

**ROMANTIC TALES: CONTAINING
MY UNCLE'S GARRET WINDOW;
THE ANACONDA; AND,
AMORASSAN**

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Romantic Tales: Containing My Uncle's Garret Window; The Anaconda; And, Amorassan by
M. G. Lewis

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M. G. LEWIS

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BY

M. G. LEWIS.

CONTAINING

MY UNCLE'S GARRET WINDOW; THE ANACONDA;
AND, AMOHRASSAN.

Ah! happy he, who thus in magic themes
O'er words bewitched to early rapture dreams;
Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand,
And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land."

CRABE.



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WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

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THE tales of which this volume is composed are adaptations from the German. They were originally published, with several others, about the year 1808. They deserve to be better known, and therefore are reprinted in the present form.

August, 1838.

MY UNCLE'S GARRET WINDOW.

MY UNCLE'S GARRET-WINDOW.

"With silent steps I'll follow you all day."—*DAYDEN.*

My uncle was a genius and a poet—of course, he was as poor as David's rat, and lived in a garret. He was a kind-hearted man, and I loved him too sincerely to hesitate at putting my neck in jeopardy once a day by climbing the crazy ladder, which afforded the only means of reaching his celestial abode. Yet, after my taking all this trouble, it frequently happened, that I found my uncle too busy with his Muses to bestow any of his attention on so insignificant an animal as his nephew. On these occasions, he contented himself with shaking me by the hand in silence, laying his finger on his lip, and pointing to a joint-stool, which stood close by the window; for he occupied himself the only chair in the room, and even that had but three legs to boast of: the joint-stool, therefore, though not so dignified a seat, was in fact a much more secure and comfortable one.

But when I found myself established on my joint-stool, how was I to employ myself? When my uncle was seized with one of these fits of inspiration, they frequently continued for a considerable time; where then

was I to find amusement during this interval? My uncle was too much an author to think any body's works worth reading except his own; for those I happened to have no great taste, and I did not care to affront him by asking for the productions of any other brain. Reading then was out of the question; and, in order that my eyes might not be quite idle, I employed them in examining what was going on in the house opposite to us. By the help of a pocket telescope, I could distinctly see every thing which passed in our neighbour's first and second floors: and after indulging myself for some days in these observations, I became so well acquainted with every member of this unknown family, that I felt myself as much interested about their proceedings, as if I had been a member of it myself.

You will say that this systematic *espionage* was not very honourable—I allow it. But then, on the other hand, it was very entertaining; and I am going to bribe you to approve of my conduct, by admitting you to a partnership in my stolen knowledge.

The street which my uncle inhabited was narrow, and the quarter was not one of the most fashionable; but the furniture of the house in question convinced me, that its owner must certainly be a man of considerable opulence. This owner (for the sake of distinction, we will call him Sempronius, for I have been too much occupied by his actions to have inquired for his real name as yet), this owner is not exactly the sort of man whom I should voluntarily have selected for the hero of my tale; but beggars must not be choosers, and I must take the good man as I find him. He seems to labour under some hypochondriacal complaint, and as he frequently suffers himself in his moments of weakness to indulge his ill-temper, I have not the least hopes of working him up into a portrait of heroic fortitude: on the other hand, I have as little hopes of his furnishing my drama with a striking character for my villain. It's true, he