

PARADISE REGAINED.

THE circling hills of woods and clouds snow-white
Held, in the golden hour of eventide,
The lake by which I walked, and seemed to hide
From view a world yet lovelier, whose light
Streamed up behind their heights and made them glow,
As wrapped in purest flame, and flung on high
Bright flakes of glory 'gainst the pale blue sky
Which bridged with paths of light the lake below.
I felt sweet music, that I could not hear,
I saw a poem that I could not read,
"What place is this," I cried! Lo, at my need,
Two lovers passed,—'T was *Paradise!* for clear
I saw it shining in his happy eyes,
I heard it murmur'd in her low replies.

Maria W. Jones.

A LOOK INTO HAWTHORNE'S WORKSHOP.

BEING NOTES FOR A POSTHUMOUS ROMANCE,

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN the preparation of "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,"—a novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which his son is about to make public,—Mr. Hawthorne seems to have written, in the way of notes and preliminary studies, enough matter to cover about sixty magazine pages, or in the neighborhood of one hundred and eighty pages of an ordinary book. He would then appear to have written out, or sketched out, more fully the main work,—but even the latter evidently failed to meet with his own complete approbation. How far the notes and preliminary studies were embodied in, or in any way used in, the main novel, we cannot tell, for we have not yet seen the latter.

The preliminary notes and studies for "Dr. Grimshawe" are in two different groups, of very different character. One group (in the possession of Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and now appearing in "The Atlantic Monthly") seems to consist of passages written out in narrative and dialogue form. Another group, of about equal length, consists of notes only. These last have been placed in our hands by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, with the privilege of using here a large part of the material. Beginning with the first of the notes, as he has copied them out, and going on to the end, we see the idea of an extremely striking and eminently characteristic romance growing to full proportions from the earliest and slightest suggestions. We not only see this, but we see it with an intimacy

that is fairly startling. These notes for "Dr. Grimshawe" furnish an actual vision of the minutest workings of Hawthorne's mind while engaged in the preparation of this book. It is as if the modern processes of instantaneous photography had been at that time fully perfected and brought to bear upon the very brain of the great romancer, while it was in its most rapid, at times even most furious action. It is a record of *everything* that was passing through his mind at the instant,—of deepest thoughts, of thoughts the most trifling and superficial. His most serious, and his lightest mood are chronicled with the same exact fidelity.

The record is of unique and incalculable value, because it is a complete revelation of the artistic principles and methods of one of the subtlest artists that ever lived. It is, in fact, a full and clear recipe for the making of a Hawthorne romance. "Something high and noble must be put into the man, together with morbidness and poison"—(that is a Shakspearean touch!). "Gather all sorts of picturesqueness about these characters and circumstances, and mystify about the old man and his spider." The Lord of Braithwaite Hall "must have picturesque characteristics, of course; something that fixes strange and incongruous necessities upon him, making him most miserable under a show of all possible glory and splendor and grace and gayety." "He might, as one characteristic, have an ice-cold right hand; but this should be only emblem-

atic of something else." "Do not stick at any strangeness or preternaturality. It can be softened down to any extent, however wild in its first conception."

In reading this unconscious record we are once more impressed by what we may call the mastery of Hawthorne over the situation,—with his deep ethical insight and the healthy cheerfulness of his mind while dealing with the most tragic and painful themes. He knows the artistic effect of the somber, but it must not be *too* somber. Elsie must glimmer "through the story, and illuminate it with a healthy, natural light."

The story is to open in America—in Charter street, Salem. Living together in the same house are the old doctor, with his gigantic and venomous spider, the boy Etheredge, who is to connect the American with the English part of the story, and the girl Elsie. In England there are the Lord of Braithwaite Hall, who is the Italian-English successor to the title, the old pensioner, who is the true heir, Etheredge grown to manhood, and others. In an early part of the notes, Hawthorne writes: "The great gist of the story ought to be the natural hatred of men and the particular hatred of Americans to an aristocracy; and, at the same time, doing a good degree of justice to the aristocratic system by depicting its grand, beautiful, and noble characteristics." Again: "It must be shown, I think, throughout, that there is an essential difference between English and American character, and that the former must assimilate itself to the latter, if there is to be any union."

We leave untouched the very interesting first half of the notes (except for the few words quoted in the preceding paragraph), and, beginning about the middle, give our readers (with two slight omissions) all of the last half of the series.

Editor of The Century Magazine.

THIS wretched old pensioner keeps recurring to me, insisting that I have not sufficiently provided for him, nor given him motive enough—or any, indeed. At present, therefore, the stubborn old devil will not move. Take him at his death-hour, and work backward from that. He has been smitten with death in the old manor-house, surrounded by Etheredge, Elsie, the Warden, the Italian-Englishman, and other personages of the drama. The scene takes place in the stately hall of the mansion, surrounded by antique associations of arms or furniture, carvings, etc. The old man, as his last moment draws on, becomes invested with a strange aspect and port of dignity and majesty. At the same

time the development of the plot is taking place. Up to this hour, the probabilities have seemed to strengthen that Etheredge is the heir of the estate and name; but, at the very last, a slight circumstance shall be counter-changed, which shall at once make it evident that the old pensioner is the true heir, and the spirit of his ancestors shall display itself. * * * He may be a sort of reformer, whose principles are entirely against hereditary distinction. The object of the book, to find the treasure-chest, which the silver key found in the grave-yard will suit. This at last turns out to be the coffin of a young lady, which, being opened, it proves to be filled with golden locks of her hair. But this quest must be merely incidental. Under the hair, or upon it, is a roll of obliterated writing. This nonsense must be kept subordinate, however. * * * Twont do. Crambo, Mary Mumpson, Cunque, Miss Blagden, Miss Ingersoll, Mr. Roberts, Marshall Rynders, President Buchanan of this United States. * * *

Take the old man from his earliest original: the family name had been changed in America; his ancestor was the second son of the old family, and was thrust out of the paternal mansion; there are conflicting testimonies wherefor. One account says that he was a wild and bloody religionist, and, with his own [hand], beheaded the king, and got the bloody footstep by treading in a pool of his blood on the scaffold. Another account bears that he was a Quaker, or somebody on the George Fox principle; and that his bloody footstep came from his being violently and wounded thrust from his paternal home. Others say it was of much earlier time. Well, this race turns up in America with some vague traditions among themselves of their descent; they are not Quakers; at least, have ceased to be so long before the epoch of this story; but still something of the spirit of their peaceful ancestor has remained in them throughout this length of time. They keep up their traditions. At length there is born an imaginative one, who marries early in life, and loses his wife; his affections being thus balked, he leaves his son under the charge of a friend (the Doctor), and goes to England to enter upon a quest into his lineage. He becomes slightly insane, and, getting more and more engaged in this delusive enterprise, he remains abroad all the rest of his life, in poverty, in solitude; meanwhile his son has grown up, married, and left a daughter, whom the Doctor has taken charge of. On the Doctor's death, he divides his property between the girl and Etheredge; and the girl, as soon as she is at her own disposal, comes

abroad in quest of her grandfather, to whom the Doctor's papers have given her a clew.

The Doctor, an old, humorous bachelor, had likewise adopted another child, a boy, who struck his fancy in an alms-house, whither he had come, attended by an old woman. He does this partly because the name is that of the family to which his friend really belonged. This boy is really the descendant of the third son of the old family, but he imagines himself to be the descendant of the old bloody footstep man, in respect to whom he adopts the wicked version of the story. He also has inherited traditions of noble descent, together with certain documents, which carry proofs of his birth far upward to the original emigrant, who really came over in quest of his lost brother, because he is penitent for his treatment of him, or because, from some family arrangement, it was necessary to find him. But he met with impediments, such as being carried away by the Indians, etc., and ultimately settled in Virginia, whence the family emigrated to New England. Before he goes to England (the present representative I mean), he gets his pedigree authenticated, showing, through all vicissitudes, that he is descended from the second brother. This he holds in his possession, and is ready to display it on occasion.

Meanwhile, the family in England is represented by a descendant of the youngest brother. There have been traditions of other heirs; and messengers, at various times, have been sent over to America in quest of them, and in hope to find that there were none now existing. Also, by the [————] of the family, there is an old custom of keeping a place at the family board, and a bed-chamber ready.

The old man? Yes! I cannot consent to such a degradation of his character as is implied in his seeking the estate and title. He must all along have been conscious that it was his right; but a peculiar philosophy has taught him that he must not take it. No, there must be some specific cause; a curse, for instance, imposed upon his race if they ever assert their right. Why? Something that should have made his rank and station hateful to him—that might be; but how might that hate-feeling be continued to his descendants? So that they should prefer poverty and obscurity to name and high position. True. This pensioner is the first one, for two centuries, who has known of his descent; the knowledge of it came to him through the Doctor's researches, and he went to England to investigate it, with a desire to know his relatives and hereditary seat, but not to claim them. The Doctor must have a great agency in these doings, both of the pensioner and

Etheredge, making tissues of cobweb out of men's life-threads; he must have the air, in the romance, of a sort of magician, without being called so; and even after his death, his influence must still be felt. Hold on to this. A dark, subtle manager, for the love of managing—like a spider sitting in the center of his web, which stretches far to east and west. Who is he then? What interest had he in this? Some speculative and philosophical interest, if any, and he dies before it is gratified. I doubt whether 'twill do, but his enterprises go on after his death, and produce strange effects without him to control them. He shall have stretched out his hand to England, and be operating there, making people his puppets who little think they are so. He must have traveled over England in his youth, and there have fallen in love and been jilted by a lady of this family; hence his spite against the family, and his determination to ruin it. He shall have sought out, with all his might, an heir, and educated Etheredge for that purpose. There may be a germ in this—I don't know. Perhaps the Doctor himself might be an English misanthrope, who had a spite against this family. He must be somebody who knows all about the English part of the family; and he has some plot against them in full concoction, calculated to take effect years hence, when he suddenly dies (perhaps of the poison of his great spider), and leaves his plot to operate as it may, by itself. Make his character very weird indeed, and develop it in dread and mystery, with as much of the grotesque as can be wrought into it. He may himself be a member of the family—possibly the heir. He shall have meant Etheredge as his tool, certainly; but, in the end, he shall prove to have no ancestry,—an American son of nobody, evolving the moral that we are to give up all those prejudices of birth and blood which have been so powerful in past ages; at any rate, there shall be but vague reasons to believe that Etheredge is of that descent, and it shall be a rebuke to him for giving up the noble principle that a man ought to depend on his own individuality, instead of deriving anything from his ancestors. The pauper must be the true heir. Then why should not the Doctor have made him out to be so? True. He shall have made a mistake, owing to his lack of acquaintance with the traditions of this pauper, with whom they shall have been a family secret; but his interest and imagination shall have been awakened by what the Doctor said, so that he shall have gone to England to investigate the matter. It is a snarled skein, truly; but I half fancy there is a way to unravel the threads, by dint of breaking one or two.

The lady whom the Doctor loved shall have died; the Doctor shall have treasured up a single lock of golden hair, which Etheredge, from some fanciful reason or other, brings with him to England. On opening a coffin with the silver key, it shall prove to be quite full of these golden locks, with the same peculiarity as this. The owner of the estate shall have betrayed the Doctor, and won his lady's love from him; so he, brooding along, shall have resolved to avenge himself in this way. The coffin, full of golden locks, shall be a symbol that there was nothing in this woman—nothing of her but her golden hair and other external beauty, and that a wise man threw himself away for that emptiness. He may himself (the Doctor) have been the proprietor of the estate. How?—why?—what sense? He shall have been at deadly enmity with the holder of it, and, being a wicked man and unscrupulous, shall have contemplated these means of avenging himself. Long after his death, Etheredge shall have found the papers which seem to him to prove his claim.

The great spider shall be an emblem of the Doctor himself; it shall be his craft and wickedness coming into this shape outside of him; and his demon; and I think a great deal may be made out of it. This shall be his venom, which has been gathering and swelling for thirty years; for, in all that time, those who knew the spider and the Doctor earlier, shall have seen the one was growing more swollen with spite, and the other with venom. It must be an unsuccessful and ill-treated passion that first caused this: he having loved the woman whom Braithwaite won from him and married. He shall have known the family tradition that there was an heir of the estate and title extant in America, and shall set out with the purpose of finding him. Then, when he cannot find out this heir, he bethinks himself that it will be yet sweeter revenge to substitute some nameless child for this long-descended heir; and looking about (being an unscrupulous man), he finds this boy, three or four years old, in the alms-house, without parents, of untraceable origin. Him he takes, educates, and the love that there is in him grows to this child and expends itself all on him.

Now, as for the girl? Shall she also be a *filia nullius*? or his own daughter? or a granddaughter of the pensioner? We must have her, and she must have a right in the book. Shall she be a niece of his? Well, she need not be very rigidly accounted for, but may have been consigned to his care, as the last remnant of his own family, the child of a younger sister. So he shall have taken her, perhaps not loving her as his wayward nature does the boy, whom he will feel as if he had

made with his own art and skill,—but still tolerating her in his house.

Now, the pensioner. He may have been, originally, a New England minister, or a religionist of some sort, who had an early dream of founding a sect of his own, deeming himself to have had a revelation. Or, being of a religious nature, he may have had a tradition in his early days, of a person in his family, long ago, who was of a most pious nature; his life and footsteps he shall have sought out, and this search shall lead him in the track of the bloody footstep; following which, he shall be led across the sea, and to the old mansion-house. There shall be a peculiar odor of sanctity for him in the spot where this saint and martyr was born and bred, and so he shall haunt around it, knowing of his claims, but entirely above asserting them,—at least, aside from them. All along he shall have in his possession the one thing that can prove his descent. What can that be? Some traditionary secret that explains a mystery which has been mysterious for two centuries. The unlocking of some door that had been locked for centuries. Some coffer? Could it not be contrived to have some antique, highly ornamented coffer treasured up in the old house, under the idea that it contained something of fatal importance to the family? It shall have two locks; one the pensioner shall have, transmitted from his ancestors; the other shall be the one that Etheredge found by the grave. On opening the coffer, it shall prove to be full of golden hair; for it was the coffin of a beautiful lady, who, by that strange process, has turned all to that feature by which she lives in the family legend. The New England Government shall have prosecuted the first emigrant, as being a non-conformist to their creed; possibly, they may have hanged him, though I hardly think so. Yet, if it will produce any good effect, hanged he shall be. What can he have had to do with the key of the lady's coffin? She must have been murdered then? It shall have been supposed in the family that she disappeared with him, as she disappeared about the same juncture. Well, this mystery might be left to conjecture, without being definitely solved. It shall explain why the lady never appeared again, certainly. The lady had been beloved by two brothers, and had loved the bloody footstep man; the other one had murdered her, and deposited her in this antique coffer, which was deposited in a secret chamber. At any rate, somehow or other, she shall be repositied in an antique coffer, or, it may be, in an old stone coffin; I think the former, because of the silver key. The lady being murdered, the

elder brother, in horror, shall flee. No; perhaps the brother shall mean to murder him, and shall thrust him out of the mansion with that purpose,—he, and the younger brother,—and shall leave him for dead; but he shall be conveyed away. The place where his body shall be thrown shall be the very one where Etheredge was shot down on his first arrival; and he shall afterward dreamily recognize it by a description in the Doctor's story. There must be discrepant traditions about all these things; the pensioner having one side of the matter, and the Doctor, as derived from the family in England, the other. Perhaps it is after the death of the lady that he turns religionist, gives up his rank, disappears from England, taking the key of the coffer with him, and leaving the dead body repositied there. He may have killed the lady out of jealousy, and gone off, taking their child, a boy, with him, and have spent the rest of his life in penitence and humble strivings for heaven; dying by the executioner in New England, not for his crime, but for his religion. The ensuing tradition in his family shall have turned aside the truth of his bloody footstep, which shall have been dyed in the blood of his wife. They shall think that he took his wife with him. Here is reason enough for his deserting his home, extinguishing his name, and becoming a wild religionist. But there shall have been kept in the family an ancient document, in his writing, telling of these things, in some of them—telling of his birth; yes, telling of all, by which the pensioner shall know it; and shall know of the coffer, and shall have one of the keys of it, the other being the one that Etheredge has brought. Hammond, the agent of the old Doctor, shall be the one to discover, from his intimacy with the Doctor, the truth that Etheredge is not one of the old family, but a son of nobody, with all the world for his ancestry.

To-morrow, arrange the chain of events.

Open in the old house in Charter street; describe it and its surroundings in a somber, grotesque kind of way. The old gentleman in his study, amid his spiders, must be first touched upon; especially the gigantic spider, to which (quietly and without telling the reader so) ascribe demoniac qualities. Relieve the gloom by resting a little upon the beautiful boy and the cheerful girl. An old woman (Hannah Lord, perhaps) must be the only other member of the household. Perhaps, however, an English man-servant. The old gentleman is known as the Doctor by the town, although he never practices physic; only he is thought to be learned and scientific, and he has this theory about cobwebs—which it shall be uncertain whether he is not

laughing at the world in it. Tell how he has found the boy in the almshouse; for some reason has adopted him—which reason seems to be that he knows him to be the heir of an old family in England. Without directly telling the boy that he is the heir, he shall be in the habit of telling him stories about this family. He educates him in all gentlemanly qualities, teaches him fencing, gives him thorough classical teaching. He must be represented as acquiring a vast affection for the boy,—passionate, engrossing, more than if he were his own son; because of the peculiarity in the way of acquiring this child, it shall seem as if he had made him—he shall combine himself (the boy shall) with his intellectual purpose. Something high and noble must be put into the man, together with morbidness and poison. The boy shall get good and evil from him; growing up proud, ambitious, passionate; the girl shall be the redeeming character, and a gentle light in the house,—yet not too gentle either. She is a relative of the Doctor, who was brought to him a child of three years old, by an Englishman, who departed immediately—perhaps by somebody who died, and lies buried near the house. Early in the romance, introduce the story of the bloody footstep. Gather all sorts of picturesqueness about these characters and circumstances, and mystify about the old man and his spider. The reader must see reason to doubt very early, or to be puzzled, whether or no the boy is the heir; and his mysterious origin must be so handled as to leave it uncertain whether the devil has not something to do with him. The girl's character must be imbued with natural sunshine, which will [seem] queer from its being natural.

When the romance is fully imbued with all this, introduce the visit of the Englishman. He must be an agent and old friend of the Doctor's,—a man of business, an attorney, I think. He must still further mystify the matter. He shall talk about the fears and expectations in the English family of an heir; the rumors they have heard; and of some old document that has been discovered, about something that was hidden in the grave of the first emigrant, that contains something necessary to the development. So there shall be the scene of opening the grave, in the winter-time, as before. His demeanor toward the boy, and some words that fall from him, shall stealthily indicate, yet leave in doubt, the Doctor's whole doings in this matter. Some light, too, should be thrown on the Doctor's wrongs, which have induced this curious project of revenge.

Something must be brought to the reader's notice, even earlier than this, about the old

pensioner, though I do not see how. Perchance a religious character shall see the boy and girl together, and bless them, and make some allusion to the family history, being incited to this by the name which the old Doctor has given the boy. Something in this man's presence—something holy and beautiful, apostolic, religiously noble—shall touch the boy, and remain in his memory through life. Perhaps the old Doctor should be present, and take some part in the conversation; he shall not know the religionist, but something shall pass which shall indicate that the apostle knows something about the family history, though he and the Doctor shall not understand one another.

Matters being sufficiently in train, the Doctor dies suddenly, and, it is suspected, by the bite of his great spider, who, being the devil, has probably got his soul. His death-scene shall make it appear that he had something on his mind which he had half a mind to reveal; but yet he could not bear to give up a revengeful purpose of many years; neither, at the moment of death, can he do what remains needful toward carrying it into execution. There is, therefore, a portentous struggle and uncertainty, which shall much increase the mystification of the plot. It shall be mentioned, however, that his will makes Etheredge inherit an amount of property sufficient to educate and establish him in America; there is likewise provision for the girl; and here ensues an interval of perhaps fifteen years. There are among his papers much that seems to indicate Etheredge's heirships, pedigrees, genealogies, coats-of-arms, what seem to be authenticated proofs of American descent, but nothing absolutely proved.

The curtain next rises in England. It should be added to the last preceding part that more than one messenger came from England making inquiries which seemed to have reference to the heirship of the estate; for the branch of the family heretofore in possession had died [out], and a new heir had to be looked for, both for the estate and a dormant title. This heir shall have been found in a branch which had emigrated with the Stuarts, and become Italianized. This man, somehow or other—it need [not] be exactly indicated how—had got notice of Etheredge's arrival in England, and shall suppose it is to assert his rights. He procures him to be dogged in his wanderings, and, finding that he comes to the estate, he hires (Italian fashion) an assassin to murder him on the precincts of the estate, in some place that shall have been described by the Doctor in his story. The old pensioner rescues him or finds him bleeding, conveys him to his apartments, where Eth-

eredge vaguely recognizes the holy presence that has never quite died out of his memory. Much suggestive conversation may ensue between them, at various times, mystifying, enlightening. Then the Warden is introduced, and Etheredge is taken into his house, as before. From the antiquarian and genealogical disclosures of the Warden, the books in his library, and a variety of ingeniously arranged circumstances, Etheredge is more and more confirmed in the idea that he is the heir. Yet various recollections of something ambiguous in the old Doctor's conduct, and of his dying scene, shall make him hesitate to assert himself, and so shall his democratic education and pride. He shall meditate making a confidant of the Warden, but shall hesitate, on account of the latter's position in respect to the family. Hammond, the Doctor's old agent, appears, and his demeanor shall throw Etheredge into still greater perplexity; although it is possible that Hammond must more than strongly suspect the Doctor's fraud. Possibly he may hint that money is necessary. He must startle Etheredge with the dread of something dishonorable.

There must be various interviews with the girl, who has come back to England, and is living in respectability on what the Doctor left, in a poor way,—perhaps as governess, or lady's gentlewoman. Perhaps the Italian heir is in love with her.

Then ensues the Warden's grand dinner, where Etheredge (now made an ambassador) is the principal guest; and here he meets the Italian heir, who recognizes him as perhaps a relative (from his name), and invites him to the hall. Etheredge accepts the invitation and goes thither; and here ensues, in the romance, much description and talk about old English dwellings, and the difference between English and American social life; how we have given up certain delightful possibilities forever, and must content ourselves with other things.

Meanwhile the Italian shall have made a plot to poison Etheredge, believing him to be truly the heir; for perhaps Hammond may have played him false and betrayed his project, and it will be policy to murder him before he takes any public steps. Just at that time poison was as fashionable in England as it had ever been in Italy. This somehow comes to the knowledge of the girl, who tells it to the old pensioner, who interferes to prevent it. He comes to the Hall and is admitted, he being known to the heir as one who has much knowledge of the genealogy; then he takes state upon himself, announces himself as the American heir, so long expected [and], produces his proofs. At the same

time Hammond appears with his evidence of the Doctor's revengeful purpose, and Etheredge finds himself at once deprived of all kindred, and left in a truly American condition. The pensioner declines to take advantage of his rights. The Italian is rejected by the girl; she is left [to] be the consolation of Etheredge. Something more tragical than this must be contrived; the death of the Italian, I think. He cannot comprehend the generosity of the pensioner, and drinks off the poison which he has prepared for Etheredge; so that the pensioner shall be a lord in spite of himself, which he must take very quietly.

I think, before this denouement, the owner and Etheredge might be strolling through the house, and come to the great black coffer, about which there must have been traditions. He opens it with the silver key, and finds there the hair. This the more confirms the Italian in the belief that Etheredge is the heir.

The girl, I think, shall have a sense of something false and wrong in Etheredge's claim to the estate, etc., and shall endeavor to persuade him to relinquish it. Some great misfortune shall impress her as having to be the result. The shadow of the old Doctor must be so contrived as to fall over all the subsequent part of the romance, after his death; so that he shall still seem to darkly live and act, though his revenge is balked.

We must begin at the source. What was the motive of the original emigrant in leaving his inheritance, coming to America, and secluding his identity from the knowledge of anybody? Well, thus: before the civil war, this personage was living in great happiness with his young wife, in his ancestral mansion; but, being incited to jealousy (whether truly or falsely, need not appear), he is supposed to have killed his wife and reposed her in a very curious old coffer, in a hiding-place of the mansion. He retains one lock of her golden hair to remember her by. He takes his boy with him, and goes forth from his mansion, leaving the blood-track on the threshold. He goes to New England, and there lives in seclusion, yet must provide in some way for the ascertaining of his identity after two hundred years. How? He leaves a narrative in a paper, which is preserved, and gets into the hands of the old Doctor. Meanwhile, the family in England do not know the truth of the story, nor what became of either husband, wife, or boy; though, in some inscrutable way, a legend is propagated that they fled to America, and that there is left behind a coffer full of gold, buried somewhere about the house.

One of the legends about this first emigrant shall be that adopted by the English family,

and related in the Doctor's legend of the bloody footstep. This shall represent him as a blood-thirsty man, whose foot has been wet by his king's blood.

Another shall be that of the pensioner, representing him as a saint. This shall have so much of truth in it, that he did, in New England, become a wild religionist, found a sect, and suffer death for non-conformity. The pensioner shall have taken up his religion, and become a preacher of it; but, it having been adapted to another state of the world, he has no success, and finally comes to the hospital. There has been handed down to him a tradition that he belongs to this family, and, out of a pious reverence for his ancestor, he has sought out the proofs of his descent, and has them with him. The name has been changed; but there shall be an authentic certificate of old date, as to this change of name, which saves the old pauper's rights.

Etheredge, on the other hand, must have a series of seeming proofs, contrived by the Doctor, for the purposes of revenge; they should seem to strengthen at every step, and become indubitable; but, at the very last moment, most unexpectedly, they should crumble into nothings. Etheredge must discover, by means of Elsie, that the Doctor had contrived this plan. He had revealed this on his death-bed, and given her a paper, signed and certified, which she was to produce on occasion; but he could not bring himself to blacken his memory with Etheredge, whom he loved so well, by revealing it sooner. He was in hopes that Etheredge would never really take up the claim. At the last moment Elsie delivers the paper, of which she herself does not know the contents. It produces a violent effect on Etheredge, but he honorably resolves (when the prize seems actually within his grasp) to relinquish it.

The Doctor shall have supposed the genuine race to be extinct, and, under this idea, shall have no hesitation in availing himself of proofs of descent which really belong to the pensioner. But Etheredge shall see reason to suppose that he is the real man; and shall declare it, and assign over to him the proofs that he has heretofore thought made out his own claim. The old man must have no suspicion, I think, of the truth. The Warden shall have communicated to Etheredge, perhaps, the nature of the proof which the old man has made out in order to entitle him to the benefit of the hospital; up to a certain point, it makes out his claim, and then the old Doctor's proof joins on to it, and shows him to be the heir. One branch of the American descent had become extinct; this the old

Doctor finds out, but is not aware that another branch is represented by the old pensioner.

THE life is not yet breathed into this plot, after all my galvanic efforts. Not a spark of passion as yet. How shall it be attained? The Lord of Braithwaite Hall shall be a wretched, dissipated, dishonorable fellow; the estate shall be involved by his debts, and shall be all but done up. He shall (perhaps) be in love with Elsie. Up to his death he must feel as if this American had come to thwart him and ruin him in everything, and shall hate him accordingly, and think he is doing well to kill him, if possible. This wont do; some marked character must be given to this fellow, as if he were a fiend, a man sold to the devil, a magician, a poison-breather, a thug, a pirate, a pickpocket; something that will look strange and outré in that high position; it must have picturesque characteristics, of course; something that fixes strange and incongruous necessities upon him, making him most miserable under a show of all possible glory, and splendor, and grace, and gayety. Could I but achieve this, I should feel as if the book were plotted otherwise, not. Something monstrous he must be, yet within nature and romantic probability—hard conditions! A murderer—'t wont do at all. A Mahometan—pish! If I could only hit right here, he would be the center of interest. It will not do to have him a mere lay-figure: there might be good and evil in him. Something most abhorrent to the English he might be—as, for instance, a partaker in the massacres of India, a man bedaubed all over with the blood of his own countrymen. A moral of the strange things that happen when the accident of birth puts people into places for which they are most unfit. Nothing mean must he be, but as wicked as you please. Shall he be preternatural? Not without a plausible explanation. What natural horror is there? A monkey? A Frankenstein? A man of straw? A man without a heart, made by machinery?—one who has to wind himself in order to go through the day? Wicked as he must be, there shall still be relations between him and the pauper saint. What? Shall there be an influence in the house which is said to make everybody wicked who inherits it? Nonsense! Remorse it must not be. A resurrection-man? What? what? what? A worshiper of the sun? A cannibal? a ghoul? a vampire? a man who lives by sucking the blood of the young and beautiful? He has something to do with the old Doctor's spider-theory; the great spider has got him into his web.

The Doctor, before he left England, had contrived a plot of which this man is the victim. How? He has been poisoned by a Bologna sausage, and is being gnawed away by an atom at a time. He shall need a young life every five years, to renew his own, and he shall have fixed upon Elsie for his next victim. Now for it! How? At any rate, he must have dreadful designs on Elsie—dreadful! dreadful! dreadful! May it not be that the revenge of the Doctor has fallen on him? No, no! Let the real difference between him and other people be very small, but pile up upon it! Ye Heavens! A man with a mortal disease?—a leprosy?—a eunuch?—a cork leg?—a golden touch?—a dead hand?—a false nose?—a glass eye? The rumors of his devilish attributes may be very great; but the circumstance itself may be comparatively trifling. Some damn'd thing is the matter. The last survivor and inheritor of an otherwise extinct society of crime. He was initiated in Italy; all his companions have died by the executioner, and he alone escaped. A Rosicrucian. A Cagliostro?

This wretched man! A crossing-sweeper?—a boot-black? He comes of a race that is degenerate in a certain way; rotten, yet retaining a brave outside. How? It should be from some cause that had existed in the family for hundreds of years. It can't be. Some irremediable misfortune has got possession of this poor devil, and makes him an object of pity as well as horror. He has yielded to some great temptation, which particularly besets the members of his family. The unpardonable sin. He has looked into a Blue-Beard chamber. He had murdered, by slow poison, the former possessor of the estate; he had buried him in a niche. 'T wont do. His forefather emigrated to the continent with King James, and settled in Italy, where he lost entirely his nationality, and gave origin to a race of nondescripts. Upon this race was engrafted something that is proper enough to Italians, but becomes monstrous in Englishmen. Some one trait there must be that produces this terrible and weird effect. He might, as one characteristic, have an ice-cold right hand; but this should be only emblematic of something else. He is in the habit of doing something horrible every day, which his previous life has made necessary to him. He might have a scar, which, in circumstances of desperation, grew blood-red. He may have done something, in this generation, which his ancestor had done in a former one. What? This is a very hard pinch. His icy hand—what it may betoken? That, on some occasion, he has done a deed with that

right hand which has driven the genial warmth out of it. The English shall hate this man, apparently because of his foreign birth and peculiarities; but really there must be something repulsive about him. What? The stench of a crime? The silent influence of hateful qualities? What habit can he have? Perhaps that of having a young child, fricasseed, served up to him for breakfast every morning. Some strange East Indian habit he may have adopted; and his unpopularity shall be an example of English prejudice. Do not sick at any strangeness, or preternatural-ity; it can be softened down to any extent, however wild in its first conception. He may have had a taste of blood, and now feel a necessity for it—having poisoned people, or stabbed them with a poisoned dagger. His crime gives him an atmosphere disagreeable to other people; but he himself does not suffer from it, except as it has made a necessity for him to have the luxury of committing crime still. In his Italian poverty he was reduced to great extremities, and found it needful to consort with certain great criminals, amongst whom he had a taste of crime, and found it racier and more ravishing than anything that virtue could supply. He was a member of Italian banditti. He was an executioner, being of a cruel nature, so that he served an apprenticeship to Calcraft, or was an amateur assistant of him. He has been reduced to the dregs of life; had lived in a cellar, on offals. Alas me! Virtuous, beautifully behaved, he may be in all respects except one, which shall throw a devilish aspect over him, and make the whole romance wild and weird. How? how? how? The key of the romance ought to be here, in this one little peculiarity; so it must have reference to the past. It must be something that he can't help doing; some one trait of insanity. He drinks blood. He has a person concealed. No, it must be a great trait in his nature, coming from the past, in his blood. Pshaw!

This wretched man, still. A great pride of birth he must have, at bottom, vile varlet as he is; and yet he has been raked from the very kennels of dirty crime. In Italy, he has lived upon olives, figs, cheese; has wrapped his cloak about him in those keen Roman winds; has wept, has grieved, has suffered, through all that sordidness, till suddenly raised to this delightful position. Once he had a great temptation to do a horrible thing. Of course he yielded. Agreeable, brilliant, witty, but heartless and worthless—a man of the world. All this amounts to just nothing. I don't advance a step. He lives a solitary life. They avoid him. Why? Partly because they don't like him. Yet he should have companions,

methinks. No, only now and then a fellow as questionable as himself. He is one of those characters that only opportunity draws out, like the monsters that came to the surface of society during the French Revolution; else hidden through the quiet centuries. What monsters of men have there been? Raised to this high seat, there must be some vile peculiarity which he has brought with him, and cannot keep down entirely. It will, once in a while, have its gratification, though, as a general thing, his manners are unexceptionable. It might be derived from his Italian blood. If he could only get rid of this propensity, he would be a perfectly unexceptionable man. He struggles for it, but in vain. Elsie, perhaps, is in his secret, and wishes to help him. He fails; she fails. A propensity for drink? A tendency to feed on horse-flesh? A love of toads? A badge of the mud that has clung to him in the depths of social degradation in which he has been plunged? Surely, there is some possible monster who would precisely fit into this vacant niche. The girl must, somehow, have a close relationship with him. He shall love her; be capable of being redeemed by her. She knows this, and hesitates to let him fall. Finally, she is compelled to do so by the wild surge of his wickedness. Amen! The thing? The thing? Something derived from old times this peculiarity ought to be, carried to Italy, there fostered into something monstrous, and brought back to England. What? The old bloody footstep business? No, that wont do. But there must be something definite—no vague assemblage of characteristics. Widen the sweep of the net a little. Shall he be an impostor? No! What fantastic, yet real-seeming peculiarity can he have? Supposing him to have once tasted blood, and got an appetite for it—how? But that is vulgar. I think the family history must take hold of his evil imagination, and invite him to crime by the pestilence and contagion of a crime long past, which is dug up again and pollutes the moral air, as did the bodies dead long ago of the plague pollute it physically. 'T wont do. The union of British brutality with Italian subtlety has produced a refinement of wickedness. Emblemized, how? and how made picturesque? This is despair, sure enough. Miss Mackintosh. McIntosh. James McIntosh, Esq. I can't see it. Nobody knows what his former life had been, though there were dark hints about it; that it had gone very low—into the kennel, even. But, if so, nothing of it was perceptible in his manner. His mother was a low Italian woman. She was now dead, though he was still young. He had come forward without

any vouchers for his former character, though with ample proofs of his being the heir of the family. He shall have inherited from his mother the old art of poisoning, and shall be in the habit of poisoning people for his private amusement, and experimentally. 'T wont do, of course. His character must be evinced in the course he takes with Etheredge, after getting him into the house.

HERE I come to a stand-still! What does he mean to do with Etheredge, having now got him into his house? To poison him? 'T wont do. To produce some effect on his mind, by means of spiders, and bookworms, and works of natural magic? I don't see the *modus operandi*. There might be an auction in the house, or preparations for one; and then there should be a general rummage. Or there might be repairs going on, because parts of the house are ruinous and leaky. In either of these ways, the old cabinet may be found out. Or the priest and he, forming a friendship together (which may be cordial and sincere, or otherwise), the former, who is in all his lordship's secrets and has discovered some for himself, lets him into one which he has discovered in his own apartment. It is a secret repository adjoining his room, in which is the cabinet. No; the old pensioner is, on some occasion, brought to the house, where he tells, behind a panel in this room is a secret place, which he points out, and within it is this coffer, made of oak, or bronze, or what not. Well, all that nonsense might be easily enough arranged; but what is his lordship, and what is he to do? He is a member of a secret society in Italy, who have a hold upon him, which they strenuously assert; and he thereby becomes most miserable. 'T wont do. He has a secret ulcer. Bah! What does he do? He makes a soup for Etheredge out of the bones of his long dead ancestors, spiced with the embalming out of the bowels of one of them, and he himself partakes. Very well. Oh, heavens! I have not the least notion how to get on. I never was in such a sad predicament before. The old family, as far as refers to his lordship's ancestors, was effete; then came a vein of wickedness in, making him cunning and crafty, which he is beyond the depth of most men. There has been a spider's web woven of old which inwreathes all who come near it; and the great spider is the emblem of the person who did it. How can this be? The priest finds the spider and takes up the plot. The spider's web must be a sort of chorus to the drama that is going on, reflecting it—a new spoke and complication of the web, continually corresponding with every new devel-

opment. From a life of petty meannesses and shifts, he has come into this high position. And he brings one thing with him—one chain attached—which threatens to throttle him, being about his neck. Oh, fie!

Now, here. The old Doctor's spider's web must, of course, have a signification. It signifies a plot in which his art has involved the story and every individual actor. He has caught them all, like so many flies; nor are they set at liberty by the death of the magician who originally intralled them. This is good as an unshaped idea; but how is it to be particularized and put in action? Thus, for instance: it must be an ancient story, certainly; something coming down from the days of the bloody footstep—some business which was left unsettled by the sudden disappearance of the original emigrant to America. It must relate to property, because nothing else survives in this world. Love grows cold and dies; hatred is pacified by annihilation. It might, indeed, have reference to the title. Perhaps it may. Could there be a document, a secret, somewhere in the old house, which each succeeding heir reads, and is immediately smitten with [the] insane [purpose] to achieve or obtain something there written and proposed? What? It refers to a treasure of the family, buried in a certain spot. That'll not do. No; we must get out of this idea. It awakens an unhallowed ambition and madness of lust for something that ought not to be—cannot be possessed. It speaks of a great beauty to be won, and she is found in the old coffer. It must be a mere delusion.

The Doctor must then have an agent in England. This is Mountford, who has been taken possession of by the subtlety and force of the Doctor's character, and continues to do his will even after he has been dead twenty years, for he had laid a command upon him. He has, therefore, a constant agency in all that takes place, or is hereafter to occur, in the English scene. Mountford must be an attorney in the vicinity of the Manor House. He is crafty and ingenious, but has not strength of mind, and has been subjected of old to the power of this old man, who knew some peccadillo of his, and took advantage of it thoroughly to subdue him. The Doctor had a deep purpose of revenge to subserve, it being, in part, to substitute another heir in place of the one then in possession. Mountford was to be his coadjutor in this. This man, deeply read in the secrets and history of the family, plays off all the different possessors of the property. Dying, the Doctor leaves this man to be an uncontrolled agent of the mischief which he himself had set on foot. Yet it shall turn out in

the end that Mountford had unwittingly made a victim of himself as well as the other personages. The representatives of this ancient and noble family had each been led to do some most unworthy thing. Could there be, through all these times, some person hidden in the old house? Could the old Doctor himself be hidden there, being only supposed to be dead? I don't see this at present. The Doctor, by his subtlety, had saved this Mountford from the gallows. He held him in the bonds of love and fear. He had laid his commands on him, before leaving the country, to do continually some one act the constant repetition of which produces the strangest consequences. He has hidden some person, whom he wished to keep from the knowledge of the world, in a secret place of the old house, and has commanded this old fellow to feed and nourish and supply him with books, but never to let him out; and, after the old man has been doing it for a few years, of course it is impossible that he should do otherwise. Who is the prisoner? The true heir of the estate? He might have disappeared suddenly, and been supposed to be murdered. On coming into the property and title, the present possessor shall have been made aware of this dreadful secret, and shall have adopted the guilt as his own. There shall be no cruelty in the treatment of the person, except just the solitary confinement. He might have committed some crime by which he shall be justly condemned to this punishment, had it been by a competent jurisdiction. There must be much talk about this person in the romance; doubts whether he be dead, whether he may not have gone to America, so that the reproduction of him shall not strike the reader altogether unexpectedly. But the absurd impossibility of the thing? Why so? Should it be man or woman? The woman whom the Doctor loved, and who was false to him? This would be too shocking? It should be the man who wronged him, if anybody. The Doctor, by some of his chemical contrivances, had taken from him the power of speech, had paralyzed him in some way, and hidden him here; and he himself goes to America to find out the true heir. This Mountford remains in the house. He is a sort of upper servant. An old priest's chamber readily enough supplies the prison-place. This ghastly thing, without people's well knowing why, has made the house horrible. The Doctor might have meant to poison him, but only succeeded in paralyzing him to a certain extent. There seems to be something in this ugly idea which may eventually answer the purpose; but not as I see it now.

One great point must be the power of the old Doctor's character, operating, long years after his death, just as when he was alive. The prisoner should have been very wicked, and worthy of his doom: seducing the Doctor's young wife, and taking her home into his mansion; the wife may have committed suicide, and been deposited in the old coffer, and have there turned to golden hair. The old Doctor was a man of wonderful scientific skill. He had preserved a man that had been hanged, and thus got him in complete subjection to him; the man had been unjustly accused of crime, but he was of a nature strongly impressible by another's force of character. The Doctor had made him, as it were,—created him anew,—and he never could dream of being released from his authority. This man, by his recommendation, had been received into the Braithwaite family, with which the man of science was intimate. The Doctor had a beautiful wife, who was seduced by Mr. (or Lord) Braithwaite, and was taken by him to the old mansion. The Doctor finds them there; the wife kills herself, and is buried in the coffer. The man is paralyzed, and kept in confinement, under the guardianship of the half-hanged worthy. The Doctor goes abroad, leaving matters in this state. There has been such an arrangement of incidents, that it appears as if the heir had gone abroad with the Doctor's wife, instead of coming home; that had been his intention, and he had arranged matters with his stewards and agents as if for a long absence. He stays away a long, long time, indeed; nothing is heard of him; he has vanished; and by and by another heir possesses the estate, after it has gone through a course of law and been assigned to him. It was at this period, perhaps, that the legal gentleman comes from London, to search for the grave. All these things being presupposed, the first part of the romance may stand pretty much as before shadowed out, with such deepening and darkening of the effect as will come from such presupposition; but the lights must be made brighter in proportion.

Then in England: Etheredge arrives, and takes up his abode in the hospital pretty much as now. The Doctor's adherent must be pretty speedily brought forward, and must feel a strong interest in Etheredge, and be greatly moved on knowing (which he may soon know) that the American had known and been the protégé of the Doctor. He must be a very strange person in his habits and manners. The possessor of the estate must be described: an Italian, as already arranged. Since his accession, he has become

noted for strange and secluded habits. There must have been an heir previous to this one, who shall have died mad. He was a needy young man, suddenly exalted from the depths of poverty to this station. The old Doctor himself was mad. The warden must convey to Etheredge (perhaps in the form of a story) the aspect and fortunes of the family since the Doctor left England, now some thirty years ago.

A striking point may be made, in respect to the simple and kindly and upright, loyal, obedient nature of the Doctor's adherent.

The possessor of the estate shall have learned, somehow, of the probability that an American heir was coming, with proofs that would oust him. He has gone through so much, that he is not inclined to stop at any crime now; so he endeavors to murder him on his first arrival. Afterward he invites him to his house, with indefinite purposes; for sometimes he thinks of giving up the estate and the secret into his keeping, and be himself thus disburdened. He rather thinks he will poison him, or perhaps give the prisoner a companion.

In the Doctor's legend the existence of this secret chamber must be disclosed. The old pensioner must also speak of it, and perhaps tell a story about it.

Elsie glimmers through the story, and illuminates it with a healthy, natural light.

TRY back again. Raise the curtain as before, and discover the Doctor's study in the old house at the corner of the Charter street burial-ground; the Doctor is there, with two children. He himself is a mystery to his neighbors and the gossips of the town; but he appears to be an Englishman of learning and science, and is held in much account by those who know him, and believed to be a physician of London. Of studious and retired habits, frequenting only the public library; not going to church or chapel; sometimes walking on the sea-shore or in the country with the two children. The spider's to be much emphasized; and, very soon, the analogy of a plot to be suggested by the web of the great spider. Indications are early given of a troubled spirit, of a passionate grief, or sense of wrong, cherished and fondled deep within his consciousness, and perhaps affecting his reason. The beauty of the boy, the innocent gayety and native tenderness of the girl, are much dwelt upon; the fact of the boy's having been taken by the Doctor from the alms-house, and being [impressed] by him with the idea that he comes of high English blood. Letters are mentioned as being some-

times received from England, and the idea must be conveyed that the Doctor is connected with some train of events going on there. Early the old pensioner is introduced, preaching or praying in the street, and taking some sort of notice of the two children, and possibly of the old Doctor. The visit of an Englishman occurs, and the search in the burial-ground, where the boy finds a key. Finally, the death of the Doctor, who, at his demise, appears troubled in mind, and to be in doubt whether or no to tell the boy some secret, but dies without doing so—leaving to the boy some property which he possessed here in America, and to the girl some hereditary property in England.

Now, what has been the motive for this man's leaving England and coming hither, and what was indicated by the spider's web? He had saved an imperfectly-hanged person, and made him morally a slave: so far, good; and he thus has an instrument ready to assist him in perpetrate[ing] any monstrosity. But what? Then he has been deeply wronged by a gentleman in his neighborhood, a man of wealth and rank, against whom he vows and executes a dire revenge. How? He must somehow subjugate that man, and make him a prisoner and a slave in spite of his rank, and in spite of being himself an inhabitant of another country. In what way? Some continual operation on his mind; some constantly repeated impression, that makes him withdraw himself from society, and give himself up to one morbid way of life. What? He broods over a coffin, in which his beloved's ashes are inclosed? Pish! He has her con-cocted into a ring, which pinches his finger, giving him exquisite torment! Ah! somehow, he is thoroughly blighted by this Doctor's means. Certainly! This half-hanged villain serves him as faithfully as man may, obeying all his orders, except in just one apparently unimportant thing—in that one thing he obeys the Doctor. Very well! He daily, in obedience to the Doctor's instructions, pours a drop of a certain liquid into his wine. Indeed! He subserves some wicked design of his, to his eternal ruin. Very right! Any rich man may have such an attendant. He does not imprison his foe, but induces him to imprison himself. Lackaday! Let it be with his own consent that he inhabits the secret chamber of the old mansion, and sometimes prowls about the neighborhood. Vastly probable! It should be some contrivance by which this man of wealth becomes powerless in his enemy's hands, and for thirty years is constantly tortured, until torture becomes the necessity of his life. So easily said—so impossible to do! Try back! What had this gentleman

done? He had seduced the young wife of this man? I don't like that. Or his daughter or sister? Not much better, though the sister a little. Or, by his faithlessness, he had brought to the grave the young sister, the only thing in life that this abstracted man of science valued. That might do passably well for the offense. Then he turns all the resources of his art and ingenuity to avenge himself on this man and his whole race. How easy to say such things! This man, whom he saved from hanging, the gentleman thinks him altogether devoted to himself, but in reality he is doing the bidding of the Doctor. The death and ruin of this girl shall, by the Doctor's contrivance, prove his misery, temporal and eternal. What shall I do? He might have embalmed a member of the family in some new way, so that he shall appear life-like—to what good end? The devil knows. I don't. The girl continues to live with him; no, she is dead. Some secret knowledge of the family he must have, by dint of which he counteracts all their prospects for good, and brings about their utter destruction. Pshaw! It ought to be a knowledge of the history of the family, and the character of its successive representatives, that the Doctor perpetrates his mischief. Somehow or other, a representative, long supposed dead, should be discovered to be still alive, either in confinement or strict voluntary seclusion. Etheredge should discover him, as he does now, and be present at his death. The family has been Catholic, and this should be imposed on him—or he may have imposed it on himself—as a penalty for some crime. What crime? It wont do! The Doctor has left his slave here to do mischief—one peculiar kind of mischief—what? Is the secret chamber affair too absurd? I fear it is: not only impossible, but, in a manner, flat and commonplace. Some old family trait must be prolonged into the present day—nothing else. The man whom the Doctor leaves behind must act the part of a household demon to the successive heirs; and it may be quite in character for him to do it, as he is a hanged criminal. He is intensely evil, with nothing good in him except his entire devotion to the Doctor; and even that, by the facilities of wickedness which it offers the latter, may be intended to wile him onward to hell. Well; then the Doctor has left an exceedingly wicked man to be the confidential servant of the family. This man must represent a demon. He fosters all wickedness in the young, and facilitates it in the old. When the Doctor went abroad he took measures to get this man into the service of Braithwaite, in order to do all the mischief he could, under the Doctor's guidance, and there must have

been one peculiar mode of evil which he specially had in view. What? Or perhaps he only meant him to be a household demon, with general aptitude for any mischief—be it murder or what not. I do not see the practicability of this. But this had better be the man's character: he shall be as wicked as possible, and dominated by a perception of greater wickedness in the Doctor. He leaves him with a general understanding that he is to do all possible mischief, and a special injunction to keep doing one particular thing. Well; specify—I can't; the unparticular things I may, or might, could, would, or should. Having always an agent of mischief at hand, there is (a) good deal of it done. All the evil desires of their hearts become deeds, by aid of an obsequious demon. So far, good. There might even be a suspicion of absolute demonism on the part of the servant. Let there be a chapter devoted to the introduction of this important character, in which his qualities shall be mystified, exaggerated, idealized; brought as near the preternatural as may be, and then quietly withdrawn almost within the limits of commonplace. The general features of the old English serving-man must be preserved, but he [must] be converted into a devil; a butler he should be—or steward? butler, I think. Boteler. A model of faithful service, too. A panderer for the young heir, etc., etc., etc. A great deal of grotesque fancy must be used in drawing this character. Oh, certainly! *Eheu, jam satis est.* I can't possibly make this out, though it keeps glimmering before me. But he has grown old in the house, with a sort of wicked fidelity difficult to describe—or to imagine. The moral of this might be—that if a man could have all the desires of his heart executed, there could be no way so sure of bringing him to hell. A man of great skill and resource. Come on! Conceive such a man, established in the family, and wholly devoted to the Doctor, who has sworn eternal vengeance against the family. What is wanted to consummate that revenge? Materials, and an opportunity. The material must be some long-standing trouble or hereditary predicament of the family. What? A crime which is bequeathed to each generation, and of which this servant becomes the instrument. It would do magnificently, if it were not an absurdity. What is the crime? Each son murders his father at a certain age; or does each father try to accomplish the impossibility of murdering his successor? This is not the right tack. One of the family to disappear of his own will, and to remain in seclusion: the story of "Wakefield" might afford some hint of it. He might do it from jealousy, for there should be an ostensible motive. He wishes to watch

his beloved and suspected one. This old servant might be in the secret, and it should be done by the Doctor's contrivance. So he should remain till the American came back and found him. He secludes himself from a morbid impulse, and finds himself caught, and can never get back again into society; so that he has given up all the opportunities of life by that one act. The Doctor promotes it in the first instance, and makes it next to impossible for him to return into the world, in the next. The old servant is the agent who makes it impossible for him to get back, by the easiness of his keeping there. Is not this a glimpse? There must be a motive, in the first place, strong enough to keep him secluded a week; then, let him get out if he can. The fact would show that a strange repulsion—as well as a strong attraction—exists among human beings. If we get off, it is almost impossible to get back again. There is a vein of morbid singularity in this old family, of which the Doctor is aware. It is a very common thing—this fact of a man's being caught and made prisoner by himself. When Etheredge comes, he should be led to the chamber, perhaps, by his acquaintance with the chamber as derived from the Doctor. But there must be a strong, original motive; else, however natural, it will appear outrageously absurd. Now, what can be the motive? He has fallen in love with, and tried to seduce, the Doctor's young sister; possibly he has seduced her, and she has died. There is a strong popular feeling on this point, and he is forced to seclude himself. Or he may, in the riot of his youthful blood, have committed an offense against the laws, for which it is convenient for him to go into temporary hiding, and he naturally betakes himself to the secret chamber of his own old mansion. The Doctor facilitates this, and makes it easy for him to stay, difficult for him to come forth. So there he is; and he goes to America, leaving him in charge of this devoted servant. By and by he comes to dread the face of man, and to dread being seen by them; and so he grows from youth to age. I think it should be vengeance for a crime. The seduction and death of the Doctor's sister; the Doctor, a terrible man, threatens vengeance. The Doctor contrives that a dead body shall be found, and taken to be that of Braithwaite. The crime alleged should be that of murder of the girl, but he shall not have meditated anything worse than a vicious connection. Each successive inheritor of the estate shall be duly taken into the secret, as before, and made wretched and guilty by it. It shall be something rather affecting the sanity of the old family; and the moral shall be, these old families become insane.

He might have seduced or broken the heart (which would be better) of the Doctor's sister. A quarrel ensues, in which he has reason to suppose that he has killed the Doctor, and that the law will be wreaked on him. He takes refuge in the secret chamber of the mansion, confiding himself to the care of the half-hanged man; who, being a devoted adherent of the Doctor, acts according to his instructions, and so makes him a life-long prisoner. The Doctor, his family being disgraced, his affections outraged, chooses to vanish from life, and departs from America, leaving no record behind him—no knowledge of where he is—except with the servant. He goes abroad with the purpose of pursuing his revenge upon the whole race of his enemy; with this view, knowing the family history, he determines to rake up a false heir, who shall oust the present possessors.

In the Romance, after the first two or three chapters, describing the Doctor and his surroundings, there must be introduced one in which this self-imprisoned man must be described—still young, cherishing purposes of coming out into the world, but deferring it till another day. Various tokens must be shown of what and whereabouts he is, and what his situation, but so as to rouse conjecture, not to satisfy it; and a connection must be intimated between him and the plot signified by the Doctor's spider's web. The reader, like the prisoner himself, may see no reason to suppose that he will not be at liberty at any moment; indeed, the situation must be so imperfectly defined, that he shall seem at liberty now.

Again, at an after-period, just before the Doctor's death, or possibly just after his death (or his death should be noticed, and an effect of it suggested), and before the opening of the scene in England, the prisoner must be introduced, now some years older; the effect of these imprisoned years must be developed; his growing horror of the world, yet sometimes a passionate yearning to get back into it. Then again, in order to fill up the gap between the two parts of the story, remove the prisoner forward again ten years more. Show him with the marks of coming age, and his faculties growing torpid through disuse. Still have allusions to the Doctor and the spiders, etc. It must not be indicated, as yet, where the prisoner is, nor, perhaps, must it yet be quite certain that he is only self-confined.

Again, after Etheredge has arrived in England, there must be another chapter, showing the prisoner as he now is. There may be strong indications, now, that the prisoner is confined in the mansion-house; and perhaps

one of the *Warder's* stories may have led the reader to conjecture that it is a former possessor of the house. It must be so managed as to make the house awful.

Finally, at whatever expense of absurdity, *Etheredge* must meet the man in his prison, as already seen. The surprise, disturbance, fear of man that has grown upon him, probably strike the life out of the poor old cuss, after thirty years of confinement. His mind, I think, should at all times be full of the Doctor—haunted by some impression of him; but, except in this one part of his self-confinement, there must be no intensity. He may be a young man of an exceedingly sensitive nature, who has fallen into one fault, sin, crime; yet he might have been the flower of all the race, under happier circumstances. A poetic nature, able to console himself with imaginative reveries. Sometimes, a dreadful glimpse of the way in which he is spending life. A lack of animal spirits, of native energy. He has books and writing materials. Possibly there might be two motives for seclusion: one, disappointed love, a passion hopeless, wrecked; the other, a sense of crime. The girl [————] whom his shy nature ever loved, is dead; he thinks that he has murdered her brother. So he secludes himself, at once afraid and awestruck of the world. The devil becomes the turnkey at the prison-gate, and he is inevitably shut in, except for one brief time, when he goes forth. Throughout life, still a purpose to emerge.

This runs through the Romance, like the vertebrae of the backbone. There should be a reference to it in everything, grave or gay. Now the girl. She has been sent out from England by the servant. Can that be the daughter of the Doctor's sister? That would make her too old. Well, merely a female relative, the only one of his race. Or could she belong to the old pensioner—a niece of his? Only, in that case, how came she ever to be under the Doctor's charge? True. Might she be the daughter of this sister? or might this be left in doubt, and only suggested by the fact of his taking charge of her, and feeling evidently a great interest in her? * * This seems best. What is her situation when *Etheredge* finds her in England? Can she have been brought back by the pensioner? Or, can she have come back to the protection of a person who had taken care of her until she was sent over to the Doctor in America? The old servant is the only person who has heretofore had anything to do with her. The Doctor has left her sufficient for her support, in a moderate way; only she wants a position, it seems to me. Could she pos-

sibly be made a resident of the house? I think not; for it is requisite to give her a certain respectability of external position. An actress? A rope-dancer? An appurtenance of a wandering show? It must be kept in mind that *Etheredge* is to marry her, which he can hardly do if she sinks below the level of respectability. She must be an artist, or may. A school-mistress; a seamstress? None of these. It is so desirable to connect her with the pensioner, that I don't well see how to do anything else. He had met with her in America, and taken a great interest in her, she being still a child; and when he came to England, had brought her with him; or had come for that very purpose, among others. Perhaps he had had an interview with the old Doctor, shortly before the death of the latter, in which interesting matters had past; and perhaps it was what he had learnt in this interview that the Doctor was ineffectually moved to communicate to *Etheredge* in his last moments. The pensioner might have satisfied the Doctor that he was the representative of the elder line. He confides her to him, and he takes charge of her. But, of course, the Doctor did not leave her dependent on the pensioner, while he was making *Etheredge* independent of the world? But, somehow, the pensioner took charge of her, and brought her to England, and she was to him as a daughter. Her property had been embezzled, perhaps, and she was left to support herself as she could; and the New England air had quickened her capacity in this respect. She has some peculiar little hand-work which enables her to get a living; something that she had learnt in America. Indian manufactures, with beads? No. She sells Indian meal, done up in neat packages, for washing hands. Oh! the devil. It shall not be told, at the close of the American part, that the girl is taken charge of by the pensioner; but so it shall prove to be. Well, she can be received in England by an old maiden relative, where she may live in a narrow way, sketching and otherwise idly employing herself, and longing for the wide sphere that America opens to women. The owner of *Braithwaite Hall* has seen her and fallen in love with her, and, perchance, tried to ruin her; but she rejects him. She comes often to see the pensioner at the hospital, and must be mixed up somehow with the story. The *Braithwaite* man might even have sought her for a wife, and it might be his jealousy that partly prompts to murder *Etheredge*, as he intends, though the fidelity of the serving man to the old Doctor induces him only to administer a sleeping potion, and so introduce him to the hidden inhabitant of the

Hall. This girl must be cheerful, natural, reasonable, beautiful, spirited, to make up for the deficiencies of almost everybody else. Something of wildness in her, intimating an origin not exactly normal, but yet nothing extravagant or unwomanly. The Indian bead-work may do.

Now for the old pensioner—his origin, pursuit, biography. He is the descendant of the eldest branch of the family and its representative. According to his theory [of] matters, early in the King's troubles with Parliament, his ancestor, being of a religious temperament, became a preacher of a reformed doctrine, very much like those of George Fox. On this account the family, who were then Catholics, rejected him and thrust him violently forth, some say wounded, so that the track of a Bloody Footstep was left behind him on the threshold. He disappears, going to America, where again he is persecuted by the Puritans, but founds a race who keep up his own faith, some of his traditions, his unworldliness. The name was changed (perhaps for that of his mother) on his first being thrust out from his father's family.

On the other hand, showing the unreliability of tradition, the family at home have a legend that this person was a fierce and violent religionist, that he fought outrageously against the king, and was even so devilishly inimical that he was the masqued executioner who beheaded him. Always, afterward, his foot was liable to make a bloody track, as was evidenced, among other things, by the extant bloody foot-print on the threshold, when he was thrust forth from his father's house by his horror-stricken family. They also say that he emigrated to America and made bloody tracks on the forest-leaves.

Rumors of his existence, and of a family springing from him, remain in England almost to the present day. Messengers, from age to age, are sent in quest of him: for, if he left a still surviving race, they would now be at the head of the family, with claims to the estate and an ancient barony that has since fallen in; for the [line] of the eldest son is extinct, though there is a lineage through two younger sons. This has given rise to the Doctor's substitution of Etheredge.

Well, the Pensioner inherits the religious spirit of his ancestor—a mild, gentle, sweet unyieldingness of character which has always distinguished this branch of the family: an apostolic character. The spirit of his fathers blossoms out in him more strenuously than in several preceding generations, and he is moved to preach; but his doctrines have not enough quackery and humbug about them to make any mark in the world, for he merely

preaches the purest Christianity. So he is not successful; rather feeble, he may be pronounced by his auditors. At this period he encounters the Doctor and the two children. The Doctor is interested in him, asks him to his house, and talks with him. He reappears a little before the Doctor's death. On his first visit to the Doctor he shall betray a knowledge of some of the traditions of the family.

He has made no impression on the world, being of too mild and meek a spirit, though he has the possibility of a martyr in him, as his forefather had. Perhaps his forefather was hanged by the Puritans; I think so. At last, the little girl being committed to his charge, he takes her back to England, and, finding the hospital there, and being in a position to prove his claims, he takes up residence there. He knows his rights to represent the family; but, being unworldly, having modeled himself on the character of his martyred ancestor, he will not accept worldly honors. Besides, there is a certain want of the practical in his nature that hinders such claims on his part, and he has no family motives to induce him. Perhaps he sometimes goes out preaching in England, though this is probably frowned upon by the Warden. Take the character of Cowper for this man: melancholic, gentle, shy, conscientious, censorious, therefore not acceptable to his neighbors, though amiable. These little traits will give verisimilitude to the character. Weak, ineffectual, with bursts of great force at need; a want of the practical element in his nature.

He shall be conscious of something strange existent in the mansion-house. A delicacy of nature, coming from his former life, shall have taught him this. Possibly the wicked servant may have made some communications to him, knowing that he has been in communication with the Doctor, and reverencing, too, the holiness of his character. It is possible he may have met the self-imprisoned once, when he was straying abroad; but I think not. There ought to be some scene contrived in which his conscientiousness should be very severely tested. Perchance he discovers the secret, and Braithwaite tries to frighten him into silence by threats of death; or the unhangd villain might do it, but should finally let him go with the secret in his possession, influenced by [the] holiness of his character making itself felt. The scene might take place in the woods. This is worth working out. He might be a Fifth-Heavenly man; that is to say, obedient to the higher law within himself and rejecting human law when it interfered. In figure, Mr. Alcott.