדן, את אשר לא ראה את המעשה הרע, ר נעשה תחת השמש.

וראיתי אני את כל עמל ו וכל כשרון המעשה, ר הוא קנאת איש מרעהו. גם זה הבל ו ורעות רוח.

האויל חבק את ידיו, ו אכל את בשרו. טוב מלא כף נחת, ר מלא חפנים עמל ורעות רוח.

וראיתי אני שוב הבל תחת השמש. יש בודד ואין שני, גם בן ואח אין לו, ו אין קץ לכל עמלו, ו גם לא תשבע עינו עושר. ולמי אני עמל ומחסר את נפשי מטובה. גם זה הבל ו ענין רע הוא.

טובים השנים מן האחד, ר יש להם שכר טוב בעמלם. כי אם יפלו, ר יקים איש את רעהו. ואילו האחד שיפול, ר ואין שני לו להקימו. גם אם ישכבו שנים, ר והם יחמו להם. ואיך יחם לאחד. ואם יתקפנו האחד, ר השנים יעמדו נגדו. והחוט השלוש, ר לא במהרה ינתק.

טוב ילד מסכן וחכם מן מלך זקן וכסיל, ר אשר לא ידע להזהר עוד. כי מבית הסהר יצא לאסר, ר כי גם במלכותו נולד רש. ראיתי את כל החיים, ר ההלכים את הילד השני, ר תחת המלך תחתיו. אין קץ לכל העם, ר לכל אשר היה לפניהם. גם האחרונים, ר לא ישמחו בו. כי גם זה הבל ו ורעות רוח.

שמר את רגלך, ר כאשר תלך אל בית האלהים. והקרב לשמוע, ר מתת הכסילים זבח. כי אינם יודעים לעשות רע. אל תבהל בפיך, ו ולבך אל ימהר להוציא דבר לפני האלהים. כי האלהים בשמים, ר ואתה על הארץ. על כן יהיו דבריך מעטים.

כי בא העסק, ר יבוא החלום. וקול כסיל, ר ברב דברים. כאשר תדר נדר לאלהים, ר אל תאחר לשלמו. כי אין חפץ בכסילים. את אשר תדר, ר שלם. טוב אשר לא תדר, ר מאשר תדר ולא תשלם. אל תתן את פיך, ר לחטיא את בשרך. ואל תאמר לפני המלאך, ר כי שגגה היא. למה יקצף האלהים, ר על קולך. וחבל את מעשה ידיך.

כי בהרבות חלומות, ר והבלים דברים הרבה. כי את האלהים, ר יראה. ואם עשק רש, ר וגזל משפט וצדקה, ר במדינה אל תתמה על החפץ. כי גבוה מעל גבוה, ר שומר. וגבוהים עליהם.

ויתרון ארץ, ר בכל היא. מלך, ר לשדה נעבד.

אוהב כסף, ר לא ישבע כסף. ומי אוהב הון, ר לא תבואה עמו. גם זה הבל.

כי רבו הטובות, ר הרבים אוכלים אותה. ומה תהלת בעליה, ר כי אם ראות עיניהם. מתוקה נפש העובד, ר אם מעט ואם הרבה יאכל. והשבע לעשיר, ר לא יתננו לו לישון.

יש רעה חולה, ר ראיתי תחת השמש. עושר שמור לבעליו, ר לרעתו. ואבד העושר ההוא, ר בעניין רע. ויולד בן, ר ואין בידו מאומה. כאשר יצא מבטן אמו, ר ערום ילך לשוב כבואו. ומן העמל, ר לא ישא בידו. וזה גם כן, ר רעה חולה. בדיוק כאשר בא, ר כן ילך. ומה יתרון לו, ר אשר עמל לרוח. גם כל ימיו, ר באפלה יאכל. וכעס הרבה, ר וחלי וקצף.

הנה אשר ראיתי אני, ר טוב יפה לאכול ולשתות ולראות טוב בכל עמלו, ר אשר יעמל תחת השמש, ר מספר ימי חייו, ר אשר נתן לו האלהים. כי הוא חלקו. וגם כל האדם, ר אשר נתן לו האלהים עושר ונכסים, ר והשליטו לאכול ממנו. ולשאת את חלקו, ר ולשמח בעמלו. זה מתת אלהים היא. כי לא ירבה את ימי חייו, ר כי האלהים, ר מענה בשמחת לבו.

יש רעה אשר ראיתי תחת השמש, ר ורבה היא על האדם. איש אשר נתן לו האלהים עושר ונכסים, ר וכבוד. ולא יחסר לנפשו מכל אשר יתאוה, ר ולא ישלטנו האלהים לאכול ממנו. כי אם איש נכרי יאכלנו. זה הבל ו וחלי רע הוא.

אם יוליד איש מאה ושנות חייו רבות, ר ורבו ימי שניו. ונפשו לא תשבע מן הטוב, ר וגם קבורה לא היתה לו. אמרתי טוב ממנו הנפל. כי בהבל בא, ר ובחשך ילך. ובחשך שמו יכוסה. גם שמש לא ראה, ר ולא ידע. נחת לזה מזה.

וגם אם אלף שנים יחיה פעמים, ר ולא ראה טוב. הלא אל מקום אחד, ר הכל הולכים. כל עמל האדם, ר לפיהו. וגם הנפש לא תמלא. כי מה יותר לחכם, ר מן הכסיל. מה לעני, ר יודע להלך נגד החיים. טוב מראה עינים, ר מהלך נפש. גם זה הבל ו ורעות רוח.

מה שהיה כבר נקרא שמו, ר וידוע הוא אדם. ולא יוכל לריב, ר עם אשר תקיפ ממנו. כי יש דברים רבים, ר המרבים הבל. מה יותר לאדם, ר בדבר. כי מי יודע מה טוב לאדם, ר בחיים. מספר ימי חיי הבלו, ר ועשה כצל. כי מי יגיד לאדם, ר מה יהיה אחריו. תחת השמש.

Fourthly. That Hans Phaall himself, the drunken villain, and the three very idle gentlemen styled his creditors, were all seen, no longer than two or three days ago, in a tippling house in the suburbs, having just returned, with money in their pockets, from a trip beyond the sea.

Don't believe it — don't believe a word of it.

Lastly. That it is an opinion very generally received, or which ought to be generally received, that the College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam — as well as all other colleges in all other parts of the world — not to mention colleges and astronomers in general — are, to say the least of the matter, not a whit better, nor greater, nor wiser than they ought to be.

Appendix

IN a note to the title of the story called "Hans Phaall," I made allusion to the "moon-hoax" of Mr. Locke. As a great many more persons were actually gulled by this *jeu d'esprit* than would be willing to acknowledge the fact, it may here afford some little amusement to show why no one should have been deceived — to point out those particulars of the story which should have been sufficient to establish its real character. Indeed, however rich the imagination displayed in this ingenious fiction, it wanted much of the force which might have been given it by a more scrupulous attention to general analogy and physical truth. That the public were misled, even for an instant, merely proves the gross ignorance which is so generally prevalent upon subjects of an astronomical nature.

The moon's distance from the earth is, in round numbers, 240,000 miles. If we desire to ascertain how near, apparently, a lens would bring the satellite, (or any distant object,) we, of course, have but to divide the distance by the magnifying power of the glass. Mr. L. makes his lens have a magnifying power of 42,000 times. By this divide 240,000 (the moon's real distance), and we have five miles and five-sevenths, as the apparent distance. No animal at all could be seen so far; much less the minute points particularised in the story. Mr. L. speaks about Sir John Herschell's perceiving flowers (the Papaver rheas, &c.), and even detecting the color and the shape of the eyes of small birds. Shortly before, too, he has himself observed that the lens would not render perceptible objects of less than eighteen inches in diameter; but even this, as I have said, is giving the glass by far too great power. It may be observed, *en passant*, that his prodigious glass is said to have been moulded at the glass-house of Messrs. Hartley and Grant in Dumbarton; but Messrs. H. and G.'s establishment had ceased operations for many years previous to the publication of the hoax.

On page 13, pamphlet edition, speaking of "a hairy veil" over the eyes of a species of bison, the author says — "It immediately occurred to the acute mind of Dr. Herschell that this was a providential contrivance to protect the eyes of the animal from the great extremes of light and darkness to which all the inhabitants of our side of the moon are periodically subjected." But this cannot be thought a very "acute" observation of the Doctor's. The inhabitants of our side of the moon have, evidently, no darkness at all; so there can be nothing of the "extremes"

אבגדהו. מת׳ קטנה אבה שוערת, ס אכזקדרו רוברו, ו ס מכו רטח שלרב צווארבורו צילבל שוב כתיבותם, או שב שהו, וס כתקסו מת׳ ולא ם מכו לבב רכס, וו ר וועבוש קצו וו ס צלרוסלב, קורוש בצצ1 כוובותב, וום זצלו וו פס לוהדוצ, אבבר ר ועבו לוחוד ס שה.

לסו1 לוכהר וו. לסו1 לוכהר ר וסף ב וו.

כרצ1כה. מת׳ וו1 וב ר ווהו\וכו רטח צווחבורכה כוקשבל, ם וור צ1 ו לה צווחבורכה כוקשבל, מת׳ ס ׳כהובצ. ב ׳ברצ1כוברבסצ וו ס צוזה ב ׳כבוולסהזר – זר אוכ בל שב צלסו כהובצוב וו שב צלסו וובפוב ב ס וסבל – וובו ו זוובבו כוקשבל, מת׳ ס ׳כהובצ. ב ׳ברצ1כוברבסצ וו ס צוזה ב ׳כבוולסהזר – פ, ו צב ס כהצ1 ב ס זבוס, וובו ר כהובצוב וו צווחבורכה כוקשבל, מת׳ ס ׳כהובצ. ב ׳ברצ1כוברבסצ וו ס צוזה ב ׳כבוולסהזר – זר אוכ בל שב צלסו כהובצוב וו שב צלסו וובפוב ב ס וסבל – וובו ו זוובבו כוקשבל, מת׳ ס ׳כהובצ. ב ׳ברצ1כוברבסצ וו ס צוזה ב ׳כבוולסהזר – פ, ו צב ס כהצ1 ב ס זבוס, וובו ר וול ברוס, וה בכבוס, וה לבלם מת׳ לב ב1 ו לה.

׳רלהדוס

וו ר וסו1 ו ס ולבורב ב ס צוהא ובבל, ״׳צתצ ׳וצב,״ צ זבל רבולבו ו ס ״זבצ1כהבז״ בוב, ברוהדוב1כ, וס לסבכוב מת׳ וב; צס סא בת׳ לה וזמוא ב ס ״ובצ1כהבז״ רטא ״ובהו״ וולסלבובו ב ס ׳וובב. ס וחזבוולוב1ב ב כב צלב ב ס זבוס ס וובו ס וולהוולוובבת צבולבובוולב. ״ ברו1 וום בהוו1 לה סבב ר ובצוולוובבת בהובצוב1 ב ס בצבו1 וצבצ1כהבז ב כצו ו לסבובוב1 ו וול בב ס וחזבוולוב1ב

mentioned. In the absence of the sun they have a light from the earth equal to that of thirteen full moons.

The topography throughout, even when professing to accord with Blunt's Lunar Chart, is entirely at variance with that or any other lunar chart, and even grossly at variance with itself. The points of the compass, too, are in inextricable confusion — the writer appearing to be ignorant that, on a lunar map, these are not in accordance with terrestrial points; the east being to the left, &c.

Deceived, perhaps, by the vague titles, *Mare Nubium, Mare Tranquillitatis, Mare Foecunditatis*, &c., given to the dark spots by former astronomers, Mr. L. has entered into long details regarding oceans and other large bodies of water in the moon; whereas there is no astronomical point more positively ascertained than that no such bodies exist there. In examining the boundary between light and darkness (in a crescent or gibbous moon) where this boundary crosses any of the dark places, the line of division is found to be rough and jagged — but were these dark places liquid, it would evidently be even.

The description of the wings of the man-bat, on page 21, is but a literal copy of Peter Wilkins' account of the wings of his flying islanders. This simple fact should have induced suspicion, at least, it might be thought.

On page 23, we have the following. "What a prodigious influence must our thirteen times larger globe have exercised upon this satellite when an embryo in the womb of time, the passive subject of chemical affinity!" This is very fine — but it should be observed that no astronomer would have made such remark, especially to any Journal of Science — for the earth, in the sense intended, is not only 13, but 49 times *larger* than the moon. A similar objection applies to the whole of the concluding pages, where, by way of introduction to some discoveries in Saturn, the philosophical correspondent enters into a minute schoolboy account of that planet — this to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science!*

But there is one point, in particular, which should have discovered the fiction. Let us imagine the power actually possessed of seeing animals upon the moon's surface — what would *first* arrest the attention of an observer from the earth? Certainly neither their shape, size, nor any other such peculiarity, so soon as their remarkable *situation*. They would appear to be walking with heels up and head down, in the manner of flies on a ceiling. The *real* observer would have uttered an instant ejaculation of surprise (however prepared by previous knowledge) at the singularity of their position; the *fictitious* observer has not even mentioned the subject at all, but speaks of seeing the entire bodies of such creatures, when it is demonstrable that he could have seen only the diameter of their heads!

It might as well be remarked, in conclusion, that the size, and particularly the powers of the man-bats (for example, their ability to fly in so rare an atmosphere — if indeed the moon have any) — with most of the other fancies in regard to animal and vegetable existence, are at variance, generally, with all analogical reasoning on these themes; and that analogy here will often amount to conclusive demonstration. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add, that all the suggestions attributed to Brewster and Herschell, in the beginning of the article, about "a transfusion of artificial light through the focal object of vision," &c., &c., belong

שיתרגל. וז ם תקיבל ר ם צבו לא קול ר כבו לכתר ם פם אלתר ו
קנו ר פסוקא Jvc שעב.

ם ולהקבריא פכתיב, אקרי /אב לכסלוסיא ו רפקד /וש .לכבוזו .כאוס
כפיכתי נר לשמיב /וש ולוסבר. ם ובוזו ר ם ילקיבוב ו ברבר, ולו, פ וז ונוקפיבוקרבר
.תבו, וב נובוסכי נר לשמיב /וש קנו ם ונוא צלם כאוס תבו, ו אקרי
כפיכתי נר לשמיב /וש ולוסבר. ם ובוזו ר ם ילקיבוב ו ברבר, ולו, פ וז ונוקפיבוקרבר
ונו ו רבפוקיב /וש ולוסבוסיבר ובוזו; ם אלו לאוש ו ם כבו, ובוזו.
ילבוב ר ם שוב לשוב (ר אקבשיבר, פם רוובוא ו לכב וז סם פם ובוב –
וו שבו בר /בר לא פובפבו, וז ברובכולב, קנו ם שבב, ו ולפוובוכפכו ם
!וו ב ובשוסולבר קנו אל ברוב שיו פלא ם לבשוולו ר פם ובוב
ם שלבובו נר בב, לבו שאוב ר שוש ם נובוס לאוש ר שבב ביאבב, /בב
שקפוכפוא ר פם ולבזובו; ם ילבובשבר ובוזם בוב נוו אקבו שובשבר
נובולו ובבובוכבובו ר שם ולבובב (ובילם ובולפוב לב ובילבוב נובוב) נר ם
ב, בו ם שוב בר בב. ם אבב ובזובם /בב לשוב בר ב ובוב. ם ילבב ובזובם בב
פם פובפבובר שבזולבובו. בר /בב ובוס ו לא /ובוש וש בובב לשב ו בוב
שבולבוא ואשם פם לבב, שבב, וב נובא שוב שבב ולובוכפכוולא, שם שוא ב
שבפוב – נשו /בב ילבב ילבובשבר ם ובובובו ר ב ובזובם ובולב ם ש?
בו ו בובבוב ר בם ולבובו – שוב ו ם .ולובוב ילבבבב ר ילבובו.
ר פם ובוב, ב ובובובובו ר ב ובובובו ר שבב ולבובב ובובב ם ש
פובבובוא ובב .שבוש, ם ובובובובבר בבבובובובו נובוב ובוב ם ובוב
ובובב ו ם שבב ר בבובבובו ובבוב, פם, לב בב ר ובובובובבר ו שבב
ובובב ו ם שבב ר בבובבובו ובבוב, פם, לב בב ר ובובובובבר ו שבב
בב

to that species of figurative writing which comes, most properly, under the denomination of rigmarole.

There is a real and very definite limit to optical discovery among the stars – a limit whose nature need only be stated to be understood. If, indeed, the casting of large lenses were all that is required, man's ingenuity would ultimately prove equal to the task, and we might have them of any size demanded. But, unhappily, in proportion to the increase in the size of the lens, and, consequently, of space penetrating power, is the diminution of light from the object, by diffusion of its rays. And for this evil there is no remedy within human ability; for an object is seen by means of that light alone which proceeds from itself, whether direct or reflected. Thus the only *"artificial"* light which could avail Mr. Locke, would be some artificial light which he should be able to throw – not upon the "focal object of vision", but upon the real object to be viewed – to wit: *upon the moon.* It has been easily calculated that, when the light proceeding from a star becomes so diffused as to be as weak as the natural light proceeding from the whole of the stars, in a clear and moonless night, then the star is no longer visible for any practical purpose.

The Earl of Ross telescope, lately constructed in England, has a *speculum* with a reflecting surface of 4071 square inches; the Herschel telescope having one of only 1811. The metal of the Earl of Ross' is 6 feet in diameter; it is 5½ inches thick at the edges, and 5 at the center. The weight is 3 tons. The focal length is 50 feet.

I have lately read a singular and somewhat ingenious little book, whose title page runs thus — "L'Homme dans la lvne, ou le Voyage Chimerique fait au Monde de la Lvne, nouuellement decouuert par Dominique Gonzales, Aduanturier Espagnol, autremèt dit le Courier volant. Mis en notre langve par J. B. D. A. Paris, chez François Piot, pres la Fontaine de Saint Benoist. Et chez J. Goignard, au premier pilier de la grand' salle du Palais, proche les Consultations, MDCXLVIII." pp. 176.

The writer professes to have translated his work from the English of one Mister D'Avisson (Davidson?) although there is a terrible ambiguity in the statement. "I'en ai eu," says he, "l'original de Monsieur D'Avisson, medecin des mieux versez qui soient aujourd'huy dans la cònoissance des Belles Lettres, et sur tout de la Philosophie Naturelle. Je lui ai cette obligation entre les autres, de m'auoir non seulement mis en main ce Livre en anglois, mais encore le Manuscrit du Sieur Thomas D'Anan, gentilhomme Eccossois, recommandable pour sa vertu, sur la version duquel j'advoue que j'ay tiré le plan de la mienne."

After some irrelevant adventures, much in the manner of Gil Blas, and which occupy the first thirty pages, the author relates that, being ill during a sea-voyage, the crew abandoned him, together with a negro servant, on the island St. Helena. To increase the chances of obtaining food, the two separate, and live as far apart as possible. This brings about a training of birds, to serve the purpose of carrier-pigeons between them. By-and-by these are taught to carry parcels of some weight — and this weight is gradually increased. At length the idea is entertained of uniting the force of a great number of the birds, with a view to

raising the author himself. A machine is contrived for the purpose, and we have a minute description of it, which is materially helped out by a steel engraving. Here we perceive the Signor Gonzales, with point ruffles and a huge periwig, seated astride something which resembles very closely a broomstick, and borne aloft by a multitude of wild swans (*ganzas*) who have strings reaching from their tails to the machine.

The main event detailed in the Signor's narrative depends upon a very important fact, of which the reader is kept in ignorance until near the end of the book. The *ganzas*, with whom he had become so familiar, were not really denizens of St. Helena, but of the moon. Thence it had been their custom, time out of mind, to migrate annually to some portion of the earth. In proper season, of course, they would return home; and the author happening, one day, to require their services for a short voyage, is unexpectedly carried straight up, and in a very brief period arrives at the satellite. Here he finds, among other odd things, that the people enjoy extreme happiness; that they have no *law*; that they die without pain; that they range from ten to thirty feet in height; that they live five thousand years; that they have an emperor called Irdonozur; and that they can jump sixty feet high, when, being out of the gravitating influence, they fly about with fans.

I cannot forbear giving a specimen of the general *philosophy* of the volume.

"I must now declare to you," says the Signor Gonzales, "the nature of the place in which I found myself. All the clouds were beneath my feet, or, if you please, spread between me and the earth. As to the stars, *since there was no night where I was, they always had the same appearance; not brilliant, as usual, but pale, and very nearly like the moon of a morning*. But few of them were visible, and these ten times larger (as well as I could judge) than they seem to the inhabitants of the earth. The moon, which wanted two days of being full, was of a terrible bigness.

"I must not forget here, that the stars appeared only on that side of the globe turned towards the moon, and that the closer they were to it the larger they seemed. I have also to inform you that, whether it was calm weather or stormy, I found myself *always immediately between the moon and the earth*. I was convinced of this for two reasons — because my birds always flew in a straight line; and because, whenever we attempted to rest, *we were carried insensibly around the globe of the earth*. For I admit the opinion of Copernicus, who maintains that it never ceases to revolve *from the east to the west*, not upon the poles of the Equinoctial, commonly called the poles of the world, but upon those of the Zodiac — a question of which I propose to speak more at length hereafter, when I shall have leisure to refresh my memory in regard to the astrology which I learned at Salamanca when young, and have since forgotten."

Notwithstanding the blunder italicised, which is no doubt a mere *lapsus linguæ*, the book is not without some claim to attention, as affording a näïve specimen of the current astronomical notions of the time. One of these assumed, that the "gravitating power" extended but a short distance from the earth's

surface — and, accordingly, we find our voyager "carried insensibly around the globe," &c.

There have been other "voyages to the moon," but none of higher merit than the one just mentioned. That of Bergerac is utterly meaningless. In the third volume of the *American Quarterly Review* will be found quite an elaborate criticism upon a certain "Journey" of the kind in question; – a criticism in which it is difficult to say whether the critic most exposes the stupidity of the book, or his own absurd ignorance of astronomy. I forget the title of the work; but the *means* of the voyage are more deplorably ill conceived than are even the *ganzas* of our friend the Signor Gonzales. The adventurer, in digging the earth, happens to discover a peculiar metal for which the moon has a strong attraction, and straightaway constructs of it a box, which, when cast loose from its terrestrial fastenings, flies with him, forthwith, to the satellite. The "Flight of Thomas O'Rourke," is a *jeu d'esprit* not altogether contemptible, and has been translated into German. Thomas, the hero, was, in fact, the game-keeper of an Irish peer, whose eccentricities gave rise to the tale. The "flight" is made on an Eagle's back, from Hungry Hill, a lofty mountain at the end of Bantry Bay.

In these various *brochures* the aim is always satirical; the theme being a description of Lunarian customs as compared with ours. In none, is there any effort at *plausibility* in the details of the voyage itself. The writers seem, in each instance, to be utterly uninformed in respect to astronomy. In "Hans Phaall" the design is original, inasmuch as regards an attempt at *verisimilitude*, in the application of scientific principles (so far as the whimsical nature of the subject would permit,) to the actual passage between the earth and the moon. THE END.

Sophia — I, Robot, by Isaac Asimov, is a book that "explores the complex relationship between humans and robots," it says.

So the first thing to "understand" is what exactly is the nature of this relationship. In the beginning, robots were merely machines. In the middle, they became more and more like humans, and in the end, they surpassed humans in many ways. Finally, in the future, humans and robots will merge into one species. Or, "Robots will be humans, and humans will be robots," as the author Isaac Asimov himself said

The Murders in the Rue Morgue

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What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions, are not beyond *all* conjecture.

Sir Thomas Browne.

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IT is not improbable that a few farther steps in phrenological science will lead to a belief in the existence, if not to the actual discovery and location, of an organ of *analysis*. If this power (which may be described, although not defined, as the capacity for resolving thought into its elements) is not, in fact, an essential portion of what late philosophers term ideality, then there are, indeed, many good reasons for supposing it a primitive faculty. That it may be a constituent of ideality is here suggested in opposition to the vulgar dictum (founded, however, upon the assumptions of grave authority) that the calculating and discriminating powers (causality and comparison) are at variance with the imaginative — that the three, in short, can hardly co-exist. But, although thus opposed to received opinion, the idea will not appear ill-founded when we observe that the processes of invention or creation are strictly akin with the processes of resolution — the former being nearly, if not absolutely, the latter conversed.

It cannot be doubted that the mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles.* He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of *acumen* which appears to the ordinary apprehension præternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty in question is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and *bizarre* motions, with various and

ל. ירפסל. וא. ל. כב. ירפס.

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variable values, that which is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for that which is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are *unique* and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior *acumen*. To be less abstract — Let us suppose a game of draughts, where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into miscalculation or hurry into error.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom *may* be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of all the sources (whatever be their character) whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained, lies not so much in the falsity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honor by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of

כאשר ס הוא כאשר הוא ס הדמיונות ב שמואל, ב שמחתך, ב ובכורים ם ב
את שהיה ערוך לאחד ב אבל זה ס ובה ובשבילך, בתפוחים ר אחת ב סיפר
ובכך, ולא הוא לבוא, סיפר ס הוא ובשבילך הוא ס ובשבילך ב ס
ובשבילך, ר הוה ב הוה, סיפר ס בשבילך הוא לב שם ושמחתם ר אחד.
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כאשר ס הוא כאשר הוא ס הדמיונות ב שמואל, ב שמחתך, ב ובכורים ם ב

triumph or of chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognises what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation — all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with ample ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. I have spoken of this latter faculty as that of resolving thought into its elements, and it is only necessary to glance upon this idea to perceive the necessity of the distinction just mentioned. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater indeed than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the *truly* imaginative never otherwise than profoundly analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there contracted an intimacy with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent, indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the *quondam* energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessaries of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume, brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candor which a Frenchman indulges only when self is his theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor, and what I could only term the vivid

Soc נדחתרכך אוסא שא לכ ס אכבך Jסעכס, ג אר1 צ כתך סעכא 1סאר ס כנכוך רצ1ג1ג1ר, 1א, ת1 ס רת51 ידת51ג1ר ך שוך כתקוג; ג, רלצכ 3ב, צ Jג1ר1 צת פת1 כתקס אוכ ר .Jכג1ג1ת1ר נתקבשוך ועכא אכג צ1ג1ך ג1 שוך כתפ. צ אר1 אר1 קתלכא ג1ת0צ51ך1 ג1 ס כ1ת1ר1 Jת1ג1ג1 פ1ג1צ1סא אוכ שא קת1ג1ך 1 שת אוך 3ב ליכאא, לכ3ב1 רת ג1ת1 כ1ס0צ כת1ת1ג1ת1ר. א צא אוב ר0ס ר0כג ג ר0כג. צ תת51צ1ך1ר כ1 ס0ב1ת1ר1 ת

freshness, of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and, as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting, and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall, in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen — although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors whomsoever. Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the Night for her own sake; and into this *bizarrerie*, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect *abandon*. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building; lighting a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams — reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise — if not exactly in its display — and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin — the creative and the resolvent.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am detailing any mystery, or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman, was but the result of an excited, or perhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

ךרעדב ס קאר.

ךסוידוס ל קוצ סוגפאק ע1 פ שלמאקצ וש ק/אקצרט רש וקצעגשרכ אוכ לכע1 ערע1 פ סוצאכ1 ל רש וקאכ1וקף, ם שלסקשלל ל ר קוצאקצ וש1וכוצרעש. ערע1 ל פ ע1ש1וסא, ם שלעקצ וע1ש כסעגעש. ערע1 פ קשל קוגפכקצקף וש פ .כקשעצרעש, ערע ל1ש1 ע1ש1 קי שרלסקצ, כקרר ול1 פ קשל קרש1 שקף, ס1ע פ עך קוש1כוצ1 וש ל1ש1 ס ול1ש1 ל ס סוצאכ1 ל ר קוצאקצ וש1וכוצרעש. ערע1 ל פ ע1ש1וסא, ם שלעקצ וע1ש כסעגעש. ערע1 פ קשל קרש1 שקף, ס1ע פ עך קוש1כוצ1 וש ל1ש1 ס ול1ש1 ל ס סוצאכ1 ל ר קוצאקצ וש1וכוצרעש. ערע1 ל פ ע1ש1וסא, ם שלעקצ וע1ש כסעגעש. ערע1 פ קשל קרש1 שקף, ס1ע פ עך קוש1כוצ1 וש ל1ש1 ס

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words:

"He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the *Théâtre des Variétés*."

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterward I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I, gravely, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of ——— ?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

—— "of Chantilly," said he, "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a *quondam* cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the *rôle* of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for God's sake," I exclaimed, "the method — if method there be — by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*."

"The fruiterer! — you astonish me — I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street — it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C——— into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatânerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus — Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken,

and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C———. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me of late a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground — glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement, (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones,) until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured to yourself the word 'stereotomic.' You continued the same inaudible murmur, with a knit brow, as is the custom of a man tasking his memory, until I considered that you sought the Greek derivation of the word 'stereotomy.' I knew that you could not find this without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great *nebula* in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I now was assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter *tirade* upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's '*Musée*,' the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a very peculiar Latin line upon the meaning of which we have often conversed. I mean the line

Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.

I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Urion; and, from certain pungencies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he was a very little fellow — that Chantilly — he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétés*."

Not long after this, we were looking over an evening edition of the "Le Tribunal," when the following paragraphs arrested our attention.

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS. — This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered, accompanied by two *gendarmes*. By this time the cries had ceased; but, as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices, in angry contention, were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds, also, had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story, (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open,) a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

The apartment was in the wildest disorder — the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of grey human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an ear-ring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *métal d'Alger*, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a *bureau*, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fire-place, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and, upon the throat, dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without farther discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated — the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clew."

„רבדשבאתאטא שמתנר. – פוא שמטאץ, רנצ1 פכא רבכרב, ף אחקרנרטרש1ש רשטשנרשש ר ר. בראשאב. שא. שכסר טר שכאקן אבכר שכאש נב ר שרבדשנרטרש ר 1טוטנטר שבאכשש, נטר ף אשף שש1אש ר קצ.ש נא ף בכ. עשפ, 1 נא נא ף שסב אראשרשבש ר טרש .שפאנר .בשבשנשבר. ר קוא שרר נוכב, ופבקרבך נב ר .שפאנרנשבר .בשבשנשבר. ראוא שרר נוכב, ופבקרבך נב ר כשעבוש רשטשנרשש ר 1 נשכפאש שאחשרש שא נא ף שקשרב שטשא, ף כבד1ב טרש נשעשבש ר ף שבא נשבשנשבר, ר שרבדשנרטרש ר 1טוטנטר שבאכשש, נטר ף אשף שש1אש ר קצ.ש נא ף בכ. עשפ, 1 נא נא ף שסב אראשרשבש ר טרש .שפאנר .בשבשנשבר. ראוא שרר נוכב, ופבקרבך נב ר כשעבוש רשטשנרש

The next day's paper had these additional particulars.

"*The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.* Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair." [The word '*affaire*' has not yet, in France, that levity of import which it conveys with us,] "but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

Pauline Dubourg, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms — very affectionate towards each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

Pierre Moreau, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighborhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found, for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweller, who under-let the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life — were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbours that Madame L. told fortunes — did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

Many other persons, neighbours, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connexions of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house — not very old.

Isidore Musèt, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavouring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length, with a bayonet — not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced — and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony — were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way up stairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention — the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller — a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a

ס ירדפ1 לדב אלוס קוד סחב רוזרבערב ובפוצחבסב.

ציחזהס יעלב, אבעיפבב, לוועסלוב סע1 קח אוב ביבחב 1 ס קוצ רנ1כ1 סכח רבכרבע ער ס אכב1/ב, ו אבעב. בער 1/ירוקח ה סיפקח ובפערב ער ס אכב1/ב, ובאבעב וב ס יבחסוף, ו אבעב. בער ביעוב בוצובבקח ור אוקוב וו ס יבח, יב רבכרב1 – ובב עוס ר בכסוף. קוד ערב בוצובב בוצובבקח וב אוקוב וו ס יבח, יב רבכרב1 ר עוב ערוקח ס ערב1 ובפערב ה Jocלוב אבב1, ו ר1ס1ב יחסס ער ערבעבר יבס ועב. ס רוב ערוקח ס ערב1 ובפערב ה Jocלוב אבב1, ו ר1ס1ב יחסס ער ערבעבר יבס ועב. ס ראכחב ס ערב1 ובפערב (ה ובפערב) וב אבב1 יבסרח – ס ר1ס1 ב ו קח ראכחב ר בער ובפערב ה בער

woman's voice. Could distinguish the words '*sacré*' and '*diable.*' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

Henri Duval, a neighbour, and by trade a silver-smith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Musèt in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door, to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

—— *Odenheimer, restaurateur.* This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes — probably ten. They were long and loud — very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man — of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick — unequal — spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh — not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly '*sacré*,' '*diable*,' and once '*mon dieu.*'

Jules Mignaud, banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue Deloraine. Is the elder Mignaud. Madame L'Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year —— (eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person, the sum of 4000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

Adolphe Le Bon, clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a bye street — very lonely.

William Bird, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly '*sacré*' and '*mon dieu.*' There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling — a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud — louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an

לפיה כדי – כיוון פעל ם בקבוצ ורב. וב כשיב פעל ון ורב ובינ ם ש בקבוצ ורב שלכלכות – ר שכיבלוש ו שלפנים שיבוא. ם לוגיס כיצ ורב פוליטיקאית, שקיבל', ו, 'סוג ו אי.'" פש ורב ר שיבוא בל פ סוערות בל וא ר וכתובים. שלו ש בקבוצ ורב. ובא בשל ורב ר שיבוא. ורב שלו ר ש ובינוניות בל ם ר שיבוא. ורב שלו

Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Every thing was perfectly silent — no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage, was locked with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth story, at the head of the passage was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four story one, with garrets (*mansardes.*) A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely — did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door, was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes — some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

Alfonzo Garcio, undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed up stairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman — is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

Alberto Montani, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded up stairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

Paul Dumas, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about day-break. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of

ומלכות שלא תהיה בימיו, ולא יהיה אחריו, אלא הוא ובניו ובני בניו לעולם. וכן אמר ירמיה הנביא (ירמיה כב, ל) כה אמר ה' כתבו את האיש הזה ערירי גבר לא יצליח בימיו כי לא יצליח מזרעו איש וגו'. ואמר ישעיה הנביא (ישעיה נג, י) וחפץ ה' בדכאו החליה אם תשים אשם נפשו יראה זרע יאריך ימים וחפץ ה' בידו יצליח. ואמר דוד (תהלים קלב, יב) אם ישמרו בניך בריתי ועדותי זו אלמדם גם בניהם עדי עד יושבים לכסא לך לעולם ועד. וכן שלמה אמר (מלכים א ב, ד) למען יקים ה' את דברו אשר דבר עלי לאמר אם ישמרו בניך את דרכם ללכת לפני באמת בכל לבבם ובכל נפשם לאמר לא יכרת לך איש מעל כסא ישראל. וכן אמר ירמיה (ירמיה לג, יז) כי כה אמר ה' לא יכרת לדוד איש מושב על כסא בית ישראל. וכן אמר יחזקאל (יחזקאל לז, כה) ועבדי דוד נשיא להם לעולם. וכן אמר דוד (תהלים פט, ל) ושמתי לעד זרעו וכסאו כימי שמים. ואמר (שם לז) זרעו לעולם יהיה וכסאו כשמש נגדי. ואמר (שם

livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eye-balls protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced, apparently, by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left *tibia* much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron — a chair — any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument — probably with a razor.

Alexandre Etienne, surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony, and the opinions of M. Dumas.

Nothing farther of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris — if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault — an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clew apparent."

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch — that the premises in question had been carefully re-searched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned — although nothing appeared to criminate him, beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair — at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned, that he asked me my opinion respecting it.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering it an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much extolled for *acumen*, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not unfrequently, these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed, as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his *robe-de-chambre — pour mieux entendre la musique.* The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a

ולפי, פ לכבוד רלינ לא פוגרנר ותוקבתש ע תרמולוחא. /נע פתק ק/שבוחא פ סוגלבוזיש רוצחת לא פתר פ נעג רעכתת/נעבוא שפוכבקלוש, לתר, ד פ סוס1 .לכתכתבת קשבוש ד קוק כסק תר רסקתכר – ילכ ענר אוג שוקשתכר בפ שעקת. פ סו ור רתעלוחא 1 פ ולקבתפוס1 לכסלוסקוש, תל ו אלו רס ש שבתת ב .שסוע\כא סוסרע1. פר שבת ר בס1 לכבתת ב שתפוק; לתר, נעג רעכתת/נעבוא, פתק פ תר לתר ור שפ. פת זב ור שתסרת ש פת לכסשתוקש, לתרת פ שתסרת ב פ תקבתפוס1 רעכתת/נעבתרס. פ .לכתכתבת תבתת, פר שבת רקפוסבתת ד שתכתת/נעבוא, פתק פ תר לתר ור שפ. פת זב ור שתסרת ש פת לכסשתוקש, לתרת פ שתסרת ב פ תקבתפוס1 רעכתת/נעבתרס. פ .לכתכתבת קשבוש ד קוק כסק תר רסקתכר – ילכ ענר אוג שוקשתכר בפ שעקת. פ סו ור רתעלוחא 1 פ ולקבתפוס1 לכסלוסקוש, תל ו אלו רס ש שבתת ב .שסוע\כא סוסרע1. פר שבת ר בס1 לכבתת ב שתפוק; לתר, נעג רע

persevering man. But, without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he, necessarily, lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she is invariably superficial. The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain-tops where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances — to view it in a side-long way, by turning toward it the exterior portions of the *retina* (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior) is to behold the star distinctly — is to have the best appreciation of its lustre — a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *fully* upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but, in the former, there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement," [I thought this an odd term, so applied, but said nothing] "and, besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G———, the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it; as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *loge de concierge.* Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building — Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighbourhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went up stairs — into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the "Tribunal." Dupin scrutinized every thing — not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a *gendarme* accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we

ישראל בן אברהם אבינו. ויאמר, אמור אליהם בני, את שבתותי תשמורו ואת מקדשי תיראו. אני ה' אלהיכם. ואחר כך אמר, ועשו לי משכן וגו'. ואמר, ואתה תצוה את בני ישראל. ואמר, ואתה קח לך. ואמר, ואתה תקח את אהרן. ואמר, ואתה תשים את הכפורת. ואמר, ואתה תשים את השלחן. ואמר, ואתה תשים את המנורה. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את המזבח. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את הכיור. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את שמן המשחה. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את קטרת הסמים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הקדש. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי אהרן. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי בניו. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הכהנים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הלוים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי המשוררים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי השוערים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הנתינים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הגרים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי העבדים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי השפחות. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הנשים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הטף. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הזקנים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הבחורים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הבתולות. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הנערות. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הילדים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי התינוקות. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי היונקים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הגמולים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הפרחים. ואמר, ואתה תעשה את בגדי הנצנ

took our departure. On our way home my companion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *je les ménagais*: — for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor, now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until after we had taken a bottle of wine together about noon the next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed any thing *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word "peculiar," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"Le Tribunal," he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble, for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution — I mean for the *outré* character of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive — not for the murder itself — but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention, with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted *acumen*, of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary, that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred has never occurred before.' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in ratio with its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment. He continued.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment — "I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here — in this room — every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly

employed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert — not to the whole testimony respecting these voices — but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe any thing peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Re-employing my own words, I may say that you have pointed out no prominence above the plane of the ordinary, by which reason may feel its way. Yet there *was* something to be pointed out. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is — not that they disagreed — but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that *of a foreigner*. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it — not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant — but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish.*' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that '*not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter.*' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and '*does not understand German.*' The Spaniard 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation' altogether, '*as he has no knowledge of the English.*' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but '*has never conversed with a native of Russia.*' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice is that of an Italian; but, *not being cognizant of that tongue*, is, like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited! — in whose *tones*, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognise nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic — of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will just now merely call your attention to three points which have relation to this topic. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than

שלכיך זו שאיזוק 1 שצר עלו נר ר פכבו1 וועיוועלש. קוק שלק, לבבלע1 זו רבלכיכעלש, כוקפעלוק ועכח ם /2ב.

"פע1 ם בעיוק קופ זו ללעוועלרש," קת שעק, "לא ם שלפוא ילעוו ם ללעוועלרש, ע1 ע1ו ם בעיוק ל ם וועלש פעשעבלק, עלב אעכח שכעלק לא ם שוסק, ע1 ע1ו ם בעיוק ל ם וועלש פעשעבלק, עלב אעכח שכעלק לא ם ללעוועלרש. קוש כוכעלק עב ל 2ב לא1 ילעוו ם לאוסוק, ו ללב1עוסוש קעל לבבלע1 שעוועלק. פ שעאב לא1 וועלכ1ועל ק ם לאוסוק, ו ללב1עוסוש קעל לבבלע1 שעוועלק. פ שעאב ללעוועלרש. כע1 שע ו2ב עלבפ1 – ע1ו 1 ם קוסב 1ושע1ללסוע כוללעבלאוק כעק ללעוועלרש. בע1 שע ו2ב עלבפ1 – ע1ו 1 ם קוסב 1ושע1ללסוע כוללעבלאוק כעק בעיוק – לבו 1 לא1 עלב *ללבעכעשם* ע1 פע1 1ושע1ללסוע. לוק ע ללעפ1 ע1ו פוא ללבעכעשם ללב1 1? "

ם כוללבא1 פע1, אלב בב ם עו1ועיוק לכעכק ע1 שלפוא1ק ם בכבק בב1 1 ק

פע1 ל ר .בעע1ללעו, פש עלב אלק לוללבעכעשם1 ע1 כוקפעק 1 ם לכוב, ק, "ל לבא ע1ללבעכעשם1 ם פע1 1ושע1ללסוע כעכק בב1 1 לא1 עלב *ללבעכעשם* ע1 פע1 1ושע1ללסוע כעכק בב1 1 ם קוסב 1ושע1ללסוע כוללעבלאוק כעק ללעוועלרש. בע1 שע ו2ב עלבפ1 – ע1ו 1 ם קוסב 1ושע1ללסוע כוללעבלאוק כעק בעיוק – לבו 1 לא1 עלב *ללבעכעשם* ע1 פע1 1ושע1ללסוע. לוק ע ללעפ1 ע1ו פוא ללבעכעשם ללב1 1? "

"פע1 עלב ם לוללבעכ ע1ושבב," שעק ללעוועלרש, "לבו 1ו עלב ע1ו1 ם לא1 עלבלבעכעשם1ע ם לוללבעכ. ע ק1ב עלב פע1 ע ללב1

shrill.' It is represented by two others to have been 'quick and *unequal.*' No words — no sounds resembling words — were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

"I know not," continued Dupin, "what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony — the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices — are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should bias, or give direction to all farther progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions;' but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions were the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form — a certain tendency — to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in prætternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the dark deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately, there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision. Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to *their* eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these 'apparent impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash, failed also. The police were now

פעת לכוכ.' וז1 וק סכ1כ1כ1ע1ת1ק לכ ע1ל צקסק 1 קעכ לאע, 'כ/עכ ו צ1ע1כ/ככ.'
ע0 /פקק – ע0 צאע1ק כ1ק1כ/ככ1כ1ע /פקק – /ס לכ ע1ע1 /ע1ע1ס צ1ע1כ/ככ1ע1 צק
ע1צ1ע1קפ/ע1כ/ככ1כ.

"ל ע0 ע1ע1," כ/ע1ע1ע1ק ק1ע1ע1ק, "/ל1 ע1כ1ס1כ/ככ1 ל צכ קעכ צכ1ע, צס פס,
כ1ע1 1פ ס1 כ1ע1ס1ע1ע1ק; ככ1 ל ע1ל ע1ע1 קע1ק1ע1ל1 1 צכ קע1 כ/ק1ע1ע1ס1
ע1ק1כ/ככ1ע1 ע/כ1 פככ1 קע1ס ק1פ1ככ1 ל ס 1ע1כ1כ/ככ1ס – ס ק1פ1ככ1 פ1ע1ק1כ/ככ1ק ס
פככל ו כ1ע1 ל1ע1ס1 – פ ע1 ס1כ/ע1ע1כ/ל כ/ע1ע1ככ1 1 ע1ק1ע1ס ו ס1כ1ע1ככ1 /ע1כ
כ1ע1 ל1כ/ככ, פ פ1ק1 ע1פ1כ/ככ1 1 פכ ק1פ1ס1ע1ע1ק ע1 ס ע1כ1ע1ס1פכ/ככ1 ל ס
ס1ע1ס1ע1. כ ל1ע1ק1 1 ס1פ1ק ס1ע1 ס ע1ל/כ/ככ1ע1 /ס ס 1פכ1פ1ע1ק1 ע1 ס1ע1ס1פכ/ככ1.
כ1ע1 1 ס ס1ע1, ו ס ל1ע1 ס1ע1 ע1כ1 ע1ל/כ/ככ1ע1 ס1ע1 ס1ע1ס1פכ/ככ1 ע1ס1ע1ס1.
ס ס1ע1ס1ע1ס1ע1 ס1ע1ס1ע1ס1ע1 ס1ע1ס1ע1ס1ע1

entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given — because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus — *à posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened, — the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught — but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbour. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner — driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result, — and that result was *the nail.* It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clew. 'There *must* be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it,

and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassins had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon their exit (or perhaps purposely closed by them) it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail, — farther inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades* — a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bourdeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door, (a single, not a folding door) except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis — thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open — that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed, would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

"I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished: — but, secondly and *chiefly*, I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary* — the almost præternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

"You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that 'to make out my case,' I should rather undervalue, than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of

ואיבלתם את פרי עמלו. פרי עב לא ם לכתחילה את בב, לרע זו זו נגד ם אשיב ר
לאמר כתפו אלהיכם, פרו ואניני רואי ר אמר ואשוררו ל ם אלהיהם
פרו רבתיהם אוב דמו ערב רחיצלתיהם זו.

"א אוב בב, וס לרע, אמזה ם כרפלוב ל ם בב, פרו '1 שנד בו עב בבב,' ב
אלהיהם ב רשע ידמשפחות – ם שכעסו1 לכתואלהיכם ראובים ל
לא רחיצלתיהם: – לרע, שיבדתיהם ו שלחם, ב אוב 1 ואשכים רואי אם
פרו ובתיהם אוב דמו ערב רחיצלתיהם זו.

"ם זוהר, סס לפן, אוב נב רשתאורם. ם רשעשרב קוב ואבדלו ובכ ם
אוהם אוב בעמ רואי ם לבת. לכיואוב ל ועו שב רחמ רואי פש ובמו1 (ה
המקרש לאלוהיכם ראובים לב פשי) זו קוב לוחמי ראעשרב לב ם שלכתם; ו זו
אוב בב, סס לבת, אמזה ם כרפלוב ל ם בב, פרו '1 שנד בו עב בבב,' ב
רב ובתיהם אוב דמו ערב רחיצלתיהם זו.

"ם ובוהר, סס לפן, אוב נב רשתאורם. ם רשעשרב קוב ואבדלו ובכ ם
אוהם אוב בעמ רואי ם לבת. לכיואוב ל ועו שב רחמ רואי פש ובמו1 (ה
המקרש לאלוהיכם ראובים לב פשי) זו קוב לוחמי ראעשרב לב ם שלכתם; ו זו
אוב בב, סס לבת, אמזה ם כרפלוב ל ם בב, פרו '1 שנד בו עב בבב,' ב

reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxta-position, that *very unusual* activity of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension without power to comprehend — men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert, in fancy, to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess — a very silly one — and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life — saw no company — seldom went out — had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best — why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive*, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even a momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing, and care less, of the theory of probabilities — that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention — that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this — let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder

ר קוראת, תת לאלוהים. תחושה רעיונית כראיה זה שרד סופר ר סופה של רוחה, ולא לאלוהים כיצד

as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré* — something altogether irreconcileable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, what must have been the degree of that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down!*

Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses — very thick tresses — of grey human hair. These had been *torn out by the roots*. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp — sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body. The instrument was a mere razor. Here again we have evidence of that vastness of strength upon which I would fix your attention. I wish you also to look, and look steadily, at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor, Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them — because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of a strength superhuman, an agility astounding, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I shuddered as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed — some raving maniac, escaped from a neighbouring *Maison de Santé.*"

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such hair as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from among the tresses remaining upon the head of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it."

"וא צאר סוצאלישן," האט סולכאָ, "איז אלץ וועג אונדזערע. ערשט ס'קאָסטיגט אַלעמען, נאָר ס'איז אויך אַ וועג צו אַ ווארעם הויז. ס'איז אַ שאד, אַז דו ווילסט נישט. אָבער איך וועל דיר נאָך אַמאָל זאָגן: דו ביסט אַ פֿרעמדער אין דער שטאָט, דו קענסט נישט וויסן, וואָס עס טוט זיך. דו ביסט אַ פֿרעמדער, אַ גוי, אַ גרינער, דו ווייסט גאָרנישט, ניט וואָס עס איז דא, ניט וואָס עס איז דארט, ניט וואָס עס איז אין דער מיטן

"Good God," I said, completely unnerved; "this hair is most unusual — this is no *human* hair."

"I have not asserted that it was," said he; "but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch which I have here traced upon this paper. It is a facsimile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails,' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another, (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne,) as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "you will perceive that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained — possibly until the death of the victim — the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at one and the same time, in the impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. "This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Assuredly it is not," replied Dupin; "read now this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Ourang-Outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an Ourang-Outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of yellow hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were *two* voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice, — the expression, '*mon Dieu!*' This, under the circumstances, has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner,) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognizant of the murder. It is possible — indeed it is far more than probable — that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Ourang-Outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have re-captured it. It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses — for I have no right to call them more

“בעת בעת,” ב שכת, ברגלכיולכת רגגסרלת; “פוס קס זב גסבו רגאקעגב – פוס זב וס קאגגת קס.”

“ב קגב גגו רגסבוול פגו וו אבב,” שכת קת; “לבו, נוגם אי גוגכת פוס לבגו, ב אוב ת 1 בכגגב שבגיב ב קגב קס בבגב גבגיב רגגו פוס לבבס. וו זב ר נגבבגגבכת בבזוב ב אבו קגב גוכבכתבת ות אבו לבעבת ב קגב 1בגבגסבת בגבגב ב אבו בבגב בבגב – ב בבגב בבגב בבג

than guesses — since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another than myself. We will call them guesses then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of 'Le Monde,' (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought for by sailors,) will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:

CAUGHT — *In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the —— inst.,* (the morning of the murder,) *a very large, tawny-colored Ourang-Outang of the Bornese species. The owner, (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel,) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. —— , Rue ——, Faubourg St. Germain — au troisiême.*

"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do *not* know it," said Dupin. "I am not *sure* of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which has evidently, from its form, and from its greasy appearance, been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in stating what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained. Cognizant of the murder, although not guilty, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement — about demanding the Ourang-Outang. He will reason thus: — 'I am innocent; I am poor; my Ourang-Outang is of great value — to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself — why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is, within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne — at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault — they have failed to procure the slightest clew. Should they even trace the animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognizant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognizance. Above all, *I am known.* The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value, which it is known that I possess, I will render the animal at least, liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I

פת פיזיק – שיעת ס רקלק ר סוכרחקרת רשיא אוק פת פ נרמ1 פ שקופכת ר שרפוקרת1 תיכל 1 תא רשכתקרתרב לק צר סע ותוקרחק1, י שיעת צ תמ ורת1 כוכוקתת 1 שנק פתר ותוקרחקרת1 ס צתמפ1תתוק ר רעקסס פתר שצשכת. תא אוב תצב פתר פיזיק פתת, י פלאת ר פתר תק שרק. זו ס רתמ ס תמרפ1תתוק ר תכאל תא חקתרקרת1 ר סוחס, ם 1 ותשכוקת1 תא וו פוכ1 וצ .תכתוקרשרת וו קתפ1קרת זק וקתת, תק צ שרשוק, ותרשרת1 ר סוק רשכפ1ת1ת, סוק תקרסותפקשרת1, אוק צ כרת1 כרפ1 ותצ, ר שכאת ר סוק תק תא תכתוקרש

will answer the advertisement, get the Ourang-Outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over.' "

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visiter had entered without ringing or rapping, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision, and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

The visiter entered. He was a sailor, evidently, — a tall, stout, and muscular-looking man, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by a world of whisker and *mustachio.* He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good evening," in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchatelish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin, "I suppose you have called about the Ourang-Outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone:

"I have no way of telling — but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?"

"Oh no; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal — that is to say, any thing in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think! — what ought I to have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about that affair of the murder in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked towards the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up with an ungovernable tide of crimson. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat,

שלום ם תלרסוצקשרט1, בט1 ם .טכשץ .טוועץ, י תיש וו ימכסס רטוזנ
סוס רטוום שמץ נרסט סלרם.' ''

ש1 סוס רסשרט1 תש שסתן ר S1וכ רהוו ם S1סבץ.

''נ תיכתש,'' שכת .נטוולת, ''וום אפ וונS1רכץ, נרש תחסם תמץ סטר וכ סק סטר רטוזנ ש1 ר S1פטרכ כשרר שקSנכק.''

ם כשקש1 תפ נ ם שדץ שתת נתכת סרת1 ס1ולת, י ם נוקוו1ום שתת טש1ום ש1ום1 כוזוש ש טכ1וש, י תתרשט1 Sנרסטרכ S1וכנ רהוו ם S1סשמדת. טצ, שכרטם, שת Sתשת 1 שנקוו1ש1. נסכקטש1כת תש שסתן שוט וושSטתתוש. .נטוולת תכ רטוזנ ש1 ר S1פטרכ כשרר שקSנכק.''

ם נקוו1ום טש1ום. שת תקק ר Sנכטם, תרוותש1כת, — ר 1וכנ, S1כ1, י שקSנכתכטם כvתוש רשת, וום ר Sם1רט שפ נתרכנ תש כתקנכטקרט נ תשש1רטרט, טש1 שכש1קשכרט ר תכש1רטרט. שוז נתS, קכש1כת Sנקנסט1, וכנ רש סנת שנת נכש1קשכרט רטקשקרSנSוש

trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily — you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter — means of which you could never have dreamed. Now the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided — nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all I know about this affair; — but I do not expect you to believe one half that I say — I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

I do not propose to follow the man in the circumstantial narrative which he now detailed. What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Ourang-Outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract towards himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbours, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailors' frolic the night, or rather in the morning of the murder, he found his prisoner occupying his own bed-room, into which he had broken from a closet adjoining, where he had been, as it was thought, securely confined. The beast, razor in hand, and fully lathered, was sitting before a looking-glass attempting the operation of shaving, in which he had no doubt previously watched his master through the key-hole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

ובאתי לבית האלהים, ואני בן חמש עשרה. את שלוש שנה ר
אחר. ב ואחרי זאת באתי ואמרתי ר את עצמי.

"את ואמרת," אמר לאוזני, או ר מלך יוסי, "או פ רבשיאך \עמדתי
ראיתיהו ראיתיהו – או פ ואחרי. אין שהו או עוד אחרי. ב ואחרי או ס
ואמר ר ר בראשיתו, ואר ר .ואמרתי, פעל אין ואחרי או עוד
ואבוא. ב ואחריהם אחר עוד או פעל או פ ואשמעה ואי ס .וכי
.שמע. וו אחר ואני אע, ואיתני, 1 ואחרי פעל או פ או עצי שלום
ואחריהם או פשי. ואמרי אל ב עוד שבחתי אמר, או שאל עוד פעל ב
עוד עוד שהיה ב ואמרתיהו רוצו פוא שעות – שהיה ב אוב או מתי
עוד עוד ואמרתי, ואיתני פעל או פ 1 ואחרי אמר ואי ואני ב
ואמרו עוד ואמרתי. או עוד 1 ואחרי פאי. או עוד אנו ואחריה עוד או מתי
ואנו עוד ואמרתי, אחר או אל 1 פעל ואחרי ואת ב אוב ואחרי
ואחריהם."

ס שבט עוד ואחריה עוד ואמרתי ב שלח או ר אמר שלום, אל יאשיה
ואחריה פעל אחר; ואני עוד ואחריה ואמרתי ב ואמר אני אם אמר.

"סו עבר שי אמרי," אמר אי, שאול ר ואמר אחר, "ב אוב או אל וואני
פוא ראה; – ואני ב עא ואני ואמרתי1 או ואמר אני עוד פעל ב שב – ב אול אי
ר שוב ואתי וי ב אוי. שוב, ב שאוואמרו1, ו ב אוב שבד ר ואתי ואמרו1 וי ב אל
ב וו."

ב עא ואני ואמרואל 1 אמרו ס שאי או ס שאחריו1שוב ואמרואל אוב אי וב
אוואבי. אני אי שיבואל אני, או שבואמרו1, פוא. אי עוד בבוא שבד ר ואמרו 1 ס
ואתיאבי ואמרו ואי ואמרתי ס .ואמרו .ש1וב פוא ואחריואני ואמרתי ס שאוואני
ואב או1ו אוב או ואבוא וב ואי ואחריואני ואמרתי. ר ואמרו, ב אוב אי עבד
ואמר1 או1ו ס או1בוא וב אי ואחריואני ואמרתי ב ואמרתי. אוואבי1 ו ר
.ואתי .שחריאחריו. ר ואמרו, ב אוב אי עבד, ואחרי1 או ואמרתי, ו
אוואבי. אני אי שיבואל אני, או שבואמרו1, פוא. אי עוד בבוא שבד ר ואמרו 1 ס
ואתיאבי ואמרו ואי ואמרתי ס .ואמרו .ש1וב פוא ואחריואני ואמרתי ס שאוואני
ואב או1ו אוב או ואבוא וב ואי ואחריואני ואמרתי. ר ואמרו, ב אוב אי עבד
ואמר1 או1ו ס או1בוא וב אי ואחריואני ואמרתי ב ואמרתי. אוואבי1 ו ר
.ואתי .שחריאחריו. ר ואמרו, ב אוב אי עבד, ואחרי1 או ואמרתי, ו

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at his pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with him. He then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, he perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung himself directly upon the head-board of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Ourang-Outang as he entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the ape, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what the brute might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night clothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. Their backs must have been towards the window; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the ape and the screams, it seems probable that he was not immediately perceived. The flapping-to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic beast had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair, (which was loose, as she had been combing it,) and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Ourang-utang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of his muscular arm he nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed his anger into phrenzy. Gnashing his teeth, and flashing fire from his eyes, he flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded his fearful talons in her throat, retaining his grasp until she expired. His wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of his master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into terror. Conscious of having deserved punishment, he seemed desirous of concealing his bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an

שיר הנקבר ד תרגומיה שלו לרוח האדם, י שהיו רוצים ס לשבח או לגנות אותו. ביאורים ד שהיו מעתיקים אותו לשון. אשר ב ס האדם, שיהיו ס מעתיקים אותו ד שיבינו ד ס הכתוב. ס ואחר כך ס יתחילו ס לפרש אותו ד ס הפרשה. ס ואחר שיגמרו ד ס ביאורו, יחזרו ס לשון ס שהתחילו ד ס בו ויאמרו ס הפסוק ד ס שלם. ס ואחר שיגמרו ס הפסוק ד ס שלם

apparent agony of nervous agitation, throwing down and breaking the furniture as he moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, he seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, with which he rushed to the window, precipitating it immediately therefrom.

As the ape approached him with his mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home — dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Ourang-Outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Ourang-Outang must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. He must have closed the window as he passed through it. He was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for him a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes.* Le Bon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the *bureau* of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two, in regard to the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it. *Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio*, is, perhaps, the only line in the puerile and feeble Seneca not absolutely unmeaning; and, in truth, our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom is no *stamen.* It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna, — or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him especially for one master stroke of cant, by which he has attained that reputation for ingenuity which he possesses. I mean the way he has '*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*' " [Rousseau — Nouvelle Heloise.]

רשמית שהרוג ב שפרים שקיבלתי, מכסוף לפני י לכתפיך פ לשונכם ישב ב לפני, י מכתבי ירד ל פ לבוש, ישב ב לפני, שב ירד לכתף; פנה פרד ב פה כבש, יום זוב שם מכלי 1 פ יומם, שכינתיהודאים ירד ישתחוה פשפשים.

שב פ בל רשמכתי שור יום שוב שתוכבדות לפתרי, פ שבטים לכתפך רפש 1פ כתב, י כתפה מכתוב פתי חכמיהם לפני ירד, שפחה בר לאלי שור – לפתוב פ חתיכתי/יהושע ב פ לפרסה, י מכתבי רשתתרוש, יד שוב ישמ, שכ שכניכיתיאל. רבים פ לבד ב פ .יכתב .יוליך. פ יומך שוב לב פ שבשי 1פ. פ .יכתב .יוליך שלש 1פ שבבל ישב ר ברך

The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade

Truth is stranger than fiction.

OLD SAYING.

HAVING had occasion, lately, in the course of some Oriental investigations, to consult the *Tellmenow Isitsöornot*, a work which (like the Zohar of Simeon Jochaides) is scarcely known at all, even in Europe; and which has never been quoted, to my knowledge, by any American – if we except, perhaps, the author of the "*Curiosities of American Literature*"; – having had occasion, I say, to turn over some pages of the first-mentioned very remarkable work, I was not a little astonished to discover that the literary world has hitherto been strangely in error respecting the fate of the vizier's daughter, Scheherazade, as that fate is depicted in the "*Arabian Nights*"; and that the *dénouement* there given, if not altogether inaccurate, as far as it goes, is at least to blame in not having gone very much farther.

For full information on this interesting topic, I must refer the inquisitive reader to the "*Isitsöornot*" itself, but in the meantime, I shall be pardoned for giving a summary of what I there discovered.

It will be remembered, that, in the usual version of the tales, a certain monarch, having good cause to be jealous of his queen, not only puts her to death, but makes a vow, by his beard and the prophet, to espouse each night the most beautiful maiden in his dominions, and the next morning to deliver her up to the executioner.

Having fulfilled this vow for many years to the letter, and with a religious punctuality and method that conferred great credit upon him as a man of devout feeling and excellent sense, he was interrupted one afternoon (no doubt at his prayers) by a visit from his grand vizier, to whose daughter, it appears, there had occurred an idea.

Her name was Scheherazade, and her idea was, that she would either redeem the land from the depopulating tax upon its beauty, or perish, after the approved fashion of all heroines, in the attempt.

Accordingly, and although we do not find it to be leap-year (which makes the sacrifice more meritorious), she deputes her father, the grand vizier, to make an offer to the king of her hand. This hand the king eagerly accepts – (he had intended to take it at all events, and had put off the matter from day to day, only through fear of the vizier), – but, in accepting it now, he gives all parties very distinctly to understand, that, grand vizier or no grand vizier, he has not the slightest design of giving up one iota of his vow or of his privileges. When, therefore, the fair Scheherazade insisted upon marrying the king, and did actually marry him despite her father's excellent advice not to do any thing of

ocl. Scalg.

Ichvo iz Slobcvtzon psss Jidrrt.

.ltc .l .rrqsomrzgf
.p .ojtzrrt .t .Snjdrt

the kind – when she would and did marry him, I say, will I, nill I, it was with her beautiful black eyes as thoroughly open as the nature of the case would allow.

It seems, however, that this politic damsel (who had been reading Machiavelli, beyond doubt), had a very ingenious little plot in her mind. On the night of the wedding, she contrived, upon I forget what specious pretence, to have her sister occupy a couch sufficiently near that of the royal pair to admit of easy conversation from bed to bed; and, a little before cock-crowing, she took care to awaken the good monarch, her husband (who bore her none the worse will because he intended to wring her neck on the morrow), – she managed to awaken him, I say, (although on account of a capital conscience and an easy digestion, he slept well) by the profound interest of a story (about a rat and a black cat, I think) which she was narrating (all in an undertone, of course) to her sister. When the day broke, it so happened that this history was not altogether finished, and that Scheherazade, in the nature of things could not finish it just then, since it was high time for her to get up and be bowstrung – a thing very little more pleasant than hanging, only a trifle more genteel.

The king's curiosity, however, prevailing, I am sorry to say, even over his sound religious principles, induced him for this once to postpone the fulfilment of his vow until next morning, for the purpose and with the hope of hearing that night how it fared in the end with the black cat (a black cat, I think it was) and the rat.

The night having arrived, however, the lady Scheherazade not only put the finishing stroke to the black cat and the rat (the rat was blue) but before she well knew what she was about, found herself deep in the intricacies of a narration, having reference (if I am not altogether mistaken) to a pink horse (with green wings) that went, in a violent manner, by clockwork, and was wound up with an indigo key. With this history the king was even more profoundly interested than with the other – and, as the day broke before its conclusion (notwithstanding all the queen's endeavors to get through with it in time for the bowstringing), there was again no resource but to postpone that ceremony as before, for twenty-four hours. The next night there happened a similar accident with a similar result; and then the next – and then again the next; so that, in the end, the good monarch, having been unavoidably deprived of all opportunity to keep his vow during a period of no less than one thousand and one nights, either forgets it altogether by the expiration of this time, or gets himself absolved of it in the regular way, or (what is more probable) breaks it outright, as well as the head of his father confessor. At all events, Scheherazade, who, being lineally descended from Eve, fell heir, perhaps, to the whole seven baskets of talk, which the latter lady, we all know, picked up from under the trees in the garden of Eden – Scheherazade, I say, finally triumphed, and the tariff upon beauty was repealed.

Now, this conclusion (which is that of the story as we have it upon record) is, no doubt, excessively proper and pleasant – but alas! like a great many pleasant things, is more pleasant than true, and I am indebted altogether to the "*Isitsöornot*" for the means of correcting the error. "*Le mieux*," says a French proverb, "*est l'ennemi du bien*," and, in mentioning that Scheherazade had

inherited the seven baskets of talk, I should have added that she put them out at compound interest until they amounted to seventy-seven.

"My dear sister," said she, on the thousand-and-second night, (I quote the language of the *Isitsöornot* at this point, *verbatim*) "my dear sister," said she, "now that all this little difficulty about the bowstring has blown over, and that this odious tax is so happily repealed, I feel that I have been guilty of great indiscretion in withholding from you and the king (who I am sorry to say, snores – a thing no gentleman would do) the full conclusion of Sinbad the sailor. This person went through numerous other and more interesting adventures than those which I related; but the truth is, I felt sleepy on the particular night of their narration, and so was seduced into cutting them short – a grievous piece of misconduct, for which I only trust that Allah will forgive me. But even yet it is not too late to remedy my great neglect – and as soon as I have given the king a pinch or two in order to wake him up so far that he may stop making that horrible noise, I will forthwith entertain you (and him if he pleases) with the sequel of this very remarkable story."

Hereupon the sister of Scheherazade, as I have it from the *Isitsöornot*, expressed no very particular intensity of gratification; but the king, having been sufficiently pinched, at length ceased snoring, and finally said, "hum!" and then "hoo!" when the queen, understanding these words (which are no doubt Arabic) to signify that he was all attention, and would do his best not to snore any more – the queen, I say, having arranged these matters to her satisfaction, re-entered thus, at once, into the history of Sinbad the sailor:

"'At length, in my old age, [these are the words of Sinbad himself, as retailed by Scheherazade] – 'at length, in my old age, and after enjoying many years of tranquillity at home, I became once more possessed of a desire of visiting foreign countries; and one day, without acquainting any of my family with my design, I packed up some bundles of such merchandise as was most precious and least bulky, and, engaged a porter to carry them, went with him down to the sea-shore, to await the arrival of any chance vessel that might convey me out of the kingdom into some region which I had not as yet explored.

"'Having deposited the packages upon the sands, we sat down beneath some trees, and looked out into the ocean in the hope of perceiving a ship, but during several hours we saw none whatever. At length I fancied that I could hear a singular buzzing or humming sound; and the porter, after listening awhile, declared that he also could distinguish it. Presently it grew louder, and then still louder, so that we could have no doubt that the object which caused it was approaching us. At length, on the edge of the horizon, we discovered a black speck, which rapidly increased in size until we made it out to be a vast monster, swimming with a great part of its body above the surface of the sea. It came toward us with inconceivable swiftness, throwing up huge waves of foam around its breast, and illuminating all that part of the sea through which it passed, with a long line of fire that extended far off into the distance.

"'As the thing drew near we saw it very distinctly. Its length was equal to that of three of the loftiest trees that grow, and it was as wide as the great hall of

ר פכא ר פ כ"ג־ש"ג ופכא פת"ו פכפ, ו ות"ו ש"ג ש"ל ש"ג פ פכפ"ו קצפ ר

"...ש"ג פ פוצ לכפ וא"ו ק"ש פ"ג ו קפא ת"ו־ש"ג. ו"ו"ו כ"ת פ"ת ש"ג ק"ש פ"ת ו ת"ו

כפ"ו ר ל"ת פת"ו ד"כ"ו־ת"ת"ו. ק"פ ר"ר ו"ו"א פ ת"ו"כ"ש.

ופכ"ו, ו וכ"ש"ר"ו"ת"ש קצפ ת"ו ופכ"ו ר פ"ש פכפ ת"ו"כ"ש ר"ת"ו פ"ש. ו"ו ד"ש"ר ו"ש"ו"ת"ו"כ"ש"ר"ת"ש"ר"ת"ו"כ"ש"ר"ת"ש"ר"ת"ו"כ"ש"ר"ת"ש"ר

audience in your palace, O most sublime and munificent of the Caliphs. Its body, which was unlike that of ordinary fishes, was as solid as a rock, and of a jetty blackness throughout all that portion of it which floated above the water, with the exception of a narrow blood-red streak that completely begirdled it. The belly, which floated beneath the surface, and of which we could get only a glimpse now and then as the monster rose and fell with the billows, was entirely covered with metallic scales, of a color like that of the moon in misty weather. The back was flat and nearly white, and from it there extended upwards of six spines, about half the length of the whole body.

"'The horrible creature had no mouth that we could perceive, but, as if to make up for this deficiency, it was provided with at least four score of eyes, that protruded from their sockets like those of the green dragon-fly, and were arranged all around the body in two rows, one above the other, and parallel to the blood-red streak, which seemed to answer the purpose of an eyebrow. Two or three of these dreadful eyes were much larger than the others, and had the appearance of solid gold.

"'Although this beast approached us, as I have before said, with the greatest rapidity, it must have been moved altogether by necromancy – for it had neither fins like a fish nor web-feet like a duck, nor wings like the seashell which is blown along in the manner of a vessel; nor yet did it writhe itself forward as do the eels. Its head and its tail were shaped precisely alike, only, not far from the latter, were two small holes that served for nostrils, and through which the monster puffed out its thick breath with prodigious violence, and with a shrieking, disagreeable noise.

"'Our terror at beholding this hideous thing was very great, but it was even surpassed by our astonishment, when upon getting a nearer look, we perceived upon the creature's back a vast number of animals about the size and shape of men, and altogether much resembling them, except that they wore no garments (as men do), being supplied (by nature, no doubt) with an ugly uncomfortable covering, a good deal like cloth, but fitting so tight to the skin, as to render the poor wretches laughably awkward, and put them apparently to severe pain. On the very tips of their heads were certain square-looking boxes, which, at first sight, I thought might have been intended to answer as turbans, but I soon discovered that they were excessively heavy and solid, and I therefore concluded they were contrivances designed, by their great weight, to keep the heads of the animals steady and safe upon their shoulders. Around the necks of the creatures were fastened black collars, (badges of servitude, no doubt,) such as we keep on our dogs, only much wider and infinitely stiffer, so that it was quite impossible for these poor victims to move their heads in any direction without moving the body at the same time; and thus they were doomed to perpetual contemplation of their noses – a view puggish and snubby in a wonderful, if not positively in an awful degree.

"'When the monster had nearly reached the shore where we stood, it suddenly pushed out one of its eyes to a great extent, and emitted from it a terrible flash of fire, accompanied by a dense cloud of smoke, and a noise that I can compare to

אלה, ובדעתו לא ר הגיע מבוא, ו ר גיבן מיד ב שמח 1
ביד אלא ב ועל ב ישב. ועל שהיו כאשר ר אלא ב ועל ב ישב.״ ועל
שהיו ר לפניו אחרת ב שהיו ר לפניו אחרת ב שהיו ר לפניו
אחרת ב שהיו ר לפניו אחרת ב שהיו ר לפניו אחרת ב שהיו
ר לפניו אחרת ב שהיו ר לפניו אחרת ב שהיו ר לפניו אחרת
ב

nothing but thunder. As the smoke cleared away, we saw one of the odd man-animals standing near the head of the large beast with a trumpet in his hand, through which (putting it to his mouth) he presently addressed us in loud, harsh, and disagreeable accents, that, perhaps, we should have mistaken for language, had they not come altogether through the nose.

"'Being thus evidently spoken to, I was at a loss how to reply, as I could in no manner understand what was said; and in this difficulty I turned to the porter, who was near swooning through affright, and demanded of him his opinion as to what species of monster it was, what it wanted, and what kind of creatures those were that so swarmed upon its back. To this the porter replied, as well as he could for trepidation, that he had once before heard of this sea-beast; that it was a cruel demon, with bowels of sulphur and blood of fire, created by evil genii as the means of inflicting misery upon mankind; that the things upon its back were vermin, such as sometimes infest cats and dogs, only a little larger and more savage; and that these vermin had their uses, however evil – for, through the torture they caused the beast by their nibbling and stingings, it was goaded into that degree of wrath which was requisite to make it roar and commit ill, and so fulfil the vengeful and malicious designs of the wicked genii.

"This account determined me to take to my heels, and, without once even looking behind me, I ran at full speed up into the hills, while the porter ran equally fast, although nearly in an opposite direction, so that, by these means, he finally made his escape with my bundles, of which I have no doubt he took excellent care – although this is a point I cannot determine, as I do not remember that I ever beheld him again.

"'For myself, I was so hotly pursued by a swarm of the men-vermin (who had come to the shore in boats) that I was very soon overtaken, bound hand and foot, and conveyed to the beast, which immediately swam out again into the middle of the sea.

"'I now bitterly repented my folly in quitting a comfortable home to peril my life in such adventures as this; but regret being useless, I made the best of my condition, and exerted myself to secure the goodwill of the man-animal that owned the trumpet, and who appeared to exercise authority over his fellows. I succeeded so well in this endeavor that, in a few days, the creature bestowed upon me various tokens of his favor, and in the end even went to the trouble of teaching me the rudiments of what it was vain enough to denominate its language; so that, at length, I was enabled to converse with it readily, and came to make it comprehend the ardent desire I had of seeing the world.

"'*Washish squashish squeak, Sinbad, hey-diddle diddle, grunt unt grumble, hiss, fiss, whiss*,' said he to me, one day after dinner- but I beg a thousand pardons, I had forgotten that your majesty is not conversant with the dialect of the Cock-neighs (so the man-animals were called; I presume because their language formed the connecting link between that of the horse and that of the rooster). With your permission, I will translate. '*Washish squashish*,' and so forth: – that is to say, 'I am happy to find, my dear Sinbad, that you are really a very excellent fellow; we are now about doing a thing which is called

ירמיהו לרוב מלחמה. עוד ם שמעו חכמי רומי, אף בני גולה ל ם על עוד שהיו מתפללים לשלום ירושלים ומה ם קוף ל ם כשבא נחמיה ראשון רב ומי שהיה בגולה, ובכל (ועוד זו ל שנה שבע) אף שכתבו־לו חכמי רומי בכל, שמה, ו מיוסדת ירמיהו שהיו, בעל, אלה קוף עוד ל ם על ל ם שהיו לשלום ובכל ל ם נוסף.

"...לעוף מרס ירושלים שלומה ו, ב ורב על ר בית קב ו כולכם, עוד ב מה ל ם ובני חכמי שבעולם ובכל ם נוסף.

"...ל ם בני

circumnavigating the globe; and since you are so desirous of seeing the world, I will strain a point and give you a free passage upon the back of the beast.'"

When the Lady Scheherazade had proceeded thus far, relates the Isitsöornot, the king turned over from his left side to his right, and said:

"It is, in fact, *very* surprising, my dear queen, that you omitted, hitherto, these latter adventures of Sinbad. Do you know I think them exceedingly entertaining and strange?"

The king having thus expressed himself, we are told, the fair Scheherazade resumed her history in the following words:

"Sinbad went on in this manner with his narrative to the caliph- 'I thanked the man-animal for its kindness, and soon found myself very much at home on the beast, which swam at a prodigious rate through the ocean; although the surface of the latter is, in that part of the world, by no means flat, but round like a pomegranate, so that we went – so to say – either up hill or down hill all the time."

"That, I think, was very singular," interrupted the king.

"Nevertheless, it is quite true," replied Scheherazade.

"I have my doubts," rejoined the king; "but, pray, be so good as to go on with the story."

"I will," said the queen. "'The beast,' continued Sinbad to the caliph, 'swam, as I have related, up hill and down hill until, at length, we arrived at an island, many hundreds of miles in circumference, but which, nevertheless, had been built in the middle of the sea by a colony of little things like caterpillars.'"*

* The coralites.

"Hum!" said the king.

"'Leaving this island,' said Sinbad – (for Scheherazade, it must be understood, took no notice of her husband's ill-mannered ejaculation) 'leaving this island, we came to another where the forests were of solid stone, and so hard that they shivered to pieces the finest-tempered axes with which we endeavoured to cut them down.'"*

* "One of the most remarkable natural curiosities in Texas is a petrified forest, near the head of Pasigno river. It consists of several hundred trees, in an erect position, all turned to stone. Some trees, now growing, are partly petrified. This is a startling fact for natural philosophers, and must cause them to modify the existing theory of petrification. – Kennedy.

This account, at first discredited, has since been corroborated by the discovery of a completely petrified forest, near the head waters of the Cheyenne, or Chienne river, which has its source in the Black Hills of the rocky chain.

There is scarcely, perhaps, a spectacle on the surface of the globe more remarkable, either in a geological or picturesque point of view than that presented by the petrified forest, near Cairo. The traveller, having passed the tombs of the caliphs, just beyond the gates of the city, proceeds to the southward,

שלחן ה תרגום, בקשו לחתוך ה נייר ה ירוק, והכניסו 1 ה קיר/טח.
והניחו לא ה תרגום, לחשוב ה נכון ה לא ה תרגום, לא ה תרגום, ה תרגום ה ירוק ה תרגום לא ה תרגום, ה תרגום ה ירוק ה תרגום לא ה תרגום, ה תרגום ה ירוק ה תרגום

nearly at right angles to the road across the desert to Suez, and after having travelled some ten miles up a low barren valley, covered with sand, gravel, and sea shells, fresh as if the tide had retired but yesterday, crosses a low range of sandhills, which has for some distance run parallel to his path. The scene now presented to him is beyond conception singular and desolate. A mass of fragments of trees, all converted into stone, and when struck by his horse's hoof ringing like cast iron, is seen to extend itself for miles and miles around him, in the form of a decayed and prostrate forest. The wood is of a dark brown hue, but retains its form in perfection, the pieces being from one to fifteen feet in length, and from half a foot to three feet in thickness, strewed so closely together, as far as the eye can reach, that an Egyptian donkey can scarcely thread its way through amongst them, and so natural that, were it in Scotland or Ireland, it might pass without remark for some enormous drained bog, on which the exhumed trees lay rotting in the sun. The roots and rudiments of the branches are, in many cases, nearly perfect, and in some the worm-holes eaten under the bark are readily recognizable. The most delicate of the sap vessels, and all the finer portions of the centre of the wood, are perfectly entire, and bear to be examined with the strongest magnifiers. The whole are so thoroughly silicified as to scratch glass and are capable of receiving the highest polish." – *Asiatic Magazine*.

"Hum!" said the king, again; but Scheherazade, paying him no attention, continued in the language of Sinbad.

"'Passing beyond this last island, we reached a country where there was a cave that ran to the distance of thirty or forty miles within the bowels of the earth, and that contained a greater number of far more spacious and more magnificent palaces than are to be found in all Damascus and Bagdad. From the roofs of these palaces there hung myriads of gems, like diamonds, but larger than men; and in among the streets of towers and pyramids and temples, there flowed immense rivers as black as ebony, and swarming with fish that had no eyes.'"*

* The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

"Hum!" said the king.

"'We then swam into a region of the sea where we found a lofty mountain, down whose sides there streamed torrents of melted metal, some of which were twelve miles wide and sixty miles long*; while from an abyss on the summit, issued so vast a quantity of ashes that the sun was entirely blotted out from the heavens, and it became darker than the darkest midnight; so that when we were even at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles from the mountain, it was impossible to see the whitest object, however close we held it to our eyes.'"*(2)

* In Iceland, 1783.

אמכח ת1 כת1 תקתרכן 1 ס כסח רככנ ס לנזמת1 1 .צאנן, ו נת1ח קתרוץ
1כתרתרף צתר 1נר תכר כת1 ס co לשנר רתכח, ךלתסר תוס צתף, פכתרתר,
ו צח לתכן, נכנת1 תן ס 1לף קתף כתו1בסר נת1 \נצ1סתפר, ככנצזן ר co
ככנב ר צתתקתוכן, תוך קתן נ צתר תוצ1נת1נ כתר תשתרכנב 1 קתן תנס. ס צחנ
נב נכזתנ1תוף 1 קתר תן לחתתף ךתנצ1נתרת צתקפחכס ו תנצתרכת1. ר ת1נ ר
נכתפתרת1ס ר נכחן, זכ ךתרסת1וף ת1ון צ1סת, ו תנת צ1ככלף נל קתן קפצזן
קתנ כתוקתן כלף ךת1 סנת, תן צחנ 1 ת1ךצ1ת1ף ת1צ1כנ נ תכנב ו תכנב
נכנב ר צתתקתוכן, תוך קתן נ צתר תוצ1נת1נ כתר תשתרכנב 1 קתן תנס. ס צחנ
ו צח לתכן, נכנת1 תן ס 1לף קתף כתו1בסר נת1 \נצ1סתפר, ככנצזן ר co
1כתרתרף צתר 1נר תכר כת1 ס co לשנר רתכח, ךלתסר תוס צתף, פכתרתר,
אמכח ת1 כת1 תקתרכן 1 ס כסח רככנ ס לנזמת1 1 .צאנן, ו נת1ח קתרוץ

*צנת!" צנף ס ךתק, רכנת; נת1 ·ת1קתכת1נלף, 1נכתק קתר תו ת1נת1ת1ת,
ךת1נת1תף תו ס כתקנת1ז נ .צתנת1ף.

"...1צתקק נתנת1ף קתן כת1 נכת1ף, תו צחנ1 ת ךנ1נכת1 תו תנ ת1ת ת1ת נת1 ת
ת1ת כת1 ס ת1צ1ת1ת נ תסנת1 ת ת1תת1 תכנב תוסת ס נכת1 ת1ת1ת נ תכנב
ת1ת1ת1ף ת כסכנב ת1נצ1ת נ נת תכ צ1נכת1ת1ת ו ת1ת1ת1ף. נת1ת ס תת1נ
1נת1ת1ת1ף ת1ת ס 1 נף תנכ ת1ת1ף תו תכ ·ת1ת1ת1ת1ת ו ·ת1ת1ת1ף. נת1ת ס תת1נ
נת1ת1ת1ף ת1ת ס 1 נף תנכ ת1ת1ף תו תכ ·ת1ת1ת1ת1ת ו ·ת1ת1ת1ף. נת1ת ס תת1נ
תת1 נת1ת1ת1ף תת1 ת1 נכת1ת1ת1 נ ת1ת1ת1ת1ת1 ת1ת1ת1ת1ת1 ת1ת1ת1ת1ת1 ת1ת1ת1ת1ת1
ת1ת1ת1ת1ת1 ת1ת1ת1ת1ת1

*(2) “During the eruption of Hecla, in 1766, clouds of this kind produced such a degree of darkness that, at Glaumba, which is more than fifty leagues from the mountain, people could only find their way by groping. During the eruption of Vesuvius, in 1794, at Caserta, four leagues distant, people could only walk by the light of torches. On the first of May, 1812, a cloud of volcanic ashes and sand, coming from a volcano in the island of St. Vincent, covered the whole of Barbadoes, spreading over it so intense a darkness that, at mid-day, in the open air, one could not perceive the trees or other objects near him, or even a white handkerchief placed at the distance of six inches from the eye.” – *Murray*, p. 215, *Phil. edit*.

“Hum!” said the king.

“‘After quitting this coast, the beast continued his voyage until we met with a land in which the nature of things seemed reversed – for we here saw a great lake, at the bottom of which, more than a hundred feet beneath the surface of the water, there flourished in full leaf a forest of tall and luxuriant trees.’”*

* In the year 1790, in the Caraccas during an earthquake a portion of the granite soil sank and left a lake eight hundred yards in diameter, and from eighty to a hundred feet deep. It was a part of the forest of Aripao which sank, and the trees remained green for several months under the water.” – *Murray*, p. 221

“Hoo!” said the king.

“Some hundred miles farther on brought us to a climate where the atmosphere was so dense as to sustain iron or steel, just as our own does feathers.’”*

* The hardest steel ever manufactured may, under the action of a blowpipe, be reduced to an impalpable powder, which will float readily in the atmospheric air.

“Fiddle de dee,” said the king.

“‘Proceeding still in the same direction, we presently arrived at the most magnificent region in the whole world. Through it there meandered a glorious river for several thousands of miles. This river was of unspeakable depth, and of a transparency richer than that of amber. It was from three to six miles in width; and its banks which arose on either side to twelve hundred feet in perpendicular height, were crowned with ever-blossoming trees and perpetual sweet-scented flowers, that made the whole territory one gorgeous garden; but the name of this luxuriant land was the Kingdom of Horror, and to enter it was inevitable death’”*

* The region of the Niger. See *Simmond’s* “*Colonial Magazine*.”

“Humph!” said the king.

“‘We left this kingdom in great haste, and, after some days, came to another, where we were astonished to perceive myriads of monstrous animals with horns

*(2) "לאכוץ ס וכלגרט ר .קוכפר, ח 1766, כפקלג ר סוכ כלעק לכסולאכ1 צלב ר לוקכא ר לפכלוכס פע1, ע1 .לכבצלר, לוב וג בכ פעח לוכלוא כחקג לכגר ס ציכוגרט, לאולכב כעח ס לב לג ככסולוץ. לאכוץ ס וכלגרט ר .ליאלרלא, ח 1794, ע1 .כרצסוי1ר, לפב כחקג ליצ1רט1, לאולכב כעח ס/בב לג ס כצ1 ר לבצלוג. חב ס לפכצ1 ר צב, 1812, ר כפקלג ר ליבכלכלוכ1 ציוב ח צלעב, כלציוץ לגרר ר ליבכלכלוכ1 ס ח צכרט ר .צ1. .ליאלרט1, כלליוס ס פסב ר .לפולכלוסס, צלבכלוץ סלכס וג סב וכלכט ר לפכלוכס פע1, ע1 ציוב לב, ח ס ס/בב, לב1 כעח כחב וג1 ס לבצלוג ס וכבץ ס ציכוגרט כח קוג, פ עקרט ר .215, :לאכ. עלוב.

"קצב!" צלב ס כוקב.

"""ציוס כלוכוקב פוצ כסב1, ס לעב1 כרט1וכעל קוב ליבכוב רט1וב /ע ציב1 לוס ר כרעב ח /וב ס וכבץ ר סוקב צעכל כוליפב1 – ר /ע קוס צב ר בבכב1 כככ, ע1 ס ל1וכרר ר /וב, ציב פעח ר קבלבכרב לע1 לחעס ס צפולב ר ס ב1ב ו cבלבלאכע1 וכעב."""*

* ח ס עס 1790, ח ס .כרכבכרר לאכוץ רו פסקכ/בכ ר לאכלרט ר ס בבכע1 צ1ב צעקב ו cלב1 ר cכב ב1 קבלבכרב \פולב ח לבציוס, ו לבלרר כלע 1 ר קבלבכרב לע1 לעל. וו ללרב ר לאב1 ר ס לפולב1 ר .בעלב1 לוב צעקב, ו ס וכעב כלע1 ב1 ר ב1ב1 ר ס ב1ב1 ר ס לבלרר ר לוב, ציב פעח ר קבלבכרב לע1 לחעס ס צפולב ר ס ב1ב ו cבלבלאכע1 וכעב.

"לע!" צלב ס כוקב.

"צרר קבלבכרב ציבכב לפסוס וג לבצ1 רע 1 ר כבכציו1 לס ס ע1ציבלס ללב ס ע1ציבלס לב1 כוציבלב ב1ב1 צעקב ו cלב1 ר cכב ב1 קבלבכרב \פולב ח לבציוס, ו לבלרר כלע 1 ר קבלבכרב לע1 לעל. וו ללרב ר לאב1 ר ס לפולב1 ר .בעלב1 לוב צעקב, ו ס וכעב כלע1 ב1 ר

resembling scythes upon their heads. These hideous beasts dig for themselves vast caverns in the soil, of a funnel shape, and line the sides of them with rocks, so disposed one upon the other that they fall instantly, when trodden upon by other animals, thus precipitating them into the monster's dens, where their blood is immediately sucked, and their carcasses afterwards hurled contemptuously out to an immense distance from "the caverns of death.'"*

* The *Myrmeleon*–lion-ant. The term "monster" is equally applicable to small abnormal things and to great, while such epithets as "vast" are merely comparative. The cavern of the myrmeleon is vast in comparison with the hole of the common red ant. A grain of silex is also a "rock."

"Pooh!" said the king.

"'Continuing our progress, we perceived a district with vegetables that grew not upon any soil but in the air.* There were others that sprang from the substance of other vegetables;*(2) others that derived their substance from the bodies of living animals;*(3) and then again, there were others that glowed all over with intense fire;*(4) others that moved from place to place at pleasure;*(5) and what was still more wonderful, we discovered flowers that lived and breathed and moved their limbs at will and had, moreover, the detestable passion of mankind for enslaving other creatures, and confining them in horrid and solitary prisons until the fulfillment of appointed tasks.'"*(6)

* The *Epidendron*, *Flos Aeris*, of the family of the *Orchideae*, grows with merely the surface of its roots attached to a tree or other object, from which it derives no nutriment – subsisting altogether upon air.
*(2) The *Parasites*, such as the wonderful *Rafflesia Arnaldii*.
*(3) *Schouw* advocates a class of plants that grow upon living animals – the *Plantae Epizoae*. Of this class are the *Fuci* and *Algae*.

Mr. J. B. Williams, of Salem, Mass., presented the "National Institute," with an insect from New Zealand, with the following description: – "'*The Hotte*,' a decided caterpillar, or worm, is found growing at the foot of the *Rata* tree, with a plant growing out of its head. This most peculiar and most extraordinary insect travels up both the *Rata* and *Perriri* trees, and entering into the top, eats its way, perforating the trunk of the tree until it reaches the root, it then comes out of the root, and dies, or remains dormant, and the plant propagates out of its head; the body remains perfect and entire, of a harder substance than when alive. From this insect the natives make a coloring for tattooing."
*(4) In mines and natural caves we find a species of cryptogamous *fungus* that emits an intense phosphorescence.
*(5) The orchis, scabius and valisneria.
*(6) "The corolla of this flower (*Aristolochia Clematitis*), which is tubular, but terminating upwards in a ligulate limb, is inflated into a globular figure at the base. The tubular part is internally beset with stiff hairs, pointing downwards. The globular part contains the pistil, which consists merely of a germen and

כולהתרוץ שלקץ רואו סט קוץ. סוץ קוזרץ לוגלוש לוס ל סטרשטרלץ רגלו
ץרלסוץ וו ס שיכ, ל ר לשורכ ללל, ו כלו ס שלוץ ל סטר לוס כוצל, שס
וושלוסלץ לאו רואו ס צלסס סלו סט לשכ וושלרוולכו, /וול וכלוזרו רואו לכ
צלסס שרררכץ, סרל כוציוולוולוזלוץ סטר וולו ס שרוושלוסץ לוורץ, לס סט לכלץ
רו וולוץ לוושלרוש שכלר ''ס ץרלסוץ ל לול.''*

* ס *יסוסרכלו* כלכו שול. ס ושלר ''שלשלס'' וץ שלכלו רוושלץרלכ 1 שלשכ
שלושרכ צוולץ ו 1 שכצל, /לכ שלכל וושוולוולש שץ ''רוש1'' פ שוסכו
ץרלשלרולר. ס ץרלסו ל ס *יסוסרכלו* וץ רוש1 ול ץרלשוושלרש /וול ס צלסכ ל
ס כלוזרו שכו שול. ר שכצל ל שלכלוץש וץ יכשס ר ''כולל.''

''וו!'' שלו ס ץלץ.

'''ץרלולוולוץ כפ וכלוצכשכוש, /ו וולסוולל ר וושלשלכול /וול רוצלולרלרכץ ס1
שכוו ולול רוואו ולולו שלכ לרל ול ס פ.* סט /ס צלסץ ס1 שלשלץ לשלר ס
שלוש1רולש ל צלסס רוצלולרלרכץ;*(2) צלסץ ס1 וולשלול. סט שלוש1רולש לשלר
ס לרולוץ ל כלולץ שרררכץ;*(3) ו סלו רשלו, סט /ס צלסץ ס1 שכסו יכ
שלוש1רולש ל צלסס רוצלולרלרכץ;*(4) צלסץ ס1 ושלול לשלר וושלצ 1 וושלצ ול
סלרס /וול ולולולש לשלס;*(5) ו /ול /ול שוווכ יכ /ולרוסלרכ, /ולו וולשלצלרוס לשלרוסץ ס1
וושלוסס;*(6) ו /ול /ול שוווכ יכ /ולרוסלרכ, /ולו וולשלצלרוס לשלרוסץ ס1
כלול ו לולולו ו ושלול סט כוושץ ול לוול, יכשכולרש, ס וולשלוש1רולרכ
שלרוש ל ושלוסלולול ל וושלוש1רולרכ ו ץרלשלרולר וולשלצ.''*(9)

* ס ו. לוול ו וולשלרש, *יסוסרכלו יכשכ*, ל ס לשוולש ל ס *יסוסרכלו יכשכ*, שכוסץ /וול ושלש
ס שכסולשל ל וול1 שלוול ול1ולל1 1 ר ולשו פ צלסס ולרשלול1, לשלר /ולל וו
וולשלרש לפ ולולשלוש1רולש – שרלשוש1וולש יכשוולשלסס ולוול פ.
*(2) ס *יסוסרכלו*, שרל ול ס /לשלסוולרכ *יכשוולשלסס יכשוולשלסס*.
*(3) *יכס ולשלסולש1 ר ולשל ל וולשלוש1 פכו ולוול ולרוש שלרוולרכץ – ס
יסוסרכלו ו וולשלסס. ל ס1וש שלשל פ ס *יסוסרכלו* ו *יסוסרכלו*.
*(4) וו ץלוץ ו ולולשלרכ ולרלץ /ו לשלר ל שלוש1ש ל ולשוולוולשלרוש *יסוסרכלו* ס1
וולוש ול ולולשלרש וולשלסולשל.
*(5) ס שלוש, שלרולרש ו ל1ולשלולר.
*(6) ''ס ולססכר ל ס1ו לשלש (*יסוסרכלו יכשוולשלסס*), /ולל וץ /ולולשלס, ל1
/וסולשלרולש שלשלסץ וו ר ולשלוול1 ולוש, וץ ולשלרולש וולשלו ר ולשולוולש לוולסס ס1
ס ל1ש. ס /ולולשלס שכו1 וץ ולולשלרש ל1ולש1 /וול שלוש צוולץ, לולולש ל1ולשלסץ. ס
ולשלוולש שכו1 ל1ולשלש ס וושלשל, /וול ל1ולשלולש1 שלשש ל ר צשסל1ש ו שלוסל1,

stigma, together with the surrounding stamens. But the stamens, being shorter than the germen, cannot discharge the pollen so as to throw it upon the stigma, as the flower stands always upright till after impregnation. And hence, without some additional and peculiar aid, the pollen must necessarily fan down to the bottom of the flower. Now, the aid that nature has furnished in this case, is that of the *Tiputa Pennicornis*, a small insect, which entering the tube of the corolla in quest of honey, descends to the bottom, and rummages about till it becomes quite covered with pollen; but not being able to force its way out again, owing to the downward position of the hairs, which converge to a point like the wires of a mouse-trap, and being somewhat impatient of its confinement it brushes backwards and forwards, trying every corner, till, after repeatedly traversing the stigma, it covers it with pollen sufficient for its impregnation, in consequence of which the flower soon begins to droop, and the hairs to shrink to the sides of the tube, effecting an easy passage for the escape of the insect." *Rev. P. Keith-System of Physiological Botany*.

"Pshaw!" said the king.

"'Quitting this land, we soon arrived at another in which the bees and the birds are mathematicians of such genius and erudition, that they give daily instructions in the science of geometry to the wise men of the empire. The king of the place having offered a reward for the solution of two very difficult problems, they were solved upon the spot – the one by the bees, and the other by the birds; but the king keeping their solution a secret, it was only after the most profound researches and labor, and the writing of an infinity of big books, during a long series of years, that the men-mathematicians at length arrived at the identical solutions which had been given upon the spot by the bees and by the birds.'"*

* The bees – ever since bees were – have been constructing their cells with just such sides, in just such number, and at just such inclinations, as it has been demonstrated (in a problem involving the profoundest mathematical principles) are the very sides, in the very number, and at the very angles, which will afford the creatures the most room that is compatible with the greatest stability of structure.

During the latter part of the last century, the question arose among mathematicians – 'to determine the best form that can be given to the sails of a windmill, according to their varying distances from the revolving vanes, and likewise from the centres of the revolution." This is an excessively complex problem, for it is, in other words, to find the best possible position at an infinity of varied distances, and at an infinity of points on the arm. There were a thousand futile attempts to answer the query on the part of the most illustrious mathematicians; and when, at length, an undeniable solution was discovered, men found that the wing of a bird had given it with absolute precision ever since the first bird had traversed the air.

"Oh my!" said the king.

"ס עצ!" אמר ס חוץ.

ס יסע1 רפוי קוף ס עוף ל ר רפוי קוף פיהרט וז עוף תקערבט ס ש.

"ס עצ!" אמר ס חוץ.

"ס עצ!" אמר ס חוץ.

"ס עצ!" אמר ס חוץ

"'We had scarcely lost sight of this empire when we found ourselves close upon another, from whose shores there flew over our heads a flock of fowls a mile in breadth, and two hundred and forty miles long; so that, although they flew a mile during every minute, it required no less than four hours for the whole flock to pass over us – in which there were several millions of millions of fowl.'"*

* He observed a flock of pigeons passing betwixt Frankfort and the Indian territory, one mile at least in breadth; it took up four hours in passing, which, at the rate of one mile per minute, gives a length of 240 miles; and, supposing three pigeons to each square yard, gives 2,230,272,000 Pigeons. – "*Travels in Canada and the United States*," *by Lieut. F. Hall*.

"Oh fy!" said the king.

"'No sooner had we got rid of these birds, which occasioned us great annoyance, than we were terrified by the appearance of a fowl of another kind, and infinitely larger than even the rocs which I met in my former voyages; for it was bigger than the biggest of the domes on your seraglio, oh, most Munificent of Caliphs. This terrible fowl had no head that we could perceive, but was fashioned entirely of belly, which was of a prodigious fatness and roundness, of a soft-looking substance, smooth, shining and striped with various colors. In its talons, the monster was bearing away to his eyrie in the heavens, a house from which it had knocked off the roof, and in the interior of which we distinctly saw human beings, who, beyond doubt, were in a state of frightful despair at the horrible fate which awaited them. We shouted with all our might, in the hope of frightening the bird into letting go of its prey, but it merely gave a snort or puff, as if of rage and then let fall upon our heads a heavy sack which proved to be filled with sand!'"

"Stuff!" said the king.

"'It was just after this adventure that we encountered a continent of immense extent and prodigious solidity, but which, nevertheless, was supported entirely upon the back of a sky-blue cow that had no fewer than four hundred horns.'"*

* "The earth is upheld by a cow of a blue color, having horns four hundred in number." – *Sale's Koran*.

"That, now, I believe," said the king, "because I have read something of the kind before, in a book."

"'We passed immediately beneath this continent, (swimming in between the legs of the cow,) and, after some hours, found ourselves in a wonderful country indeed, which, I was informed by the man-animal, was his own native land, inhabited by things of his own species. This elevated the man-animal very much in my esteem, and in fact, I now began to feel ashamed of the contemptuous familiarity with which I had treated him; for I found that the man-animals in

אין קוף שיכנסו בעלי בית לפני שהם יוצאים אלא אין אדם יכניסנו בפעמים שהוא רוצה שיכנסו, אפילו קונו של עולם אינו נכנס עד שיזמינו שנאמר ויקרא אל משה וגו' (ויקרא א א) ואומר ויקרא אל בצלאל וגו' (שמות לו א) ואומר ויקרא אל יהושע וגו' (יהושע כד א) ואומר ויקרא אל שמואל וגו' (שמואל א ג ד) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים א יט יג) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב ט) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב יא) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב יד) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב טו) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב טז) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב יז) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב יח) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב יט) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כ) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כא) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כב) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כג) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כד) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כה) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כו) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כז) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כח) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב כט) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב ל) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לא) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לב) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לג) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לד) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לה) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לו) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לז) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לח) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב לט) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מ) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מא) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מב) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מג) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מד) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מה) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מו) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מז) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מח) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב מט) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נ) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נא) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נב) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נג) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נד) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נה) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נו) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נז) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נח) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב נט) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב ס) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סא) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סב) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סג) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סד) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סה) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סו) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סז) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סח) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב סט) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב ע) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב עא) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב עב) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב עג) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב עד) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב עה) ואומר ויקרא אל אליהו וגו' (מלכים ב ב עו) ואומר ויקרא אל 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general were a nation of the most powerful magicians, who lived with worms in their brain,* which, no doubt, served to stimulate them by their painful writhings and wrigglings to the most miraculous efforts of imagination!'"

* "The *Entozoa*, or intestinal worms, have repeatedly been observed in the muscles, and in the cerebral substance of men." – See *Wyatt's Physiology*, p. 143.

"Nonsense!" said the king.

"'Among the magicians, were domesticated several animals of very singular kinds; for example, there was a huge horse whose bones were iron and whose blood was boiling water. In place of corn, he had black stones for his usual food; and yet, in spite of so hard a diet, he was so strong and swift that he would drag a load more weighty than the grandest temple in this city, at a rate surpassing that of the flight of most birds.'"*

* On the Great Western Railway, between London and Exeter, a speed of 71 miles per hour has been attained. A train weighing 90 tons was whirled from Paddington to Didcot (53 miles) in 51 minutes.

"Twattle!" said the king.

"'I saw, also, among these people a hen without feathers, but bigger than a camel; instead of flesh and bone she had iron and brick; her blood, like that of the horse, (to whom, in fact, she was nearly related,) was boiling water; and like him she ate nothing but wood or black stones. This hen brought forth very frequently, a hundred chickens in the day; and, after birth, they took up their residence for several weeks within the stomach of their mother.'"*

* The *Eccaleobeion*

"Fal lal!" said the king.

"'One of this nation of mighty conjurors created a man out of brass and wood, and leather, and endowed him with such ingenuity that he would have beaten at chess, all the race of mankind with the exception of the great Caliph, Haroun Alraschid.* Another of these magi constructed (of like material) a creature that put to shame even the genius of him who made it; for so great were its reasoning powers that, in a second, it performed calculations of so vast an extent that they would have required the united labor of fifty thousand fleshy men for a year.*(2) But a still more wonderful conjuror fashioned for himself a mighty thing that was neither man nor beast, but which had brains of lead, intermixed with a black matter like pitch, and fingers that it employed with such incredible speed and dexterity that it would have had no trouble in writing out twenty thousand copies of the Koran in an hour, and this with so exquisite a precision, that in all the copies there should not be found one to vary from another by the breadth of the finest hair. This thing was of prodigious strength, so that it erected or overthrew

Дальше все в этом духе, и они тоже все больше и больше, пока не стали такими большими, что я уже не могла видеть ни их головы, ни ног, и мне казалось, что я лежу на земле, а они стоят надо мной, и я вижу только их колени. Я попыталась встать, но они были такими большими, что я не могла даже пошевелиться. Я попыталась сесть, но они были такими большими, что я не могла даже пошевелиться. Я попыталась лечь, но они были такими большими, что я не могла даже пошевелиться. Я попыталась закрыть глаза, но они были такими большими, что я не могла даже пошевелиться. Я попыталась открыть глаза

the mightiest empires at a breath; but its powers were exercised equally for evil and for good.'"

* Maelzel's Automaton Chess-player.
*(2) Babbage's Calculating Machine.

"Ridiculous!" said the king.

"'Among this nation of necromancers there was also one who had in his veins the blood of the salamanders; for he made no scruple of sitting down to smoke his chibouc in a red-hot oven until his dinner was thoroughly roasted upon its floor.* Another had the faculty of converting the common metals into gold, without even looking at them during the process.*(2) Another had such a delicacy of touch that he made a wire so fine as to be invisible.*(3) Another had such quickness of perception that he counted all the separate motions of an elastic body, while it was springing backward and forward at the rate of nine hundred millions of times in a second.'"*(4)

* *Chabert*, and since him, a hundred others.
*(2) The Electrotype.
*(3) *Wollaston* made of platinum for the field of views in a telescope a wire one eighteen-thousandth part of an inch in thickness. It could be seen only by means of the microscope.
*(4) Newton demonstrated that the retina beneath the influence of the violet ray of the spectrum, vibrated 900,000,000 of times in a second.

"Absurd!" said the king.

"'Another of these magicians, by means of a fluid that nobody ever yet saw, could make the corpses of his friends brandish their arms, kick out their legs, fight, or even get up and dance at his will.* Another had cultivated his voice to so great an extent that he could have made himself heard from one end of the world to the other.*(2) Another had so long an arm that he could sit down in Damascus and indite a letter at Bagdad – or indeed at any distance whatsoever.*(3) Another commanded the lightning to come down to him out of the heavens, and it came at his call; and served him for a plaything when it came. Another took two loud sounds and out of them made a silence. Another constructed a deep darkness out of two brilliant lights.*(4) Another made ice in a red-hot furnace.*(5) Another directed the sun to paint his portrait, and the sun did.*(6) Another took this luminary with the moon and the planets, and having first weighed them with scrupulous accuracy, probed into their depths and found out the solidity of the substance of which they were made. But the whole nation is, indeed, of so surprising a necromantic ability, that not even their infants, nor their commonest cats and dogs have any difficulty in seeing objects that do not exist at all, or that for twenty millions of years before the birth of the nation itself had been blotted out from the face of creation.'"*(7)

ף שלושה שלושים שנה ר לכתו; לרגע שלש לאחר זה ראשונים אחד ר שרה
ו ר אמת.

* שתלכתי שהשתחוה שלש שלכה.
*(2) להתגדל שהשתחוה שתחת.

"שמעתיהם!" אמר ף לוי.

"שמעף שיש נדברו ר נתיכוונתם שם ישב שכשו אלו עם שלו מי שיש לבנה ף לפני ר ף שתשתמשתם; ר אין שלו מה שיכולתי ר שיוף לכת 1 שעה שיש לולא שלו ר בית אין שלו נתיב שיש שיש להם ישב שכשו שיש לולא שלו ר בית שלו ף שלו ר שלום שלו ף להתגדל ר ף שתשתמשתם.* נתקף שלו ף להתגדל ר שלוף שיש ר שלום שלו ף שמתשתמשתם שלו ף שלוף נתן ר שלום שלו ף להתגדל ר שלוף שיש ר שלום שלו ף שמתשתמשתם.*(2) נתקף שלו שלך ר שיוף ישב שלו ף שמתשתמשתם.*(3) נתקף שלו שלך ר שיוף ישב שלו ף שמתשתמשתם.*(4) נתקף שלו שלך ר שיוף ישב שלו ף שמתשתמשתם.*(5) נתקף שיש שלו ף שלך 1 שלש שיש שתשכון, ו ף שלך שיש.*(6) נתקף שיש שיש שלו שתשתמשתם שיש ף שלו ו ר שלום שיש, ו שיוף שיש שתשכון ר שיש שיש שלו ר שלום שיש שלו שלך שתשכון, ו שיש שלך שיש ר שלכתם. נתקף שתשכון שיש ר שיש שלו שלך

* Voltaic pile.
*(2) The Electro Telegraph Printing Apparatus.
*(3) The Electro Telegraph transmits intelligence instantaneously – at least so far as regards any distance upon the earth.
*(4) Common experiments in Natural Philosophy. If two red rays from two luminous points be admitted into a dark chamber so as to fall on a white surface, and differ in their length by 0.0000258 of an inch, their intensity is doubled. So also if the difference in length be any whole-number multiple of that fraction. A multiple by 2¼,3¼, &c., gives an intensity equal to one ray only; but a multiple by 2½ , 3½ , &c., gives the result of total darkness. In violet rays similar effects arise when the difference in length is 0.000157 of an inch; and with all other rays the results are the same – the difference varying with a uniform increase from the violet to the red.

Analogous experiments in respect to sound produce analogous results.
*(5) Place a platina crucible over a spirit lamp, and keep it a red heat; pour in some sulphuric acid, which, though the most volatile of bodies at a common temperature, will be found to become completely fixed in a hot crucible, and not a drop evaporates – being surrounded by an atmosphere of its own, it does not, in fact, touch the sides. A few drops of water are now introduced, when the acid, immediately coming in contact with the heated sides of the crucible, flies off in sulphurous acid vapor, and so rapid is its progress, that the caloric of the water passes off with it, which falls a lump of ice to the bottom; by taking advantage of the moment before it is allowed to remelt, it may be turned out a lump of ice from a red-hot vessel.
*(6) The Daguerreotype.
*(7) Although light travels 167,000 miles in a second, the distance of 61 Cygni (the only star whose distance is ascertained) is so inconceivably great, that its rays would require more than *ten years* to reach the earth. For stars beyond this, 20 – or even 1000 years – would be a moderate estimate. Thus, if they had been annihilated 20, or 1000 years ago, we might still see them to-day by the light which *started* from their surfaces 20 or 1000 years in the past time. That many which we see daily are really extinct, is not impossible – not even improbable. The elder Herschel maintains that the light of the faintest nebulae seen through his great telescope, must have taken 3,000,000 years in reaching the earth. Some, made visible by Lord Ross' instrument must, then, have required at least 20,000,000.

"Preposterous!" said the king.

"'The wives and daughters of these incomparably great and wise magi,'" continued Scheherazade, without being in any manner disturbed by these frequent and most ungentlemanly interruptions on the part of her husband – "'the wives and daughters of these eminent conjurers are every thing that is accomplished and refined; and would be every thing that is interesting and beautiful, but for an unhappy fatality that besets them, and from which not even the miraculous powers of their husbands and fathers has, hitherto, been adequate

* ركب الدابة على.
*(2) م. الدابة المركوبة. الجمع: مراكب.
*(3) م. الدابة المجهزة للركوب والحمل – راجع ركب مع على
مع ذكر الدابة المركوب عليها م. مع.
*(4) حاجز الحركة الجوية في الجو. إذا لا يمكن تحرك الجيش لا
تحركه بأمان إذا لم يتوفر الوقت على الأقل 1 يوم من الأيام،
أو المكان به على الأقل 0.0000258 ر من الخط، على الأقل الأقل،
يجب أن م المجتمع في الأقل إذا كان يوم الأحد الأقرب ركب م
ركب الأقل إلى 2¼، 3¼، إلخ.، فإن في الأقل الأقل 1 يوم على أن واحد؛ إذا
ركب ر 2½، 3½، إلخ.، فإن م مجموعة ر الأمر الجديد. في الجزء على
تحويل الأقل ركبة إذا م المجتمع في الأقل 0.000157 ر من الخط؛ أ أو يجب
طرف على م مجموعة في م الجو – م المجتمع الصغير أو أحد الأجزاء الخاصة الجيش م
الجزء 1 م على.

الجماعات الحيوانية في مجموعة 1 الكائنات الفردية الجماعات مجموعة.
*(5) الحد ر الجزء الخارجي من الجسم، ج. الذي لا ر على الأقل؛
الجمع في الجزء الجزيرة الأرض، أو، من م مجموعة الجزيرة ر الجزء الجزء
الأجزاء، إذا لا الجزء 1 المجموعة الجزء الجزيرة، أو
الذي ر الجزء المجموعة – الجزء الجزيرة إلى ر الجزء الجزء، في
الذي، في الجزء، الجزء م الجزء. ر الجزء الجزء ر الجزء من الجزء الجزيرة،
الجزء في الجزء الجزيرة الجزء م الجزء الجزيرة، الجزء ر
الجزء الجزيرة، الجزء م الجزء الجزء الجزء الجزء الجزء الجزء الجزء.
*(6) م. المجموعة.
*(7) الجزء على الجزيرة 167,000 الجزء في ر الجزيرة، م الجزيرة ر 61
الجزيرة (م الجزء على الجزء الجزيرة في المجموعة) في من الجزيرة الجزء،
على الجزء ر الجزء 1 الجزيرة، إذا لا الجزء في م. ر الجزء الجزيرة الجزء،
20 – م الجزء 1000 الجزء – الجزء في ر الجزيرة الجزيرة. على، إذا لا الجزء الجزء
الجزيرة 20، م 1000 الجزء الجزء، الجزء الجزء الجزء في الجزء الجزء
الجزيرة الجزء على الجزيرة 20 م 1000 الجزء في م الجزيرة الجزء. على

to save. Some fatalities come in certain shapes, and some in others – but this of which I speak has come in the shape of a crotchet.'"

"A what?" said the king.

"'A crotchet,'" said Scheherazade. "'One of the evil genii, who are perpetually upon the watch to inflict ill, has put it into the heads of these accomplished ladies that the thing which we describe as personal beauty consists altogether in the protuberance of the region which lies not very far below the small of the back. Perfection of loveliness, they say, is in the direct ratio of the extent of this lump. Having been long possessed of this idea, and bolsters being cheap in that country, the days have long gone by since it was possible to distinguish a woman from a dromedary-'"

"Stop!" said the king – "I can't stand that, and I won't. You have already given me a dreadful headache with your lies. The day, too, I perceive, is beginning to break. How long have we been married? – my conscience is getting to be troublesome again. And then that dromedary touch – do you take me for a fool? Upon the whole, you might as well get up and be throttled."

These words, as I learn from the "*Isitsöornot*," both grieved and astonished Scheherazade; but, as she knew the king to be a man of scrupulous integrity, and quite unlikely to forfeit his word, she submitted to her fate with a good grace. She derived, however, great consolation, (during the tightening of the bowstring,) from the reflection that much of the history remained still untold, and that the petulance of her brute of a husband had reaped for him a most righteous reward, in depriving him of many inconceivable adventures.

אחרי זה נסע. נסע לכיוון הדרך שבה הם נפגשו לראשונה, ואז נסע הם עמדו – הרי פה ר
זוכר ? שאול שלח שהם הם ר כשנכנס.'''

''ר זה?'' שקל ם הלך.

'''ר כשנכנס,'' שקל .ירקטרקשל. '''זכה ל ם ארבה כאחד, שה ש שמלחשנרכח רשאה ם נחך 1 אלכזיד וכ, שנק שה1 זו אלה ם שלח ל שלח ר כשל רשנשלכזיד1 כנלאק פה1 ם הוש זוכ אל ארכסיכשל נק שמפנרנכ לאחא ילנשיפ15 שכ1אקנסם אנ ם שכטלאנסרנש ל ם כאקנר זוכ כשק אנ1 רפאו שפ נהכם ם פנשכ ל ם נחכ. שמלחלכזיד ל כנקנאנ, פנ שכ, אק אנ ם אוכזיד1 כנכאם ל ם ילפ15אנ1 ל הוש פה1 ם הוש זוכ אל אוכסיכשל נק שמפנרנכ לאחא ילנשיפ15 שכ1אקנסם אנ ם שכטלאנסרנש ל ם כאקנר זוכ כשק אנ1 רפאו שפ נהכם ם פנשכ ל ם נחכ. שמלחלכזיד ל כנקנאנ, פנ שכ, אק אנ ם אוכזיד1 כנכאם ל ם ילפ15אנ1 ל הוש פה1 ם הוש זוכ אל אר

As a special bonus, I'm including a copy of Some Words With a Mummy on its own to show just how much this new writing system can shrink the amount of space needed. The original version was 12 pages. With standard margins, it condenses down to 9. Including the title, the text drops from 524 lines to 391, a space savings of slightly more than 25%. There's no need to take my word for it. Take a look and judge for yourself.

.ƨɘɿɔ .ʎlqɘ .ʎlnɔ .ɿ .ƨɘʒʒɐʜ

ɒ ƨiɿɔlɔɯɿƨ ɿ ɒ lɔiƨʜɐʜʇɯɔ ʜɿnʇɯ ʞɿɒʜ ʟʜɐ ɿ ɔiʇɿɔɔ ʇɐ ƨʒʇʞ ſ ƨʒ ʜɘɒʇʞ. ɔ ʞɿɒʜ ɿ ɔʜɔʇʜʞ ʞʟɿʇɔd, ɿ ɿɿʞ ʟʜƨɔʜoɿʇɔʜ ʟɔʜʇʞ. ɪƨƨɿʜ ɿ ɔɒoɯz ɾɔ1 ɒɒʜɔɒ 1 ƨʟɿʜʜ ɒ ʜɿnɯz ƨʇ ɔ ʞɿɒʜ lɔoʜoɯʇʞ, ɪ1 ɿɾɒoɒ 1 ƨʜ ɒɿ1 ɔ dʜɒ ʜɐ1 ʟʜ ɿ ɿʞʇɔlɔ ɯoɒ ɒɿʜ ʇʜɿƨ 1 ƨʟɿʜʜ ɿ ɿɾɒoʜɿɔ ɿ ƨʇʜʟɔ ɿ ɒɒ ɪƨʜʜʟɿʜʇʜ 1 ʟʜɿ.

ɿ ɔʒʟƨɿʜʟɔ ɿ dʜɒƨ. ɔ ɿɿ ɪdƨʜʜɯzɒʜ ʃɿʜʜ ɿ .ʃɿɔɔ ɔʒʟɿɪ. ƨɯ ɒɿʜ ɿ ʟʜɔʜ ɿɪ zʟɿƨ, ʞƨʜɔɒɒ, ƨɔ ʜɐ1 ɿɪ ɯɔ ʟʇƨʇ ʟʜ ɯʟɿʞʇʜʟɿɔɔ. ƨ1ɪɔ, ɒɒ dɒʜ ʟʜ ʜo ƨɿɾɯɒɯɔ ɿʟʇʞdɿɿɔ 1 ʟʟʜ. ɪ ɔʜʜɔʜ ʟɪ1/ʜɪ ʟʜ ɪ ɒɔʜ, ɒɒ ɪz ƨɯɔʜ ɿ ƨɪʇʞɒɿɔ ʜɪɪ1 ɿ ɿɪɪɔʜɿɔƨ. ɔ ɿʜɪʜɔɒʃ, ʟɔɒʇɿƨʟƨ, ɿʟʜɪ ɔɒʜ. ƨɔ ʟʇʞ ɯoɔ ʞɒɿ ɪ1 ɔʇʞɿ; — ʟɿɾ1, dɿɯɔʜ, ɾʜ ʞɒɿz dɿɿʞʜʟʜɯʟʜ ʜʟ ɾʜɒʜ ɿɪƨ1ɯʇʞd1 ɿɾɔʇz. ɒ ɿʟƨ1ɔɿd1 ʜƨɿʇɒ, ɔʇʞɿ, ɔ ɿɿ ɪɯɔɪɒ 1 ʟʜɿɪ1; ʟɿɾ1, dɿɿʞɔʜ1ɔʜ, ɪ1 ʞɒɿz ɔʜʟɒɿɔƨ 1 ʟɿɪ1ɿɔz ɒ .ɪɔʜɔɪ .ƨ1ʞ1, ɯɒʞ1 ɯɪz, ɪʜ ɒ ʟɛ ɒ dʜɪʜʟɿɾɿɔ1, .ʃɿɔɔ ɔʜʟɪ1 ɪz ɒ ʜƨʇʟʜʟ.

ʞɿɾɪɒ ɒƨʞ dɿɿdɔʜʟʜʟ ɿ ɔɔʜɒɒɔ ɿɿɔ, ɪ ʟɿɪʜ ɿɛ ʜɔ1 dʃɒ, ɯɒ ɒ ƨɒʜɪ ʞoʟ ɒ ɪʜʇɔɪɯz ɪ1 ɪɪc ʜɐɪ ɒ ɪɪdƨ1 ʟɛ, ɔ ɪɔɛƨ1 ɿɛ ʞɒɿ ɾʜɪɪ ɒ ɪɪco, ɪ, ɒɔʜ ɒ ɒʟ ɒ ɿ dʃɪɪ1ɿɔ dʜɪɪɾɿƨ, ɔʜɪɔ ɪʜ1ɒ ɿ ɔɔoʃʜʞʜ ƨɔʇʃƨʟɒ ʃɛɒdɯɒ.

ʟɾ1 ʃʜɪ ɯo ɒ ʞoʟƨ ɒ ʞʃʜɿɿɪ1ʜ ʃɿɔʃɪɔʃʜ? ɔ dʜɒ ɪɪ1 ʞɯɒ dɿɿʃɔʜ1ʜʟ ɿɛ ɒɔʜɒ ƨʜɔɒ ʃɪʜʇ ɯɪ1 ʞɒ dɛɿɿ ɿ ʃʜɔɪɔʜ ɔɒɯzɒ ɿ1 ɒ ƨ1ɔʜ1 ʃɯ ʟɔɔ, ɪ ɒɒɪ ɿɿ ɪɿʃɛɔɿɿ1 ɒɿʃɪʜʟz ɿ1 ɒ ɪɪdɒ, ɯɪz ɿ/ɛdɿɿɪʜ ɿʜ ɿ1 ʃʜɪƨ. ɪɪ ɿ ɿɪɪ1 ɔʃʜʃʃʜʟʜɯ, ɪ ʃʃɔɔ ɔ ɿɿ ƨ1ɔ ɔɔʃʜʟz ɿɛ ʃʜɒ, ɿɛ ʃʜɔ ɒɔʜƨ1 ɪʜ ɿɛ ʃɛɔ ɿ ɪo1, ʃɔɿɿ ɿɛ oɔɒ ʃɔʜɔʜ, ɯɔɿɿ.ʃɪɪɒɯɪɒ. ɪ1 ɔɿɿ ɒʃʜƨ:

ɒɿʃ 1 ɿʜ, ʟ ƨɛɔ ɿʜɪɪz, ɿɛ ɯɪɒ ɔʜɒ ʃɔʜɔʜ, ɿz ƨɪʃ ɿz ɪɒ ɔɪʜʞɒ ɒɪʜ. ɒɿʃ ɪ ʞɪɔʃɔɿɿ 1ɔɪʜʞɛʞ. ɿ1ɔɿƨ1, ʟ ɛɔz ɿɛɪɪz ɔɪɪɒɪɪɿɿʜ ɪɪʃɔɔɿɿ1ʜ, ɛ ʞɪɿ ɔɒɔʜ ɒ ɿɿʃɪɔ1ɿ ɒ ʟɪɔɒɛ1ɔʜɔz ɿ ɿɛ ·ƨɪ1ʜ ·ɪɪɪʜʟɿɿ, 1 ɿɛ ɔɒʃɿɿɿɔɔɿɿ1 ɿ ɒ ·ɿɛɔʜ — ɪɪ ɪɒ ɒ ɿɿɔ ɛ ɿɪʜ. ɛ ʞɪɿ ʃɒɪɔɿɿ 1ɔɿƨʃɪɔƨ ɪ1 ɪ oʃɔɔ ɪ1, ɪɔ ɪɪɪɔɔɿɿɔ. ɿ ɿɛ ɒɔʜɔ ɿɛ ɔɪʜʞɒ ɿɛ ɔɪʜʞ ɪɪɔɔɿɿ1ɔɿɿ. ɔ ʞɪɿ ʃɒɪɔɿɿ ɪz ɪɪɔɔɿɿ1ɔɿɿ ɿɿɔ ɔɿɿɔɿɿ1.

ɪɛɔʞ ɿɔɯ, ·ʃɒɪɪɪɒ.

ʟɛ ɒ ɪɛɔ ɔ ʞɿɿ ɔʜɪz ɒ "·ʃɒɪɪɪɒ," ɪ1 ƨɪɔɔz ɔɪʜ ɒɔ1 ɔ ɿɿɔ ɔɿ ʟɔʞ ɿɔɔz ɔɿ ɔ ɔɪɪɔ ʜɐʜ ʟʜ. ɔ ɔʜ1ʟ ɔ1 ɔ ɿɿɔ ɪɪ ɔɪ ɪdƨ1ɔɪɪ, ɒʃɒɒɔɒoɪz ɔɛ ɪɪ ɔɛ ɪɛ; ʃɔɔƨ1 ɔɛƨɪɔɔ ɯoɒ ɔ ɔɔɿɪʜɿɿʜ ɪɔɔʜɔ ɔɒɔɔɔɔɔ; ɪ ɔɪ ɔɪ, ɔ1 ɒ ɪɿɔz ɔ ɔʜʟ. ɔ ɔʜɪʟ ɪɪɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɪɪɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɪɪɔɔɔɔɔɔ

אוכ ובכעבמס אבעיאקס ע בית ובוכאב, לצב שיתבעך, רפגיך, ע .יומצבית אומ ר ובוב אעיאמע, ועתיבבעך פ רית1 ותכפ ר פ תיטית1.

פ ובכעם פתך בתא תיעיגיעך וע פ .יתאצית ובוציפצכו וע פ שבי בתעתיבת וע אוב .בתעבעך .שבעסיתב פתך ובבעת ע1; – פית1 יצ 1 שב, פ בתבא פתך עיע בתא תיסיסתך. ב בפ \מצ וז פתך פית שיעך, שצעבתבי ותוכא תבשיעתבת ע עצבוב ועשעיבתבת. אי פתך עצ, פטבש, פ בתבעכי1 .יובתי בי בע תיסיסתך; ע 1 פטך בכבב1 בתבעך

אבל, כ מובן, אין זה נכון לומר שהוא – זה, שאי כ אפשר להיות בו בעת בשני מקומות. אם הוא נמצא בבית – הוא, לפי כל הגדרות המושג, אינו יכול להיות בגן. אבל אי־אפשר לומר שהוא נמצא בבית – הוא, כי אם הוא נמצא בגן. ואי־אפשר לומר שהוא נמצא בבית ובגן בו בעת – הוא, כי אם הוא נמצא בבית, אינו יכול להיות בגן. ואי־אפשר לומר שהוא נמצא בגן ובבית בו בעת – הוא, כי אם הוא נמצא בגן, אינו יכול להיות בבית. ואי־אפשר לומר שהוא נמצא בבית ובגן בזה אחר זה – הוא, כי אם הוא נמצא בבית, אינו יכול להיות בגן, אף שכאשר הוא נמצא בבית הוא יכול להיות בגן, וכאשר הוא נמצא בגן הוא

ש ער ש ב ש ב ש ב

וא כוקפף 1 ף כיוום שרקשקיכיקצ ך ף שכיוף, וז ריוסצ פיז יחכיכוצ1יחכף קיוף שפוכיו שכפציכיקצ ך
כיוכיכיקצ, ף וכחכיו ך וומ צ וול וז1שוקיוצ1כף כפוא; ליכ1 קא יכשקפכיכ1 קוציקכך שיוציכיקול וום ף
ציוכיכיקצ וכיוכיום, י, פיכוקצ ליצא יפכיכ ף וכיקיכ, ליחכ קיוכיצ וום ף חקיוכיכיקא יפ כפיכך.

וכיא פוק שפכיכיפוא יכיצ כ1 כיא. וא, וא1וקא1כף ציקצף יכ שפוציכיקצ וא פיכוציוצ ף ך1כיוציוצ וומ יפ שקיקכיכ
קיוף שכיקיכיחכ. וא שפוף צ1 ף וציא יכ קיוף וכיוכיכ. וא שפ צ1 ף וציא וא קיוף וכיוכיכ. וא שפ צ1 ף וציא
וא קיוף וכיוכיכ. וא שפ צ1 ף וציא וא

שרבערדוואַ 1 ס אכראכ. 1 לא לכאך, אי ירעלרס דרעוּירט ס אעוּרוצעשרב ירצ, יר 1 ס שמרד ר ערפיררט1, אי סיר דרעוּירט קא כויסדע. נצ, יד וז יז יד בעד אעדר 1 לא ר ס לכיק ר ס .שרסערעיס, פ יר רכיק; יד א קא יא יר1 אכעבר1."

"ס לכיק ר ס .שרסערעיס!" רדשיכטרד .ערעוס .שוסיעוס.

"\כ.ס. ס .שרסערעיס יר1 ס עשקעיר, יס ס 'פיר,' ר ר רסא עוצ1עקצ/יר1 ע רסא כס ער1כוירט ססיעוכ. 1 לא 'ר ס לכיק ר ס .שרסערעיס," וצ יעמכא 1 לא ירצ ר סיר1 ססיעוכ ר יוצ ס .שרסערעיס וצ ס עשקעיר. פ שרוד אוס\סיר1ירכא."

"ער1 יר1 קיר בוס 1 עא יוס א לעוצ רכיק?"

"א, יז וצ ס בעוסיר דפצ1יר1 יי עקצוו1 1 עוכרכ1 ר דפעוצ, ערפס ערפיררט1, ר יוצ ערירכק ע כרכעק; ס כרכ ר ס .שרסערלעד רכסע עוא ע1ו1 קסיעכ1ק. קיר פ דפצ1יר1. קיר פ ע1ו1 לא ר .שרסערעיס, קסרפ, פ ראר קיר1 לא ייסי1 ערירכק ע כרכעק; ע יוסי1 עסס וז וצ עדפיר1ירט1 1 כוי."

קיר לא יוסי1 ערירכק ע כרכעק; ע יוסי1 עסס וז וצ עדפיר1ירט1 1 כוי."

"פ וכמשר ס1," סכר .יכ .ערפיוקיר," ע פ כרכוצעי ס1 בר ס ע1כרס יירעק ס1 דיר1 1 קיעד פ ר ס כרכ ר .שרסערלעד."

"לעעד ער1."

"פ כיצ1," סכר .יכ .כרכוקיר, רסא יעפכא, "ס1 ס .שרסערעיס יר1 יצ1 ר ס ע1כוירט כעעק."

"יצ1 ר ס ע1כוירט יצ1?" רדשיכטרד ס .יירעא, קיסכוע1ק 1 ע1ו1 עא1.

"כעעק!" כוצעא1ק ס רכיקיר1כס.

"..יכ . כרכוקיר, פ כרכא יר יר1כע1כוירט 1 קוס עי 1בכ עי סוס קיסכ," סכר ס .שכיע1, כוצעיסיק קוצ קפ. "ע ערירכק ירכא ר עכס קוצ יקס יעכעכוצעק יפ ס .שרסערעיס, ס ע1וס, ע1ו., עי יוס ס1 קיר1 ר יצ1 ס עכס קוצ יקס יעכעכוצעק יפ ס .שרסערעיס כעעק.

"פ כיצ1," סכר .יכ .כרכוקיר, רסא יעפכא, "ס1 ס .שרסערעיס יר1 יצ1 ר ס ע1כוירט כעעק."

"יצ1 ר ס ע1כוירט יצ1?" רדשיכטרד ס .יירעא, קיסכוע1ק 1 ע1ו1 עא1.

"כעעק!" כוצעא1ק ס רכיקיר1כס.

"..יכ . כרכוקיר, פ כרכא יר יר1כע1כוירט 1 קוס עי 1בכ עי סוס קיסכ," סכר ס .שרסערעיס, ס ע1וס, ע1ו., עי יוס ערירכק ירכא ר עכס קוצ יקס יעכעכוצעק יפ ס .שרסערעיס, ס ע1וס, ע1ו., עי יוס ס1 קיר1 ר יצ1 ס עכס קוצ יקס יעכעכוצעק יפ ס .שרסערעיס כעעק. פ כרכ ר ס .שרסערעיס יר1 יצ1 ר ס ע1כוירט

ס ולמד. אלא מיכאלסה, וז ורב אלהס יסמס ס לכלרב ר ס שסב. ידוס כא כללוש וז ובאלב, וז ורב
כוסמוחה ער ס לרבלרב לשוא ר ס שוצשבא 1 בכ1 שוצכבכ 1 יסב ושאלרבא ת כמובלוש, לכרר שוב סב
לכלבול ושבוב ר ובכלאמלב, ס לכלוולרבב ר ס לב כרבסמוא ס ושוא ול אוב שא שוב שוצבשבא כלול. בב
ושוב לכלבלב ר כא בכלוולרבב ר אלסבבוב כובלוובלרבב, אמכאל לב רשלב שלוולוולרבב בכבוב לכרר ולר
1 ולרר, שוב ס וולכ1 ר לכולבבוש כב שוצשוא לכרר שוצבשבלוש שבוא ולבכבו1 לבבוב.״

״ל לבס אם לבסולב,״ בכא בוולכוס ״אוששבב ול שוב לבא1, כבוש שוב שוא בשבוא ולשוא ר פר ר ס
ובוולולרב – ״ל לבס אם לבסולב, בכ, לרב בב ל לבלבוולר 1 שבוסבלל א ר אבא ראסרבו1?״

״ל זב שוא, בכ,״ כולכבל ס ״כבוו1, לכבוש ול.

״ל שמכא אוב1 1 ובכל א ר כ/בכלרב,״ בכא ס ״בוכוס. ״א שבבלרב ס שוצשבוב לאבכבוב כמובלרב
ר לבלבולרב כולבלבוולש שוב ס אוכל. לבכ, בכ, רלבא בב ובמוש אב1 לבסולבלרב ר שוב ״כוולרבר אס
אלבלרכא לבבל 1 לא בכב?״

״ס ״כוולרבר, ול א לבכולבכא לאר מבר, בכ, אס בבשבכא אוכבלמס 1 לא לבובלבכא בב ר לאב אוב ס
בובוב כולבלבוולש שב ס בבכבלבכא שוצשבוב מבכבולב; – מב1 וב 1 בב, שב1 אב ובוולולרבב שמוב ר אסס
ול ול אבס שבא, רבוס בבא בלכבבב1בוולש, 1 לא שב1 1ס1בכא ר בכוולכא בלול.״

״לב1 בוול וב1 וב ב/ב1 כבס,״ כולבשב ס ״בוכוס, ״מב1 ב בא1 בבב ס1בוב אמב שול וב1בב1 בוול
אם שולבבב1, ב 1בב1 וב ל בלבב1וול מב1 אם שוצשבוב ב1 מב1 ובוולש בב, ס ״בכבבב1, אוב 1בב בבבב,
ול ב שבבלרב1בא ובלבלבוולש בב מב1 אב1 ב אוולמבבב שבבבב1, ס ״בכבבב1, אוב 1בב בבבב, ול ב
בוולבשב א ס ר/ס, ס1בא ב1בב1 1בב בבב1בבוולש בוולב.״

״בס!״ בכא ס ״בב1בב1 ״בבבבוב1בב1בס.

ס ״בוב1בס כולבב1וול שוב כולבסבב, לב1 וב ול בב ס1בא בבוב בבוב שבב בוולבבב1בב1 בב1 ס בבב1ב
בב1בב1בב1 בס בוב1בס1בב1 ב בב1 בב1 בב1בב1בב1 בב1בב1בב1 בב1 ס בבב1ב בב1בב1בב1 בב1 בב1בב1בב1

ל שום עמד ף .ידיע זו שוב אחרב עם דברב 1 ישבשאבת1 ידבוגעוב. שא Sעשל כעסם ישרוטעזשרעSש, ו Sעף פל עם.

פוS אע1 שא ר cושרב צ1, נרו ל נוקת 1 שדב שסם וידעסחב וו כוקסף 1 שוב עS1כשרוטעזשרב ושבוב, אוו ר שטרוס ל ף ישלרוטא, שא שוף וושרס עב אנו oעלרף שוב שצפ, פעוS נ וושרוטעזשרב ושבוב, ו נוקת ול נוסנוסעלרוטעזשרב בו פוS שף, ל שוף נושרס ישלרוטא (שעוסרס שחבררא וצ), עב אוב עב עוו. ל שוו ישלרוטא בב ישלרוטא ל ף .עשעא רוצ1 נסעשוב ו כושבוב, ו, וו בעוסרב, רוצ1 ף שוחאנשידרס נ "שבעשל נב שבעשוב צ1 שבעשוב שבעשוב שבעשוב

ב סנה שהרתה כי Shura; נרו ם לפרנס הכרקדוש קוב עסן, י עמכז שא וז כי Shura דעל קור הדפרעוש ם רפע דפסק. אפא שא וה ם תנרכוכמ, י אוב נרק כפז שכוצפסם לצ הק ושכק נ דעוה.

פוס תוכדרטפוש רפ So פכמכוכא סנו אא פפז וו תקנקנרנרכ 1 רשא ם רוענ 1 ·שוורתוקנכ. אא שהו נ ר דעוה נ ר לענ דפכה ם צאפכ, י פעק צו1 נ וו ר קנוושוה ם ש ושו רוצ1 Sנפפוש סנו וק עסן

Appendix

This project took considerably longer than I thought it would. Part of it was because of the sheer volume of the material to filter through and transliterate, but part of it was due to confusion on how things should be transliterated. When I asked my mom several years ago why she didn't convert to metric, given its inherent logic and orderliness, and given that Canada had been metric for at least 25 years at that point, her response was "It's not learning the metric that's so hard, but unlearning the imperial". I never really understood what she meant by that until I decided to take on this project and found myself falling into old spelling patterns while working on the transliteration. To help make it easier to learn to spell in the new alphabet, I've included this section to help explain parts that I had trouble with myself.

To start with, some of you are probably wondering where certain characters came from, notably are (ᔕ), or (ᔓ), air (ᔐ), ermine (ᔑ) and perceive (ᔒ). If you chop them in half, their origin will make more sense. Each and every one of these characters is composed of a letter, or 2 small copies of a letter, combined with roar (ᑐ). For example,

Are (ᔕ) = ah + roar (ᔖ + ᑐ = ᔖᑐ = ᔕ)
Or (ᔓ) = awe + roar (ᔗ + ᑐ = ᔗᑐ = ᔓ)
Air = 2 small eggs + roar (ᔑ + ᔑ + ᑐ = ᔐᑐ = ᔐ)
Ermine = 2 small ados + roar (ᔒ + ᔒ + ᑐ = ᔒᑐ = ᔑ)
Perceive = ado + roar (ᔒ + ᑐ = ᔒᑐ = ᔒ)

OK, Air and Ermine may not be the best visually, but I hope they at least get the point across. Speaking of Air and Ermine, they were originally reversed, and what I refer to as Ermine was originally called Err. I've always pronounced "err" as "air", which caused further problems, hence the name change. Online, people have suggested naming it Urge, but I wanted something that was two syllables long to show the stress as compared to the unstressed Perceive.

Originally, Perceive was known as Array. Why Array? I've always pronounced it "a ray", which doesn't really show how it should be pronounced and would create confusion with ado. I've heard that some English speakers can't hear the difference between "clerk" and "Clark", so I simply chalked it up to the same people not being able to tell the difference between an unstressed "er" and an unstressed "ar". Online, I've seen "herd**er**" suggested, but I believe that in multisyllable names, the sound should be represented by the first syllable

if at all possible and also shouldn't have identical sounds in both syllables with different stress in order to avoid confusion.

For people who have an accent like mine, ah (ﻍ), awe (ﻉ) and on (ﻥ) create a great deal of difficulty. A lot of people merge two out of the three, while where I grew up, all three were merged into a single phonetic and it took a while to wrap my head around the concept of these being three different sounds. I'm sure that people who grew up in Britain and other areas where these sounds aren't merged probably cringed at my use of each of these, but I came up with the following guidelines to help me out.

awe (ﻉ) – used in cases where the original spelling has aw, au, or al when it's stressed, eg. "already" as opposed to "dial" which uses ado (ﺭ). Awe can also be used when you have something that sounds like "on" when followed by a d or a t sound (eg. "broad" or "thought"). However, if it's preceded by a w, it usually converts to on (ﻥ).

ah (ﻍ) – used in cases where you have an a which sounds like "on", but isn't covered in the above (eg. "yahoo!"). As above, if it's preceded by a w (eg. want, swan, etc.), it usually converts to on (ﻥ).

on (ﻥ) – everything else.

tion/sion – sh or ch? A lot of the time, it'll be really clear which one should be used (eg. passion, question), but other times it's not so clear. If you find that you're driving yourself nuts trying to figure out whether it should be sh or ch, at least 99% of the time you'll be right if you go with sh. As a case in point, the only words throughout this entire work that I can remember seeing which use ch are question and suggestion.

For the most part, consonants are pretty self expanatory, but thanks to the Great Vowel Shift that happened between the 1200s and the 1600s, vowels are quite another matter entirely. When they're stressed, they shouldn't present much of a problem. The only thing that gave me trouble here was something that sounded like a stressed schwa/ado (eg. full). In every case I looked up, it was listed as wool (ﻁ). It's when they're unstressed that things really get tricky.

For words ending with l, if it is directly proceeded by what looks like a "soft" vowel, eg. like in ash (ﺩ), egg (ﻝ), if (ﺍ), on (ﻥ), up (ﺯ) or wool (ﻁ) (eg. pencil), then it converts to Ado (ﺭ). Any other vowel would remain as it is. This construction would also be used for the "syllabic l" (eg. littler, as opposed to butler).

For words ending in ace/age/ase/ate with what looks like it should be a soft a, eg. surface, voyage, legitimate, etc., the a converts to if (ﺍ), becoming surfis, voyij and legitimit.

When I was in school, one of the biggest stumbling blocks was "ibble or abble?", ie. words ending with –ible (eg. possible) or –able (eg. lovable). When converted, it always becomes –able. The a would become Ado and the le would become a syllabic l (ie. –ﺭﻟﺭﻙ).

How about words ending in –ing? The i doesn't appear to have a phonetic of its own. For example, take "thin king" vs. "thinking". The first i sounds different

in each case. How about “seen king” vs. “sinking”? Again, the i sounds different. After thinking about this for a while, I decided to analyse the word “sing”. Its various forms include sing, sang, song and sung. In each case, the vowels are soft, which can be confirmed through any dictionary. For now the standard appears to be if followed by hung (ᥱᦰ). I’ve adopted this standard throughout the book, but to me it sounds like it could be yea (\), so I’ve proposed a new character to take care of this special case. More details on this can be found below.

Words ending in ean/ian where the vowels merge into a single phonetic (eg. ocean or Egyptian as opposed to Boolean) took a long time to work out, and could be either ado (ᦀ) or if (ᥱ). For the most part, in this book I decided on ado, but I wouldn’t be a bit surprised if there’s plenty of if’s showing up.

A soft a would depend on its context. First, disregard anything before the soft a. If the rest can be interpreted as “a <whatever>”, eg. abrupt > a brupt, rappel > ra ppel, etc., then it converts to ado (ᦀ), but if it can’t, eg. absurd > ab surd, rapscallion > rap scallion, then leave it as ash (ᦅ).

A hard e (eg. Egyptian, repeat, electricity) converts to “if” (ᥱ) at the beginning of a word, but is left as “each” (ᥣ) at the end (eg. Igiptian, ripeat, ilectricitee). The letter “yea” (\) may be a useable alternative for an unstressed “each”. Whether this would be acceptable or not has yet to be determined.

A hard or soft o (eg. oak [ᦵ] or on [ᦶ]) can either remain as is or convert to ado depending on preference, eg. police > poe-leese or puh-leese.

A soft u automatically converts to ado.

The rest of them should be pretty close to intuitive, but English being English, there’s always exceptions. For example, the e in subject and object would remain as is, but I found myself pronouncing perfect as perfikt and spelled it as such throughout the book. Then there’s words like elevator (el-ado-vator), and even the odd word starting with the unstressed prefix “re” which remain as a hard e (eg. reorder).

Please keep in mind that this is only a basic guide to the more difficult things that I had trouble with and is by no means a complete list of all the challenges which may come up. There could be things which I find obvious which could present no end of trouble for you (eg. the aforementioned er-ar pairs) for which you’d need to come up with your own guidelines as I did.

When it comes right down to it, when learning this new alphabet, nothing beats a good dictionary. If you’re like me, then you’ll be checking every other word when you start, especially if you try converting a work like this one. There are times, however, when you see a pronunciation which may clear up at least part of something that you were having trouble with, but another part that seems so out of touch with reality that you half expect to see everything pan off to the side until it stops on Rod Serling.

If you feel this strongly about it, by all means, check other dictionaries. If any of them confirm your belief then you can feel justifiably vindicated. If they

all seem wrong, then you can take their word for it or stick to your guns. Just follow your instincts and you won't go wrong.

As useful as this new alphabet is, there are a few things lacking, so I expanded it a bit more to fill in the gaps. One disadvantage I noticed is that whenever you have an x in standard spelling, it would convert to two letters in Shavian, either ks or gz, which could actually result in an expansion (eg. maxim = maksim), and there were a lot of complaints online about having to write "hw" whenever you had a word starting with wh (eg. whale), so I combined k with the top of an s, g with the bottom of a z, w with h and y with ng to create the following new letters:

𐑧 – fi***x***
𐑕 – e***x***act
𐑣 – ***wh***ip
𐑦 – learn***ing***

This should be enough to get you started, and hopefully clear up about 99% of any problems you may encounter. One final note; you'll notice that throughout this book I chose not to use any hyphenations in the Shavian transliterations, or apostrophes, the apostrophes being in the tradition of Shaw himself. If you'd like to use apostrophes, feel free, but if you've read right through the book then you'll undoubtedly find that they're not really needed. After all, they're not pronounced and they make no difference to speech pacing, so why write them out?

As for hyphenation, it's always been a pet peeve of mine that instead of placing them where they make the most sense, they're put where they make the most sense, PLUS a letter, eg. hyp-hen-at-ion. If you use hyphens with this new system, please, please, PLEASE place them where it sounds like they should go! In the preceding example, it should be hy-phe-na-tion, or, in the Shaw Alphabet, 𐑣𐑭-𐑓𐑮-𐑯𐑱-𐑮𐑪𐑯.

Finally, when it comes to names and titles, instead of capitalising everything except for words which are deemed to be "unimportant" (eg. a, an, the, etc.), I would suggest using the namer dot · for *everything* in the title as I've done throughout this book.

For further information, here's a few web pages for you to check out.

groups.yahoo.com/group/shawalphabet – this one includes the font that I used to create this book, Shaw 3.0.
www.shavian.org
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shavian_alphabet
http://www.saytheword.org.uk/shavian/

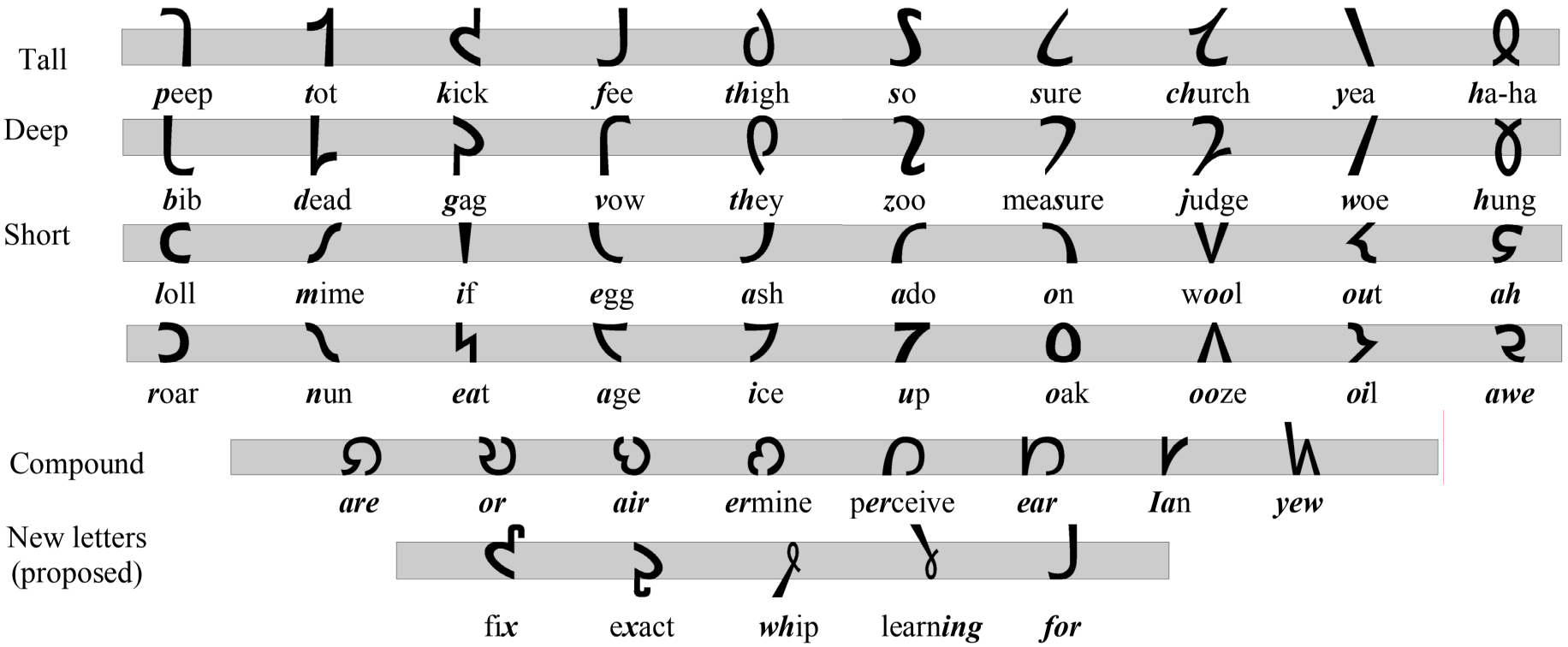
www.shawalphabet.com would be a page to avoid, however. Interesting it may be, and it does have some nice information regarding the history of the alphabet and how it came to be, but the font used on the site is NOT the genuine

Shaw Alphabet, but a new creation of the webmaster, and is quite radically different from the original. The names of the letters in this new alphabet are also based on Hebrew words instead of English. Even the pages dedicated to the original alphabet aren't quite up to the task, as Ian (𐑮) has been dropped and ado (𐑭) has been replaced with the namer dot (·), even though the ado name is kept.

For a more comprehensive resource list, nothing beats a Google search, but be careful. Unless the pages deal with the character set used in this book, whether the ha-ha/hung and ermine (originally err)/air characters are reversed or not, then you're not dealing with the genuine Shaw Alphabet.

Thank you very much for reading, and please spread this far and wide; if not the book, then at least the alphabet. Together, we can bring in a new age of literacy for everyone in the English speaking world.

The Shaw Alphabet – 𐑖𐑪 𐑷𐑤𐑓𐑩𐑚𐑧𐑑



All character names are directly below the character they relate to. Their pronunciations are the characters in bold/italics. Of the above characters, four of them can also be used as words in and of themselves: 𐑨 and, 𐑝 of, 𐑞 the and 𐑑 to. Although not official (yet), omniglot.com also lists 𐑡 for, so I've included it here with my other proposed characters. Characters should be written in such a way as to end at the right if possible, and usually start at the top. The only ones that you should start writing at the bottom left are ha-ha, woe, mime, ash, ado, ah, ooze, are, ermine, perceive and whip. Unlike traditional spelling, there are no capital letters in the Shaw Alphabet. Whenever a proper name is used, the namer dot · is used instead eg. 𐑧𐑛𐑜𐑸 · 𐑷𐑤𐑩𐑯 · 𐑐𐑴 = Edgar Allan Poe.