



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



PROPERTY

*University of  
Michigan  
Libraries*

1817



ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS











*Hamilton, Elizabeth*

# MEMOIRS

OF

## MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

VOL. I.



"Ridiculum acri

"Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."

HOR.



"Ridicule shall frequently prevail,

"And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail."

FRANCIS



DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY BRETT SMITH,

FOR WOGAN, BURNETT, GILBERT AND HODGES, BROWN,  
RICE, PORTER, DORNIN, FOLINGSBY,  
AND FITZPATRICK.

1800.

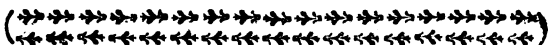
828

H 2173 mu-

1800

v. 1





English,  
Revised  
4-3 45  
51678  
20.

added.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

“THE pudding is very good,” replied Mr. Mapple, “and does great honour to my cousin Biddy, who, I dare say, is the maker.”

‘I have often told you,’ cried the young lady in a relentful accent, ‘that my name is not Biddy. Will you never learn to call me Bridgetina?’

“Well, well, Biddy, or Biddytiny, or what you please,” rejoined the old gentleman; “though, in my opinion, the world went as well when people were contented with the names that were given them by their godfathers and godmothers in their baptism. Bridget is a good christian name, and I pray the Lord make you as good a woman as your aunt Bridget, from whom you had it. She too was an excellent hand at making a plum-pudding.”

‘A pudding!’ repeated Bridgetina, reddening with anger, ‘I do assure you, sir, you are very much mistaken, if you think that I employ my time in such a manner.’

"And pray, my little cousin, how do you contrive to employ it better?"

To this question Miss Bridgetina disdainingly reply, cast such a look of contempt upon her reverend relative, as but for the circumstance of the squint, which we have already noticed, must infallibly have discomfited him. But as her eyes, while in the act of darting indignant fire in his face, had every appearance of being directed towards the door, the poor gentleman escaped unhurt.

Mrs. Botherim now thought it time to astonish her old friend, by a discovery of the wonderful accomplishments of her daughter.

"You do not know, sir," she exultingly exclaimed, "that Biddy is a great scholar! You will find, if you converse with her a little, that she is far too learned to trouble herself about doing any thing useful. Do, Bridgetina, my dear, talk to your cousin a little about the *coruscation*, and *perfebility*, and all them there things as Mr. Glib and you are so often upon. You have no idcer what a scholar she is," continued the fond mother, again addressing herself to Mr. Mapple, "she has read every book in the circulating library, and Mr. Glib declares she knows them better than he does himself."

"Indeed, mamma, but I do no such thing," cried Bridgetina, pettishly; "do you think I would take the trouble of going through all the dry stuff in Mr. Glib's collection?—history and travels, sermons and matters of fact? I hope I have a better taste! You know very well I never read any thing but novels and metaphysics."

"Novels and metaphysics!" repeated her kinsman, casting up his eyes, "*O tempora! mores!*"

"Moses,

‘Moses, sir,’ rejoined the young lady, ‘if indeed such a man as Moses ever existed, was a very ignorant person. His energies were cramped by superstition, and the belief of a God, which is well known to be the grand obstacle to perfectibility.’

“My poor child!” said Mr. Mapple, in a tone of compassion mixed with astonishment, “where hast thou got all this?”

‘I told you so!’ cried the delighted mother, ‘I knew you had no idcer of her larning. She puts every one as visits us to a none-plush. The Doctor himself had as lief go a mile out of his road, as enter into an argument with her.’

“Truly, I make no doubt of it,” returned Mr. Mapple, drily, “I am quite of his way of thinking; and as you have probably some preparations to make for the company you expect this evening, shall take my leave. You know I ride but slowly, and I should like to reach\*\*\*\*\* before it grows dark.”

‘Nay, do pray now, sir, have a little more talk with Biddy before you go; for as to preparing for the company, I does all these there sort of things with my own hands. For though Nancy is a tolerable good cook in a plain way, she has no notion of nick-nacks. I am sure, if any one knew what a trouble it is for me to give suppers! Indeed, Mr. Mapple, you have no idcer. There had I this morning to make the tarts, and the custards, aye, and the pudding too, which you ate at dinner, and praised so much. And now I have only to put on the best covers on the drawing-room chairs, and to unpaper the fire-screens, and to fix the candles on the sconces, and to prepare my daughter’s things; so that I shall soon be ready; meanwhile you may  
chat



chat with Biddy—it will do your heart good to hear her talk.”

Mr. Mapple seemed to be of a different opinion; and declining to enter into any controversy with an adversary whose prowess was so highly vaunted, he immediately took his leave.

## CHAP. VI.

Distrustful Sense with modest caution speaks,  
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes.  
 But rattling *Nonsense* in full volleys breaks;  
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,  
 Bursts out resistless with a thund'ring tide.

}

AS the principal families in the parish continued the same attentions to the widow of their late rector, which they had paid her as his wife, it will be concluded, to a certainty, by those who know any thing of the world, that she was left in possession of affluence.

It was not, however, to the extent of her fortune, so much as to the exertion of her talents, that Mrs. Botherim stood indebted for the civilities of her richer neighbours.

Whatever idea the reader may have formed of the negative strength of her intellects, she had sufficient sagacity to discover, that when she could no longer give dinner for dinner, and supper for supper, a complete termination would, in the minds of many of her dear friends in the neighbourhood, be given to her existence. Effectually to keep herself alive in their remembrance, was  
 a point

a point which she might literally be said to *labour*. It required the incessant exertion of all the economy, and all the notability, of which she was mistress: nor would these alone have been sufficient, if they had not been assisted by the perfect knowledge of a science, which produced effects more delightful to many of her guests than all "Philosophy e'er taught."

Though the science of cookery was the only one with which Mrs. Botherim was acquainted, it may be doubted whether it did not sometimes produce attractions as powerful as the metaphysical knowledge of her daughter.

Even Mr. Myope himself has been suspected of this preference; and has been actually known to leave his free-will opponent in possession of the last word, from the *necessity* he felt himself under of devouring the good things set before him on Mrs. Botherim's table. Never shall I forget the eulogium I once heard him make on one of the good lady's currant tarts: a tart which, as he judiciously observed, could never have been so nicely sweetened, if *Alexander the Great had not set fire to the palace of Persepolis.\**

To praise her cookery, or to praise her daughter, was at all times the most direct road to Mrs. Botherim's heart. When the tribute of flattery was on either of these subjects withheld, she quickly discerned the motive, and consoled herself by observing, "that it was better to be *envied* than *pity'd*."

That she and her daughter were the objects of envy to many of her neighbours, she could not doubt. The rector's family, in particular, had given her many strong proofs of being possessed

\* See Godwin's Pol. Inf. vol. i. p. 161.

of this hateful passion: even the reverend gentleman himself had oftener than once dropt some hints about the needless expence of formal entertainments among friends and neighbours; and it was certain, that neither he, nor his sister nor his daughters, appeared to enjoy half so much satisfaction at one of her feasts, as at the simple fare which was set before them when on a chance visit. The same *envious* disposition it was, which, in Mrs. Botherim's opinion, made them not only avoid the subject of metaphysics, on which her daughter could so far outshine them, but seem in pain when it was mentioned.

Of the visitors expected at the conclusion of the last chapter, the ladies of the family we have just mentioned, accompanied by the daughter of the dissenting clergy-man, were the first that arrived. They were seated in the drawing-room before either Mrs. or Miss Botherim were ready to make their appearance.

At length the mother came curtsying into the room, and while she stroked down the obstinate folds of her well-starched apron, made a thousand apologies for not being sooner prepared for their reception. She was followed by Bridgetina, whose stiff turban and gaudy ribbons put the homely plainness of her countenance in the most conspicuous point of view.

Neither her dress nor person were, however, in any danger of criticism from the party present. They perceived not the prodigious fund of merriment that might have been derived from her wearing a blue gown and yellow slippers; a circumstance, which would have afforded a week's gigling to many misses, was altogether lost upon them. Their stupid insensibility to the pleasure of personal ridicule, will, no doubt, impress many

many readers with an unfavourable idea of their understanding. To the misfortune of never having been at a boarding-school, may perhaps be attributed this seeming want of discernment to those deformities of person, and incongruities of dress, to which so many ladies, and so many beaux, confine their whole stock of observation.

The compliments of both mother and daughter were received by these ladies with that unaffected complacency, which they had been taught to feel for the virtues of the heart. They were not insensible to the foibles or the peculiarities of either; but if those of Mrs. Botherim sometimes excited a smile, it was a smile unaccompanied by malice, and void of the ill-natured wish of exposing the object that excited it to the ridicule of others. What were their feelings with regard to Bridgetina, may, perhaps, appear hereafter.

Personages of greater consequence now call for our attention. A loud knocking at the door announces the arrival of Sir Anthony Aldgate, his lady, and daughter.

Of her relationship to this great man Mrs. Botherim was not a little proud. She exulted in the honour of an annual visit from him, which he regularly paid on his way to Buxton every summer: and though the trouble and expence it cost him, to come so many miles out of the direct road, was always set forth in such terms, as might have disgusted a more fastidious mind; it acted upon Mrs. Botherim's exactly as it was intended, and only served to enhance the value of the visit. Mrs. Botherim was herself the daughter of a tradesman in the city, and had early acquired such a profound respect for wealth, that the sight of that sort of intoxication, produced by a full purse on a narrow heart and shallow un-

derstanding, was not-so disgusting to her feelings, as it probably was to those of some of her present guests.

The two Mr. Gubbles', father and son, with their respective ladies, next appeared, and were formally introduced to Sir Anthony and his lady. In Miss Aldgate, the younger Mrs. Gubbles soon discovered a school-mate, and although the daughter of the city knight appeared not very willing to recognize the wife of the apothecary as an acquaintance, the claims of the latter were brought forward in too forcible a manner to be resisted.

"Locka me!" cried the bride of young Gubbles, "Miss Jenny Aldgate, I declare! Who would have thought of seeing you here? And you are not married yet! Well! I declare it is so odd that I should get married before you! Is'nt it?"

Miss Aldgate bit her lips, while she declared, 'how vastly glad she was to see her old companion, and to wish her joy.' Without listening to her compliment, Mrs. Gubbles continued, "All the ladies at Mrs. Nab's school were so surprised when I went to see them, you have no ideer. Locka me! Do you remember our governess? How we quizz'd her! I never think of our stealing the nice chicken from the fire, which she was having roasted for her own supper, without being ready to die with laughing. I told it all to Mr. Gubbles, and it so diverted him! And then the going over the garden-wall to get prog at the pastry-cook's shop: was n't it excellent? And do you remember?"—

Here followed a whisper, which called up something very like a blush in the cheeks of Miss Aldgate. Her friend proceeded—

"Oh, I assure you, upon my honour, I never  
told

told *that* to any one ;” casting a significant glance at her husband. “ I would not tell such a thing to any one for the world. But, locka me ! I wager you won’t guess what is become of Miss Bellfield, that was thought to be such a fortune : do guess, now, what is become of her : I lay that you don’t ?”

‘ Perhaps she is married,’ said Miss Aldgate.

“ She married, poor thing !” replied Mrs. Gubbles, “ Locka me ! she is only one of Mrs. Nab’s teachers : is n’t it very droll now, is n’t it ?”

‘ It is what I never should have thought of to be sure,’ returned Miss Aldgate : ‘ though, as I heard pa say, her father was ruined. I suppose, poor thing, she was glad to do it for bread.’

“ Aye, poor thing ! you can’t think how I feel for her ! But,” lowering her tone, “ did you ever see such a fright as that Miss Botherim ? I declare she is quite a *Guy* !”\*

‘ O dear,’ cried Miss Aldgate, giggling, ‘ how can you be so droll ? I protest you will make me die with laughing ; you are so very comical !’ Here both ladies, holding up their fans before their faces, continued for some time tittering a duet, to the great edification of the Miss Orwells, who were placed beside them ; but who, not having been at Mrs. Nab’s school, were not, in boarding-school phraseology, to be *taken into the baby-house*.

The entrance of their father, accompanied by his reverend friend Mr. Sydney, would, they hoped, give a more general turn to the conversation ; but in this they were disappointed.

The

\* Alluding, as we suppose, to a grotesque effigy of Guy Faux, which is usually carried through the streets of London, by the rabble, on the anniversary of the Gunpowder-plot.

The disappointment of these young ladies arose, like most other disappointments, from the fallacy of their expectations. So ignorant were they of the world, as to imagine that those who were best qualified to speak, should, by the suffrage of the company, be called upon to speak the most. They did not know, that while those whose knowledge enables them to instruct, or whose genius qualifies them to enlighten, every circle in which they are placed, are restrained by the modesty and diffidence which are the usual concomitants of real merit, from taking the lead in conversation, it is without ceremony assumed by the self-assured, the vain, and the ignorant.

The characters of Doctor Orwell and Mr. Sydney were in many respects so strikingly similar, that the outlines might justly be described in the same terms. Both were benevolent, pious, unaffected, and sincere. The minds of neither were narrowed by party zeal, nor heated by prejudice. To this liberal turn of thinking were they indebted for the blessing of mutual friendship: a friendship, which received no interruption from the difference of their opinions in some speculative points, as each, conscious of the integrity that governed his own breast, gave credit for an equal degree of integrity to the other. Both delighted in literature and science; but in these, as in other pursuits, each took the walk most agreeable to his own peculiar taste without contesting for its absolute superiority over that which was chosen by his friend. General literature, and the belles lettres, had greater attractions for Doctor Orwell, than the abstruser studies which engaged the attention of Mr. Sydney. The amusement of the one was gardening; of the other, botany: but the chief business of both

was

was to promote the happiness of their fellow-creatures.

No sooner had these reverend gentlemen taken their seats, than they were addressed by Sir Anthony upon the late fall of stocks, a subject in which he well knew himself to be the only person in company at all interested. The confessed ignorance of his audience inspired him with an unusual flow of eloquence. He considered the portentous event in every point of view in which it could possibly be placed. He compared it with similar occurrences of former years, and recited, with great exactness, all the observations he had then made; observations which never failed to be verified by the event, so as to redound to the honour of his own sagacity.

Various were the effects produced by his discourse on the minds of his hearers.

When he spake of his mighty bargains of twenty thousand scrip, and thirty thousand consols, purchased in the course of one morning, his importance seemed to rise so high, in the estimation of the Messrs. Gubbles, that they exulted in the honour of being in company with so great a man.

"Bless me!" thought Mrs. Botherim, "with so many thousands of them there stocks, (if so be as how, that they are all like so many bank-notes) one might keep as good a table as my lord-mayor himself!"

'Ah!' thought the lovely Harriet Orwell, a sweet blush rising with the thought, and playing for a moment on her beauteous cheek, 'Ah! that such a fortune were in the possession of the noble-hearted Henry Sydney! To what exalted purposes would he employ such a fund of superfluous wealth! How many would he make happy! But  
would



would Harriet Orwell be then the object of his attention?"

The deep sigh that followed was drowned in the sharp tones of the elder Mrs. Gubbles, who, impatient of the knight's long harangue upon a subject in which she could bear no share, had broken the painful restraint of silence; and in a hoarse whisper was giving to Lady Aldgate a minute and circumstantial detail of an intrigue, long suspected, but only that morning *brought to light*, betwixt the shopman and her favourite house-maid.

Long as was this history, and many as were the *says* *Ps*, and *says she's*, which added to its length, when it was finished, Mrs. Gubbles found the knight just where she had left him.

"I tell you, sir," said he to Mr. Sydney, whose eye he at that moment caught, "I tell you, sir, it is the very best stock in which you can possibly purchase, and I will undertake to prove it to you in a moment. Supposing, I say, supposing now you to have only ten thousand pounds."

'Indeed, sir,' said Mr. Sydney, 'I never was, nor ever expect to be, worth the tenth part of the sum in my life.'

"Eh!" rejoined the knight, "not worth a thousand pounds! Pray, what did you begin with?"

'I began the world,' replied Mr. Sydney, with an education, which taught me that a man's riches consisteth not in the abundance which he possesseth—that he only is truly affluent, whose treasures lie where moths cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; and that a man worth fifty thousand pounds, if wanting these, is poor indeed!

"Very true, very true, indeed," rejoined Sir Anthony,

Anthony, "no man can be called rich, till he is worth a plum."

'There is one advantage,' resumed Mr. Sydney, 'attendant upon riches, which a good Providence has no doubt bestowed as a compensation for the degradation to which the glorious powers of intellect are forced to stoop in its acquirement, as well as for the cares, anxieties, and temptations, which inevitably accompany its possession; I need not name this advantage to you, sir,' continued the reverend old gentleman, 'but I think, if you had been witness to the scene which my friend Dr. Orwell and I have just come from, you would have declared you never had a more glorious opportunity of enjoying it.'

The eyes of Dr. Orwell glistened with pleasure, at the successful method taken by his friend to introduce a subject on which his thoughts incessantly dwelt, and which Mrs. Botherim's frequent praises of the knight's liberality made him anxious to bring forward.

"It was a scene of extreme misery, indeed!" cried he; "happy must be the person who could effectually relieve so worthy a family from at least one moiety of their present distress."

The knight took snuff, which occasioned a long fit of sneezing; at the conclusion of which, Dr. Orwell repeated the last sentence he had uttered, in a still more impressive manner, adding, "the struggle they have made has been noble, their resignation has been exemplary, and unbounded, I am sure, would be their gratitude."

'Gratitude, did you say, sir?' cried Miss Bridgetina, who had been all this while sitting screwed up for a metaphysical argument, 'Give me leave to tell you, sir, there is nothing so immoral as gratitude. It is, as Mr. Myope says, a vice,  
or

or rather a mistake, peculiar to minds who have imbibed certain prejudices, but which none who have energy to rise above them, are ever known to practice; it is in short, the greatest obstacle to perfectibility. Whoever knew Mr. Myope grateful for any favour that he ever received?"

Just as Bridgetina had concluded this speech, which, though new to great part of the company, had been delivered in exactly the same words at least seventeen times before, a sort of general alarm was produced by the sudden entrance of Mr. Glib; but this is a subject well deserving a new chapter.

## CHAP. VII.

"Spectatum admissi rifum teneatis."

HOR. ARS POET.

MR. Glib, who, like a true philosopher, despised all ceremony, took not the least notice either of Mrs. Botherim or her guests, but skipping at once up to Bridgetina, "Good news!" cried he, "citizen Miss. Glorious news! We shall have rare talking now! There is Mr. Myope, and the goddess of Reason, and Mr. Vallaton, all come down upon the top of the heavy coach. There they are at my house taking a snack, all as hungry as so many cormorants. I was in such a hurry to tell you, that I left the shop to take care of itself, and off I ran. Just as I was at the door, up comes a wench for the patent styptic  
for

for Mr. Plane, the carpenter, who, she said, had met with a doleful accident—but would not go back. Bid him exert his energies, my dear, said I: that's it! energies, do all! And off I came, as you see, without gartering my stockings. But never mind, come along. The goddess of Reason longs to give you the fraternal embrace; faith, and a comely wench she is, that's certain. But let us be off, I have not a moment to spare, and I can't go without you."

'Mr. Myope! and the goddess of Reason! and Mr. Vallaton! and all!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'you make me too happy! Lead me to the enlightened groupe,' continued she, rising from her chair, or rather getting off it, (for as she was rather taller sitting than standing, she could not well be said *to rise* when she assumed the latter posture) 'Lead me to the enlightened groupe; I would not lose a moment of their converse for the world; the injury would be incalculable.'

Mrs. Botherim observing her daughter's motion, laid down the tea-pot to expostulate.

"You would not go now, sure, my dear?" cried she; you cannot possibly think of leaving this here company, who are all of our own inviting: and who, though they may not be quite so larned in that there philosophy, seeing that it is but a new sort of a thing, as a body may say; yet you know, my dear, it would be one of the most rudest things in the world to run away from them."

To this expostulation, which was made in a low voice, Bridgetina replied aloud—

'And do you think I am now *at liberty* to remain here? I wonder, mamma, how you can speak so ridiculously? Have I not told you again and again, that I am under *the necessity* of pre-  
ferring

ferring the motive that is most preferable? The company, if they are not very ignorant indeed, must know that my going instantly to Mr. Glib's is a link in the glorious chain of causation, generated in eternity, and which binds me now to act exactly as I do.' So saying, she put her arm in Mr Glib's, and hurried off as fast as the shortness of her legs would permit.

Her conductor, soon tired of the slow pace at which she appeared to him to walk, though she had actually hopp'd and run her very best to keep up with him, proposed leaving her at the first turning, while he ran up to Captain Delmond's for Miss Julia, whose presence he knew was expected with much impatience by some of the party at his house.

He could not have left the hapless maiden at a more unlucky moment. She had not advanced many steps, till her passage was opposed by a mighty torrent, vulgarly called a kennel, which was now swelled to an unusual size by the washing out of the shambles, it being market-day. While she stood meditating on the brink of this by no means pellucid stream, a sudden gust of wind whirled off the high-raised turban, and with it, O luckless destiny! went the flowing honours of her head. The stiff ringlets so well pomatumed, and so nicely powdered, which Mrs. Botherim had with her own hands so carefully pinned on, together with the huge knots of many coloured ribbons; all, all were hurried down the black bosom of the remorseless stream!

"Smoke the lady's wig!"\* called out an unlucky

\* At the time the above was written, the author had probably no idea that wigs were so soon to become a reigning fashion amongst his fair country-women. He, poor man, would

lucky boy to his companions, who instantly set up such a shout of laughter, that the discomfited Bridgetina, regardless of the danger she encountered, and forgetful of the irremediable ruin of her yellow slippers, dashed into the muddy torrent, which, in spite of many opposing obstacles, she made shift to waddle through. Arrived at Mr. Glib's, she slipped in through the shop and back-parlour to the kitchen; but there she found only the three children, busily employed in picking the bones that had been sent out upon the stranger's plates. She begged the eldest boy to go into the parlour for his mother: "No, but I won't though," returned the little half-naked urchin, "I would as soon go to church." She attempted to coax him, but in vain. At length her voice was heard by Mrs. Glib, who, coming into the kitchen, was soon informed of the dismal plight of Bridgetina, which she relieved as far as possible, by a necessary change of apparel; and having pinned up the petticoats to prevent their trailing on the ground, for Mrs. Glib was rather above the middle size, she conducted her into the parlour.

Miss Botherim was received by Mr. Myope, and Mr. Vallaton, in a manner sufficiently cordial: each of them taking a hand conducted her up to the goddess of Reason, who was lolling in the easy chair, caressing that favourite monkey who acted such a conspicuous part at the Apotheosis of her Goddessship at Paris, as hath been already related in the third chapter of these memoirs. Placing her companion, upon the table, she

would most likely have deemed it a slander upon the taste and understanding of the ladies of England—to suppose it in the power of *fashion* to introduce a custom so odious and absurd!

she arose to embrace the pupil of her dear Myope; but on observing the grotesque figure that was presented to her, she hesitated.

Mr. Pug was not quite so scrupulous, he without ceremony sprang forward, and clasping his paws round the neck of Bridgetina, gave her the fraternal embrace in due form; and then putting out his chin, chattered in her face in such a manner, that poor Miss Botherim, who was not accustomed to this sort of jargon, uttered a scream of terror.

It was with some difficulty that the Goddess of Reason prevailed upon Mr. Pug to quit his hold. While she was coaxing him for that purpose, Mr. Myope, provoked at the obstinacy of the little animal, seized his paw on purpose to force him to relinquish his grasp, which Mr. Pug, being an avowed enemy to the system of coercion, resented upon the finger of the philosopher by his teeth.

"D—ye!" cried the serene inculcator of non-resistance, "you little devil! If I don't break every bone in your body for this!"

'Ah! de poor little angel!' exclaimed the Goddess of Reason, hugging her little favourite close to her bosom, 'Has he frightened oo, lovey, has he? but oo faut be hurt, little dear! oo fant.'

"You are insufferably provoking," retorted Myope; "but don't think that the little devil shall escape a beating for this. He has bit my finger to the very bone!"

'Well,' returned the Goddess of Reason, 'and how could *pauvre cher* help dat? Had he no de motive?'

'The citizen Goddess is in the right,' said Bridgetina. 'As justly might you punish the knife for cutting your finger, as the monkey for biting

biting it; since, according to your own sublime system, they are instruments equally passive.\*

“D—their passiveness,” cried Myope in increased agony, while Mrs. Glib applied some Fryer’s Balm to the wound, “d—their passiveness: I tell you, I believe I shall lose my finger; I never felt such pain in my life.”

“Exert your energies, my dear citizen,” cried Mr. Glib, who had just entered, “exert your energies, my dear. That’s it! energies do all! Cure your finger in a twinkling. Energies would make a man of the monkey himself in a fortnight.”

The wound being now bound up, and the pain a little abated, Mr. Myope did exert his energies so far as to resume some degree of philosophical composure.

Not so Mr. Vallaton. Having twice changed his seat to different corners of the room, through the restlessness of impatience; he again, from the same impulse, drew near Mr. Glib, to re-question him concerning Julia; and was receiving from him, for the third time, a full and complete recital of all that she had said to him, when the door opened, and Julia herself, the charming Julia, appeared.

Never did she look more lovely. The small straw hat which was carelessly tied under her chin with a bow of pink ribbons, had been so far driven back by the wind, as to display the auburn ringlets that in profusion played upon her lovely cheeks; those cheeks, where the animated bloom of nature set all poetical comparison at defiance. Mr. Vallaton was the last person to whom she addressed herself; but the blush that over-

\* See Godwin’s Pol. Justice, vol. i. b. 3d.



overspread her countenance, plainly denoted that he was not the most indifferent to her heart. Mr. Vallaton likewise reddened; but who, so little skilled in physiognomy as not to have perceived, in the different shades of the colour that overspread each countenance, the difference of the sensation by which it was produced? Whilst the pleasure of beholding the object of an innocent affection heightened the glow in the cheek of modesty, and sweetly sparkled in the eye; the passions that flushed the countenance of the deep designer, were evidently of far grosser birth.

The fraternal embrace (that laudable institution, and most excellent contrivance for banishing all reserve betwixt the sexes) being over, Mr. Vallaton began to complain, in exaggerated terms, of the length of time she had kept him in suspense about her coming.

‘I could not get away sooner indeed,’ cried Julia, eager to justify herself from the charge of unkindness. ‘You know,’ continued she, ‘the general bad state of my father’s health; but he has been indisposed even more than usual for this last fortnight: and when he is ill, nothing appears to soothe his pain so much as my reading to him; and knowing the pleasure it affords him, I cannot possibly be so undutiful as to deprive him of it.’

“Duty!” repeated Mr. Vallaton, “How can a mind so enlightened as Julia’s talk of duty, that bugbear of the ignorant? I would almost as soon hear you talk of gratitude.”

‘Indeed,’ answered Julia, ‘I cannot help thinking that there is some regard due to duty. You know how kind my father has ever been to me. My mother, too; whose very soul seems  
wrapt

wrapt up in me, who knows no pleasure but in promoting mine. Is it possible that I do not owe them some duty? Gratitude you have convinced me is out of the question; but indeed I cannot help thinking that there is in this case something due to duty.'

"And is this," retorted Mr. Vallaton, in a chiding tone, "is this all the progress you have made in the new philosophy?" Do you not know, that duty is an expression merely implying the mode in which any being may be best employed for the general good? And how, I pray you, does your humouring these old people conduce to that great purpose? Ah, Julia! there are other methods in which you might employ your time far more beneficially."

"Truth," said Mr. Myope, who had been attentively listening to their conversation, "truth, fair citizen, obliges me to declare, that Mr. Vallaton is in the right. We are not, you must remember, connected merely with one or two percipient beings, but with a society, a nation, and in some respects with the whole family of mankind. To esteem any individual above his deserts, because he is in some manner related to us, or has been in any wise serviceable in promoting

\* The frequent plagiarisms of our author have been particularly objected to by some of my learned friends; who informed me, that by perusing the works of Mr. Godwin, and some of his disciples, I should be enabled to detect the stolen passages, which it would be but honest to restore to the right owner. Alas! they knew not what a heavy task they imposed on me. If I have failed in its execution, I humbly hope Mr. Godwin and his friends will accept of this apology; and while they recognize, in the speeches of Mr. Vallaton, the expressions they have themselves made use of, that they will have the goodness to forgive me, for not having always correctly pointed out the page from whence they have been taken.—EDITOR.

moting our happiness, is the most flagrant injustice. What magic is there in the word *my*, to overturn the decision of everlasting truth? Did the obligations, as you call them, conferred upon you by your parents, originate in the conviction of your being a being of more worth and importance than any other young female of their acquaintance? If they did not, they were founded in injustice, and therefore immoral; and whatever is so, your judgment should condemn."

"Yes," resumed Vallaton, "and as to your regard for them, philosophy should teach you to consider only—how can these old people benefit society? What can they do for the general good? And then placing beside them some of those whose extensive faculties, whose great powers enable them to perform the glorious task of enlightening the world; say, whether justice, pure unadulterated justice, will not point out where the preference ought to fall?"

'Well!' rejoined Julia, 'I declare I never thought of it in this light before. Every new proof of affection which I received from my father and mother, has always so endeared them to my heart, that I have thought, if I could lay down my life for them, it would be too little for all their goodness to me.'

"How unworthy of the enlightened mind of Julia is such a sentiment!" exclaimed Vallaton. "But I hope you will soon get the better of these remains of prejudice, and in ardent desire for the general good, lose this confined *individuality* of affection."

'Indeed I shall never lose my affection for my parents,' returned Julia; 'I should hate myself if I did.'

Mr.

Mr. Vallaton, afraid of pushing the matter too far, changed the discourse; but in every subject that was introduced, artfully contrived to bring in such allusions to the purpose of his argument, as he thought best calculated to work on the ardent imagination of his fair and unsuspecting pupil.

---

## CHAP. VIII.

"But some there are who deem themselves most free,  
 "When they, within this gross and visible sphere,  
 "Chain down the winged thought; scoffing ascent,  
 "Proud in their meanness, and themselves they cheat  
 "With noisy emptiness of learned phrase."

SOUTHEY.

**I**N the sketch we presented to our readers, of the principal incidents which marked the life of Mr. Myope, we entered into a sort of promise to furnish a similar degree of information concerning his friend and associate, Mr. Vallaton.

As we hold every engagement of this nature sacred, and as it is probable that a more convenient opportunity than the present may not occur for discharging our obligation, we shall, without further loss of time, proceed to gratify the curiosity which we make no doubt we have excited.

Who were the parents of this illustrious hero, it is probable the most accurate research could not have ascertained; not that we shall take upon us to affirm that such research was ever made; it

is more probable, that the discovery was left to that chance which is so obliging to the foundling hero of every novel. Similar as were the circumstances of Mr. Vallaton's birth, in point of obscurity, to that of the great men, whose lives and adventures have employed the pens of so many eminent writers, philosophers and sempstresses, authors by profession, ladies of quality, and milliners at their leisure hours; it was attended by some peculiarities, a relation of which will sufficiently exculpate us from the charge of plagiarism.

A woman who lodged in one of the subterraneous abodes, vulgarly denominated cellars, in a little alley of St. Gile's, was called his mammy; and to her, upon pain of whipping, he delivered all the halfpence which his infant importunity had extorted from the passengers in the street; but this woman, even at the foot of the gallows, denied being the mother of *the funny vagabond*, as her little charge was commonly called. To her instructions, however, was he indebted for the first rudiments of his education; and it is but justice to his early genius to observe, that there never was an apter scholar.

At six years old he could, with wonderful adroitness, adapt his tale so as best to work upon the feelings of his auditors. Sometimes, in a pitiful and whining tone, he would beg 'for God's sake, a single halfpenny to buy a bit of bread for six of them, who had not broke their fast to-day.'

One passenger he would follow with clamorous importunity for the length of a street. Another, from whose aspect he expected better things, he would attack with a tale of sorrow; his father had then a broken leg, and his mother was just  
that

that morning brought to-bed of twins ; a story which he told so well, and with such apparent simplicity, that it more than once produced a fixpence. In this way were the talents of our hero employed till his ninth year, when the fatal exit of his mammy left him at his own disposal.

During the last weeks of the life of his benefactress, he so improved by the conversation of her fellow prisoners, that there were few of the choicest secrets in the science of pilfering, of which he did not acquire some idea ; of all the more common modes of exercising the profession he became perfect master. Being thus initiated in the theory, we make no doubt that he would soon have become an adept in the practice, had not the last moments of his mammy produced a certain feeling of terror, which so forcibly operated upon his mind, as to deter him from accepting the overtures of a gang of thieves, who had conceived a just opinion of his talents.

That most great men have had their weaknesses, is an observation, which, however trite it may appear, is nevertheless founded in truth. Let not, then, our hero be derided for *this* ; since it must be acknowledged, that many have trembled at phantoms less formidable than the gallows.

Whether the native strength of his mind might not have at length enabled him to conquer the dread of an evil from which he daily saw so many adventurers escape, and which he knew to be most despised by those on whom it was most likely to fall, we cannot take it upon us to determine. Before the power of existing circumstances had directed his energies into this channel, an incident occurred, which probably changed the colour of his future destiny.

While employed in sweeping the crossing, opposite the door of a charitable lady, in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury-square, he observed a squirrel make its escape from the house; and seeing two or three servants immediately run after it, judged that something might be got by recovering the fugitive. He accordingly engaged in the chase, and being either the most active, or the most zealous, of those who were employed in the pursuit, easily outstripped them all, and had the honour of securing the little runaway, who revenged the loss of liberty by biting the hand of its enslaver. Notwithstanding the pain occasioned by the wound, the little fellow bravely kept hold of his adversary, and returned with him in triumph to his mistress.

The good lady delighted at the restoration of her favourite, demanded the name of his preserver. ‘The boys calls me *the funny vagabond*,’ replied he, ‘and Ise never answers to no other name.’

“And where do your father and mother live?” enquired the lady.

‘Ise have got no fathers nor mothers,’ returned he, beginning to whimper.

“Poor thing!” said the lady, “and were you never at school?” The negative to this question, and the apparent wretchedness of the little object, so wrought upon the compassionate heart of this good woman, that she immediately conceived the intention of taking him under her protection. He was accordingly cloathed, and put to school by the name of *Alphonso Vallaton*; for so the good lady, who was a great reader of novels, chose to continue the appellation of *funny vagabond*, which, though probably but a nickname,

name, was all that he had any remembrance of possessing.

If our hero's progress in literature did not keep pace with his adroitness in other pursuits, yet even here he found apparent smartness an imposing substitute for more solid understanding. So plausibly could he retail scraps of the lessons of others, that with all, but the master, he passed for a promising scholar; and the master had something else to do than to attend to the real progress of a boy who was indebted to the support of charity. When, at the desire of her lady, the housekeeper would sometimes condescend to listen to the young Alphonso, while he read to her a lesson in his school-book, she acknowledged herself astonished at the manner in which he acquitted himself. He did not then (as a boy of inferior genius in the same circumstances certainly would have done) proceed to spelling and putting together, but went boldly on without stop or hesitation, so artfully managing the tones of his voice, as to remove all suspicion of deceit. When memory failed, invention was always at hand to supply the deficiency.

Indeed the wonderful dexterity with which he brought these powers of the mind to contribute to each other's assistance, was, through life, one of the most conspicuous as well as most useful of our hero's accomplishments.

At twelve years old being, by the report of the housekeeper, which was corroborated by the testimony of his school-master, qualified to read, write, and cast accounts, he was taken from school, and promoted to the employment of footman's assistant. Here every talent that he had received from nature, every habit that he had acquired among the companions of his early life,



were placed in a soil suited to their expansion and improvement. Here that inventive faculty, which not only furnished him with a ready excuse for every fault he himself committed, but which was ever at the service of his friends, found daily opportunities of exercise. Nor was it in words alone that his superior genius was displayed. Each of his fellow-servants received, in their separate departments, convincing proofs of his abilities. To John, his immediate superintendant, he quickly endeared himself, by the dexterity with which he assisted him to carry off a greater quantity of wine from the cellar and the sideboard, than he had ever before ventured to appropriate to his own use. By the cook, his knowledge in the art of making up accounts was put in a continual state of requisition. So acutely did he perceive where the additional charge could best be made, that while her bills had the appearance of being less extravagant, they were actually more productive to her than ever. The coachman likewise experienced the benefit of his good offices, in a more advantageous disposal of the oats bought for his horses; one half of which he now contrived to sell for little less than half of what they had cost his mistress. In short, during the two years of our hero's abode in this family, the system of speculation was so completely organized, that it is thought to have given the first hint to Mr. Myope of his notion of perfectibility.

Here we think it is necessary to stop, and to enter a caveat against any invidious application of our account of the above transactions. For which purpose we do most solemnly declare and aver, that we did not mean to insinuate the most distant allusions to the practices of any man, or bodies of men, in any public office or department  
of

of the state, in this or any other country ; and particularly beg we may not be understood as intending any thing in the least disrespectful to those gentlemen who are called "*servants of the public,*" either in this or the sister kingdom. With which asseveration of the purity of our intentions, we shall conclude the chapter.

---

## CHAP. IX.

" Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream,  
 " But then so terrible it shakes my soul :  
 " Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh ;  
 " My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror."

SHAKESPEARE.

**T**HAT "fortune favours the brave," is a remark almost proverbial ; but, alas ! the truth of the observation is not always justified by experience. The most shining abilities are not at all times crowned with equal success : and in the warfare of life, there are some contingencies placed beyond the reach of human foresight to prevent, of human vigilance to elude.

While our hero was flourishing the pride and darling of the kitchen, an event was ripening in the womb of fate, which threatened to deprive him of all the comforts he there so liberally enjoyed.

The suspicions of his mistress, with regard to the depredations on her wine cellar, were at length aroused. They were communicated to a friend, and this friend, who possessed talents for circumventing fraud, and detecting villainy, far beyond

what the good lady herself could boast, laid such a train as, at the moment least suspected, produced a full and complete discovery. As the false keys were found in the possession of our hero, his fellow-servants thought to screen themselves by throwing all the blame on him, and with one voice voted his impeachment. The young gentleman did not hesitate to recriminate, and brought such convincing proofs of the knavery of his accusers, as the friend of the lady wisely observed, left her no choice but to *dismiss them all*.

In the benignity of his patroness, however, our hero still found a powerful advocate; which, in spite of the remonstrances of her friend, prevented her from throwing destitute upon the world, a creature she had once taken under her protection. Instead, therefore, of dismissing him with those to whose bad example she attributed all his share of guilt, she resolved to expose him no more to similar temptations. She desired him to choose a trade for his future support, and, in consequence of his preference, had him bound to a hair-dresser; taking upon herself to pay the customary premium, and to provide him with clothes during the period of his apprenticeship.

In the dexterous management of the comb, and the curling irons, our hero soon excelled; nor in the more subtle and recondite arts of his new profession did he less ably distinguish himself. In the latter part of the above account, we are, doubtless, anticipated by the judgment of the reader, which will at once conclude, that a proficient in lying, would soon be an adept in flattery. With such accomplishments he could not possibly fail of becoming a favourite with the ladies. In fact, his services were in such request, that

that long before the expiration of his apprenticeship, the house of his master attained celebrity with the fair sex, from the name of Vallaton.

During this period, the amours of our hero would, of themselves, be sufficient to fill a volume ; and much do we wish it were in our power to gratify the laudable curiosity of our reader with a circumstantial and minute detail of this part of his history. Convinced as we are, from authority the most respectable, that it is from works like these the modern philosopher seeks the materials with which he builds his system of the human mind, we feel distressed at withholding from him information so desirable as that which we certainly have it in our power to bestow. But, alas ! in spite of all our efforts, we find ourselves still so much the slaves of a certain weakness, called *delicacy*, as to be withheld from the description.

However derogatory the above confession may be to our fame, we are happy to learn, that the world is not likely to lose any thing by our infirmity. A full and complete account of the life and achievements of our hero being now preparing for the press by one of our *female philosophers*, who will, no doubt, amply fill up every chasm, which the weakness above alluded to has forced us to make. To return to our narrative.

It was not in the favour of the ladies alone, that the young Vallaton found means to ingratiate himself ; nor was it to them that his attentions were exclusively confined. In a certain three-penny spouting club, his oratorical talents had already been so conspicuously displayed, as to obtain the unbounded applause of all the apprentices, journeymen, and shop-sweepers, who were there assembled. They did more ; they attract-

ed the notice of a gentleman who was particularly desirous of being considered *the patron of genius*: and from him our hero received such information, with regard to some speculative points, as in some degree obviated the inconvenience to which he was exposed by his own consummate ignorance.

He soon had his ambition gratified by a little circle of applauders, who received, without comment or contradiction, whatever opinions he chose to advance. In short, he soon became the oracle of his district, and who has not observed with what despotic sway these oracles preside in the circle that acknowledges their supremacy? The subjects, over whom Vallaton began his reign, were distinguished by one uniform sentiment of enmity toward religion and religionists of all denominations. His towering genius quickly discerned, that by advancing one step beyond what any of his contemporary oracles had ventured to soar, he should infallibly procure for himself the most enviable distinction. He, therefore, boldly professed himself an ATHEIST.

To account for this wonderful display of mental energy, let it be remembered, that our hero enjoyed advantages from his early education, equal to any that the most enlightened philosopher has ventured to prescribe.

He reached his ninth year without having even heard of a God, but through the medium of blasphemy; and the words "God have mercy on your soul," pronounced by the judge in giving sentence on his mammy, was the first expression that conveyed to his mind any sort of idea of a future state. It is true that, by the directions of his patroness, he had been taught to repeat the creed, the catechism, and the Lord's prayer;

prayer; but in the repetition, not a single idea obtruded itself upon his mind, that could tend to injure it by any religious prejudice or impression whatever. The value of these manifest advantages we leave it to our philosophical readers to calculate; it is our business to point out the effects.

The breast of our hero now glowed with an ambition, which not all the praises bestowed upon his pretty taste as a *friseur*, had power to gratify.

The applause he had met with as an orator, enflamed his desire to figure as an author. To the uninitiated in the art of book-making, such a design, in a person of our hero's slender stock of information, may, perhaps, appear temerarious and absurd. To those who are better acquainted with such matters, a sufficient number of precedents will occur to exculpate Mr. Vallaton from the charge of singularity.

As it fell to the lot of the writer of these memoirs to correct the orthography and grammar of the volume of metaphysical essays, which was the first production of his pen, he may, perhaps, be supposed to arrogate to himself some of the merit of its success; and will, therefore, pass it over in silence.

Whatever reception this production met with from the world, it appears to have effected a complete revolution in its author's views. For the pen, the comb, and the curling irons, were from thenceforth forsaken; and the task of adorning the heads of his fair country-women gave place to the more dignified employment of enlightening their understandings. In which of the occupations, whether as an author or a *friseur*, our hero was most conducive to the real benefit

benefit of society, it may perhaps be difficult to determine.

To enlarge the sphere of his utility, Mr. Vallaton thought it necessary to have recourse to politics, and took upon himself (for we never heard that it was conferred upon him by the public) the appellation of *Vallaton, the patriot*.

Should the reader be inclined to suppose, that the patriotism of Vallaton bore any resemblance to that which has appeared in some distinguished characters of our own and former days, he will labour under an egregious mistake.

To that generous and disinterested love of liberty, which glowed in the breasts of a Russel and a Sydney; to that zeal for the glory, and jealousy for the honour, of his country, which animated a Chatham; or to the effect of all these principles, as they appear combined, invigorated, and improved in the capacious minds of some distinguished characters of our own day, our hero was a perfect stranger. The only shape in which patriotism ever appeared to the mind of Vallaton, was in that of a ladder, by the assistance of which, he might be enabled to climb a few steps higher on the hill of fame. But, alas! his courage by no means kept pace with his ambition. At the very second step in his career he stumbled. A threatened prosecution for sedition struck such terror to his heart, that he resolved to quit the kingdom, and hastened to communicate his intentions to the only friend, on whom, in such a juncture, he could depend for support or assistance.

This gentleman, whom we have already mentioned as the patron of his rising genius, and from whom he had already received many pecuniary obligations, cordially entered into his views; and

and told him that he would most cheerfully bear his expences at Paris, provided he took charge of a sum of money, which he greatly wished to convey to a brother then residing in that city. To this proposal Vallaton gave a cheerful consent, and having so artfully concealed the seven hundred guineas committed to his care, as to avoid detection, set out upon his journey. The route he was obliged to take, though circuitous, was safe; so that without material accident or interruption, he, in less than a fortnight, reached the French capital.

The first public ceremony to which he was a witness, was the Apotheosis of the Goddess of Reason; where, as has been already related in the second chapter of these memoirs, he met with Mr. Myope. The circumstances of their meeting, together with all the events of that memorable day, have there been given at such full length, that we shall not weary the reader by a repetition; suffice to say, that the friendly behaviour of Mr. Myope, upon that occasion, seemed to excite in the breast of Vallaton feelings of the most lively gratitude. He was profuse in his acknowledgments, and having formerly known Myope in the character of an itinerant preacher, he took care to season his speeches with such pious phrases, concerning his wonderful deliverance, as he thought would be pleasing to the ears of his benefactor.

Mr. Myope quickly convinced him of his mistake. He informed him of his having become a convert to the new philosophy; and by the enthusiastic warmth of his eulogium, convinced him, that if he wished to ingratiate himself in his affection, he could not take a more effectual  
method



method than by espousing the doctrines he had embraced.

Had Mr. Myope continued a religionist, it is difficult to say whether the complaisance of Vallaton would have been able to carry him so far as to profess himself a proselyte to his opinions. For though the speculative points that had successively excited the zealous support of that doctrinal Proteus, had little or no connection with that religion which "purifies the heart;" they were all attended with the inconveniency of being attached to certain notions of a Supreme Being, and a future state, which it was by no means agreeable to our hero to take into his account.

The new opinions embraced by Mr. Myope, were happily free from this encumbrance. They were, moreover, possessed of an advantage which, to a person of Mr. Vallaton's education, gave them a manifest superiority over such doctrines as require the trouble of study, or stand in need of the support of knowledge.

Vallaton quickly perceived how much it would be for his advantage, to become the strenuous advocate of a system, which nature had so eminently qualified him to support: a system, which, soaring to a higher region than experience has ever reached, might be despised by the wise, but could never be refuted by the learned. Nor were these the only advantages attendant upon the new theory. While a shallow plausibility rendered it admirably calculated for gaining proselytes among the young, the unthinking, and the uninformed, the boldness of its assertions was not likely to incur the censure of the legislative authority; since, however they might tend to warp the heart and mislead the understanding, they

they neither excited to tumult, nor recommended immediate reform.

After a due consideration of all these weighty arguments, Mr. Vallaton acknowledged himself not only to be convinced, but enraptured, by the enlightened reasonings of his new friend; and from thenceforth never opened his lips, but in the language of the new philosophy.

Our hero had been several days in Paris, before the object of his mission once occurred to his recollection. At length the money which he had received from his friend for travelling expences being exhausted, the bag of gold, which was concealed in his portmanteau, presented itself to his thoughts. Why should he not supply himself from thence? How should he know whether the proprietor was dead or alive? Perhaps the guillotine had ere now put an end to his existence. Were that, indeed, happily the case, who could call him to account? Not the original proprietor, who had violated the laws of his country by sending it thence. Must not the money, in that event, be certainly his own? This thought seemed to inspire our hero's breast with a new degree of animation. He looked at the gold: its value appeared enhanced, and his desire of possessing it to encrease at every glance. It was not without difficulty that he tore himself from the contemplation of this tempting object; but at length having taken out twenty guineas for his immediate use, he restored the rest to their place of concealment; resolving, that if their owner did not seek them, they should never seek their owner.

The more he considered the subject, the more fully was he convinced of the expediency of his silence. He was quickly persuaded, that any enquiry

quiry concerning the brother of his friend might, at this time, be attended with real danger to himself. "This person was known to be an Englishman. He, through the good offices of one of the servants of the American Ambassador, who had been his fellow-apprentice, passed for an American. To have any connection with a native of England, would inevitably involve him in suspicions." Such were the reasonings of our hero; and considering that this was the very height of the reign of terror, they may, perhaps, be thought sufficiently cogent. It is, however, a little remarkable, that the same reasonings never occurred to prevent him from forming an acquaintance with any other person of his own country, except this unfortunate gentleman. Of this gentleman, however, he was at length obliged unwillingly to hear. One day, when he happened to call upon his friend at the ambassador's, he received the unwelcome intelligence, that a person had just been there to enquire for him, who was very urgent to receive his address: that his friend had at first scrupled to comply with the request of the stranger, but remarking the mildness of his deportment, and the genteel air which not even the dress that bespoke the extreme of indigence could conceal, he had at length yielded his belief to the story which he told of his being brother to Mr.—, and of his expecting, from that gentleman, the remittance of a considerable sum through the hands of Mr. Vallaton. Our hero used his best endeavours to conceal from his friend the chagrin which this information occasioned, and quickly took his leave.

As he was on his return, ruminating on the method he might best employ to elude the restoration

ration of the precious deposit, a croud advanced towards him, in the midst of which he presently discovered the fatal cart, which had, alas! become too familiar to the eyes of the inhabitants of Paris, and which was now loaded with victims for the guillotine: he stood aside to observe them as they passed. Various were the expressions which might be read in the different countenances of these unhappy persons. On some was depicted the meekness of resignation; on others, the fullness of despair.

A youth of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whose air of manly fortitude expressed maturity of virtue, appeared to exert his utmost efforts to comfort and support an aged mother, whose enfeebled mind was lost in the horrors that surrounded her. A young woman, who was placed in the most conspicuous part of the machine, still more forcibly attracted the notice of the spectators. A gleam of satisfaction illumined each fine feature of her beautiful countenance; and as she turned her lovely eyes to heaven, they appeared animated with the sweet enthusiasm of hope and joy.

This young lady was the last remains of an honourable and happy family; she had, in the beginning of the reign of terror, seen her father, mother, and brother, perish on the scaffold; and last of all, a lover, to whom from childhood her heart had been united, was doomed to the same fate. After the death of this beloved youth, she seldom spake, but to repeat the French translation of the lines of our English poet,\* Which words  
having

"*This is the desert, this the solitude;*

"*How populous, how vital is the grave!*"

\* Young.

having been overheard by the reporter of the commune, she was accused of incivism, denounced, and sent to the guillotine.

The person who imparted these circumstances to our hero, seemed willing to favour him with an equal degree of information concerning the rest of the unhappy groupe; but he was too much occupied by his own thoughts to listen to such uninteresting details, and hastily stepped on.

"What a charming contrivance is this guillotine!" said he to himself, as he went along. "How effectually does it stop the mouths of troublesome people. Would that this good-for-nothing old man had made such a desirable exit! And why should he not? Of what utility is his life to society? Why should he deprive me of these seven hundred guineas? Does not the philosophy, I now profess, teach that there is no such thing as right? From thence the inference is plain, that the gold ought in justice to be disposed of in the way that will be most conducive to the general interests of society. If I give to this foolish old man the six hundred and fifty guineas which are now left, what will be the consequence? Will he not claim the remainder; and asperse my character, if I refuse to comply with his demand? And would not this be to deprive me of my utility? Thus it is evident, that one of us must inevitably be destroyed; and surely, of the two, it is fitting that the one most useless to society should suffer.

"My promise has been passed to his brother. True; but in the interval, betwixt the promise and my fulfilling it, a greater and a nobler purpose offers itself, and calls, with an imperious voice, for my cooperation.\* Which ought I to prefer?

\* See Pol. Jus. vol. i.

prefer? That, surely, which best deserves my preference. A promise, says my friend Myope, can make no alteration in the case. Ought I not to be guided by the intrinsic merit of the objects, and not by any external and foreign consideration? And what merit has this old man to boast? It is said, that he has passed an innocent and inoffensive life; but innocence is not virtue. It is great passions that bespake great powers, and great powers are but another expression for great energies, and in great energies the whole of virtue is comprised; I, then, am a more virtuous, and consequently a more useful, individual than this person; therefore it is I whose utility ought not to be interrupted."

In this manner did Vallaton continue to reason with himself, till every doubt vanished, and hope and confidence once more took possession of his mind.

The greediness with which denunciations were at this time received by that tribunal, whose decrees were written in blood, and the slender evidence that was necessary for the conviction of the accused, were circumstances well calculated to facilitate the success of that plan which had suggested itself to the mind of our hero. He hurried home, and shutting himself up in his chamber, soon scrawled over such a letter as he thought best suited to the important service for which he intended it. This letter, which was addressed to the owner of the seven hundred guineas, bore a fictitious signature, but purported to be from an intimate correspondent; and was written as if in answer to one which had communicated the plan of an intended assassination of some of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and treated the gentleman as head of the conspiracy.

No

No sooner had our hero finished this epistle, than he went in search of the person to whom it was addressed.

Having, at length, with some difficulty, found out the obscure and shabby habitation at which he lodged, he was told by the owner, (whose poverty would not permit her to maintain a servant) that the good citizen he enquired for was not then within, but that she expected him every minute.

Vallaton's eye flashed with the triumph of success: he begged leave to wait the return of his friend, to which the good woman of the house readily consented, and ushered him into the dirty and half-furnished chamber, which she called *the apartment of Monsieur*.

"You are an Englishman, I presume," said the woman, while she reached him a chair, "and, *apparemment*, you bring some good news for Monsieur. Alas! he has been so often disappointed! And after the straits to which he has been reduced, disappointment sits so hard! And what is the hardest matter of all is, his having a fortune of his own too, though he has been so many months without having the value of a single sous. But, *qu'importe*? Monsieur is so good, and so amiable, that he shall share a bit of bread with me and my children, as long as we have a morsel to eat." Here a knock at the door gave notice of Monsieur's return. The woman flew to open it, and our hero, rejoicing in her absence, dexterously deposited the feigned letter beneath the cover of an old broken sofa, which stood in a corner of the room.

The Gentleman entered, and Vallaton announced himself as the friend of his brother. An emotion of pleasure seemed to reanimate the old

old man's pallid countenance. He saluted his visitor with the most cordial satisfaction, listened to his apology for not having waited on him sooner with complacency, and heard of the safety of the seven hundred guineas with delight. Vallaton then presented him with a letter from his brother, the perusal of which brought tears (though not such bitter ones as he had of late been accustomed to shed) down his furrowed cheek; and again, and again, he repeated his fervent thanks to God for the happy period that was thus put to his distresses.

Having appointed the day after the following for returning with the money, Vallaton took his leave, loaded with the Gentleman's thanks for his goodness in taking so much trouble.

In the evening he again sallied forth, and directing his steps to the office of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he threw into it an anonymous billet, notifying, that "a conspiracy, of which\*\*\*, a lodger in the house of a female citizen in Le Rue\*\*\*, was the contriver and the head, had come to the knowledge of a *bon patriot*, who desired that a thorough search might be made in the apartment of the conspirator for further information." He retreated unobserved, and took the nearest road to his own lodgings.

Never, till this moment, did the legs of Vallaton shake under their master's weight. He attempted to tread firm, but in vain, his knees bent under him at every step; and a certain flutter of spirits, which he had never before experienced in the same extent, seemed alternately to accelerate and to arrest the motion of his heart.

Ashamed of this weakness, he retired to his chamber: to avoid the observation of his fellow-lodgers: he there recalled to his recollection  
every



every dogma of the philosophy that was most eminently calculated to reassure his mind. What he had just done would, it was true, probably be the means of making an old man lose his head. What then? he was but the passive instrument: no more to blame than the guillotine which should behead him. His actions had, of necessity, followed their motives. And to whom was he accountable? There was no God to whose all-seeing eye the secrets of his heart were open; no judge to condemn; no hell to punish; no state beyond the grave, where retribution could possibly await him.

While the idea of death and judgment glanced along his mind, a cold sweat broke upon his forehead; he found it was not by meditation, that his agitated spirits were to be restored to composure; and hastily leaving his apartment, he sought in wine and revelry to forget the events of the day.

The morning came on which he was, by appointment, to wait on Mr. \*\*\*\* with his money; but some hours before it would have been necessary to have attended him, he read, in *Le Journal de Paris*, of his having been arrested as a conspirator. Not all the energies of our hero were sufficient to quell the anxiety which, for some days after this event, continued to haunt his mind. It was not long however, till doubt was lost in certainty. As he was one morning of the following week hastily walking along the *Pont Neuf*, without knowing where he intended to proceed, his ears were stunned by the vociferous pronunciation of that name, which he had of late so assiduously laboured to banish from his thoughts. Scarcely knowing what he did, he suffered the hawker, who was bellowing it, to put a  
paper

paper into his hands ; it was the list of those who had on that morning expired by the guillotine ; and the first upon this list was the unfortunate old gentleman, who was there termed *the organizer of a bloody and atrocious conspiracy against the guardians of liberty !*

The paper dropt from our hero's hand. " This morning !" said he to himself, " this very morning ! But what have I to say to it ? I am but a machine in the hand of fate. Nothing but what has happened, could have happened. Every thing that is, must inevitably be ; and the causes of this old man's death were generated in the eternity that preceded his birth. What then have I to say to it ?" Absorbed in these reflections our hero returned home.

He found Mr. Myope, and the goddesses of Reason, and two gentlemen, who were their guests, sitting down to dinner. ' O gemini !' exclaimed the Goddesses of Reason, ' how pale Mr. Vallaton is ! he look for all de world as if he had seen a ghost.'

" Do I ?" said Vallaton, with a forced smile ; " I have, indeed, been haunted with a violent head-ache all the morning, and have, besides, tired myself to death with walking, but a bumper of burgundy will recover me ;" so saying, he filled a bumper to the lady's health, and so frequently repeated the prescription, that before the end of dinner he was completely restored to his complexion.

The accidental mention of a ghost gave to Mr. Myope an opportunity, of which he was ever willing to avail himself, of inveighing against priests and priestcraft. A momentary pause in his harangue permitted one of the strangers to get in a word. ' I admit,' said this gentleman, ' that  
to

to superstition many of the terrors which haunt the imagination and enervate the mind, may certainly be traced; but feeble would have been the powers of superstition, if they had not been armed by the sting of guilt. What apparition did fancy ever form, or credulity ever listen to, that did not originate in a guilty conscience?"

"And what, pray, is this bugbear of a guilty conscience?" retorted Myope. "What is it, I say, but one of the creatures of priestcraft? Have I not already proved that there is no such thing as crime? How, then, can there be any guilt? The most atrocious *crime* (as it is vulgarly termed) that ever was perpetrated, amounts to no more than mere mistake; and whose conscience ever smote him for a mistake? Our mistakes ought, on reflection, to excite in our minds the emotion of pleasure rather than of pain. Error once committed cannot be recalled; and regret, and sorrow, and repentance, are the extremes of folly. It is this fruitless and childish waste of time, which conduces to an habitual abuse of our faculties; and it is this abuse of our faculties which creates the bugbear of remorse and conscience, and all that nonsense, which priests know so well how to manage for their advantage."

"Whatever use may have been made of it," returned the stranger, "I cannot believe that, that awful monitor, which heaven has implanted in the breast of man, was bestowed upon him in vain; or that, after the perpetration of any atrocious crime, it is in the power of sophistry to silence its imperious voice. Pray, sir, what is your opinion?" added the stranger, turning to Vallaton, who sat next him.

Vallaton drank off another glass of wine, got up

up hastily from the table, complained of increased indisposition, and retired.

The indisposition of Vallaton was not altogether feigned. He felt a sickness at his heart, which he persuaded himself was occasioned by the unusual quantity of wine which he had swallowed, operating on an empty stomach. The open air would dissipate these fumes, and a walk would, by supper-time, restore his appetite: he went out. With hasty steps he hurried along the streets without observing which way he went, nor did any object attract his attention, till he found himself in the midst of *La Place de Caroufal*. He there looked up; but never were the energies of a philosopher put to a severer trial than those Vallaton underwent, on beholding himself at the foot of the instrument of death—the blood-stained guillotine! He started with horror, yet had he not the power of instantly turning from it; he seemed arrested to the spot; he gazed upon the scaffold; he fancied he there beheld the placid countenance of the meek old man smiling upon him, as when he pressed his hand at parting. Again he thought he saw his silver hairs grasped by the hand of the executioner, and the blood-streaming head held up to his distracted sight. His knees smote against each other, a chilly coldness crept along his whole frame, and his emotions became so apparent, as to attract the notice of the passers.

An honest sans-culotte came up to him. “My good citizen,” said he, “I would have you remember, that this is no place to indulge your melancholy. You have, probably, had some friend sent to heaven by this short bridge; but who, in Paris, has not? If you stay here till your grief be taken notice of, it may create some suspicions

of incivism, which may get you into a disagreeable predicament."

Vallaton thanked his monitor, and using his utmost endeavours to recollect himself, returned to his home.

The inventions of priestcraft had never implanted a prejudice in the breast of Vallaton. He laughed at the terrors of superstition, and derided the folly of those who could believe in the existence of conscience. Yet would he now have given, not only the bag of gold which was contained in his portmanteau, but all which the wide world could furnish, to have been restored to the same tranquillity which, but a fortnight ago, he had enjoyed.

Whether he sought the conversation of his friends, or mixed in the scenes of revelry and riot; whether he basked in the mid-day sun, or covered himself up in the darkness of night; still the trunkless head of the old man pursued him. To his "*mind's eye*," in every place, in every situation, the haggard vision appeared. In this frame of mind, it may be believed, that he readily acquiesced in Myope's proposal of leaving Paris. All that happened to him from this period is so interwoven with the history of Mr. Myope, that it must still be fresh in the reader's recollection. Here, therefore, we shall close this tedious chapter.

## CHAP. X.

" Hard is the fortune that your sex attends !  
 " Women, like princes, find few real friends.  
 " Hence, oft from reason heedless beauty strays,  
 " And the most trusted guide the most betrays;  
 " Hence by fond dreams of fancy oft amused "

LYTTLETON.

**I**T was a late hour before the philosophers, assembled at Mr. Glib's, thought of separating; and long after Mrs. Botherim's usual time of breakfast on the following morning, before Bridgetina issued from her apartment.

They had just began the repast, which the fond mother had been at much pains to prepare, and to keep warm for her darling child, when Julia Delmond entered the parlour. The pallid countenance and languid air of their fair visitor plainly spoke her want of rest; and the visible impatience with which she waited for the finishing of the tedious meal, evidently denoted the perturbed state of her spirits.

No sooner had Mrs. Botherim left the room, than Julia, seizing the hand of her friend, said she was extremely anxious for her opinion concerning an affair of some moment, but could not have that satisfaction without betraying the secrets of another, and feared it was not justifiable to do so.

" Not *justifiable* !" returned Bridgetina, " surely you cannot have forgotten, that *the facts* with which you are acquainted are a part of your possessions, and that you are as much obliged, with

c 2

respect

respect to them as in any other case, to employ them for the public good. *Have I no right to indulge in myself the caprice of concealing any of my affairs ; and can another person have a right, by his caprice, to hedge up and restrain the path of my duty ?* You may take down the book, if you please, but I know I have quoted it word for word ; you know I am seldom wrong in a quotation."

' Well, then,' said Julia, ' I shall tell you all. You must know, that last night Mr. Vallaton gave me his whole history.'

" How !" cried Bridgetina, " while he escorted you home ?"

' No !' returned Julia, while a crimson blush overspread her countenance, ' not exactly as we were walking home, but afterwards. For you must know,' continued she, blushing still deeper than before, ' that having offended him by something I said at Mr. Glib's, he told me, as we were going to my father's, he plainly saw that, instead of being enlightened by the principles of the philosophers, I was still the *slave of prejudice*. I denied the charge, and he retorted it. At length he said he would put me to the proof. If I had energy sufficient to dare to meet him in the arbour at the bottom of the garden, after the family were retired to rest, he would acknowledge his error, and adore me. I for some time hesitated, but at length I could not bear the thought of appearing despicable in his eyes by my *want of energy*. I went. Think, Bridgetina, what an interview ! how extraordinary ! how interesting !'

" Ah ! how charming !" exclaimed Bridgetina, heaving a deep sigh ; " ah ! what a dear man Mr. Vallaton is !"

' Dear,

‘ Dear, indeed !’ rejoined Julia, ‘ he is the most amiable of men, and, alas ! the most unfortunate. Had you but heard how feelingly he deplored the mystery that hung over his birth !’

“ Good gracious !” cried Bridgetina, interrupting her, “ a mystery over his birth ! how delightful ! how did it happen ?” drawing her chair still closer to Julia’s, “ Pray tell me all.”

‘ Why you must know,’ proceeded Julia, ‘ that it was on a fine summer’s morning, in the month of July, that his dear deceased patroness (a lady of great family and fortune) being induced, by the beauty of the morning, to take a walk in the thick shade of a sequestered grove, heard the cries of an infant, and turning her eyes, beheld a white basket, lined with quilted pink satin, and a covering of white peelong, richly embroidered, thrown lightly over it. She approached ; and lifting up the covering, beheld a lovely boy, who sweetly smiled in her face. She immediately resolved on taking the charming infant under her protection, and bringing him up as her own son. As he grew up, her affection for him, as you may easily imagine, increased ; and her whole fortune would undoubtedly have been settled upon him, had she not suddenly died one morning without having made a will, so that poor Mr. Vallaton was left without any other provision than two or three thousand pounds, which she had put into the funds for his college expences. These circumstances, he said, unfortunate as they might appear in the eyes of vulgar minds, were to him matter of great satisfaction, till he saw me. His mind had sufficient energy to rise above every existing circumstance, but that of hopeless love. It was now that he first deplored those circumstances of his birth and fortune, which he knew



the illiberal prejudices of my father would consider as an obstacle—an invincible obstacle to our union. ‘Accursed prejudices!’ exclaimed he, ‘what misery do ye not create in society! Why, my Julia,’ he continued, in a voice *so* tender and *so* impressive, ‘why were we not born in a more enlightened period? In that blest time, *so* happily approaching, when the sentiments of nature shall be omnipotent, when no absurd institution shall stand in the way of the happiness of lovers, and no cruel father’s sanction be necessary for its completion!’ O Bridgetina! had you seen how he was agitated, while he pronounced these words, I am sure you would have pitied him. For my share, (continued Julia, while a pearly drop stole down her cheek) I was quite melted into compassion; but though I said all I could to comfort him, the dear youth was *so* overwhelmed with affliction, that it made me truly wretched.’

“Happy Julia!” exclaimed Bridgetina, “how I envy you for being the object of such a passion as that which inspires your Vallaton! But, pray, was Vallaton the name of his adopted mother, or was it only given him by her?”

‘In several parts of his infant robes,’ replied Julia; ‘as well as in the covering of the basket, the initial letters A. V. were most beautifully embroidered, from which his patroness bestowed upon him the name he at present bears. It is from this circumstance, Bridgetina, that a ray of hope has darted upon my mind; and an idea occurred, which, though it may at first sight seem romantic, is far from improbable, and the more I think of it, appears the more likely to be true. What would you think, if I should make a discovery of his real parents?’

“Think!”

"Think!" returned Bridgetina, "I should think it extremely wonderful, to be sure."

'Well, wonderful as it is,' said Julia, 'I think I have hit upon them. You know my father's friend and patron, Gen. Villers. He and his lady were for some years privately married, or at least promised to each other, before they durst acknowledge it, for fear of his father the old lord. What can be more likely than that he should be their son?'

"Nothing, certainly, can be more probable," returned Bridgetina. "Nay, it is quite obvious; for the General's name is Andrew, which you know begins with an A: I wonder it did not occur to me from the first. If you take my advice, you will make your father write immediately to the General a full account of the whole affair."

'Alas!' said Julia, sighing, 'my father, as Mr. Vallaton justly observes, has his prejudices. It would, perhaps, be a difficult matter to make him view the affair in the very light we do. Besides, I should rather have the pleasure of making the discovery myself. Good heavens! what extatic delight I shall feel in seeing the amiable Vallaton clasped in the fond arms of his venerable parents! They weeping over him tears of joy, and thanking me by their looks, a thousand times more expressive than words, for restoring to them their long lost-son. My poor father, too! how happy he will be to see me united to the son of his friend. It is too much,' continued she, covering her face with both hands, 'I can never deserve such a torrent of felicity.'

Here the entrance of Mrs. Botherim put an end to the *tête-a-tête*, and Julia, whose imagination was too much heated to descend to the common

topics of the good lady's discourse, took her leave. She was no sooner gone, than Bridgetina (who measured her progress in philosophy by the degree of contempt which she felt for the ignorance of her parent) left the room, and muttering an ejaculation upon the misfortune of being subjected to the society of a person whose pursuits were so dissimilar, retired to her own apartment.

"Happy Julia!" cried she, throwing herself into a chair, "Happy Julia, to have such a lover! Why do I not experience the same delightful sensations? Why have I not likewise inspired the breast of some fond youth with a similar passion? Is it because I am not quite so handsome? But are not moral causes superior to physical? And in philosophy I have surely made a greater progress than she. I am, therefore, a fitter object for admiration. It is true, I am not quite so tall—but all men do not admire maypoles; and though I have a little cast in my eyes, and a little twist in my left shoulder, these defects are no moral obstacles to love. Nothing but the unjust prejudices of an unnatural state of civilization, could make Julia loved in preference to me. But Henry Sydney loves her not. Happy thought! Henry, the beloved object of my soul's tenderness, may not be insensible to those soft effusions of a tender sensibility which he shall find to flow from my heart; and incessantly shall I—" Here the soliloquy of the loving maiden was interrupted by the maid-servant, who came to inform her that Mr. Sydney and his son were in the parlour. She instantly went to the glass to adjust her morning cap; and now first felt the mortifying consequences of the disaster of the preceding evening. To appear before Henry Sydney without the flowing braid and frizzled curls,

was

was distressing; but to remain in her chamber while she knew he was below, was more so: she, therefore, only staid to pin an additional bow to the bright pink ribbon that bound her cap, and then, in the slow step which she thought best suited to the expression of extreme sensibility, she moved towards the parlour.

She was met at the door by young Sydney, who, with easy and unaffected good-nature, expressed his pleasure at seeing her, and his hopes that she had enjoyed her health during his absence.

"I thank you, sir," she replied, with a sigh; "the interest you are so good as to take in my health, should certainly make it precious to me."

'I hope, indeed,' said Mr. Sydney, 'that my son will never be so basely interested, as not to rejoice in the health of his friends, notwithstanding his profession.'

"His profession, sir," said Bridgetina, is a noble one: and I dare say will, by Dr. Sydney, be directed to the noblest purposes. When mankind are sufficiently enlightened to cure all diseases by the exertion of their energies, I doubt not, that despising what he may in point of fortune suffer from it, he will have sufficient philanthropy to rejoice in such a sublime proof of the perfectibility of his species."

A question which had been put to the old gentleman by Mrs. Botherim, relative to the culture of some of her garden-stuff, prevented his hearing the latter part of this observation; which, however, attracted the notice of his son, who was well enough versed in the language of the new philosophy, to know at least from whom she now quoted.

He would have answered her in her own style,  
c 5
but

but recollecting how unpleasant, as well as unprofitable, it is to enter into an argument with one possessed of a shallow understanding, and a mind totally occupied by two or three ideas, on which the changes are eternally to be rung, he only observed, that he found Miss Botherim had not mispent her time in his absence.

"I hope, sir," said she, in as soft a tone as the natural shrillness of her voice would permit, "that that time which has appeared so insupportably tedious to your friends, has been spent agreeably by you."

Henry only bowed.

"I know not how it happens," resumed Bridgetina, "seeing that moral causes are always superior to physical ones, I say I know not how it happens, that the pain of separation appears to be always more severely felt by our sex than by yours. It is more than probable, that since you left your native village, no painful sensation, excited by the tender recollection of the friends you left behind you, has ever disturbed your bosom's peace. Ah! how different have been the feelings of those friends!"

Henry, who instantly suspected that the secret of his attachment to Harriet Orwell, which he, till then, imagined confined to his own breast, had been some how or other discovered by Miss Botherim, coloured, and with an impressive accent, but faltering voice, said, 'he was much indebted to the friends who in his absence had so kindly remembered him.'

Joy diffused itself through the bosom of Bridgetina. In the looks, in the words of Henry, she discovered the tender sensibility of his soul; and exulting in the idea that she too had a lover, she resolved to return his passion with tenfold tenderness,

ness, and cast upon him a glance which she hoped would have been sufficiently expressive of her sentiments. But, alas ! the unfortunate squint rendered the charitable design abortive. Henry, following, as he thought, the direction of her eyes, cast his towards the door, which was at that moment opened by a little dirty-looking urchin, kept by Mrs. Botherim to attend her cow upon the common.

"Here be miss's wig," cried he, in a loud voice, "the boy be come with it as picked it out o' the kennel ; what a flush o'wet it is !" holding up the dishonoured tresses of the enraged Bridgetina ; who pushing the little wretch from the door, entered into a warm expostulation with her mother on keeping so unenlightened a domestic.

Mr. Sydney and his son, not wishing to take any part in the altercation, took their leave ; and left the mother and daughter to settle the dispute by themselves.

---

## CHAP. XI.

**H**AD the inclination of Henry been consulted, the first visit which had been paid that morning, would have been to the rectory ; but as his father proposed calling first on Mrs. Botherim, whose house lay directly in their way, he could not with any propriety object to it.

The words that had fallen from Bridgetina added fuel to his impatience. That he had some interest

est in the heart of Harriet Orwell, he fondly flattered himself : but that she should make a confidante of Miss Botherim, of one who possessed a mind so uncongenial, in every way so unlike her own, was equally irreconcilable with her extreme delicacy and good sense. Yet how otherwise could he interpret the speech of Miss Botherim ?

While the mind of Sydney was occupied with these reflections, his father, who had stood for some moments contemplating the beauty of a tree in full blossom, was expatiating on the charms of nature ; and as the association of his ideas led "from Nature up to Nature's God," was making observations on the striking proofs of the divine benevolence with which we are every where surrounded ; a benevolence which, he observed, makes the beauteous cradle of the embryo fruit a feast no less delightful to the eye, than the fruit itself is to the palate. Happily this was a subject which never failed to elevate the heart of this good old gentleman in a degree that totally engrossed every faculty, otherwise he could not but have observed, how much the monosyllable answers of his son indicated the total absence of his mind.

As they approached the door his agitation increased, and it is probable would no longer have escaped the notice of his father, had not the old gentleman's attention been attracted to another object. A moth butterfly, of rare and uncommon beauty, happened to alight on a neighbouring honey-suckle ; and to discover whether it was the \*\*\*\* of Linnæus, or the \*\*\*\* of Buffon, was a matter of too great importance, in Mr. Sydney's estimation, not to deserve the most serious attention. While he went in pursuit of the butterfly, his son, attracted by beauty of a  
different

different kind, hastily advanced to the saloon where he knew the family of Dr. Orwell usually spent the mornings.

It was now past twelve o'clock. Already had the active and judicious Harriet performed every domestic task, and having completely regulated the family economy for the day, was quietly seated at her work with her aunt and sister, listening to Hume's History of England, as it was read to them by a little orphan girl she had herself instructed.

Here some notable housewife, who may, peradventure, chance to sit long enough at a time to catch the last paragraph as it is read by some of her family, will probably exclaim, "a few hours' attention regulate a family, indeed! a pretty story, truly! what nonsense these *men authors* speak! but how, indeed, should they know any thing of the matter? I wish any of them saw how I am employed from morning till night. I wonder how I should get time to listen to books?" Softly, good lady, and for once take the trouble to calculate. Be so good as fairly to set down, at the end of every day, the time employed in repeating directions imperfectly given, or in revoking those that were given improperly; the time wasted in again looking at that which you have looked at before; the time thrown away in peeping into corners, without object or end in view; the time mispent in perplexing your domestics with contradictory orders; and the time abused in scolding them;—and casting up the sum total, please to consider the amount; and then candidly confess, whether Miss Orwell, whose enlightened intellect, and calm and steady judgment, deprived her of all those admirable methods of evincing her notability, might not have  
time



time sufficient for the cultivation of her understanding, and the fulfilment of every social as well as every domestic duty. But to return—

The surprise occasioned by the unexpected appearance of Henry was announced by a general exclamation. Unaffected pleasure sparkled in every eye; and if those of Harriet beamed with a superior expression of delight, that delight was so regulated by the transcendent delicacy of her mind, that it required a delicacy similar to her own to read its full extent. Dr. Orwell, who had heard the name of Henry from his study, quickly joined the friendly groupe, and with heart-felt pleasure welcomed the return of his young favourite. He enquired for his father: at that moment the old gentleman entered with a joyful countenance, holding out his pocket-handkerchief, in which the captive butterfly was safely lodged. Nor let this circumstance excite the contempt of any peevish critic, till after a mature investigation of the intrinsic value of his own favourite pursuits, of every object which engages his attention, and every care which disturbs his rest, he can lay his hand upon his heart and say, that all are in the eye of reason more truly estimable.

Happy in themselves and in each other, the time slipped so imperceptibly away with this little party, that though their conversation was not *relieved* by one word of scandal, nor enlivened by any of the news of the village, the clock announced the hour of dinner before they thought of separating: nor would they have done so then, but for the sake of Miss Sydney, who was at home alone.

The old gentleman, whose temper made every thing easy to him, would soon have been prevailed upon to accept of Dr. Orwell's cordial invitation

tation, but Henry, who knew the disappointment it would give his sister, and was too just and too generous to inflict a moment's pain on another for the sake of his own gratification, was peremptory in his refusal. On going through the garden, which afforded a nearer way to the house of Mr. Sydney. 'Dr. Orwell pointed out to his friends some improvements he had lately planned. "And all this," says he, "should have been done this summer, but for the folly of my daughter Harriet, who has such a strange fancy for that good-for-nothing bush," (pointing to a moss-rose tree, which grew in the middle of a small plat) "that I was silly enough, at her entreaties, to put it off till another season."

No chromatic air ever raised such soft emotion in the breast of any Grecian youth, as those words of Dr. Orwell's excited in the heart of Henry. That rose-tree he had, some time previous to his last departure for college, planted with his own hands. The charge of rearing it he had given to Harriet, and the pretence of seeing how it throve had given occasion for many a delightful *tête-a-tête*. His eyes now met hers—need we tell the reader they were both sufficiently expressive?

## CHAP. XII.

" When I see such games  
 " Play'd by the creatures of a Power, who swears  
 " That he will judge the earth, and call the fool  
 " To a sharp reck'ning, that has liv'd in vain ;  
 " And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,  
 " And prove it in th' infallible result,  
 " So hollow and so false—I feel my heart  
 " Dissolve in pity."

—COWPER.

**W**HILE the daughter of Dr. Orwell was enjoying the happiness with which the return of Henry Sydney had inspired her breast, a happiness rendered doubly dear by the approving smiles of her respected parent ; emotions of a less placid nature agitated the fair bosom of her sister beauty. In the breast of Julia Delmond all was turbulence and perturbation. While following the course of an unreined imagination, she experienced that deluding species of delight, which rather intoxicates than exhilarates, and which, by its inebriating quality, gives to the sanguine votary of fancy a disrelish for the common enjoyments of life ; the eagerness with which her mind grasped at the idea of an extraordinary extatic felicity, agitated her whole frame, and deprived her of peace and rest. Still she pursued the flattering dream of fancy, and kept her mind's eye so fixt upon its airy visions, that she at length believed in their reality, and what appeared at first the mere suggestion of imagination, seemed in the sequel the certain dictates of truth.

That in General Villers Mr. Vallaton should find

find a father, at first seemed barely possible ; then probable ; then more than probable, it was next to certainty, or rather *certainty itself*.

All that now remained was to find means for effecting the discovery in a manner the most striking and pathetic. For this purpose she called to her remembrance all the similar events in her most favourite novels ; in these instructive books the discovery of the hero's parents had always appeared to her a catastrophe particularly interesting, and the idea that she should now have it in her power, not only to witness, but to be a principal actor in so tender a scene, filled her heart with extacy. After much deliberation, she at length fixed upon a most delightful plan for introducing Vallaton to the house of his long lost parents ; but as part of it depended on the indulgence of her father, she found it necessary immediately to procure his consent to its execution.

In order to conceal the agitated state of her mind, she had, on pretence of indisposition, absented herself from breakfast, and begged to be excused from her usual attendance in her father's chamber ; nor did she now approach it with that cheerful alacrity which had hitherto led her steps to his door.

Instead of lightly tripping, in her usual manner, to make the fond enquiry after his health, she now stole through the passage as if afraid of being seen ; and on opening his door was seized with such a palpitation and embarrassment, that he had twice demanded who was there, before she mustered sufficient courage to advance towards the couch on which he lay. For the first time in her life she now feared to meet the scrutinizing eyes of her father, for, for the first time of her life, she had something to conceal. The shame  
of

of being suspected to be the dupe of prejudice had prompted her assent to the clandestine meeting with Vallaton ; to that shame she had sacrificed her feelings of propriety, and now felt a consciousness of deserved blame, which not all the applauses bestowed upon her conduct by her enlightened preceptor could palliate or remove.

While Vallaton spoke, his arguments appeared irrefutable, and the light in which he placed the prejudices of her father, made them sufficiently contemptible in her eyes ; but the instant she found herself in her father's presence, a mingled sentiment of affection and respect took possession of her mind ; the high sentiments of honour he had so carefully inculcated, recovered their influence in her breast ; and the shame of having swerved from them, by encouraging the clandestine addresses of the philosopher, overwhelmed her with mortification and disquiet.

It is now time to introduce the father of Julia to the reader's acquaintance, for which purpose we hope the following sketch of his life will not be deemed an impertinent digression.

## HISTORY OF CAPTAIN DELMOND.

CAPTAIN DELMOND was the son of an officer of distinguished merit, who lost his life in the field of battle, leaving to his only child the inheritance of his sword, his honour, and his valour. The young man was then in his seventeenth year, an ensign in his father's regiment. The same ball which tore in pieces the body of the  
the

the gallant father, struck the standard from the hands of the no less gallant son ; who, starting from the ground, bravely recovered the colours as they were about to be taken possession of by a party of the enemy.

The spirited behaviour of young Delmond upon this occasion happened, fortunately for him, to be mentioned at the table of a certain General, in the very moment when the successful efforts of his cook, in dressing a turbot of uncommon excellence, had extorted his warmest approbation. The praise of the turbot and of the ensign were repeated alternately ; and it was, perhaps, owing to the happy association of ideas thus produced, that the memory of the noble General, which, upon such occasions, was very apt to be imperfect, now served him so well, that he remembered young Delmond in the next promotion. He was by this circumstance raised to the rank of lieutenant.

The two nations then at war, having at length sacrificed such a quantity of human blood, and expended such a portion of treasure, as was deemed sufficient for the amusement of the governing powers on either side, thought proper to make a peace ; and after a few preliminaries, in which the original cause of dispute was not once mentioned, and things were put as nearly as possible into the same state in which they were at the commencement of hostilities, its ratification was formally announced.

The wretched remains of those numerous armies which in the beginning of the contest had marched forth, elate with health and vigour, were now returned to their respective countries ; some to languish out their lives in hospitals, in the agony of wounds that were pronounced incurable ;

ble ; some to a wretched dependance on the bounty of their families, or the alms of strangers ; and the few whose good fortune it was to escape unhurt, according to the seniority of their regiments, either disbanded to spread habits of idleness and profligacy among their fellow-citizens, or sent into country quarters to be fattened for fields of future glory.

The regiment to which young Delmond belonged, was disposed of in the last-mentioned way. It was ordered into the north of England ; and the division of it to which he was attached, quartered at a small village in a very remote situation, and above ten miles distant from the rest of his military associates.

As it was a fine sporting country, the diversions of hunting and shooting afforded for some time sufficient employment to his active mind ; but the winter setting in earlier than usual, and with uncommon severity, he was not only deprived of these sources of amusement, but by the badness of the roads cut off from all communication with his brother officers, whose society he had hitherto occasionally enjoyed.

In this dilemma he had recourse to reading, and soon discovered that books were really capable of affording some degree of entertainment. The pleasure which resulted from this discovery daily increased, and he soon found it little inferior to that which is derived from any of the methods usually employed by the modern sons of Mars to murder that worst of enemies, Time. If it lost in comparison with the lounge at the milliner's-shop, it was, at least, fully as amusing as *looking over the bridge*, that never-failing resource for every vacant hour ; and though less exhilarating than drinking, gambling, or intriguing, it was,  
perhaps,

perhaps, as good for the fortune, and safe for the constitution, as any of these approved methods of killing time. The important discovery made by this young soldier, we should here strenuously recommend to the serious attention of those whom it particularly concerns; did we not apprehend, that to recommend books, through the medium of a book, to those who never look into one, would not probably be attended with any great effect. From the example of many great divines and moralists, we might, indeed, infer that this ought to be no obstacle; but as the advancement of our own character for superior wisdom, in the eyes of our own adherents, is not the object at which we aim, we shall reserve our instructions for those whom they may have a chance of reaching.

The place of young Delmond's residence, in the village to which we conducted him, was at an old manor-house, now occupied by the farmer who rented the adjoining lands. The family to whom the estate devolved, had on the death of the late possessor removed from the house all the valuable pieces of furniture, leaving to the present tenant such articles of lumber as they did not deem worthy of removal: of this description was an old book-case with its contents.

Doomed to dust and obscurity, here lay mouldering many ponderous volumes of romances, which had, in the days of their glory, afforded ample amusement to the fair readers of former times; and the works of many free thinking philosophers, whose labours alarmed the pious zeal of our fathers, but whose names are now forgotten, or only known to those who make it their laudable employment to pretend to the world under new titles, what they have pilfered from  
their



their contents. Of these it may be conjectured that the romances first engaged the attention of the young soldier. Happily his taste had not as yet been sufficiently formed to the more perspicacious stile of modern writers to render him fastidious. The stories were of a nature calculated to excite an interest in his breast. The sentiments of honour were congenial to those he had been early taught to entertain; and the wonderful instances of fortitude, constancy, and valour, displayed in the lives of those illustrious heroes, excited his most ardent admiration. With unwearyed patience he laboured through every huge folio in this collection, and was not a little mortified at the conclusion of the Grand Cyrus, to find that not one new adventure remained to excite or to gratify his curiosity.

The ground was still covered with snow, and the inclement skies continued to pour forth their vengeance on the world. What could he do? To read over again the books, which had afforded him so much pleasure, was, indeed, an obvious resource; but like other young people, he had too great a thirst for novelty to relish any story as well a second time as a first. From the works of the philosophers he had been deterred by the professions of regard to religion, with which, in compliance to the prejudice of the times, some of these old authors had thought proper to commence their essays, and which produced in his mind a very proper degree of contempt. Religion he had heard his father talk of as a very proper thing for the common people, who, not having the advantages of military discipline, required a parson with some notion of hell, instead of a cat-of-nine-tails, to keep them in awe, but was quite beneath the notice of a gentleman. From  
this

this consideration Mr. Delmond would probably have for ever remained in ignorance of the treasure in his possession, had it not been for an accident which presented to his view, in the middle of a volume, a delicious piece of ridicule on the bible. The wit and pleasantry of this passage, which has indeed raised the reputation of every succeeding author by whom it has either been stolen or borrowed, highly delighted the young soldier, and so effectually excited his curiosity with regard to the rest of the books, that in less than a fortnight he was in complete possession of all that ever has, and probably all that ever will be, said against the Christian faith.

Great and manifold were the advantages resulting to Mr. Delmond from this circumstance. Besides strengthening his contempt for the weak votaries of religion, it furnished him with weapons for attacking their belief. Early taught to class all professors of piety into two divisions, viz. fools, and hypocrites, he exulted in the superior information which made him look down with pity on the one, and regard the other with a becoming degree of detestation.

We do not think it necessary to follow the young gentleman through all the towns and villages in which, for the four ensuing years, he was successively quartered.

At the end of that period, being then on garrison duty in the west of England, he happened to accompany a brother officer to his father's seat, where he received a pressing invitation to spend a few weeks of the summer.

Among other visitors at S—hall, was the sister of the lady of the house, and with her a niece, the heiress of her fortune, and the intended bride of Captain S—, who, on the very first  
interview,

interview, appeared charmed with the dazzling prize his parents had so kindly provided for him.

The young lady was indeed, what she was universally esteemed, a complete *beauty*; her features formed a model of the most perfect symmetry, which seemed never to have been discomposed by any impulsive emotions of joy or grief, pain or pleasure. She even appeared (for we will not take upon us to pronounce that it was really so) to be totally unconscious of her own superior charms, and was quite free from that affectation and conceit, which is the portion of so many beauties.

That such a charming creature should attract the notice of the gentlemen, will not appear at all surprising; but that she should escape the envy of the ladies may, perhaps, be deemed somewhat more extraordinary. Yet so it was. She was universally cried up by them as a *sweet girl*—the *sweetest* girl in the world! and as to beauty, she was declared to be *quite a picture*.

Captain S—soon found the latter part of the encomium to be more literally true than he could have wished.

The young lady received him without scruple as the husband chosen for her by her aunt; but how far her own heart acquiesced in her guardian's choice, it was utterly impossible for him to conjecture. She was at all times equally sweet, and equally silent. She received every mark of his attention with the most enchanting smile; but smiled just as enchantingly when he forebore to take any notice of her. Fatigued with her insipidity, he was not ill pleased at the opportunity of emancipating himself from an attendance which he found insupportably irksome, and willingly agreed to make one of a grouse-shooting party

party, who were to be absent for two or three weeks. Delmond, who was prevented by a sprained ankle from accompanying his friend, at his desire remained to take care of the ladies in his absence.

Whether the young lady was piqued at the neglect her lover manifested in thus leaving her, or whether the superior personal attractions of his friend had really made an impression on her heart, we cannot absolutely determine. She, indeed, found means to convince Delmond of the latter part of the position; but as a cold and fullen pride is generally found to be the sole animating principle in the race of insensibles, we are rather inclined to believe the former. However it was, her preference for Delmond, whether real or feigned, made such an impression on his heart, that he easily persuaded himself his *honour* was concerned in protecting so much worth and beauty from the cruelty of a forced marriage. The fair nymph sweetly accepted his proffered services, and the very night before the expected return of her lover, set out under the conduct of her new champion on an hymeneal excursion to Greta-Green.

Though the heart of Capt. S. received no very deep wound from the loss of his mistress, the imperious voice of honour demanded that it should be revenged. The honour of Delmond was no less forward to give satisfaction to his friend for the supposed injury; three days after his return to head-quarters, they met by appointment, and after mutual salutations, and declarations of perfect good-will, took aim at each other's heart, and fired their pistols. The first shot missed, but the second was more successful; it took effect on each; and each, after receiving his adversary's

VOL. I.

D

ball

ball, declared that he was *satisfied*. The seconds interposed, and pronounced that nothing could be more *gentleman-like* than their whole behaviour.

Neither of the wounds proved mortal, though both were painful in the extreme, and very tedious in their cure. The long confinement was attended with very unpleasant consequences to Delmond, whose finances were so much exhausted by his Grenna-Green expedition, that he was under the necessity of borrowing a considerable sum of money from a brother officer. The friends of his bride remained inexorable ; nor would her aunt ever be prevailed on to see her, or to grant the least pecuniary assistance.

The regiment was now ordered to Gibraltar ; and during the ten years that it remained there, Mr. Delmond on the scanty income of a lieutenant contrived, by the exertion of a rigid economy, to support his wife and family. His fortune remained stationary, but his family received the yearly addition of a fine thriving child. Happily, the poor things, by dint of bad management, bad nursing, improper food, the measles, and the small pox, were one by one sent to heaven, so that Mr. Delmond and his wife returned to England without encumbrance.

Here they had not long remained, when Mr. Delmond had the offer of a company in a corps then about to embark for the coast of Africa. The climate was unhealthy, the season was unpropitious ; but as he had no friend that could command a vote at a borough election, it was the only offer of promotion he was ever likely to experience ; it could not, therefore, be rejected.

The knowing reader, when he calls to mind the beauty of Mrs. Delmond, will think, from  
many

many respectable examples, that a subaltern possessed of so handsome a wife need not to have been at a loss for the road to preferment. It would seem, however, that such a path never presented itself to the mind of Delmond; whose sole care was to place his wife in such a situation during his absence, as might be at once safe, private, and respectable. His solicitude upon this head was soon terminated by the friendship of a very worthy man, who had formerly been quarter-master in the regiment, and had, at the time it was ordered for Gibraltar, retired to the cultivation of the farm which his father-in-law had formerly occupied,

The wife of this respectable farmer, who in soundness of judgment and goodness of heart greatly resembled her husband, joyfully received Mrs. Delmond into her house, and took unwearied pains to render her situation there agreeable. How far her endeavours to please were successful, she never had from Mrs. Delmond the satisfaction to learn. That sweet woman went to the place appointed by her husband without gain-saying, but without one word expressive of approbation or content.

When the hour of his departure arrived, she behaved with a philosophy that would have done honour to any sage of the stoic school; and as soon as he rode from the door, quietly betook herself to the embroidery of a work-bag. Mrs. Hurford, who knew from experience what it was to endure the sharp pang of separation, thought it prudent to suffer the first unconquerable emotion to get vent in solitude. A considerable time elapsed before she could bring herself to intrude upon the sorrows of her guest. At length, her heart overflowing with compassionate tenderness,

she ventured into her apartment. Mrs. Delmond looked up from her work, and seeing the tears ready to start from the eyes of her hostess, enquired if any thing was the matter ?

“ Nothing, madam,” replied Mrs. Hurford, struck with such an uncommon instance of fortitude, “ I only came to see whether it would be agreeable to you to walk in the garden, but I perceive you are engaged.”

‘ Yes,’ replied Mrs. Delmond, ‘ you know how I have been hindered all the morning, and I was set upon having this tulip done to-night ; does it not look very natural ?’

Mrs. Hurford said she was no judge of such work, and left the room, with feelings of compassion not altogether so tender as those which had filled her breast on entering it.

Under this peaceful roof the fair eyes of Julia first opened on the world ; and to the judicious management of its mistress was she indebted for the health and happiness of her infancy. The good couple under whose auspices she was reared, experienced for her all the tenderness of the fondest parents. As they were confessedly strangers to all systems of education, the learned reader will undoubtedly suppose that the child must infallibly be lost ; but though they knew nothing of any system, they had a sufficiency of that, which, seldom as it enters into the composition of any of them, can amply supply the place of all—sound common-sense. This principle supplied the use of volumes : it fashioned the clothes, regulated the diet, and even dictated the amusements of the little Julia, the sportiveness of infancy was unchecked by the harsh restraints which render a town-nursery a house of bondage. The love of novelty, that source of happiness and instruction  
to

to the infant breast, was here gratified, not by the destruction of costly toys, but by the sublime and ever-changing scenes of nature. Instead of tedious and unimpressive lessons upon the beauty of truth and virtue, while, as it often happens, every action of the speaker is a libel on the speech, she saw truth and virtue exemplified in the actions of those around her. She was never cheated into obedience, nor had she the seeds of deceit and cunning sown in her mind by promises or threatenings never meant to be performed.

The natural indolence of Mrs. Delmond led her very readily to resign the trouble attending the management of her little charge ; she was nevertheless mortified at finding herself the only object of the child's indifference. Mrs. Hurford, perceiving her resentment, wisely obviated its consequences, by contriving to make her the medium through which every gift was to be dispensed, and every little treat bestowed ; thus was all jealousy on the part of the mother effectually prevented, and the little heart of the daughter inspired with a proper degree of gratitude and affection.

The interest which Mrs. Hurford took in the happiness of her little favourite, inspired her with an idea, which, as it turned out, was essentially conducive to her future fortune. She no sooner mentioned the scheme to her husband, which was indeed the moment it was thought on, than it had his warm approbation. Without hür-  
ing at the object they had in view, they asked Mrs. Delmond's consent to carry the little Julia with them on a visit to a relation, who resided at a certain village at the distance of twenty miles ; the name of the place they did not mention to Mrs. Delmond ; it was the residence of



her aunt; and to this lady it was the design of Mrs. Hurford to introduce her lovely charge.

The design succeeded to her wish. The old lady, who lived on terms of great intimacy with Mrs. Hurford's friend, was attracted by the beauty, and charmed with the sprightliness and good-temper of her little visitor. The name of Julia, which belonged to herself, still more endeared her. She questioned her concerning her age.

"She was as old as the little Brindle, and pa Hurford says, that Brindle will be six years old next grass."

"Had she any other papa besides pa Hurford?"

"O yes! but poor papa was far, far away!"

"And mamma?"

"Own mamma lived with t'other mamma, at Rush-mead."

"And what was mamma's name?"

"Own mamma was mamma Delmond."

The old lady was equally shocked and affected by this discovery. The vow she had made never to see her niece, was not to be broken: but it extended not to her offspring; and from this time to the day of her decease, she at her own desire received an annual visit from her grand-niece.

Julia had nearly reached her tenth year, before she had the happiness of beholding her father; he then returned. But how returned? No longer that blooming and handsome figure, whose manly beauty attracted universal admiration. Bent down by disease, pale, infirm, and emaciated; the vigour of health, the life of life was gone. The only surviving victim of the ungenial climate, where,

"Mid

“Mid each dank stream the reeking marsh exhales,  
 “Contagious vapours and volcanic gales,”

His gallant companions were doomed to meet the poisoned shafts of death. He, it is true, returned to his country—but returned to linger out a life of pain, and to experience the protracted sufferings of premature old age.

The reader, we hope, is well convinced, that under a wise and uncorrupt government the advantages to be thus purchased at the expence of so many useful and valuable lives, must be far from problematical or uncertain. If the said reader enjoys, or is likely to enjoy, a snug sinecure from the government of a fortress in these regions of pestilence, or has a prospect of pocketing any of the various emoluments arising from contracting for the same, we need say nothing to convince him of its utility, and shall therefore proceed in our narrative.

With an agitation of joy, almost too powerful for his enfeebled frame to support, Capt. Delmond embraced his wife and daughter. With the latter he was truly charmed; she was more than his most sanguine hopes had painted, or his fond heart had dared to wish. To her he resolved to dedicate the remainder of his life, and to spare no pains on her instruction and improvement.

In the once beautiful face of Mrs. Delmond time had produced an alteration no less conspicuous than that which climate and disease had wrought upon the person of her husband. To beauties of Mrs. Delmond's description Time is, indeed, a most formidable foe. Where no spark of animation supplies the place of youth's bewitching, but alas! transient glow; where, when

the roses die and the lilies fade, no trait of *mind*, no vivid expression of sensibility shoots along the desolated waste, every wrinkle is triumphant; and the conquest over beauty is complete. The alteration thus effected in the countenance of Mrs. Delmond, though apparent to the eye, reached not the heart of her faithful husband. His attachment to her was not, it is true, either sentimental or sublime; it was, nevertheless, cordial and sincere. As an helpless object depending on his protection, he had been accustomed to cherish her. As *his own*, he had considered her with that regard which self-love attaches to property; and even the very sufferings she had occasioned to him, were, perhaps, an additional motive of his affection. Habit made him experience uneasiness from the want of her presence, (*society* we can scarcely term it) and that delight with which the human mind returns to those deep-worn channels, where it has long been accustomed to flow, made him experience in this re-union emotions of the most lively joy.

As for Mrs. Delmond, the meeting and the parting kiss were given by her with the same frigid composure. Without any alteration in the tone of her voice, or in one muscle of her countenance, she said 'she was *glad* to see him.' And as we never heard of her being addicted to falsehood, we are bound to believe her.

Capt. Delmond having, through the interest of General Villers, obtained leave to retire upon half-pay, took a small house in a village near that gentleman's seat, and with the prudence of which he was always master, regulated his economy in exact conformity to his circumstances.

The mind of Julia, which had been suffered to expand in the freedom of the country, was now  
eager

eager for instruction. It was perhaps no less adapted to receive it, than if it had gone through the regular course of emulation, jealousy, envy, and hatred, which so regularly succeed each other in the breast of a boarding-school miss. She received the lessons of her father with delight, and soon became mistress of all he thought necessary for her to learn. Her temper, which had never been spoiled by the alternate application of indiscreet indulgence and unnecessary severity, was open, ardent, and affectionate. To every species of cunning and deceit she was quite a stranger. The happiness which glowed in her own bosom, she wished to communicate to every thing around her.

The cheering influence of her light and buoyant spirits penetrated the breast of her father. It soothed his pains, re-animated his spirits, and gave a charm to his otherwise miserable existence. He regarded his Julia as a being of a superior order. Her capacity he thought almost supernatural. The inferiority of the female understanding he had hitherto considered incontrovertible, and had treated every attempt at the cultivation of the mental powers of that sex with the most sovereign contempt. But his Julia was an exception to the general rule: an understanding so capacious as hers ought to have every advantage. He, therefore, encouraged her insatiable appetite for knowledge with a free command of all the books which either the private collections of his friends or the circulating library could furnish. He laid no restraint upon her choice, for from the pains he took to form her taste, and from the opinion he entertained of the amazing maturity of her judgment, he was convinced she

would of her own accord choose only what was proper.

Had a due allowance for the power of imagination in young minds entered into Capt. Delmond's calculation, he would perhaps have been less sanguine. In fact, though Julia read with pleasure books of philosophy, history, and travels to her father, she found a pleasure still more poignant in devouring the pages of a novel or romance in her own apartment. Her feelings were alive to all the joys and all the sorrows of the heroes and heroines, whose adventures she had the delight of perusing. The agitation they excited was so animated, so intoxicating, that she felt a void in her breast when not under the influence of strong emotions. In vain did her reason revolt at the absurdities which abounded in these motley tales; in the kindling passions of her youthful bosom they found a never-failing incentive to their perusal.

Imagination, wild and ungoverned imagination reigned paramount in her breast. The investigation of truth had no longer any charm. Sentiment usurped the place of judgment, and the mind, instead of deducing inferences from facts, was now solely occupied in the invention of extravagant and chimerical situations. In these, to do her justice, the most noble and heroic virtues were uniformly displayed. Of the immense fortunes of which she was the ideal mistress, she reserved to herself but a very slender share. All the poor of the country were in one moment enriched by her bounty, all were made happy by her power. Tender and faithful lovers were released from unheard of miseries, and put in possession of the most exquisite felicity. Her father, quite cured of his gout, was the lord of an immense

menſe domain, whoſe various beauties fancy painted in more lively colours than the pencil of Raphael was ever dipt in. In ſhort, Julia was an adept in the art of caſtle-building.

With the education of her daughter Mrs. Delmond never preſumed to interfere. She had before her father's return, indeed, taken the trouble to teach her her ſampler, and had beſides endeavoured to initiate her into the myſteries of croſſ-ſtitch, chain-ſtitch, and gobble-ſtitch, the laſt of which only ſeemed to ſuit the genius of the little romp, who did not much reliſh the confinement neceſſary for theſe employments. As to mental improvement Mrs. Delmond wiſely judged it to be altogether out of her ſphere : nor was it with any view to produce ſuch an effect, that ſhe taught her to get by heart the ſame portion of the church catechiſm, and the ſame number of pſalms from Sternhold and Hopkins, as ſhe herſelf had learned ; all of which ſhe took care that Julia ſhould regularly repeat every Sunday evening at the ſame hour and in the ſame manner which ſhe herſelf had done when at the ſame age. To poor Julia the ſabbath was indeed a day of bondage and diſmay. Happy was ſhe when it was over, and nothing more was to be got by heart for a week to come.

Indeed all the religious duties of Mrs. Delmond were very properly confined to that day which is appointed by the church for their eſpecial performance ; every Sunday ſhe very regularly went to church, as her aunt had done before her. And there ſhe was ſo far from miſſing any part of the ſervice, that ſhe very audibly repeated the whole of it, abſolution and all, after the clergyman, to the great edification of thoſe who had the happineſs of ſitting in the ſame pew,

pew. By this means she obtained the appellation of a mighty devout good-sort-of lady from all the neighbours; nor did she at all displease her husband by the practice of this devotion. But though Captain Delmond thought it proper to encourage this weakness in his wife, he wished the mind of his daughter to soar above the vulgar prejudice.

Virtue, he told her, required no incentive to its performance, but its own innate loveliness. The doctrine of rewards and punishments was only adapted to weak and slavish minds. Honour, he said, was the inspiring motive of the great and noble. As to the notion of revelation, it was involved in absurdities which all truly-enlightened men treated with a proper degree of contempt; it was only the tool of knaves and priests, which they made use of to excite the reverence of fools, the more easily to impose upon them.

The beauty and the peace of virtue Julia found enshrined in her own breast; but had that breast ever been taught to glow with devotional sentiment, to expand in grateful adoration of Divine beneficence, and to wrapt itself in the delightful contemplation of a future state of felicity, fairer colours would probably have marked its future destiny!

As the heart of Julia was not altogether insensible to vanity, she was exceedingly pleased to find herself so much wiser than the rest of the world. Thus prepared, it is not surprising that she was charmed with the tenets of the new philosophers, which taught her that denying revelation is but one step towards that state of perfection to which the human mind is so speedily advancing. Her introduction to the philosophers, and all that happened subsequent to that

that event, the reader has already been made acquainted with. It is high time the fair petitioner whom we left at the door of her father's chamber, should now speak for herself, which she shall have an opportunity of doing in the next chapter.

---

### CHAP. XIII.

"Hence to realms of night, dire demon, hence!

"Thy chain of adamant can bind

"That little world, the human mind,

"And sink its noblest powers to impotence."

ROGERS.

CAPT. Delmond's spirits, sunk by a restless and painful night, revived at the sight of his lovely daughter; he kissed her with even more than usual tenderness, and anxiously enquired concerning the indisposition which had so long detained her from him. She said, her head had ached violently, which she attributed to the want of exercise, and had no doubt that a little air would entirely remove it.

"And why, my darling, do you confine yourself so much; I shall insist hereafter upon your going out regularly every day. The air of this apartment is injurious to you, and my dear girl must not be allowed to suffer from her too great kindness to her old father."

The open and susceptible heart of Julia, hitherto a stranger to every species of artifice and concealment, felt this tenderness as a reproach too



too poignant to be borne. Her eyes filled with tears. She dared not trust her voice, but with an air of the most emphatic gratitude and affection she kissed the hand which had fondly taken hold of hers.

At length the importance of the projected enterprise rushed upon her recollection; when stifling her emotion, and assuming an air of cheerfulness, she said she had been thinking that a ride into the country would be of service to her. She had long promised a visit to Castle-Villers, and with her father's permission thought she might now accomplish it.

"Certainly, my love, as soon as ever you please: you shall yourself write a note to Mrs. Villers to inform her of your intention, and she will, I make no doubt, send the carriage to fetch you."

'I was thinking,' replied Julia hesitatingly, 'I was thinking whether I could not go without giving her that trouble. You remember Dr. Orwell's gig. I am sure he would be so good as let me have it for a day, and I would not wish to stay longer.'

"But you cannot go alone in the gig, my dear?"

'O no, I—I would get some one to drive me.'

"If Dr. Orwell goes himself, and I know he sometimes visits there, I shall have no objection. He is a very respectable man, and I believe the worthiest man of his profession. He, I make no doubt, will take proper care of you. Go then, my dear, and make the request yourself, a walk will do you good; and I shall not suffer you to read to me this morning, it would not be proper for you after being so much indisposed, so God bless you, my child—good-bye."

Half

Half defeated in her purpose, though not quite discomfited, Julia left her father's room without having suffered the name of Vallaton to pass her lips. She could not prevail upon herself to encounter the prejudices of her father, and this timidity led her to practice a deceit, which, though contrary to her feelings and repugnant to her judgment, she hoped the plea of necessity would sufficiently excuse.

The admirers of amiable weakness, who consider the virtues of fortitude and courage as inimical to every charm of the female character, reflect not how impossible it is for the mind that is deprived of their support, firmly to tread the "onward path" of sincerity; nor how often the timid and irresolute will be prompted by their fears "*to take dissimulation's winding way*" Fortitude and courage are, however, only the companions of undeviating rectitude. They had hitherto been constant inhabitants in the gentle breast of Julia; whose soft and winning manners clearly evinced that those virtues, masculine as they are generally deemed, are far from being incompatible with modesty and gentleness. In once having permitted herself to tread the path of error, short as were the steps she had as yet taken, she found she had already lost the firm supporters of her mind; and to extricate herself she had recourse to their unworthy substitutes, art and concealment.

In her father's name she wrote a note to Dr. Orwell to request the gig for the following day; and desiring the answer to be delivered into her own hands, and strictly charging the messenger to say nothing of where he had been to either of her parents, she took the road to Mr. Glib's

Mr. Val-

Mr. Vallaton, who did not expect to see her till the evening, was charmed at a circumstance, which he did not fail to interpret to his own advantage. And still more was he delighted, when she informed him that she had come on purpose to request a favour of him.

“A favour of me, Julia! impossible. You know not how exquisitely it would delight me to oblige you. I hope it is something that may require the exertion of all my energies, that you may see what power you have over me.”

‘It is only to drive me a few miles in a gig. I wish to call at Castle-Villars to-morrow; and thought perhaps you would have no objection to accompany me. The General is very hospitable, and will be happy to receive any friend of my father’s; for as such I mean to introduce you. You do not know,’ continued she with an enchanting smile, ‘what good may arise from this introduction.’

Vallaton was profuse in his acknowledgments, which Julia interrupted by saying she had still another request to make, which she hoped he would have as little hesitation in complying with.

“Can my lovely Julia fear that any request of hers should meet with a refusal? Impossible. Let her but name her wish; and were it to pluck her kerchief from the horned moon, it should be done.”

‘I greatly wish, then,’ replied Julia, ‘nay I would give the world to see the embroidered covering of the basket which formed your infant cradle. Have you it not with you?’

“No, I believe not; it is not with me at present.”

‘Nor any of your infant robes.’

“No,

"No, I—I unfortunately left them in the care of a very particular friend in town."

'How unlucky! indeed, indeed you ought never to go any where without them. Are they not the blessed instruments by which the strange mystery of your birth will most undoubtedly be developed. I must chide you for trusting so precious a deposit in any hands but your own. You can, however, write for them, and your friend may send them to you by the mail coach.'

Vallaton, who could hardly suppress a smile at the earnestness with which Julia made this unforeseen request, took from it a hint, which effectually relieved his present embarrassment. He promised to write to his friend by that night's post; and doubted not, but that in a few days he should receive the credentials of his noble birth in safety. It is probable that his mind's eye at that moment cast a retrospective glance to the cellar of St. Giles's, where his first blanket, whose embroidery was certainly of no Tyrian dye, after having done its duty as a mop, and gone through the process of decomposition on a dung hill, had probably long since lent its aid to enrich its native soil. How much soever Mr. Vallaton's patriotism might lead him to glory in the certainty of his first rags having been thus useful to his country, his modesty prevented his assuming any merit upon this head; and Julia, whose memory furnished her with a thousand similar examples, was quite satisfied that the little embroidered vestments, he had so particularly described, would lead to the happy discovery her ardent imagination had so fully planned.

Mr. Vallaton, willing to change a subject which was rather becoming too interesting, enquired

quired whether the excursion to Castle-Villers was with her father's knowledge.

'O yes,' replied Julia, 'my dear papa is always so indulgent that he never objects to any thing that will give me pleasure, unless fears for my safety, or doubts concerning propriety, should suggest the objection.'

"Propriety! in what vocabulary of prejudice did you pick up that offensive word? What can be improper that does not rebel against the great commands of nature? It is these wordlings 'gorged with misanthropy,' who have by this term *propriety* forged the most galling fetters for the amiable period of youth. Would that my Julia were superior to the ignoble bondage!"

'Indeed, indeed now, Mr. Vallaton, you do my father wrong. He never wishes to subject my mind but to the bondage of reason. If you knew his affection for me, and how good to me he has always been, you would not wonder that I should love him.'

"And pray tell me from whence does his affection for you proceed? If it appears, that the circumstance of being his daughter has any influence upon your father's mind, such a weak and foolish prejudice is more deserving of your contempt than veneration."

'Your argument is, indeed, very forcible; I know not how to answer it; but still I cannot so far conquer that prejudice which I have hitherto considered as virtuous, and which makes me feel it improper too strictly to scan the imperfections of a parent. If I were dependent on his bounty, I should perhaps be less scrupulous; but since, through my aunt's partial affection, I have come to the command of an independent fortune, I feel as if it were not only ungrateful

grateful but ungenerous to examine the motives of an affection, for which I confess (and do not hate me for the confession) it is my most anxious wish to make a suitable return.'

"And pray what has this old gentleman done for you?"

'Done! how can you ask the question? Did he not, during the period of my infancy, and even before he had ever seen me, part with more than half his income for mine and my mother's support? Was it not for our sakes that he endured the horrors of that detested climate; sacrificed his ease, his health, his comfort? And then on his return: what tender affection! what unremitting care! To procure for me the accomplishments which he himself could not teach, and to enable me to make an appearance equal to my companions of larger fortune; how often has he and my mother denied themselves every little comfort to which they had been habituated? Oh! how happy am I now in having it in my power to restore to them these innocent enjoyments, to make their old age as easy and as comfortable as that period of life will admit! Till your arguments convinced me that there could not possibly be a God, I could hardly refrain from the superstitious persuasion, that a sort of Providence had interposed to send me this legacy at the very time when, by the loss of the small pension which my father, in addition to his half-pay, had hitherto enjoyed, it became almost impossible to support his family, and keep up the rank in life he had been accustomed to maintain. In giving up this fortune to his disposal, I experienced the sweetest pleasure of my life!'

"And have you actually given it up to his disposal?" cried Vallaton with great earnestness, and

and in a tone fully expressive of the virtuous horror he felt at such a flagitious proof of the destructive vice of gratitude.

‘No,’ rejoined the fair philosopher, ‘my father would not accept the gift. He said he would do no more than act as my steward. It was evidently the intention of my aunt, that I should be independent before the period affixed by law, and he would not frustrate her intentions. He said, he surely had no cause to be less confident in my prudence than she had! And by saying so he doubly bound me to give myself up to his direction in every article of my conduct.’

“Dear enchanting enthusiast!” cried Vallaton, somewhat recovered from his alarm. “The false views in which things appear to your understanding is truly to be regretted. And so you are indebted to this gentleman, because, forsooth, *in the hateful spirit of monopoly, he chose by despotic and artificial means to engross a pretty woman to himself*; and even in absence unjustly to prevent his neighbour from enjoying a good which he could not himself continue to possess; for was not this the true motive of his care of your mother? As for you, whatever he bestowed previous to his knowledge of your real worth, was a glaring proof of the most odious selfishness. Was it not because he believed himself your father, that he thus provided for you? In what a contemptible light does philosophy teach us to view this prejudice? *I ought to prefer no human being to another, because that being is my father, my wife, or my son, but because, for reasons which equally appeal to all understandings, that being is entitled to preference. In a state of equality, it will be a question of no importance to know who is the parent of each individual child. It is aristocracy, self-love, and family pride, that teach* us

*us to set a value upon it at present.\** And for this offspring of aristocratic prejudice, this selfish affection which your father had for you because you were *his*, and not the offspring of some other man, haply more worthy than himself, he is entitled to your duty and your gratitude! Mistaken Julia! I wish you would exert the energies of your mind, to conquer prejudices so unworthy of your understanding."

Poor Julia had not now one word to say in her own defence. Abashed at the conviction of her filial weakness, she cast her lovely eyes upon the ground. The enlightened philosopher tenderly seized her hand, and changing his voice to the soft tone of supplication, entreated she would pardon him for his zeal in the cause of truth. He wished to remove every obstacle to *perfectibility* in one so near perfection: she had but to conquer a few of those remaining prejudices to reach the goal. "By this fair hand I swear," said he, pressing it to his lips, "that all I say proceeds from the strength and disinterestedness of my affection." The entrance of the Goddess of Reason, Mr. Myope, and Mr. Glib, prevented her reply. She soon took her leave, and her heart palpitating with various contending emotions, returned to her father's house.

\* See Pol. Jus. vol. ii.



## CHAP. XIV.

" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,  
 " If guilt, if fraud have stain'd your mind,  
 " Or saint to hear, or angel to defend."  
 So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound  
 Burst from the centre of her burning throne,  
 Where aye she sits, with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd;  
 A bright sun clasps her adamant zone.  
 So Truth proclaims, her awful voice I hear,  
 With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

**I**N the personification of the virtues, Sincerity ought certainly to be delineated as the most vindictive of the whole groupe. Inflexible in her decrees, and jealous of her authority, she hedges round her white domain with so many thorns, that it is impossible to depart from it for a single moment with impunity. In endeavouring to effect his escape, the poor fugitive gets so entangled, that should he even succeed in avoiding the disgrace of detection, he cannot avoid the stings of shame and dishonour, which, if he have any feeling, will pierce him to the quick.

Alarmed lest the answer of Dr. Orwell should by mistake have been delivered to her father, Julia's first care was to seek the messenger it was sent by. He was not yet returned. Indeed the boy thought he could never have a better opportunity of taking his own time. The injunctions laid upon him by his young mistress to conceal his errand from her father, made him quickly sensible that she was in his power. Why should he not indulge himself in a game at marbles? If he staid ever so long she durst not inform on him

him for her own sake. And if Miss told a lie, by saying she sent him any where else, why should he not tell her another? Could he pretend to be better than Miss.

Vexed at his delay, and trembling lest it should occasion a discovery, Julia began to feel the thorns which strewed the path on which she had so lately entered. The boy at length arrived, and brought with him a polite answer from Dr. Orwell, who willingly granted her request. She hastily put the note in her pocket, and then went to the parlour, where she found Mrs. Gubbles, senior, sitting with her father and mother.

"Well, my love," said Capt. Delmond, "what says Dr. Orwell to your request? Did you find all the family at home?"

'Dr. Orwell is kind enough to let me have the gig whenever I please, and desires his compliments to you and my mamma.'

'And pray,' said Mrs. Delmond, 'did you see Mrs. Goodwin? I wonder she did not give you the receipt for the elder wine which I sent to beg of her this morning. She told Nanny she would write it out for me before dinner. Did not she mention it to you?'

'No,' replied Julia, 'I—I did not see Mrs. Goodwin.'

"Aye, but I warrant," cried Mrs. Gubbles with an arch smile, "I warrant Miss saw somebody better worth looking at. There was young Mr. Sydney just come home from the colleges; I saw him with his father a going to the parsonage just before Miss went out; one would be astonished to see what a great, tall, proper man he is grown. Good luck! it was but yesterday, as I think, since he was quite a little baby; and  
now

now to be sure he is one of the most handsomest and most genteelest young men I ever seed in my life. Don't you think so, Miss?"

"I don't know, I did not see him."

"Not see him! well that is the most extraordinary thing as ever I knew. He could not possibly come back without my seeing him. You know I am quite in the way, and notices every body as goes by: not a foot on the street, I warrant you, but I knows of. There is that heathenish set as come to Mr. Glib's, who are all (heaven preserve us!) said to be no better than so many atheists; I see'd them go by this morning; there they are, all living at rack and manger. A good hot supper last night, and a fine dinner to-day. I wonder what will come on it at last? A pretty thing, truly, for folks in their way to entertain at such a rate! If it was only their own neighbours and town-folks, It would be a different thing; but to be throwing away their substance upon authors and such scum, it is a shame to hear of it!"

"I should suppose, ma'am," said Julia with some warmth, "that Mr. Glib knows his own affairs best: I believe the party you allude to are very respectable people, and do Mr. Glib great honour by their visit."

"It may be so, Miss. They may be very respectable people, to be sure, for aught I know; though I don't think it's the most respectablest thing in the world, for people to be sneaking about the streets all night, that have no honest calling to take them out of their warm beds."

"Do the people at Mr. Glib's keep such late hours?" enquired Capt. Delmond.

"I don't know for all of 'em," replied the loquacious Mrs. Gubbles, "but betwixt four and five

five this morning, as my husband was a going to Mrs. Dunstan's, (who, as I was telling you as Miss there came in, has got a fine thumping boy) he passed that there tall one just at your garden-gate, I don't know his name, but there he was a perambulating through the street, and I leave you to judge, whether at that late hour it was likely he had been building churches?"

In the loud laugh to which Mrs. Gubbles was excited by her own *wit*, Julia felt no inclination to join. The consequences of Vallaton's having been seen in his retreat from the harbour, filled her with terror and dismay. To conceal the inquietude of her mind, she made a pretence for quitting the room, and did not return till the visitor was gone and dinner put upon the table.

In places far removed from the great and crowded theatre of the metropolis, the scenes of life (if we may be permitted to carry on the hacknied allusion) come so near the eye, that every little wheel and pulley becomes visible to the audience. The actors are there indeed so few, and so seldom do any incidents occur in the rural drama of sufficient importance to excite a general interest, that if the good people in a country town were not to find a substitute for more important articles of intelligence in the minutiae of family transactions, they must either be condemned to silence, or laid under the dreadful necessity of cultivating internal resources. No such miserable alternative awaits the happier inhabitants of the metropolis. There day unto day furnishes an everlasting fund for talk, and the insatiable thirst for news is gratified by such a succession of great events, that though petty scandal may serve as a relish, it is by no means an absolute necessary of life. In the country, where the ap-  
petite

petite for news is not a whit less voracious, it is obliged to put up with a more limited bill of fare: the minutest action of every neighbour is there, indeed, very liberally served up, while conjectures on its cause and its consequences serve as sauce to the entertainment.

The valetudinary state of Captain Delmond's health, which deprived him of those resources for killing time to which he had formerly been accustomed, made him glad to fill the vacuum by any piece of intelligence that offered: even a visit from Mrs. Gubbles was on this account acceptable, as no one possessed more information concerning the state of affairs in the village and its neighbourhood than that good lady. Wherever she went, she generally left heads of discourse to occupy the remainder of the day; so it appeared likely to be at present. The birth of Master Dunitan, the fortune he was likely to inherit, the age of his mother, and the question of who was most likely to be asked to stand god-father upon the important occasion, having been all successively discussed; the return of Henry Sydney came next under consideration.

Had Julia heard nothing of him at the parsonage?

It was very extraordinary. Who did she see there? Julia, at a loss for a reply, hesitated, and then said she had only seen Dr. Orwell.

"Were you in the saloon?"

"No."

"Oh! then the matter is plain enough; the ladies wished to have the gentlemen all to themselves, and so the Doctor did not invite you to go in? Ay, ay, let the parson alone. He did not choose to trouble his daughters with a female visitor."

visitor, when he knew they were more agreeably engaged."

"Indeed, sir, Dr. Orwell was to-day as he always is, very kind and polite. I am sure he and his daughters are equally above every little jealousy."

"Well, well, it may be so ; but who are those people at Glib's? You spoke to Mrs. Gubbles as if you had known something of them."

"I believe it is Mr. Myope, the great author, and his lady ; I have met them at Mrs. Botherim's: they are very genteel, well-informed people."

"And the tall young man who was seen lurking about the streets at that unseasonable hour ; what is he ?"

"I don't know indeed," replied Julia, looking at the same time out of the window, "I can't tell who Mrs. Gubbles meant."

"Some idle fellows of an author too, I suppose," rejoined her father ; "one who I dare say would be very properly employed in carrying a musket. Really, my dear, I am somewhat afraid that Mrs. Botherim is not quite difficult enough in regard to the choice of her guests. Authors and these sort of people may be very good in their way, but they are by no means proper acquaintances for my Julia."

"But, my dear sir, ought we not to pay some respect to talents and genius, even though destitute of fortune ?"

"Fortune !—I despise fortune as much as any man ; but will talents and genius make a gentleman ? And are not all the authors who have talents or genius known to be democrats in their hearts. Talk not to me of such people, my dear,

E 2

they

they ought to be the dread and detestation of every loyal subject "

This was a theme on which Julia was ever fearful of entering. She knew her father's prejudices to be unconquerable. It was this circumstance which had hitherto prevented her from bringing him acquainted with Vallaton, whose patriotism so pure, so disinterested, so enlightened, must be shocked at sentiments so opposite to his own ! Even should his respect for her impose upon him a silence repugnant to his generous principles of hazarding all for truth, he could not fail to be wounded at the expressions which, if the subject of politicks was started, would infallibly drop from her father's tongue. She had, therefore, most carefully concealed her knowledge of him from Capt. Delmond, who she well knew would on his part be equally shocked at the enlightened system of her new preceptor.

This concealment she at first imagined would have been a very easy matter ; but she soon experienced the torment which, in a generous mind, attends the least attempt at dissimulation. The entrance of Henry Sydney and his sister relieved her present embarrassment. The latter came to request the favour of Miss Delmond's company to a rural feast in the hay-field, to which the Captain, who considered the symptoms of indisposition he had lately remarked in his daughter to originate in too much confinement, readily acquiesced ; and Julia, who now for the first time of her life was happy in any excuse that could relieve her from the burden of her father's presence, hastily prepared herself to attend her amiable friend.

## CHAP. XV.

"Where the sense of the speech is but ill understood,  
 "We are bound to suppose it uncommonly good."

SIMKIN'S LETTERS.

IT is now time to return to Miss Botherim, whom we left very properly rebuking her mother for the fault committed by her domestick. In reply to a very long and very learned exhortation, which had, however, nearly exhausted the good lady's patience, "I tell you, Biddy," said Mrs. Botherim, "that though coming into the parlour and speaking of your wig before the gentlemen was not his business, to be sure, yet he is a very good boy for all that. He takes such care of the cow, and is so kind to all the dumb creatures, that he must be good."

'Good!' repeated Bridgetina with great indignation, 'It appears, madam, that you know very little of the nature of goodness. What is goodness but virtue? *Considered as a personal quality, it consists in the disposition of the mind, and may be defined a desire to promote the benefit of intelligent beings in general, the quantity of virtue being as the quantity of desire. Now desire is another name for preference, or a perception of the excellence, real or supposed, of any object; and what perception of excellence can a being so unenlightened possibly possess?*'

"You know very well daughter," rejoined Mrs. Botherim, "that I cannot answer you in all them there argumentations; but I can tell you that it will be long enough before we get a better boy  
 E 3 than



than Bill, and that there is not a cow upon the common half so well fed as ours."

'It is a strange thing, mother,' rejoined Bridgetina, 'that you never will learn to generalize your ideas. The boy may take very good care of your cow, and by leading her to the best pasture, promote both her benefit and yours; *but if he derives this benefit, not from a clear and distinct perception of what it is in which it consists, but from the unexamined lessons of education, from the physical effect of sympathy, or from any species of zeal unallied to and incommensurate with knowledge, can this desire be admitted for virtuous?* If your prejudices were not invulnerable you would not hesitate to acknowledge that it ought not; and if his actions cannot be admitted for virtuous, how can he be called good?'

To this Mrs. Botherim was incapable of making any reply. A silence of some minutes ensued, which the mother at length broke; "I was thinking," said she, "my dear, whether we might not drink tea with Miss Sydney this evening; now that her brother is come home, the compliment will be expected; and you know next week is the week of our great wash, when I never goes from home, and to-morrow I must look over your things to prepare for it; so as it will be a long time before I have an other day, I think we had as well go this."

The proposal was too agreeable to Miss Botherim to be rejected. A messenger was dispatched to notify their intention; and while Mrs. Botherim betook herself to the task of combing out the unfortunate tresses, whose luckless fate hath already excited the reader's commiseration, Bridgetina retired to her library to study for the discourse of the evening.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XVI.

" Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom;  
 " Those calm fires that ask'd but little room;  
 " Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 " Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green,"  
 GOLDSMITH.

OUR heroine bestowed so much time on the tedious labours of the toilet, that the little party at Mr. Sydney's had enjoyed nearly an hour of each other's society before she and her mother appeared. They found the house deserted of its inhabitants, but were conducted by a little girl through the garden into a meadow which beautifully sloped towards the river. On the lower part a groupe of hay-makers were at work; Mr. Sydney, and his friend the rector, were cheerfully conversing with the rustic band, and encouraging the innocent merriment which lightened all their toil. At the upper part of the field was Mrs. Martha Goodwin and her nieces, together with Julia, Maria Sydney, and her brother, all at work; some settling the camp stools which they had carried in their own hands, some depositing their share of the tea equipage upon the table which Henry had just fixed beneath the shade of a spreading elm, and in a spot from which the most delightful prospect of the country opened to the view. All was hilarity and ease, cheerfulness and good-humour.

Ceremony, that tiresome and ineffective substitute for true politeness, found no admittance here. Necessary as her presence is deemed, and necessary

as it in reality may be, to preserve the decorum of a city rout, it could be dispensed with by the present party without any apprehension of inconvenience. Where confidence of mutual goodwill and congenial harmony of sentiment influence every breast, and the polish of the manners proceeds from the polish of the mind, the forms of ceremony are as useless as impertinent.

If the art of making every one around feel easy and comfortable be accounted a mark of true politeness, Miss Sydney must be confessed to do the honours of her table as an adept. She had seen little of what is called the world, but the few acquaintances with whom she was accustomed to associate, were all well-bred and sensible.

Ever attentive to the wants, and observant to the manners of others, she would have conducted herself with propriety in any scene or upon any occasion that could possibly have occurred. Her good breeding was indeed of that sterling sort that might pass current in any country of the civilized world; and must be confessed in this respect to possess some advantage over that of the frivolous votaries of fashion, whose knowledge of the artificial forms of ceremony, like the paper money of a country bank, has only a circumscribed and local value.

The natural vivacity of Maria's temper had been long suppressed by an unremitting and painful attendance on the death-bed of her mother. Time had worn off the sharp edge of sorrow, but had not quite restored her usual cheerfulness, when the return of her darling brother gave new animation to her spirits, and once more turned her heart to joy.

She had the pleasure of seeing her happiness diffusive. Every eye seemed to sparkle with a delight

light responsive to that which glowed in her own breast. Even Julia, whose once gay and lively spirits had of late been chilled and frozen in the cold region of metaphysics, seemed reanimated by the participation of pleasures congenial to youth and nature. She entered into the amusements of her friends, joined in the light-hearted laugh, retorted the inoffensive raillery, and was one of the most busy in preparing for the rural feast. She and Harriet Orwell had just finished decorating a basket of strawberries with a wreath of flowers which Henry had gathered, and were with light and graceful steps bearing it betwixt them to the table, while Henry, keeping his seat upon the grass, was with eyes of rapture following every motion of the lovely pair, when the small shrill voice of Miss Botherim accosted his ears, and drew his attention from these engaging objects.

‘So Doctor,’ cried she, ‘I perceive that you have retired to taste the pleasures of abstract speculation. How I admire a taste so similar to my own! Divine congeniality of sentiment! it is thou alone can’st give a taste of true felicity to enlightened minds!’

Henry, whose contemplations of whatever nature they were, seemed little disposed to relish this interruption, made no other reply than the common form of salutation; but suddenly rising and placing himself by the side of Mrs. Botherim, he begged to attend the ladies to his sister.

Bridgetima, who humanely resolved to treat her chosen lover with all imaginable tenderness, immediately went round to his side, and instantly began her well-conned conversation.

‘I have just been renovating my energies,’ said she, ‘by the impressive eloquence of Rousseau. I need not ask whether the sublime vir-

tues of his Eloisa do not enrapture your soul? Was any character ever drawn so natural, so sublime, so truly virtuous?"

"I am sorry that I cannot perfectly agree with you," replied Henry; "but here are the ladies, they had almost despaired of seeing you."

Maria then came forward, and politely led her guests to the seats she had prepared for them; while Henry slipped round to the opposite side of the table, and took possession of a little turfy knoll, which separated the seats of Harriet and Julia.

Though the conversation that commenced between these young people was, if we may judge from the smile of satisfaction that played upon their countenances, sufficiently entertaining to themselves, it might probably be with justice considered beneath the dignity of history. Happily for the edification of the learned reader, it received an interruption from Bridgetina, who, as she never trusted to the spontaneous effusion of the moment, might always be said to speak for the press.

The bustle of the tea-table, and the playful contention which attended the distribution of fruit, cakes, &c. for some time stopt the torrent of her eloquence; but it was only stopt to pour forth at the first opportunity with redoubled force.

'Dr. Henry Sydney,' cried she, in a voice sufficiently audible, 'I must call upon you for an explanation of the words you uttered before tea, which seemed to my apprehension to cast a doubt upon the sublime virtue of Eloisa. If it be to that part of her conduct which seems to have been dictated by her prejudices as a religionist that you object, I have nothing to plead in her defence.'

defence. But as to her affair with St. Preux, it was surely the most sublime instance of abstract virtue! A virtue superior to the fantastic prejudices of a distempered civilization; and which, in the wild career of energetic feeling, nobly pursued the sentiments of nature. Is it possible that you can perceive no charms in such a conduct?"

"Situating as St. Preux," replied Henry, (while an ingenuous modesty heightened the colour of his expressive countenance) "I will not pretend to answer for myself. No such situation, however, can possibly occur; for never will there be an Eloisa such as Rousseau's vivid imagination has described. The different parts of her character are indeed incompatible with each other."

"In what respect?" asked Bridgetina.

"In minds of a certain cast," returned Henry, "the licentious passions may revel in the heart, while the imagination is forming the most sublime conceptions of exalted virtue. But the virtues of Eloise are not the transient effusions of this species of enthusiasm, they are represented as the steady and dignified offspring of reason. With such principles a part of her conduct is utterly inconsistent, and therefore, in my opinion, unnatural and absurd."

"Indeed, Doctor," replied Bridgetina, "I should not have expected to have found you infected by the prejudices which are engendered by the unnecessary institutions of a depraved society. But when sublimer notions of things have been sufficiently generated by philosophy, depend upon it the example of Eloisa will prove a model to her sex."

"The example of Eloisa!" repeated old Mr. Sydney; "was she not a wanton baggage, who was got with child by her tutor? I remember  
reading

reading an extract from the book in an old review; and I must say the world was very little obliged to Mr. Rousseau for publishing such a story. He might intend it, and if he was a good man he doubtless did intend it, as a warning to young woman to beware of falling into the snares of men; but, alas! I am afraid it has done little good."

'I never read the book in question,' said Dr. Orwell, 'but of Rousseau's system of female education, I think the circumstance you allude to might very naturally be the result: A creature instructed in no duty but the art of pleasing, and taught that the sole end of her creation was to attract the attention of the men, could not be expected to tread very firmly in the paths of virtue.'

"I wonder," said Mrs. Martha Goodwin, "What Rousseau would have done with all the ordinary girls, for it is plain his system is adapted only for *beauties*; and should any of these poor beauties fail in getting husbands, God help them, poor things! they would make very miserable old maids."

'Beauty, madam,' cried Bridgetina, 'is a consideration beneath the notice of a philosopher, as the want of it is no moral obstacle to love: will not the mind that is sufficiently enlightened always behold the preferableness of certain objects?' continued she, drawing up her long craggy neck so as to put the shrivelled parchment-like skin which covered it upon the full stretch. 'In a reasonable state of society women will not restrain their powers, they will then display their energies; and the vigour of their minds exerted in the winning eloquence of courtship, will not be exerted in vain. There will then be no old maids,  
or

or none but fools will be so. As to Rousseau, it is plain that he was a stranger to the rights of women.'

"The inconsistency and folly of his system," said Henry, "was, perhaps, never better exposed than in the very ingenious publication which takes the Rights of Women for its title. Pity that the very sensible authoress has sometimes permitted her zeal to hurry her into expressions which have raised a prejudice against the whole. To superficial readers it appears to be her intention to unsex women entirely. But—"

'And why should there be any distinction of sex?' cried Bridgetina, interrupting him; 'Are not moral causes superior to physical? And are not women formed with powers and energies capable of perfectibility? Ah! miserable and deplorable state of things in which these powers are debased by the meanness of household cares? Ah! wretched woman, restrained by the cruel fetters of decorum! Vile and ignoble bondage! the offspring of an unjust and odious tyranny, a tyranny whose remorseless cruelty assigns to woman the care of her family! But the time shall come when the mind of woman will be too enlightened to submit to the slavish task!'

"Indeed, Miss Botherim," said Harriet, "I do not think that there is any thing either slavish or disagreeable in the task: nor do I think a woman's energies, as you call them, can possibly be better employed. Surely the performance of the duties that are annexed to our situation, can never be deemed mean or ignoble? For my share, so far from feeling any derogation of dignity in domestic employment; I always feel exalted from the consciousness of being useful."

'I hope



‘I hope you will never cease to do so, my dear,’ said her father, ‘and you will ensure to yourself a never-failing source of happiness and contentment. It appears to me that each sex, in every situation in life, has its peculiar duties assigned to it by that good Providence which governs all things, and which seems to delight in order. For the preservation of this order, the inferior creation are endowed with an instinct which impels them to the peculiar mode of life best suited to their species. To man a higher behest is granted; to him reason is given as the sovereign director of his conduct. Alas! that pride and passion should so often render the precious gift of no avail! It is these which, under various disguises, have generally influenced all the system-makers who have taken upon them to prescribe the duties of the sex. These have, according to their several prejudices, laid down the law which was to govern the whole. The best of these have only given rules of conduct where they ought to have infused principles of action: the few who have not treated women as mere machines, incapable of reason, have made it their business to pervert that reason by turning it into a principle of revolt against the order of Providence, exciting to a spirit of murmuring and discontent, as distant from true wisdom as it is inimical to real happiness. One philosopher, and one only, has appeared, who, superior to all prejudices, invariably treated the female sex as beings who were to be taught the performance of duty, not by arbitrary regulations confined to particular parts of conduct, but by the knowledge of principles which enlighten the understanding and improve the heart.”

‘And pray what was the name of this philosopher,

osopher, sir?" said Bridgetina, "I wonder whether he is an acquaintance of Mr. Myope's, I never heard him speak of him."

"Very probably not," rejoined Dr. Orwell; "his name was JESUS CHRIST. He was the first philosopher who placed the female character in a respectable point of view. Women, we learn from the gospels, frequently composed a great part of his audience: but to them no particular precepts were addressed, no sexual virtues recommended. He knew that by whomsoever his doctrines were sincerely received, the duties annexed to their situation would be fully and conscientiously fulfilled. His morality was addressed to the judgment without distinction of sex. His laws went not to fix the boundaries of prerogative, and to prescribe the minutiae of behaviour, but to fix purity and humility in the heart. And believe me, my children, the heart that is thus prepared, will not be apt to murmur at its lot in life. It will be ready to perceive, that true dignity consists not in the nature of the duty that is required of us, but in its just performance. "The single woman whose mind is imbued with these virtues, while she employs her leisure in cultivating her own understanding, and instructing that of others, in seeking for objects on which to exert her charity and benevolence, and in offices of kindness and good-will to her fellow-creatures, will never consider her situation as abject or forlorn. Nor will she who is the mother of a family, consider its humblest duties as mean, or void of dignity and importance. The light of the mind is necessary for the performance of every duty; and great is the mistake of those who think ignorance the guard of innocence and virtue."

"What you have said, my good friend," said old

old Mr. Sydney, 'well explains the cause, why minds destitute of the solid principles of religion no sooner get a smattering of knowledge than they renounce the respectable duties of their sex; flying from the post assigned them by nature and Providence, they vainly attempt to seize the command of that which it is impossible they can ever reach. It is, indeed, as you justly observe, in the lessons of our great Master alone that a preservative is to be found against this folly. They offer a sovereign antidote against the swellings of pride and the effusions of vanity; they effectually prepare the mind, not merely for moving in one particular sphere, but for acting with sense and propriety in every situation. Whether married or unmarried, the woman who is thus instructed, will sustain her part with dignity; and the man who is influenced by the same principles, will behave to her with the respect that is due to a joint heir of immortality.'

"Yes," rejoined Dr. Orwell, "if the sublime truths of the gospel had their proper influence upon our sex, women would have little reason to complain. It is impossible that a real Christian should ever be a tyrant. To gratify the passion for dominion, or to exercise the pride of power, can never be an object with him who has imbibed the spirit which pervades the philosophy of Jesus. He can never form the wish of degrading the partner of his bosom to the condition of a slave."

'Alas!' said Mrs. Martha, 'I am afraid, brother, that such sort of Christians are very rare. When I have heard you, and our good friend Mr. Sydney here, expatiating upon the exercise of Christian virtues, I have often thought it a great pity that the heads of our church had not,  
instead

instead of prescribing confessions of faith with regard to abstruse and speculative points of doctrine, confined themselves to those which are chiefly insisted upon in the discourses of our Saviour. The creed universally enjoined should then have begun with "I believe it is my duty to love my neighbour as myself, and to do to others as I would have others to do to me on the like occasion;" and so gone through the virtues of humility, meekness, and charity; brotherly love, forgiveness of injuries, &c. &c. which articles might have been signed by the most tender conscience, and might probably have been repeated with as much advantage to the soul as the most incomprehensible mystery.'

"It is a very ingenious thought, Madam," said Mr. Sydney, "and would have done more towards coalescing the different sects into which the Christian world is so unhappily divided, than any mode that has yet been adopted. I fear, however, that the measure would meet with some opposition from the zealots of every party. The confession of charity and brotherly love would be justly deemed an innovation big with alarm, and quite inimical to the spirit of party zeal. But come, Maria, here we are talking away about loving our neighbours as ourselves, and never thinking of our thirsty friends in the hayfield. Go, my dear, and order them some refreshment; let them have the best cheese of the dairy, and the best ale that our cellar affords, and see that it be given them by yourself. Never depute another to do an office of kindness which you may yourself perform. Be assured that the manner of doing it is more than half its value."

With cheerful alacrity Maria rose to obey her father's commands: Harriet insisted on accompanying

nying her; Julia would not be left behind; and Henry probably thought his presence would be necessary to assist his sister, for he too chose to be of the party. Bridgetina seeing the motion of Henry would have likewise followed, but before she would contrive to sidle down from her seat, which was rather the highest, the active groupe were more than half-way to the house. Mr. Sydney, apprehensive from her moving that she was tired of her seat, proposed their taking a walk down the field, which was assented to the more readily by Bridgetina as she there hoped for an opportunity of introducing some philosophical observations with which she had indeed come ready prepared, but which the untoward turn the discourse had taken, had prevented her from introducing.

The approach of Mr. Sydney and his party was observed with pleasure by the hay-makers, who knew that he was no hard task master, that where reproof was necessary he reproved with gentleness, but that he never withheld from the deserving the just tribute of applause. In truth, their labour being divided among many more hands than was necessary was by no means hard; many found employment here who would have been rejected by more scientific farmers.

"E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands  
 "Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load  
 "O'ercharg'd amid the kind oppression toil."

The glee of the rustics was soon still further animated, on beholding Maria and her friends advancing in gay procession with a profuse supply of refreshments. Maria carried the goblet which, like another Hebe, she presented to all around, and which was plentifully replenished from the pitcher

pitcher borne by Henry. Harriet and Julia took upon themselves the distribution of the bread and cheese, giving, at the desire of Mr. Sydney, a double portion to such as had left any part of their family at home. Every face wore the appearance of cheerfulness and contentment.

‘Miserable wretches!’ exclaimed Bridgetina; ‘how doth the injustice under which you groan, generate the spirit of virtuous indignation in the breasts of the enlightened.’

“What d’ye say, Miss?” said an old man who imagined her eyes were directed toward him, though in reality she was steadfastly looking in Henry’s face. “What d’ye say, Miss,” repeated he, “about any one’s being miserable?”

‘I say,’ returned Bridgetina, ‘that you ought to be truly wretched?’

“And why so, Miss? what has I done to deserve to be wretched? I works as hardly, and I gets as good wages, as any man in the parish; my wife has good health, and we never lost a child. What should make me wretched?”

‘Miserable depravity!’ cried Bridgetina, ‘how abject that mind which can boast of its degradation! Rejoice in receiving wages! No wonder that gratitude, that base and immortal principle, should be harboured in such a breast!’

“Why, Miss,” returned the man, considerably irritated by her harangue, “I would have you to know as how that I don’t understand being made game of; and if you mean for to say that I have no gratitude, I defy your malice. I am as grateful for a good turn as any man living. I would go ten miles at midnight upon my bare feet to serve young Mr. Sydney there, who saved my poor Tommy’s life in the small pox: poor fellow, he’s remembers it still—don’t ye Tommy? And that

that a does ; and if thou ever forgets it thou art no true son of thy faither's."

Here Mrs. Martha interposed, and by a few kind words allayed the resentment which the declamation of Bridgetina had enkindled. She then invited our heroine to walk with her, and as soon as they were out of the hearing of the labourers, asked her what was her motive for thinking that poor man so miserable.

"And are not all miserable?" said Bridgetina. "Are not all who live in this deplorable state of distempered civilization miserable, and wretched, and unhappy?"

"Indeed, my dear Miss Botherin," rejoined Mrs. Martha, "I have the comfort of assuring you that you are very much mistaken. In the dwellings of the poor I am no stranger. As fortune has not put it in my power to do much towards removing their wants, I consider myself doubly bound to do all I can towards relieving their afflictions. For this purpose I make it my business to enquire into them; and in the course of these enquiries I have found frequent cause to admire the order of providence, in distributing the portion of happiness with a much more equal hand than on a slight view we could possibly imagine. I question, whether any lord in the land enjoys half the share of content and satisfaction that falls to the lot of that industrious labourer to whom you spoke. You shall, if you please, accompany me some evening to his cottage, which is one of the neatest and pleasanest little habitations you ever visited in your life. You may there, towards sun-set, see the poor man sitting in his nicely-dressed little garden, and perhaps singing some old ballad for the amusement of his children,

“dren, while their mother is preparing their supper.”

“Preparing their supper?” repeated Bridgetina. “In that one expression you have given an ample description of the misery of their state. Preparing supper! Yes, ye wretched mortals, *the whole of the powers you possess is engaged in pursuit of miserable expedients to protract your existence. Ye poor, predestined victims of ignorance and prejudice! Ye go forward with your heads bowed down to the earth in a mournful state of inanity and torpor. Yet like the victims of Circe, you have the understanding left to give you ever and anon a glimpse of what ye might have been.\** Wherever these poor wretches cast their eyes, they behold nought but cruel aggravations of their affliction.

“Suppose them at their homely meal, and that the sumptuous carriage of the peer, whose stately mansion rises on yonder hill, should pass their cottage. When they behold my lord and lady lolling in the gilded coach which is conveying them home to the luxuriant repast prepared by twenty cooks, what effect will the grating sight produce in their tortured bosoms? Will not a sense of the inequality of their conditions wring their wretched hearts? With what horror and disgust will they then view the smoking dish of beans and bacon? Will not their mouths refuse to swallow the loathed food, which the thoughts of the tarts and cheese-cakes that cover the great man’s table has converted into bitterness? Will they not leave the untasted meal, and retiring to their bed of chaff, or at best of hen’s-feathers, spend the gloomy night in drawing melancholy comparisons betwixt the happy state of the peer and their own miserable condition?”

“And

\* Godwin’s Enquirer.



“ And do you really believe all this, my dear ?” said Mrs. Martha, laughing. “ How in the name of wonder did such strange notions come into your head ? Be assured,” continued she, “ that these poor people see the equipage of my lord and lady with the same indifference that they behold the flight of a bird ; and would as soon think of grieving at the want of wings as at the want of a carriage. Were you to follow that lord and lady to their banquet, you would soon be sensible that it was at their luxuriant feast, and not at the cottager’s supper the spirit of repining and discontent was to be found. At night, when tossing on their separate beds of down, they might very probably be heard to envy the sound sleep of the peasant ; while the contented cottager in the arms of his faithful wife, and surrounded by his little babes, enjoyed the sweets of sound and uninterrupted repose.”

‘ And so,’ said Bridgetina, ‘ your religion, I suppose, teaches you to be callous to the miseries of the poor ?’

‘ God forbid ?’ returned Mrs. Martha, “ but my understanding teaches me to discriminate betwixt the natural evils that are incident to poverty, and the fantastic and imaginary ones which have no existence but in the dreams of visionaries. It is one of the blessings belonging to a life of labour, to be exempted from the disquietude of fancied ills. You mistake me, however, if you think I am insensible to the abundance of real ones that falls, alas ! too frequently to their lot. But in visiting their afflictions, in advising and consoling them in their distresses, I conceive that I conduce more effectually to the alleviations of their misfortunes, than if I were to indulge myself in the most gloomy reveries, or by exaggerated

ed descriptions of their calamities excite in the wretched objects of my compassion the spirit of discontent. Let us not forget, my dear Miss Botherim, that the essence of charity is very apt to evaporate in the bitterness of declamation. The result of our active benevolence is, on the contrary, attended with the happiest effects, not only to the objects of our bounty but to ourselves:—it returns to our own breasts, extinguishes the sparks of discontent, quenches the flame of pride, and keeps alive that spirit of kindness and good-will, which is the very bond of peace and source of social happiness.”

‘You are right, my sister,’ said Dr. Orwell, who had heard the latter part of the conversation; ‘even the benevolence of a Howard might have degenerated into misanthropy, if it had only been employed in abstract speculation upon human misery. Far be it from me, however, to speak of the sufferings of the poor with levity or indifference. I too well know the daily increasing misery of their situation, and too sincerely deprecate the causes which have produced it. These we may, without difficulty, trace to the accelerated progress of luxury and its concomitant vices. But can the feeble voice of declamation stem the mighty torrent? As well might it arrest the career of the winds, or stop the fury of the raging elements. He alone who governs the elemental strife, and from “seeming evil still educes good,” can, by some great national calamity, chastise the haughty pride of luxury, and open the eyes of the ignorant and misguided croud, who estimate national prosperity by the superfluous riches heaped upon *thousands* at the expence of the accumulated wretchedness of *millions* of their fellow-creatures. All we have to do as individuals,

is to exert our utmost efforts to ameliorate the condition of all within our reach.'

"What you observed, sir," said Henry, addressing himself to Dr. Orwell, "concerning the exact proportion betwixt the increase of luxury and of poverty, I had frequent occasion of remarking in my late tour through Scotland."

'And may we not be favoured with an account of this tour?' said Harriet. 'Let us seat ourselves down upon this bank, where we shall have a charming view of the setting sun, and while we feast our eyes upon its beauties, you shall entertain us with an account of Scotland.'

The motion was instantly agreed to; but Henry, far from availing himself of the advantages which the spot afforded for beholding the most splendid spectacle with which nature has vouchsafed to favour the inhabitants of this terrestrial sphere, turned his back upon the kindling glories of the sky, and contented himself with a full view of Harriet's lovely face. Having placed himself to his liking, he began as may be read in the following chapter.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XVII.

"————— Nor ye who live  
 " In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
 " Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:  
 " Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung  
 " To wide imperial Rome, in the full height  
 " Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refined."

THOMSON.

"IF you consider the journal of my tour worthy your perusal," said Henry, "it is very much at your service; you will there find the description of a variety of objects which have escaped the notice of travel-writers, who have seldom gone out of the beaten path. I, on the contrary, was seldom to be found in one.

"As I traversed the country on foot, I had a more ample opportunity for observing its romantic scenery. How many sublime prospects did I enjoy from hills that had never echoed the rattling of a carriage? How often did I find the most extraordinary instances of picturesque beauty in steep and woody glens, which would have been equally dangerous to the horse and his rider? Sometimes I botanized along the margin of a pellucid stream; sometimes I pursued my mineralogical researches, and gratified myself with specimens from the grand Museum of Nature; but it was the manners, the character of the inhabitants that chiefly attracted my attention.

"I made no use of the many introductions I received from my friends in Edinburgh to the country gentlemen near whose seats I was to pass,

VOL. I.

5

I trust-

I trusted to the hospitality of their tenants, and I was not disappointed."

'Well,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'I vow I am quite astonished how you could think of trusting yourself among them there Scotch savages, I would not have wondered if they had murdered you. Why I heard my late dear Mr. Botherim declare, that them Scotch presbyterians were the most horriddest, wickedest people in the world. And then the wretches are so very poor! not one of them with rags to cover their nakedness; faugh! I wonder how you could enter into their stinking houses?'

"Believe me, Madam, that in the course of one morning, in visiting the out-patients of the London Dispensary, I have met with more numerous and striking instances of the extremes of poverty and wretchedness, than were to be seen from the Banks of the Tweed to Johnny Groat's house."

'That is just what I should have expected,' said Dr. Orwell, "as every enjoyment of luxury is purchased by the extraordinary labour of the poor, the effects must be chiefly seen in the spot where she has fixed her empire. There too the poor man comes within the vortex of her vices. He learns to scorn frugality, and the hard earnings of his extraordinary labour is dissipated in intemperance. But I interrupt you, sir; pray proceed."

"Every step I travelled, whether in England or in Scotland," resumed Henry, "tended to elucidate your assertion. As I receded from the capital, I found simplicity gradually supplying the place of low and loathsome vice, till a decent cleanliness in poverty took place of squalid wretchedness. The reverse of this gave me notice of  
my

my approach to some great manufacturing town. There the manners again became corrupted, and brutal ignorance and impudent depravity again became the inmates of the poor man's hovel.

"Soon as I was surrounded by a ragged and clamorous gang of young beggars, I looked out for the stupendous cotton-mill, or other great work where the parents of the little wretches were earning, it may be, three times the wages of the laborious cottager, whose honest pride would rather that himself should suffer starvation, than that his children should submit to the mean trade of beggary. But sentiment is lost in the society of the vicious, and of every species of vice untutored minds quickly catch the contagion.

"Untutored, very untutored, indeed! did I every where find the minds of our English peasantry.

"In situations remote from the influence of luxury, I found the poor cleanly and industrious; but still I found them involved in almost brutal ignorance.

"How superior in this respect did I find the peasantry of Scotland! Their reading (for there all can read) was, it is true, often confined to the Bible; but it would seem, that the knowledge of the Bible alone can have a wonderful effect in enlightening the understanding and invigorating the intellect. The explanation given them by their teachers of the obscure and difficult passages that occur to them in their perusal of the sacred volume, sets their faculties to work. The investigation rouses those powers of the mind, which, when suffered to lie dormant, degenerate into impenetrable stupidity. In this point of view, every dogma they are taught to discuss, whether, when in itself abstractedly considered,

it be true or false, is to them of real and important use.

"When on coming out of one of their country churches, I have observed a group of grey-headed rustics in such earnest conversation as excited my curiosity to know the subject of their discourse, I have constantly found it to be engaged on some of the doctrinal topics that had been discussed in the preceding sermon. But would the intellect thus set at work, expand itself into no other channels? Would the perceptions thus quickened be entirely confined to subjects of speculation?"

"It is not improbable that zeal for the favourite dogmas they have embraced, may sometimes lead them too far; and that it would be still better for the people, if, instead of being taught a profound veneration for speculative opinions, they were more fully instructed in the unchangeable principles of morality; but, alas! where is not the gratification of the teacher's pride more attended to than the real advantage of the pupil?"

"Whose child are you, my pretty maid? said I one day to a little girl, who was sitting on a tombstone in the church-yard betwixt the hours of divine service."

'I am the child of God, sir;' returned she, with great simplicity.

"And how did you become the child of God?" enquired I.

'I became the child of God by adoption and regeneration,' rejoined she with great solemnity, crossing her little hands upon her breast, and dropping me one of her best curtsies.

"But have you no other father besides God?" said I.

'O yes; I am Jamie Thomson's *bairn*.'

"I now

"I now discovered my error, and while I smiled at the simplicity of the child, could not help wondering at the folly of her instructors; who, by a vain attempt to inculcate doctrines so far beyond her capacity, had taught her to repeat words to which it was impossible she should affix a single idea."

'That there is some foundation for your remark,' said Mr. Sydney, 'I will readily allow, but that the fear of exceeding the capacity of children in their religious instructions has produced consequences of a still more fatal tendency, I am well convinced. And though I am far from being an advocate for enthusiasm, yet I think it must be confessed, that the general sobriety of manners and orderly conduct of the lower classes in North-Britain is a strong testimony in favour of their instructors; but, indeed, where have not Christian principles been found efficacious under whatever form administered?'

"Did the care of their teachers extend no farther than to their instruction in orthodoxy," replied Henry, "I am afraid they would have less cause to boast of its efficacy upon the moral character of their disciples; but to the honour of these good men be it spoken, they are, as far as I could judge, no less assiduous in watching over the morals of their flocks, than in inculcating a regard to the peculiar tenets of their faith. Dr. Orwell will, I am sure, pardon me for observing, that in this respect the lower orders in Scotland enjoy many peculiar advantages."

"There the clergyman resides in the bosom of his flock. He is intimately acquainted with the situation and character of every individual that composes it. He visits, he instructs, he advises, and comforts them. Every breach of morals



comes under his inspection, and is punished by his censure. The individual that is gone astray is exhorted, reasoned with, and more than probably reclaimed. The stipend of the clergyman being there fixed and permanent, no squabbles concerning tithes sow the seeds of discord, or render him odious to his parishioners. His situation is sufficiently elevated to command respect, without exalting him too much above the level of his congregation. He is not, like too many of our poor curates, seen pining in degrading indigence; nor like our proud and full-fed dignatories, is he rolling in that affluence which elevates him above the performance of his duty. Perhaps no situation is more favourable to virtue; and perhaps in no situation is more real virtue to be found. In the course of all my tour, and on the most minute and particular enquiry, I did not meet with one clergyman whose character was sullied with the imputation of any vice."

'Unhappy men!' cried Bridgetina, '*obliged by their profession to the constant appearance of sanctity! how miserable must be their course of self-denial! how formal and uncouth their manners! What a constrained and artificial seeming must this attention to a pious exterior necessarily give to their carriage!*'"

"Indeed, Madam," said Henry, "you are very much mistaken. I never saw more unaffected cheerfulness, more natural gaiety and innocent mirth, than at the meetings of the divines of a certain district called a presbytery. They favoured me with an invitation to dinner, and I never spent a day more pleasantly."

'Pray, sir,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'may I ask what was the bill of fare? It must doubtless have been

been very good to give you so much satisfaction ; one would think, to hear you speak, it had been quite a turtle feast. Well, I vow and declare, I had never no ideer that them there Scotch people knew so well how to live.’

“ I am extremely sorry, madam, that my memory serves me so very ill with regard to such matters, that I am quite unable to give you the particulars. All I know is, that the salmon of the river, which washes the walls of the town in which this presbytery was held, is excellent ; and that the mutton which comes from the neighbouring hills, is the best I ever ate in my life. But the enjoyment of this feast was not confined to the good things set upon the table. It was the harmony of sentiment, the good-humour and intelligence which prevailed throughout the company, that gave the peculiar zest to the entertainment.”

‘ I am particularly sorry to be obliged to contradict you, sir,’ said Bridgetina, with great solemnity ; ‘ but truth obliges me to declare, that the thing is utterly impossible. How can a priest, (I beg pardon of Dr. Orwell and Mr. Sydney, but no respect for persons ought to stop the promulgation of truth)—How then, I say, can a priest in any part of the world, or under any form of what is called religion, be a man of liberal mind or amiable manners ? *Do we not know, that all his schemes and prospects depend upon the perennial stationariness of his understanding ; and that the circumstances of every day tend to confirm him in a dogmatical, imperious, illiberal, and intolerant character ? Is not the most reputable clergyman timid in enquiry, prejudiced in opinion, cold, formal, the slave of what other men may think of him, rude,*

*dictatorial, impatient of contradiction, harsh in his censures, and illiberal in his judgments ?*"\*

"Good heavens !" exclaimed Mrs. Martha, was ever judgment so illiberal ? Was ever censure so harsh as that you have at this moment pronounced ? Is this the boasted liberality of your philosophy ? Where is the priest, however narrow his heart, however strong his prejudices, that could, in such an arrogant and dogmatical manner, pass sentence on a whole body of men without exception or reservation ?"

'Wherever he be,' said Dr. Orwell mildly, 'if, indeed, the man who has imbibed so little of the spirit of his Master is to be found within the pale of any church, he is the object of pity and contempt. The language of invective and abuse is best answered by silence. Let us not, therefore, interrupt Dr. Sydney any further. It grows late, and I wished to be informed concerning the mode of maintaining the poor in a country where there are neither work-houses nor poor's-rates.'

"In the country parishes," resumed Henry, "the few paupers that are to be found, are supported from the collections made at the church-door every Sunday, aided, where necessary, by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. The sum you may imagine is not very large, but there no part of it is swallowed up by parish-feasts, no part embezzled by avaricious and hard-hearted overseers, but all carefully and conscientiously distributed according to the necessities of every individual—distributed by the hands of those to whom these necessities are perfectly well known ; who do not think that when they have contributed their quota of the general collection, they have done

\* See Enquirer, by Godwin.

done their duty to their poor brethren, but who very judiciously consider a portion of their time, as well as of their money, to be the right and property of the indigent.

“ In my perambulatory excursions through the country, I often visited the labourer’s cottage. The furniture was in general much more plentiful, and of a better quality, than is to be found among the same class of inhabitants in this opulent country ; but there, in proportion to the price of provisions, the labourer is better paid. He is considered as a more respectable member of the community. His family I commonly found tolerably well provided with, what are there deemed, the necessaries of life. The nerves of the women are not there, as with us, unstrung by the destructive and debilitating habit of tea-drinking. A hearty breakfast of wholesome oatmeal pudding and good milk enables the wife to perform her share of the domestic duties. To provide the family in food is the exclusive care of the husband : to furnish them with clothes, is the business of the wife ; and so well does she perform her part, that the general decency of their apparel is very striking to a stranger. Shoes and stockings, indeed, do not come within their list of necessaries for children ; and this circumstance has generally conveyed to our countrymen the idea of complete wretchedness. An ancient Roman, however, would have found nothing shocking in the custom.

“ It was once my fate to be overtaken in a thunder-storm, when I was happy in finding a timely shelter from the tempest, in such a cottage as I have been describing. I was received very hospitably by the good woman of the house, and invited to a seat in her kitchen, which I found

extremely well occupied. In one corner sat two taylor's cross-legged upon their board, stitching away at a great rate, while two fine little boys seemed intent upon watching the progress of their work. Two girls, of about twelve and fourteen years of age, were industriously employed at their spinning-wheels, which, soon as they found they had attracted my notice, they turned with redoubled speed.

"A man with an expressive and pallid countenance, and whom I observed to be somewhat lame, sat at the small and only window with a book in his hand, which at my entrance he was reading aloud. I entreated him to resume it, which after some entreaty and much formal preparation he proceeded to do, and though it must be confessed he held forth with rather "more of emphasis than good discretion," gave much pleasure to his attentive audience, by reading a long chapter of the Pilgrim's Progress. While he was thus employed, the good woman of the house was busied in preparing oat cakes, which she baked on an iron plate called a griddle; and which, as I found to my cost, required no small share of dexterity in the management. Ashamed of being idle where all were employed, I begged permission to assist her in what I thought a very simple operation, and taking up the wooden trowel with which she turned the cakes, I fell to work; but, luckless me! at the very first attempt I broke the cake, dropt the trowel in the fire, and burned my fingers!"

"How charmed I am," exclaimed Harriet Orwell, "to find that the beautiful description given by Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," was not the mere child of fancy, but an original picture taken from truth and nature."

"It

"It is, indeed," replied Henry, "so true a picture, and so justly drawn, that it has been repeatedly called to my remembrance by similar scenes"

'Pray who was the reader in your cottage?' said Julia. 'From his pallid but expressive countenance, I should suppose him to be the lover of one of the peasant's daughters.'

"I believe the poor man made no such pretensions," rejoined Henry; "he was the schoolmaster, who, according to the simple manners of the people, resides alternately with the peasants whose children he instructs. In the time of harvest, which is the universal vacation, he changes his ferule for a sickle, and reaps more pecuniary advantage from the one employment in the course of a few weeks, than he derives from the other during the remainder of the year. It was now his month of residence with these good people; which as night advanced without any abatement of the storm, was mentioned by both the husband and wife with great regret, as it prevented the possibility of my accommodation."

"This obstacle was at length removed by the schoolmaster himself, who observed, 'that peradventure the stranger's journeying in a mirksome night, where the path was dubious, and moreover encompassed with many floods, might be perilous; he therefore begged humbly to propose to relinquish (that is, give up) his bed to him, while he himself should go to sleep in the barn with the taylors!' The proposal was agreed to, and at that moment the little boys announced the finishing of their new coats, which they instantly got on, and strutted about with as much self-importance and complacency, as ever was experienced by a courtly beau when he first viewed himself

self in full dress for a birth-day drawing-room. Nor did the looks of the mother display a less degree of satisfaction. She took care to inform me that all the cloth was of her own spinning and dyeing; and that she had got it made up in haste that the children might make a decent appearance at the *examin*, which was to take place next day at the Elder's house. We then sat down to supper, which long fasting and excessive fatigue made appear to me the most luxurious I ever tasted.

"Soon as our repast was over, the bibles were handed round. The schoolmaster again held forth, and to shew his dexterity, chose to read the account that is given of numbering the tribes of Israel by Nehemiah. He ran no risk of conjuring up the dead by the pronounciation of their names; for I dare swear not an Israelite among them would have known his own. But he went on, to the great admiration of his audience, without stop, pause, or spelling, to the end of the chapter. Burns has given an exact description of the ceremony that followed:

"Then kneeling down to heav'n's eternal King,  
 "The faint, the father, and the husband prays,  
 "Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,  
 "That thus they all may meet in future days;  
 "There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 "No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;  
 "Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 "In such society, yet still more dear;  
 "While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

"Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride!  
 "In all the pomp of method and of art;  
 "When men display to congregations wide  
 "Devotion's every grace—except the heart.  
 "The pow'r incens'd the pageant will desert,  
 "The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
 "But haply in some cottage far apart,  
 "May hear well pleas'd the language of the soul,  
 "And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll."

"Curiosity

"Curiosity led me next day to the examination. I accompanied my host and his family to the Elder's barn, which was already occupied by a very numerous assemblage of country people of each sex and all ages, decently dressed, and devoutly attentive.

"Every one rose at the entrance of the minister, who after going the round, like the king at a levee, and like him finding something kind and agreeable to say to every individual, began the business of the day by a short prayer. All the children were then called up by name, and questions put to each, suited to their respective ages and capacities. Where any instance of ignorance or neglect appeared, not only the children, but the parents were rebuked and admonished. The seniors next formed a circle round their pastor, and underwent a very long and strict examination concerning their knowledge in the articles of faith and principles of conduct. Another short but well-adapted prayer concluded the ceremony.

'Well,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'I declare I never heard the like of all this; why it is no better than downright methodism! My dear late Mr. Botherim would ha' given no encouragement to such practices, I assure ye. He would no more have prayed in the middle of the day in that there manner than he would have ate a pig without pruen sauce, and every one knows how nice he was in that particular.'

"With what emotions the Rev. Mr. Botherim might have viewed the scene I have been describing," said Henry, "I know not, but I confess it afforded me much pleasure. Happy people! said I, as I pursued my walk, ye are only ignorant of your own happiness from having never seen its contrast



contrast in the miseries of the vicious. Farewell! ye respectable, though lowly children of virtue! Never may the fiends of avarice and luxury find their way to your humble dwelling! Never may the voice of philosophy shake your confidence in Heaven, or annihilate in your hearts the cheering hope of immortal felicity."

'And are all the people in Scotland so good and so happy?' cried the youngest daughter of Dr. Orwell. 'Oh! how I should like to go there!'

"My dear child," replied her father, "you must recollect that a good description is like a fine painting, where whatever would disgust the eye is thrown into shade. To be able to admire a virtuous simplicity of manners through all the disadvantages of a coarse and homely dress, and to discriminate betwixt that simplicity and vulgar brutal ignorance, requires a judgment ripened by experience, and a mind enlarged by contemplating the effect of circumstances in the formation of human character. Let us know from Dr. Sydney, whether the virtuous simplicity so justly the object of your admiration was universal, or confined to rural life."

'Alas!' replied Henry, 'It must indeed be confessed, that wherever commerce and manufactures have spread their golden wings, innocence and simplicity of manners have fled before them. In their neighbourhood, according to Miss Martha's favourite poet,

"The town has ting'd the country, and the slain  
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe."

COWPER.

When after the contemplation of such scenes as I have been describing, I have in the close of evening

ing come to a manufacturing town, and observed the crouds of pallid wretches who issued from the huge piles of buildings that were its pride and boast—the men, riotous, profane, and brutal; the women, bold, squalid, and shameless—all flying with eagerness to recruit their worn-out spirits by drafts of liquid fire; how often have I been tempted to deplore the introduction of these boasted blessings, which, while they bestowed wealth on a few fortunate individuals, were to thousands the destruction of health and innocence. How much better, have I said to myself, how much more usefully would these poor wretches have been employed, had the men been engaged to cultivate some of the many thousand acres of waste land which presents its desert hue on every side! And the women—how had they been preserved from vice and misery in the bosom of domestic industry!”

‘I am afraid,’ said Dr. Orwell, ‘that few converts will be made to your opinion. There is something so fascinating in the idea of wealth, that it can never be deemed too dear a purchase. The ostentatious display of the riches acquired in any branch of commerce or manufacture presses on the senses, and inflames the imagination, while the misery it has been the means of introducing into the families of the poor, in the loss of health, of vigour, and of virtue, is screened from observation; or if observed, is thought unworthy of being taken into the account.’

“And yet,” rejoined Henry, “this sudden influx of wealth into a poor country, may be aptly compared to the torrent which astonishes by its magnificence, and gives an appearance of grandeur to the very scene it desolates; while the improvements

provements of agriculture, like the perennial stream which holds on its silent course, is the unobserved dispenser of fertility and verdure.

---

## CHAP. XVIII.

“ ——— Well-dress’d, well-bred,  
 “ Well-equipag’d, is ticket good enough  
 “ To pass us readily through ev’ry door.  
 “ ——— She that asks  
 “ Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,  
 “ And hates their coming. They (what can they less)  
 “ Make just reprisals; and with cringe, and shrug,  
 “ And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.”

COWPER.

**BRIDGETINA** was by no means satisfied with the small degree of attention that was paid her by Henry. Of Harriet Orwell, however, she was by no means jealous. In such contempt did she hold her prejudices, and so meanly did she think of her understanding, that to consider her as a rival she would have deemed injustice to her own superior powers. Besides, on entering the field, did she not find Henry retired from the rest of the company, evidently to indulge his meditations on some absent object? Who so likely to be that object as herself? ‘Does he then love me?’ cried she, soliloquising in the manner of all heroines. ‘Have my mental attractions power to charm his soul? Oh! the soft, the tender, the extatic thought! But why did he not sigh? Why did he not press my hand? Perhaps I was too distant. Perhaps I awed the youth to silence. Perhaps—’

“ I wish

"I wish to goodness, Biddy," said Mrs. Both-  
 erim, "that you would talk in a way that a bo-  
 dy could understand. When you get into one  
 of them there tanterums, there is no getting any  
 good of you. I had as lieve be in a room all  
 by myself. Come now, let us have a bit of so-  
 cial chat: you knows I never bids you do any  
 thing for me the whole day long, nor any thing  
 for yourself neither. I loves to see you take so  
 to your book, as to be sure it makes you wiser  
 than any body; but I do think you might chat a  
 little with your poor mother now and then; yes,  
 that I do think."

'How can you break the chain of my reflec-  
 tions in this manner?' replied Bridgetina. 'Be-  
 twixt you and I it is impossible there should be  
 any conversation that deserves the name. No; I  
 pant for the society of the enlightened, and your  
 taste, you know, is very dissimilar. So since you  
 have thought fit to disturb the course of my men-  
 tal reverie, I must have recourse to my book till  
 bed-time, and I beg that I may not be again inter-  
 rupted.'

Leaving Bridgetina to her studies, let us return  
 to her sister pupil in philosophy—the fair, the  
 lovely Julia; whose spirits had, during the latter  
 part of the evening, lost that transient glow of  
 sprightliness, which had for a short time shed its  
 enlivening influence over her breast.

As she drew towards home, the uneasiness and  
 agitation of her mind increased. She dreaded lest  
 Dr. Orwell should propose stepping in with her to  
 enquire for her father; and anxiously obviated the  
 proposal, by declaring him too much indisposed  
 to receive any visit.

She did not forget to thank the Doctor for his  
 promise of the carriage, in which she said a friend  
 of

of her father's was to drive her, who would, if the Doctor pleased, call for it at one o'clock. Dr. Orwell said it should be ready, and he and his daughter, after having conducted her to her father's door, wished her good-night.

The knock which announced the return of Julia, was music to her father's ears. So much did he doat on this darling daughter, so necessary was her presence to his happiness, that the effort he made in parting with her, if but for a few hours, was extremely painful. His spirits, which always sunk at her departure, seemed to receive new animation on her approach. But no longer did she fly to his apartment on the swift wings of undivided affection. With painful anxiety he watched her slow and languid steps. With regret he perceived the distraction of her thoughts, the frequent fits of absence which supplied the place of that lively prattle with which she had been wont to amuse him after every little absence. Fears for her health took possession of his mind; but unwilling that she would perceive his apprehensions, under pretence of wishing to retire to rest at an early hour, he dismissed her. As he wished her good-night, tears of paternal tenderness mixed with his parting embrace, and with more than usual emphasis he pronounced his heart-wished blessing.

Julia went to bed, but the undisturbed and peaceful slumbers that had heretofore been the companions of her pillow, were not to be found. In vain she sought for the soothing balm of sleep. Sleep, which kindly comes to the relief of sorrow, sternly refuses its wished-for aid to the agitations of anxiety.

Imagination was now at liberty to run its wild career. In vivid colours it painted the extacy of  
Vallaton

Vallaton in discovering his parents, the raptures of the parents in beholding their accomplished son. Now she beheld the General present him to her father, and saw the gleam of Joy which beamed in her father's face, while he united her hand with the son of his most honoured friend. As Fancy painted the happiness of her lover, the warmth of his gratitude, the excess of his tenderness, her breath became quick, and burning blushes flushed her modest cheek. But if the reverse of all this should happen, said Judgment; if your father should discover that you have been carrying on a clandestine correspondence with a man he considers as your inferior? Imagination took the alarm, and instantly delineated the consequences of her father's displeasure in such dreadful lines, as to make her shudder with horror. Her blood then ran cold, and terror and dismay drew the deep sigh from her agitated bosom.

In this manner did Julia pass the night. Her first care, when she arose, was to step down to Mr. Glib's with the necessary instructions for Mr. Vallaton. The shop was still shut, though every other in the town had long been opened. After knocking a considerable time, Mr. Glib himself came to the door. "Ah! glad to see you, citizen Miss," cried he; "find me too much of a philosopher to be tied to hours. Nothing so bad for energies as order: eat when I please, sleep when I have a mind. That's it! my dear, that's the way to have energies."\*

'It's not the way to have customers, though, let me tell you, master,' said a gentleman's servant, who just then came into the shop. 'Here have I been waiting this hour past,' continued the man,

\* See Pol. Jus. vol. ii.

man, 'for a parcel of stationery for my master, and a change of novels for the young ladies. If I were them, I know I should rather send to the next town than trouble you again.'

While the man was speaking, Julia slipped a note for Vallaton into Mr. Glib's hand, and hastily returned home, where she arrived before any one had taken notice of her absence.

Anxiously did she await for the appointed hour. The hour at length arrived; and from the window of her father's apartment she saw her Vallaton nimbly driving the parson's gig up towards the door. She instantly announced its arrival; and saying she would not let the Doctor wait for her, took a hasty leave of her father, (her mother she then knew to be employed in a room above) and without calling on any servant to attend, she herself opened the street-door, lightly sprang into the carriage; which instantly drove off, and was out of sight in a moment.

Fondly did her heart now exult in the auspicious commencement of her important enterprise; and hardly could she refrain from giving her happy lover a hint of the hopes which fluttered in her bosom; but the idea of making the discovery more interesting, from its being totally unexpected, sealed her lips, and charmed her into silence.

The morning was very fine, and the country through which they passed was beautiful; but neither to the fineness of the morning, nor to the beauty of the country, was Julia or her lover at all indebted for any part of the pleasure they experienced in the course of their delightful ride.

On arriving at Castle-Villers, Julia heard with pleasure that both the General and his lady were at home, though her pleasure received some abatement on being told that they had company with them.

them. She however sent up her name, and was instantly admitted.

On entering the drawing-room, she found Mrs. Villers surrounded by a party of ladies, some of whom she recollected to have seen on a former visit at the castle, the others were strangers to her. They were all talking at once, and all directing their discourse to one little effeminate looking gentleman; nor did the entrance of Julia give even a momentary interruption to their conversation.

Mrs. Villers herself appeared so much engaged, as not to have heard the servant who announced Miss Delmond's name, as he threw open the folding-doors of the drawing-room, though he uttered it in a voice so loud, as not a little discomposed the blushing Julia. She advanced with timid steps and shrinking diffidence to the upper end of the room, where Mrs. Villers at length noticed her approach, and received her with a very gracious curtsy.

Julia, somewhat reassured by this reception, with faltering voice begged leave to introduce the gentleman who accompanied her, who was, she said, a particular friend of her father's. Mrs. Villers cast a look on Vallaton, made him a slight curtsy, and then, with a stately and cold formality, desired him to be seated.

'You have been a great stranger, Miss Delmond,' said she; 'I should indeed have sent the carriage for you, or taken you up myself some morning, but that I have been so much engaged with company of late, that I have not had one moment to spare. I hope Capt. Delmond has got the better of that lameness—a broken leg I think it was.'

"It



"It is the gout, Madam, to which my father has been many years a martyr."

'Aye, so it is the gout, now I remember; and your mother, I hope she is very well. Does she go to any watering-place this summer?' Then, without waiting for the answer which Julia was preparing to give, she turned to the lady who sat by her on the sofa, and observed, 'that Sir Jeremy and the General had taken a very long ride.'

"And why were not you of the riding party, Colonel?" lisped a young lady, whom Julia recognized as the daughter of a Mr. Mushroom, an army agent, and sole heiress to the immense wealth which in the several occupations of clerk, deputy commissary, member of parliament, and contractor, her father had contrived to amass. The gentleman to whom Miss Mushroom addressed herself, regarding her with an air of great astonishment, replied in a tone so full of affectation, as to excite an involuntary smile in the countenance of Julia. 'Me ride Ma'am? How could you petrify me by the mention of any thing so horrid? Getting on horseback is the greatest bore in nature. I wish the savages who first invented it had been all put to the guillotine.'

"I wonder, Colonel," replied Miss Mushroom, 'as you dislike riding so much, that you do not exchange into a regiment of foot.'

Before the Colonel could reply, he was called upon by two voices from the other side of the room.

"I know it was a blue domino," said one.

'Colonel Goldfinch will tell you it was a Turkish habit,' said the other; 'was it not, Colonel, a Turkish habit which Lady Lovelife wore when she

she eloped from the masquerade with Major Swindle.'

"It petrifies me to contradict Miss Page," said the Colonel with great gravity, "but I am obliged to say she is for once mistaken."

'There now,' cried the other young lady, 'I told you that I had a full account of the whole from the very best authority. Lady Lovelife slipped on the blue domino, as I was saying, over her muslin pilgrim. And'—

"Pardon me, Madam," said the Colonel, "I see you have been egregiously misinformed. I myself saw Major Swindle conduct her to the carriage in a Spanish dress."

'You saw them?' said both ladies at once. 'O then we shall now have the *certain* account of the whole affair.'

"And a very shameful affair it was," said Mrs. Villers. "It is astonishing how a woman of Lady Lovelife's family and connexions, could demean herself by an intrigue with so *low* a fellow. He was once a drummer in General Villers' own regiment."

'A drummer was he, said Lady Page, who was set by Mrs. Villers on the sofa, 'I always understood he had been a *hair-dresser*.'

As her ladyship concluded this sentence, she cast a look (whether by accident or design cannot now be ascertained) full in the face of Mr. Valaton. Something very like a blush diffused itself over the countenance of that gentleman, as his eyes met hers; but calling his energies into action, he drew out his pocket-handkerchief, and applying it to his nose, made the room resound with the noise occasioned by the application, which was somewhat longer and louder than perfect politeness could well warrant in such company.

Mrs.

Mrs. Villers appeared disconcerted, but turning to Lady Page she hastily renewed the conversation, which the vociferous action of Vallaton had of necessity suspended.

"Did your Ladyship ever see Lady Lovelife?"

'I never did,' returned her ladyship, 'but I am told she is amazingly handsome.'

"She handsome!" said Miss Mushroom; "well, I wonder how any one can think so, she is the very picture of Miss Mordaunt; but she too may be thought handsome by some people, for ought I know."

'The man who thinks her handsome,' said Col. Goldfinch, 'must have a strange predilection for thread-papers. She has no more shape than a walking stick.'

"And no more ease than the poker," said Miss Page.

'And then that eternal riding-habit,' said the Colonel. 'It quite petrifies me to see her in that dress. It is as tiresome as Lady Wellwyn's yellow turban, which sickened half the town last winter.'

"Or as Miss Wingrove's salmon-coloured slippers," said Miss Page.

'If Miss Mordaunt's waist had what Miss Wingrove's ankle could spare,' said the Colonel, 'what an advantage would it be to both!'

"I hope she at least is sufficiently *en bon point* to please you, Colonel," said Miss Mushroom.

'Miss Wingrove!' exclaimed the Colonel. 'It is enough to suffocate any Christian to look at her. I don't know any thing so petrifying as to see her go down a country-dance, shaking all the way like a bundle of dirty linen.'

"Or like Lady Mary Metcalf's plume of white feathers," said Miss Page.

'Her ladyship's plumage, I think, has been pretty

pretty well plucked by the hand of Pharo last winter,' said Lady Page; an observation which changed the giggle that had before prevailed into a general laugh, in which all but Julia joined with great appearance of satisfaction; her ignorance of high life rendered her ladyship's allusion altogether unintelligible: nor was this the only disadvantage under which she laboured. Having never been initiated into the amusements of the beau monde, she had no relish for that elegant and exalted species of wit, which consists in throwing into a ridiculous point of view some little peculiarity in the dress, the person, or the manners of absent friends. In one word, she had no idea of polite conversation.

The vivid imagination of Julia painted the figures that had been described as more diverting caricatures than her confined acquaintance with the world had ever presented to her observation. When, therefore, the footman announced the name of Miss Mordaunt, she prepared herself for beholding an object that would powerfully excite her risibility.

"A thread-paper in a riding-habit," said the Colonel, imitating the voice of the servant.

'A may-pole, with a long story of its mamma's cough,' said Miss Page; 'but I vow I shan't stay to hear it. I shall make my escape, that's certain.' Then running up to Miss Mordaunt, who that moment entered, 'My dear Miss Mordaunt,' cried she, 'how rejoiced I am to see you! What an age it is since I had the pleasure of meeting you! I protest I was speaking of you this very moment to Mrs. Villers.'

"So we were, indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Villers; "I rejoice in your good fortune in finding me surrounded by so many of your friends."

‘And I have brought two gentlemen to add to the number,’ said Miss Mordaunt, ‘Sir Charles Wingrove and Major Minden,’ presenting them to Mrs. Villers.

“Miss Mordaunt makes her visit doubly acceptable by coming so accompanied,” said Mrs. Villers. “We should have been quite a female party this morning, if Col. Goldfinch had not taken compassion on us.”

‘My very best of good stars has predominated this morning,’ said the Colonel, bowing first to Mrs. Villers and then to Miss Mordaunt; ‘but my dear Miss Mordaunt, you positively must have some compassion upon our sex, and not go on improving in beauty at this rate. You were killing enough in all conscience before these morning rides had given such an additional lustre to your complexion.’

Surely, thought Julia, this cannot be the Miss Mordaunt of whom the Colonel so lately spoke so slightly! This is no thread-paper, no poker, no walking-stick; but a very pretty sweet-looking girl, with more gracefulness in her manner, and more affability and good humour in her look, than is visible in any of the company. The Colonel too seems quite of my opinion. No, no, it must certainly be some other lady of the same name of whom they spoke.

Alas! poor Julia, how deplorably ignorant was she of the nature of those exaggerated descriptions, which constitute the Attic wit of modern conversation!

The arrival of Miss Mordaunt relieved the mind of Julia from some uneasy doubts which she had harboured concerning the propriety of introducing Vallaton. That young lady had brought with her two gentlemen, of whom one at least was

was evidently a stranger to Mrs. Villers, who nevertheless seemed to receive their visit as a favour. Capt. Delmond had, she believed, a greater claim upon the friendship of the General, than the father of Miss Mordaunt; and his friend must of course be at least equally acceptable. The difference, then, which she remarked in the reception given by Mrs. Villers to the friends of Miss Mordaunt, could only be the effect of accident. It could be nothing else; for surely the appearance of Vallaton was infinitely more prepossessing than that of either of the other gentlemen.

In this manner did Julia make up her mind upon the subject; nor did it once occur to her, that the very thing which may be esteemed a favour from a person of a certain rank, is deemed a very unwarrantable and improper liberty from one who has not the happiness of being numbered in that privileged order.

Miss Mordaunt, who was niece and grand-child to an earl, and who had always moved in the first circles of fashion, could have no attendants in her train, who were not of that description of the human species, to which only, in the opinion of Mrs. Villers, the urbanity of people of fashion ought to extend.

Miss Delmond, on the contrary, though sprung from a good-family, (a point on which Mrs. Villers was remarkably tenacious) and consequently one whom it was no disgrace to be civil to *in the country*, was of an order of beings, who, though they are frequently admitted upon sufferance to the tables of persons of rank, are there considered rather as appendages to the company than as any part of the company itself. To express ourselves at once to the comprehension of our genteel readers, she was *one whom nobody knew*. For

Miss Delmond, therefore, to presume to bring another person of the same description to the house of the Hon. Mrs. Villers—a person perhaps of mean birth and low extraction, of no stile, no fashion—was a breach of all decorum, and deserved to be punished accordingly.

With regard to all points of etiquette, Mrs. Villers was indeed a woman of the nicest sensibility. The smallest breach of the rules by authority of fashion established, was in her opinion an offence far more heinous than the breach of every commandment in the decalogue. Indeed a strict attention to the prohibitions of the latter was by no means a necessary recommendation to her esteem. For instance: though Colonel Goldfinch had, just before his arrival at the castle, been cast in damages for *crim. con.* with the wife of his benefactor and friend; though Sir Charles Wingrove had killed a man in a duel; and though Mr. Mushroom had been threatened with a black charge of peculation, which was well known to have been only averted by a timely application of its fruits; yet these were all received by Mrs. Villers with the most distinguished complacency. The two first had the passport of birth as well as fortune to recommend them to her favour; and the latter had, by his long established reception into the most fashionable circles, obtained a sort of prescriptive right to the same distinction. His deficiency of birth was moreover on the eve of being expiated by a peerage. The title of Right Honourable being in the esteem of Mrs. Villers an infallible panacea, which, like the advertized drugs of the empirics, clears the blood from all impurities. But though a title could operate thus powerfully, it was quite otherwise with the qualities of great virtue, extraordinary talents, or  
any

any species of excellence: for these, when of plebeian birth, she felt so little respect, that it never once entered her imagination to calculate their value.

To account for the uncommon fastidiousness of Mrs. Villers with regard to birth and rank, it is perhaps only necessary to observe, that she was herself of very mean extraction; pride, like a good general, never neglecting to put a double guard upon the weakest part. The same happy instinct to which is to be ascribed the outrageous *virtue* of prudes, the insulting *courage* of coxcombs, and the tenacious *honour* of certain fine gentlemen, excited in the breast of the General's lady an insuperable aversion to people of ignoble birth.

Mrs. Villers was the illegitimate offspring of a subaltern, by the maid-servant of the inn at which he was quartered. At nine years of age she was apprenticed by the charity-school to a respectable milliner, to whose instructions she was indebted for a better education than would otherwise have fallen to her lot.

From this good woman she passed to the service of the Countess of Villers, in which situation her beauty attracted the attention of the General, who privately married her, and at the death of his father publicly acknowledged her as his wife.

It was these circumstances, ever present to the recollection of Mrs. Villers, which produced that extraordinary degree of pride by which she expected to *command* the world into forgetfulness of what she wished to obliterate even from her own remembrance.

To the advantages of illustrious birth General Villers was not less sensible than his lady, though-



he did not find it necessary to assert its prerogative with the same jealous ardour. Having from infancy been taught to value himself on his high descent, he considered it as a thing of course; and as the antiquity of a family which could be traced beyond the Conquest was not to be disputed, he deemed family-pride a part of his inheritance.

It is true, that in the long line of ancestors boasted by this noble family, no one person eminent for talents or for virtue was to be found. Undistinguished by any deed of valour, ungraced by any act of virtue, their names alone remained; but these, though consigned to oblivion by the world, which had never been benefited by their existence, were sufficiently numerous to justify the pride of their descendants.

The General partook of the mediocrity which characterized his family. He was an easy good-natured man, more disposed to kindness than to generosity, and less inclined to investigate prejudices than to entertain a bad opinion of all who opposed their authority. To the gallantry of Capt. Delmond he was indebted for his life in his first campaign; and as Capt. Delmond proved to be a man of family, he did not think it beneath him to acknowledge the obligation. His feelings were, however, too obtuse to lead him to make any great exertion in favour of his benefactor. A small pension, indeed, he did procure for him, on his return from the coast of Africa; and not long after he had done so, actually harboured an idea of conferring on him a still greater benefit, by nominating him to a lucrative sinecure, which by some parliamentary manœuvring had come into the gift of his family. This idea, however, was soon relinquished, and the place in question more properly

properly disposed of to a gentleman of some celebrity in the fashionable world, who had lost a large fortune at the gaming-table; and not being possessed, after this loss, of one quality which could give him a claim to the notice of society, must have sunk into inevitable obscurity, but for this well-timed appointment.

As this gentleman was one whom *every body knew*, the generosity of Gen. Villers became the subject of conversation in all parties he frequented; and so great were the applauses he received upon the occasion, that he could not help congratulating himself on the preference he had given to one in whom so many people of quality were deeply interested. Still, however, he preserved for Capt. Delmond all the appearance of the sincerest friendship; frequently called at his house, and since Julia had been put in possession of an independent fortune, made a point of honouring her with his particular attention. By no mark of his regard could he so warmly have excited the gratitude of Capt. Delmond.

In about half an hour from the arrival of Miss Mordaunt, General Villers and Sir Jeremy Page returned from their ride, and brought with them the intelligence of an approaching thunder-storm, which soon came on with great violence.

The entrance of the General was a great relief to poor Julia, whose feelings were too acute to be insensible to the mortifying circumstances of her present situation.

Mrs. Villers spoke but little at any time, and the little she had now to say was not directed to Julia. To the rest of the party she was unknown, and but for a broad stare which she now and then received from the gentlemen, and which by no

means tended to alleviate her confusion, she was totally unnoticed.

There are many who would have submitted to all this, and much more than all this, with pleasure, for the opportunity it would have afforded them of obtaining a paltry gratification to vanity, by the boast of having been in such a party. But the mind of Julia had too much real dignity to be solicitous for this species of importance. She had acquired a turn of thinking, which is extremely hostile to the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune. In listening to a conversation, she never considered the dignity of the person who spoke, but the truth or falsity, the wisdom or folly, of the sentiment that was uttered. By these, and these alone, she measured the quantity of her contempt or admiration.

Now it so happened, that since her entrance into this brilliant party, not one syllable had struck her ears, which in the utmost extent of charity, she could possibly attribute either to good-sense or good nature. So that while Mrs. Villers and her honourable guests considered the poor unnoticed Julia as filled with silent awe, and envious admiration of their wit and gaiety, she was contemplating with pity the emptiness of their minds and the perversion of their understandings.

From the entrance of the General, Julia no longer experienced the mortification of neglect. He not only made it a point to treat her with particular attention, but extended his politeness to the gentleman who accompanied her. Soon as the rain, which came in torrents, began to descend, he begged leave to order up their carriage, which he had seen at the door as he came in; and politely observed, that Mrs. Villers and he were much obliged to the storm, which procured them the honour

honour of such an addition to their dinner-party. Mrs. Villers could not avoid bowing assent to the General's proposal, which Julia returned in the same manner, and felt internally satisfied at the circumstance, which might eventually furnish her with an opportunity of fulfilling the great object of her visit.

She now began attentively to compare the physiognomy of the General with that of his supposed son. Their eyes then were of the same colour. Their noses too both approached the Roman; though the General's was somewhat more prominent, the similarity was still sufficient for a family likeness. She had before observed a similar degree of resemblance in the mouth of Mrs. Villers; and that making a proper allowance for the alterations produced by time, their foreheads had exactly the same characteristics. These casual resemblances were to her prepossessed imagination, 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.'

To hit upon a proper method of making the discovery, was a point of equal delicacy and importance. After revolving in her mind a variety of plans for this purpose, she was at length obliged to trust to chance for an opportunity of disclosing the important secret. It was, indeed, no time for indulging in reflection. The most abstracted philosopher must now have been roused from his reverie by the pretty squalls of Miss Mushroom, reiterated every time the low murmurs of the distant thunder reached her ears with increasing vociferation. That young lady, perhaps conscious of the inherent insignificance of her character, wisely took the only practicable method of bringing herself into notice, whenever an opportunity presented itself for an ostentatious display of her silly fears. Her plan was generally

nerally successful; and so conscious was she of its success, that she with triumph watched the slow approach of the spider or the earwig, which, when it came within screaming distance, was to make her the object of soothing attention to a whole company. The noise of thunder (for of the danger of the lightning she entertained not the slightest apprehension) was a circumstance productive of still greater effect. By frequent repetition, she at length actually caught the terrors she at first affected; and by indulging these terrors, brought her mind into a state little short of frantic delirium, usually relieved by a regular hysteric fit. Happily the thunder kept at too great a distance for producing any thing so interesting in the presence of Julia, who had not the least idea that any creature, ranking in the list of rationals, could form a wish of being distinguished for pre-eminence in weakness.

By the time dinner was announced, the sky retained not the appearance of a single cloud which could present an apology for further alarm; so that poor Miss Mushroom was obliged to make the most of what was passed, and live it over again in description.

By the help of her papa's arm, for she still trembled too much to support herself, she contrived to accompany the party to the dining-room, where, as Julia happened to be placed betwixt the terrified fair one and her father, she had the pleasure of receiving a minute and accurate account of all the silly things which the former had either said or done during every thunder-storm within the period of her remembrance.

Julia had never witnessed an entertainment so splendid and profuse as that which now covered the General's table. It consisted of every delicacy  
of

of the season, made inviting to the appetite by all the studied refinements of Epicurean luxury.

Mrs. Villers desired the servants to hand the *brown barley-bread* along with the white, observing that she always made a point of using a little of it every day at her own table, by way of setting a good example. "And yet, would you believe it," addressing herself to Lady Page, "the poor people are so saucy as not to like it."

"I am sure, then, they deserve to starve," returned her Ladyship; sending her plate for some more jelly-sauce to the nice slice of venison; "I never ate any thing better in my life; but the poor are really now become so insolent they are quite insufferable."

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Villers, while she helped herself to another plate of turtle-soup, "I think those who murmur at such bread as that, do not deserve any compassion."

"I thought so, too," said Miss Mordaunt, "till I heard from Dr. Orwell, who dined the other day at our house, that the poor wretches had really nothing but bread to eat. Only think how shocking, to have nothing but a dry morsel of bread for one's whole dinner! One can scarcely wonder that they should wish that to be good."

"I dare say that Dr. Orwell is a democrat," said Mrs. Villers. "It is these people who encourage the poor in all their insolence; to hear them speak, one would think there was nothing but misery in the world."

"For my share," said Lady Page, "I believe all the rout that is made about scarcity is mere talk, I am sure I never saw less appearance of it."

"I do

"I do not remember a better venison season in all my life," said Mr. Mushroom. "Nor do I believe a better haunch ever came to any table. I must, however, have a cut at the stewed carp, which appears delicious," sending his plate to Mr. Vallaton, who happened to be placed near this favourite dish; and who fortunately made so judicious a choice of the nicest part, as impressed Mr. Mushroom with a very favourable opinion of his understanding.

Soon as he had finished, he asked the gentleman's name of Miss Delmond, and when he had obtained it, "Mr. Vallaton," said he in an audible voice, "I must beg the honour of drinking a glass of wine with you. Vallaton!" repeated he, as the servant was filling the wine, "I certainly have had the pleasure of meeting with some of that family abroad: your family is of French extraction, I presume, sir?"

Vallaton bowed assent.

"O yes; a great many Vallaton's in France formerly—all emigrated now—every thing turned upside down in that miserable country."

As Vallaton put down his glass, his eyes again encountered those of Lady Page. The remark which, from the encouraging overtures of Mr. Mushroom, he was about to make, died upon his lips, and while the ladies remained in the room, he continued to observe a strict silence.

Miss Mushroom, who had now completely fastened upon Julia as a listener, continued her persecution to the drawing-room, and had got about half through the tedious history of the horrors she had once experienced from the dreadful prodigy of a frog hopping along one of the gravel-walks in the garden, when Mrs. Villers, who had been for some time in earnest conversation

tion with Lady Page at a distant bow-window, advanced towards Julia, and in a voice almost suffocated with agitation, begged to speak with her in the adjoining room.

When Julia beheld the flushed countenance of Mrs. Villers, when she perceived the emotion that quivered on her lip, the idea of her having made some discovery concerning Vallaton rushed upon her mind. Her heart bounded with expectation, and as she lightly tripped into the withdrawing-room, elate with hope and joy, she knew not that she touched the ground.

Mrs. Villers followed, apparently struggling to subdue an extreme degree of agitation. Having carefully shut the door of the apartment she turned to Julia: "Miss Delmond," said she, in a solemn but tremulous voice, "I cannot imagine that your father would permit any person to accompany you to Castle-Villers, with whose previous history he was not thoroughly acquainted. Tell me then," continued she, with increased agitation, "tell me what you know of the young man who came with you to-day?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the delighted Julia, "and is it indeed possible that I should have guessed the truth? And have you really discovered any thing concerning Mr. Vallaton?"

"Discovered! Miss Delmond; yes, I have made a discovery, indeed! I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, for having concealed a circumstance so—so—but I will, if possible, command myself; do not expect, however, that either the General or myself can ever possibly forgive you."

"Ah! Madam, can you believe, that if I had really been certain of the circumstance you have so unaccountably discovered, that I should for a moment



moment have concealed it? Did you but know the interest I take, the joy, the satisfaction I at this moment feel, you would not thus accuse me.'

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Villers, in an angry tone. "Satisfaction, indeed! Is this your gratitude for the notice I have condescended to take of you? Is this your return for the friendship General Villers has shewn to your father, to tell me to my face, that you have a satisfaction in a circumstance which will be considered by all my friends as an irremediable disgrace? I must say, Miss Delmond, your behaviour is intolerable."

'Dear Madam!' returned Julia, in the mildest accent, 'surely no one can attach the idea of disgrace to you on account of this affair. In *his* birth there is nothing dishonourable, *he* was not the produce of an illicit amour, but the dear pledge of hallowed love. *His* parents need not blush to own him to the world for their child.'

The scarlet hue which had hitherto overspread the countenance of Mrs. Villers, now gave place to the livid paleness of rage; while all the circumstances of her own birth, to which she thought Julia alluded, rushed upon her recollection.

"Do you dare to insult me?" cried she, in a voice almost choaked with passion. "And do you imagine you shall insult me with impunity? But I will not bear it, no, Miss, I will not tamely submit to be insulted by your intolence. I will—I will—but you are beneath my resentment. If your father has dared to affront General Villers, he shall suffer for it as he ought!"

Julia, overwhelmed with astonishment and horror, sat trembling and motionless; totally unable to account for a catastrophe so unexpected, her  
faculties

faculties were for some time entirely suspended. At length she was awakened, as if from a confused dream, by Mrs. Villers' violently ringing the bell, and ordering Miss Delmond's carriage to the door. She then made an effort to speak, but her voice refused its assistance. Seeing Mrs. Villers move towards the door, she caught hold of her gown, and throwing herself on her knees before her, burst into a violent flood of tears.

The distress of Julia, the mildness of her looks, and the humility of her supplicating posture, somewhat assuaged the wrath of the enraged lady, who nevertheless continued to maintain the dignity of silence.

'However I have unknowingly incurred your displeasure,' said Julia, as soon as tears and sobs would permit her utterance, 'I on my knees assure you that my offence extends not to my father. He is an utter stranger to Mr. Vallaton. He knows nothing of the mystery of his birth; he never heard of the embroidered covering of the basket; and if any circumstances unfortunately exist, which would induce you to wish that the affair should be still concealed, you may confide in my secrecy and discretion. Believe me, I would sooner suffer death than betray you.'

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Villers, regarding Julia with a mixture of horror and apprehension, "the girl has certainly lost her senses!" Then gently disengaging her gown from Julia's grasp. "Compose yourself, Miss Delmond," said she, in a soothing tone, "sit down upon the sofa, and compose yourself."

'I cannot be at ease,' said Julia, 'till I know how I have been so unfortunate as to offend you. Alas! in the distant contemplation of this event, I have fondly flattered myself, that should my conjectures

conjectures prove true, should he indeed prove to be what you have now discovered him, you would have considered the discovery as the happiest moment of your existence. I thought I should have seen him clasped to your breast in the fond agony of maternal tenderness. Oh! did you but know how worthy he is of your affection! were you but acquainted with the greatness of his mind, the strength of his powers, the sublimity of his virtue! you would bless the day that gave him to your arms!

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Villers, making her a motion to be silent, "you had better sit quiet, and recover yourself." Then softly slipping towards the door that opened into the drawing-room, she gently pushed it so far open, as should secure her a speedy retreat, in case Julia, whom she now saw to be quite light-headed, should suddenly become outrageous.

Julia on her part considered the behaviour of Mrs. Villers as no less unnatural and extraordinary. Many and various were the descriptions she had read of the behaviour of parents on discovering a long-lost child, but nothing to equal the conduct of Mrs. Villers occurred to her recollection. She could by no means account for it.

"I hope, Madam," said she, after a short pause, "you will not deem my curiosity impertinent, if I confess I am anxious to know by what means this interesting discovery has been effected."

"By means of Lady Page," replied Mrs. Villers, happy to see her beginning to talk rationally; "And I hope, Miss Delmond, it will serve as a warning for you in future, to be extremely careful of making acquaintance with people while ignorant of their family and connections; for I am now well convinced that you would not willingly

lingly have brought this man to Castle-Villers, if you had really known him to have been a hair-dresser."

'A hair-dresser!' repeated Julia, who in her turn began to suspect the brain of Mrs. Villers to be a little affected, 'I know nothing of any hair-dresser, I never was in company with a person of that description in my life.'

"Do you not know, then," returned Mrs. Villers, in astonishment, "that Mr. Vallaton is a London hair-dresser, a common friseur, a fellow who—good heavens! that such a fellow should ever have the impudence to sit at my table! He richly deserves that my servants should kick him down stairs."

'Mr. Vallaton a hair-dresser!' exclaimed Julia, 'it is a gross deception, a most egregious mistake! His whole life has been devoted to the sublime pursuits of philosophy. His writings have enlightened the world; and his virtues are the most illustrious comment on the glorious doctrine of perfectibility. Is this, then, the discovery you have made? And are you yet ignorant of the interesting mystery of his birth?'

"Indeed, I neither know, nor desire to know, any thing of the birth of such a person," said Mrs. Villers, drily; "it is enough for me to be convinced that Lady Page cannot possibly be mistaken, as he dressed her ladyship every day for a whole season."

'Her ladyship does, however, most assuredly labour under a very great mistake,' returned Julia. 'Mr. Vallaton is the adopted son of a lady of great rank and fortune, who bestowed upon him an education suited to the supposed dignity of his birth, which, from the circumstances of his infant dress, the casket of jewels which was deposited

sited in the satin-lined basket in which he was laid; above all, from the elegant covering of pelong, with the letters A. V. richly embroidered in every corner, which served as a canopy to the whole, was evidently of no vulgar origin. There can be no doubt that he is the offspring of some noble but unhappy pair, who may yet live to glory in their accomplished son.'

Julia, all the time she spoke, kept her eyes stedfastly fixed on the countenance of Mrs. Villers, which, to her great surprise, betrayed not the least emotion at her lively and animated detail; to which she coolly replied, "All this, Miss Delmond, might make a very pretty story in a romance, but I believe such things very seldom happen in real life; but as you assure me Mr. What's-his-name has had the education of a gentleman, I must suppose Lady Page has made some mistake, and shall be glad to convince her of it. But pray who introduced this gentleman to your father?"

No question could possibly have been more *mal-apropos* to poor Julia. She was totally at a loss for an answer, and looked to the servant, who most seasonably entered to announce her carriage, as to a deliver from the worst of punishments. She instantly arose to take leave, and though Mrs. Villers now condescendingly entreated her to stay to tea; she resolutely refused the invitation, and with a firm but modest dignity persisted in her immediate departure.

She found Mr. Vallaton, who had been informed by the servant of her intention, at the bottom of the stairs. He handed her into the carriage, placed himself beside her, and from the rate at which he drove, seemed no less eager than herself to lose sight of Castle-Villers.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIX.

" Assert it for a sacred truth—  
 " That sorrows such pursuits attend,  
 " Or such pursuits in sorrows end ;  
 " That all the wild advent'rer gains,  
 " Are perils, penitence, and pains."

COTTON.

**CAPT.** Delmond had been for some time watching the progress of the declining sun, whose setting ray he expected to light home his darling daughter. When the splendid orb had completely sunk beneath the horizon, and the effulgent glories which its last beam had kindled in the western clouds, began gradually to lose their vivid hues, and at length to exchange the living purple and the burnished gold for the sober livery of night, uneasiness and anxiety crept upon his mind.

" Is it not strange that Julia does not return ?" said he to his wife. " I wonder how Dr. Orwell can be so imprudent as to stay thus late."

" Yes, it is very late, to be sure," returned Mrs Delmond ; " I cannot even see to knit my stocking."

" I hate these open carriages," said the Captain, " and wonder how I consented to Julia's going in one. I protest it is quite dark."

" It is, indeed," replied Mrs. Delmond ; " but here is Nancy with the candles, I shall now see to take up my stitch."

The apprehensions of Capt. Delmond were suddenly suspended by the entrance of Dr. Orwell.

" Dr.

"Dr. Orwell," said he, "I am truly happy to see you. I was beginning to think that you were staying out rather later than was perfectly advisable in an open carriage. But it is a sign that your time has passed agreeably. How did you find the General and his Lady? I hope they are both well."

"It is a considerable time since I have been at Castle-Villers," replied Dr. Orwell.

"Oh, I suppose you have drove directly home, then?" said the Captain. "You were quite right; but where is Julia, did she not return with you?"

"I have not yet seen Miss Delmond," replied the Doctor; "but I can tell you she is safe."

"Safe!" repeated the Captain, "did she not return with you from Castle-Villers?"

"I did not go to Castle-Villers," said Dr. Orwell; "I never thought of it."

"Did not go!" repeated Capt. Delmond, in great surprise. "Who then went with my daughter? Did not you promise to escort her? Dr. Orwell, this is not what I should have expected from you."

"Indeed, my dear sir, you very much surprise me," returned the Doctor. "I had yesterday a note from you, requesting the use of my gig, in which, as Miss Delmond informed me in the evening, a friend of yours was to drive her. The gentleman called, as she said he would, about one o'clock, and had it accordingly."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Captain, "how you astonish me! Julia, my Julia, go off with a gentleman of whom I know nothing! Who is he? How came he acquainted with my daughter?"

"I really know nothing further of the gentleman,

man, than that I believe him to be a visitor of Mr. Glib's," replied Dr. Orwell, "and took it for granted that he was your acquaintance. I am sorry, heartily sorry to find it otherwise."

"Where are they now? Where is my daughter? Why is she not returned? Oh! I read it in your face—I have lost my child, and am for ever miserable!"

Here the poor father sunk back in his chair in speechless agony.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Delmond, laying down her knitting.

"My dear friend," said Dr. Orwell, taking the father's hand, "things are not so bad as you apprehend. Your daughter is within two miles of us, but must necessarily be detained there for some little time by an unlucky accident, from which she has, however, escaped better than could be expected."

"What is it?" said the captain eagerly. "Tell me all? Let me know the worst? I will bear it like a man, you shall see I will."

"Then you shall know the very worst," said Dr. Orwell. "In coming down the hill just above the turnpike, which you know to be very steep and stony, the gig was unfortunately overturned. Miss Delmond and the gentleman were both thrown out by the shock, and both considerably hurt; but neither of them, I hope, dangerously. They were carried to the farm-house which is just by the turnpike, and there both Dr. Sydney and Mr. Gubbles are now attending them. Finding I could be of no service to them, I hastened here; as, however unwilling to be the messenger of bad news, I thought it better to obviate the possibility of your receiving it through the medium of sudden and exaggerated report. After going



going home to give some necessary directions, I shall return to the farm, and bring you back a full account how I find matters there."

'God bless you!' said Capt. Delmond, bursting into tears. 'Forgive this weakness; but, alas! I am now every way a child! I never felt the loss of my limbs till now. My poor Julia! my sweet, my darling child, I shall, perhaps, never see thee more!'

At sight of her husband's tears, Mrs. Delmond took out her pocket handkerchief, "If you take on so, my dear," said she, "what is to become of me? Julia may not be so bad as you think; but I wonder who she has got with her? I never heard of this man, no, not I; and I wonder how she could have a sweetheart, and I not know."

The idea was torture to the father's heart. Julia! whom he had ever treated as a friend, a companion. Julia! in whose soul he had so carefully implanted sentiments of the nicest honour; on whose integrity he had ever relied with the most implicit confidence; that she should be capable of a train of falsehood and deceit! It was a death-wound to a father's soul; and the soul of Capt. Delmond fully felt its force.

Dr. Orwell was too much affected by the scene, to be able for some time to speak; as soon as his feelings would permit, he said what he could to soothe and comfort the unhappy father, and with a promise of returning as speedily as possible, he took leave.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XX.

WE cannot but suppose the lovely Julia to have created such an interest in the breast of the reader, as must excite some anxiety for her present situation, and some desire to be acquainted with the circumstances that led to it. Out of pure good-nature we shall therefore satisfy him in these particulars, before we return to Bridgetina, the true and proper heroine of this our history.

As she departed from Castle Villers the breast of Julia swelled with the emotion of wounded pride, overwhelming shame, and cruel disappointment. Mortified as she was at the total failure of her well-planned project, she was yet sufficiently sensible of the ridicule to which an acknowledgment of her romantic views must inevitably expose her, to dare to confess her mortification. Her confusion did not escape the penetrating eyes of Vallaton. He had been too sensible of the scrutinizing glances of Lady Page, to be at any loss to guess the cause; but trembled for the effect of an explanation, which not all his confidence in the philosophy of his pupil could assure him would be favourable to his wishes. After proceeding about half a mile in silence, "How rejoiced I am," said Vallaton, "that you contrived to make your escape so soon from these silly people; I was absolutely tired to death with their impertinence."

"Did you ever see any of the party before?" said Julia.

"Why do you ask?" returned Vallaton, alarmed at the question, "did any of them talk of knowing

knowing me?"—"Yes, replied Julia, 'that Lady Page, it seems, does you the honour of claiming you for an acquaintance.'

"Does she, indeed? I cannot say that I have any recollection of her: but in London one sees so many faces, and meets so many people of the same general description, that it is impossible to remember them all."

'But you do not know half the honour Lady Page did you,' said Julia; 'she was so kind—but I am absolutely ashamed to repeat it.'

"Do not be afraid to tell me any thing she could say," returned Vallaton, firmly. "I am neither afraid nor ashamed to hear it."

'Well, then,' replied Julia, (while her countenance flushed at the recollection of the indignity) 'she told Mrs. Villers, that you were once a hair-dresser.'

"Very likely," returned Vallaton, carelessly; "I may have amused myself in that way sometimes."

'You surely cannot be serious?' said Julia in a faltering accent.

"Yes, indeed, but I am," returned Vallaton. "My dear adopted mother happening to read the *Emilius* of Rousseau, while I was in my fourteenth year, became so enamoured of his system, that she immediately determined to have me initiated into some handicraft employment, that in case of any revolution in fortune, I might be enabled to earn my bread. I dare say you will laugh at my choice, as she did very heartily, though she was at length kind enough to indulge me in the whim. As I grew up I used sometimes to bribe the person who instructed me, to permit me to go in his stead to some ladies of fashion; and in one of these frolics I may have dressed the  
head

head of this Lady Page, for aught I know, though I have no recollection of her face."

'Well,' cried Julia, 'I wonder how your dear adopted mother could permit you to exercise so mean an employment.'

"I cannot say it was altogether with her inclination," replied Vallaton; "the good lady had not strength of mind to rise above the silly prejudices of society."

'Indeed,' replied Julia, 'her prejudices in this instance were very allowable; and I only wonder how she could ever indulge you in a fancy so strange and unaccountable.'

"A mere juvenile extravagance," said Vallaton, carelessly, "not worth a serious thought; though perhaps after all it may be found, that as an occasional relaxation from severe study, it answered the end every bit as well as the work of either a turner or joiner. As to real dignity all manual labour is upon a par."

'Well I protest I cannot think so,' said Julia. 'You may call it prejudice, and perhaps it is so, but there are some employments one cannot help considering as derogatory to the dignity of a gentleman.'

"If you said to the dignity of *man*," returned her companion, "I should willingly agree with you. In a society that has made any advances towards perfectibility, no man will do work for another of any kind, every man will then labour for himself; and when things are come to this desirable state, it will no doubt be disgraceful to employ the energies of one percipient being in adjusting the hair of another; but no more disgraceful than to join together pieces of wood to form his cabinet, or to turn buttons for his coat; all are in the eye of reason equally derogatory

to the real dignity of *man*. As to the dignity of a *gentleman*, I thought my dear Miss Delmond had been more of a philosopher than to hint at such an absurd and unnatural distinction."

'You always get so much the better of me in argument,' replied Julia, 'that I am forced to yield to your superior judgment. But still in this instance—'

"Ah! that my lovely, my sensible Julia would exert those superior powers of which she is possessed, to conquer those hateful prejudices, which may be excusable in a weak and uninformed mind, but which are disgraceful to a soul like hers. Would you but consider—" At this moment the horse, which was going full speed down the hill, stumbled over a loose stone; he made an effort to recover himself, but in vain; he only fell with greater violence, and in his fall overturned the carriage, from which both Julia and Vallaton were thrown out upon the road. The horse was the first to rise: the shafts of the chaise having been broken in the fall, he found means, by a few kicks, to extricate himself from the harness, and galloped off so quickly as to elude the vigilance of the keeper of the turnpike, who saw him out of reach before he got to the gate.

The frightened animal continued his career, till perceived by Dr. Orwell and Henry Sydney, who were returning from a charitable visit to a poor family in the neighbourhood, where the eldest son was ill of a fever, for which the good Dr. Orwell had prevailed upon his young friend to prescribe. Great was the consternation of the two gentlemen, when they perceived the horse; whose appearance left no room to doubt of the catastrophe by which it was occasioned.

While Dr. Orwell employed himself in catching  
ing

ing the horse, lest his arrival in town should occasion a premature alarm to the friends of Miss Delmond, Henry ran swiftly forward to give assistance to the sufferers; and arrived at the scene of their misfortune before Julia could be removed from the spot. Vallaton, notwithstanding his bruises, had been raised by the assistance of the people who kept the gate, and was standing lamenting over Julia, whose situation appeared far more deplorable. From the excessive pain of which she complained on every attempt to move, Henry judged the assistance of a surgeon must be necessary, and instantly dispatched a messenger for Mr. Gubbles; while he, having with equal presence of mind and dexterity, formed a litter of an old door which he forced from its hinges, contrived to have her conveyed as easily as possible to the farm-house, where the people, by his directions, prepared a bed for her reception.

On the arrival of Mr. Gubbles, Henry's apprehensions were found to be but too well verified. The knee-pan was discovered to be broken. The pain of setting it was excessive, but not so dreadful to Julia as the idea, conveyed by the hints and shrugs of Mr. Gubbles, that she would probably be lame for life. Henry did all in his power to quiet her apprehensions, and to re-animate her sinking spirits. He supported her by the assurance that if she had resolution patiently to endure the torture of the tight bandage for four-and-twenty hours, she had nothing to fear; and at length, by the confidence he expressed, and by the numerous instances he adduced of complete recovery from the consequences of a similar misfortune, he effectually succeeded in tranquillizing her dejected mind.

So entirely did the situation of Julia engross  
 H 2 the

the attention of the spectators, that till she was composed to rest, no one so much as thought of Vallaton. He was at length observed by the farmer's wife, where he had sunk down upon a low chair in the kitchen, and was apparently very near fainting. The good-natured woman instantly ran into the room where Doctor Sydney and Mr. Gubbles were still with Julia.

"La me!" cried she as she entered, "if here ben't more broken bones yet! I lay my life the gentleman be worser than Miss, thof we none of us never thought o'n."

'Good God!' exclaimed Julia, 'Mr. Vallaton is then hurt, though he denied to me that he was. What misery has my folly occasioned!' She now burst into a flood of tears, which in all the pain she had suffered, her resolution had hitherto restrained.

While Henry used his endeavours to compose her, Mr. Gubbles proceeded to examine into the condition of Vallaton. In answer to his interrogatories, Vallaton replied, "that he was indeed very much hurt, that the pain of his arm and shoulder was intolerable."

'From the manner in which the arm hangs,' replied Mr. Gubbles, 'I should indeed apprehend a complicated fracture; but perhaps it may not be quite so bad.'

The sleeve of the coat being ripped of, the man of science congratulated his patient on his very extraordinary good fortune. 'It is a mere trifle, my dear sir, nothing but a dislocation of the humerno, and a simple fracture of the lower extremity of the ulna.'

While he dexterously replaced the arm in its socket, poor Vallaton could not suppress a groan. 'It is impossible I can hurt you,' said the learned operator;

operator; 'nothing was ever done with greater ease; and as for this other little business, it is a mere nothing. I never met with a more elegant fracture in my life—sure I don't hurt you?'

"Indeed but you do," cried Vallaton, "you put me to very exquisite pain."

'It is impossible, my dear sir, quite impossible; the swelling of the adjacent muscles may indeed create some trifling uneasiness; but it is nothing to what I have met with in the course of practice.'

"La me!" exclaimed the landlady, who attended to supply the necessary bandages, "if you Doctors have more heart than a stone! I am sure the poor gentleman had need o' patience to hear you"

The good woman having offered her son's bed for the accommodation of Vallaton, he was immediately conveyed to it, and there we shall leave him to his meditations, while we return to the afflicted Julia.

Henry Sydney beheld with anxiety the agitated state of his fair patient's mind; and sensible how necessary repose was to her recovery, he prevailed upon her to swallow some quantity of an opiate which Mr. Gubbles had the precaution to bring.

Julia felt with gratitude the humane attention of her young physician, but was still deploring the want of a friend of her own sex, whose presence would, she thought, afford a support still more grateful, when a soft step approached her bed, and the figure of Harriet Orwell glided before her eyes.

"It is impossible!" said Julia, in a faint voice. "Is Miss Orwell indeed so good as to come to see me here, at this time of night?"

'Hush! hush!' said Harriet, putting her finger to her lips, 'we shall talk of every thing to-



morrow; I only beg you would give me leave to do things in my own way to-night, without taking any notice of me, except merely to ask for what you want.'

"But you do not intend to stay with me all night?" said Julia; "that would be too much."

'Indeed I shall not leave you while you remain in this house,' replied Harriet; 'and as to sitting up all night, it is what I like of all things: but no more speaking; and I suppose we may now dismiss this gentleman here, who will attend my father home.'

Julia could only express her thanks by tears. Nor did Henry behold unmoved this fresh proof of Harriet's goodness. While she lightly glided round the bed of her friend, procuring for her a thousand little comforts which her active mind suggested, and her gentle hand supplied, he thought he beheld a guardian-angel on its work of mercy. When he was about to leave the room, she softly opened the door for his departure: he did not speak, but seizing the hand which hung down, he pressed it to his lips with an emphatic expression of admiration and respect.

On walking into the farmer's apartment, Henry there found Dr. Orwell, who was receiving from Mr. Gubbles a scientific description of the fractures, of which indeed the good Doctor did not comprehend one syllable. The explanation of Henry, however, soon made the matter perfectly intelligible, to the no small indignation of Mr. Gubbles; who, from the plain and simple language made use of by the young physician, conceived a sovereign contempt for his knowledge and capacity.

Henry persisted in his resolution of taking up his abode by the farmer's fire side all night, which  
after

after a little opposition was agreed to by Dr. Orwell, who proceeded to acquaint the parents of Julia with the particulars of her misfortune.

---

## CHAP. XXI.

"No argument like matter of fact is.

"And we are best of all led to

"Men's principles, by what they do."

BUTLER.

THE day which proved so unfortunate to poor Julia, was by Bridgetina considered as one of the most auspicious æras that marked the period of her existence. It was indeed a day of much importance; a day which opened upon her mind the grandest view, the most extatic prospect, that was ever presented to an enlightened imagination.

It happened, that among several sets of new books which Mr. Glib about this time received from his correspondent in London, was a copy of the translation of Monf. Vaillant's Travels into the interior parts of Africa. The first volume of this book Mr. Glib ran hastily over, without experiencing any degree of pleasure from the perusal. Neither the sprightliness of the author's manner, his zeal in the pursuit of natural history, his unbounded philanthropy, nor the novelty of his animated descriptions, had the power of captivating the fancy of Mr. Glib; but the second volume made very ample amends for the time thrown away upon the first. When he came to the ac-

count of the Gonaquais Hottentots, his delight and admiration increased at every line, till at length, no longer able to contain his rapture, he ran hastily with the book in his hand to the back parlour, where Bridgetina, who had just then happened to call, was sitting with Mr. Myope and the Goddess of Reason. "See here!" said he, "See here, Citizen Myope, all our wishes fulfilled! All our theory realized! Here is a whole nation of philosophers, all as wise as ourselves! All on the high road to perfectibility! All enjoying the proper dignity of man! Things just as they ought! No man working for another! All alike! All equal! No laws! No government! No coercion! Every one exerting his energies as he pleases! Take a wife to-day: leave her again to-morrow! It is the very essence of virtue, and the quintessence of enjoyment!"

'Alas!' replied Mr. Myope, 'I fear this desirable state of things is reserved for futurity. Ages must elapse before mankind will be sufficiently enlightened to be sensible of the great advantage of living as you describe.'

"No, no," cried Glib, "ages need not elapse. It is all known to the Hottentots. All practised by the Gonaquais horde. Only just listen."

"In a country where there is no difference in birth or rank, (as is the case in Gonaquais) every inhabitant is necessarily on an equality."

'The very ground-work of perfectibility!' cried Bridgetina, 'that is certain; but go on.'

"Luxury\* and vanity, which in more polished countries consume the largest fortunes, create a thousand unhappy distinctions entirely unknown to these savages; their desires are bounded by real wants, nor  
are

\* See Vaillant's Travels, vol. ii.

*are they excluded from the means of gratifying them ; and these means may be, and are effectually pursued by all : thus the various combinations of pride for the aggrandizement of families, all the schemes of heaping fortune on fortune in the same coffer, being utterly unknown ; no intrigues are created, no oppressions practised, in fine no crimes infligated."*

' O learned and amiable Hottentots !' exclaimed Bridgetina, ' by what means—'

" Stay a little, Miss, and only listen to this passage about their marriages," said Glib, resuming his book.

*" The formalities of these marriages consist in the promises made by each party to live together as long as they find it convenient ; the engagement made, the young couple from that moment become man and wife.—"*

' O enviable state of society !' exclaimed Bridgetina, ' O—'

" Do not interrupt me, Miss, till I have finished the passage.—*As I have hinted before, they live together as long as harmony subsists between them ; for should any difference arise, they make no scruple of separation, but part with as little ceremony as they meet ; and each one, free to form other connections, seeks elsewhere a more agreeable partner. These marriages, founded on reciprocal inclinations, have ever a happy issue ; and as love is their only cement, they require no other motive for parting than indifference.*

*" Mark that, citizens ! No other motive for parting than indifference. Who would not wish to live in that blessed country ? But here is a still further proof of their progress in philosophy. You never meet among the Gonoquais with men who apply themselves to any particular kind of work, in order to satisfy the caprice of others. The woman who desires to lie soft, will fabricate her own mat. She who has a*

*wish to be clothed, will instruct a man to make a habit. The huntsman who would have good weapons, can depend on those of his own making; and the lover is the only architect of the cabin that is to contain his future mistress.\**

‘Why this is the very state of perfection to which we all aspire?’ cried Mr. Myope, in ecstasy. ‘It is the sum and substance of our philosophy. What illustrious proofs of human genius may we expect to find in a society thus wisely constituted, a society in which leisure is the inheritance of every one of its members?’

“It is evident,” cried Bridgetina, “that the author of our illustrious system is entirely indebted to the Hottentots for his sublime idea of the Age of Reason. Here is the Age of Reason exemplified; here is proof sufficient of the perfectibility of man!”

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Myope, ‘and as we well know mechanical and daily labour to be the deadliest foe to all that is great and admirable in the human mind, to what a glorious height of metaphysical knowledge may we expect a people to soar, where all are equally poor and equally idle! What attainments must they have doubtless made in science? What discoveries in philosophy?’

“As to science,” said Glib, “it does not at least appear that they know much of arithmetic, for Mr. Vaillant here tells us, that *they cannot reckon above the number of their fingers. They count the time of the day by the course of the sun, saying,*  
it

\* The curious reader may, if he please, compare the passage quoted from Vaillant with the eighth chapter of the eighth book of Political Justice, vol. ii. octavo edition; and he will not be surprised that Citizen Glib should be struck with the coincidence.

it was there when I departed, yonder when I returned."

' Astonishing proof of the progress of mind !' cried Bridgetina.

" Yes," said Glib, " and see further : *With calm tranquillity they behold the rising and the setting sun, unknowing and regardless of the pointed hour upon the time-piece.* Do you mark that, citizens ? No getting up at seven in the morning to open shop ; no making up accounts ; no care about business. Well, if before another year goes round I do not become a Hottentot, may I never more behold the face of a philosopher !"

' And if,' said Myope, ' every other particular in the character of this illustrious people, be found to correspond with what we have already learned, every philosopher must, like you, long to be received into the bosom of a society arrived at a state of civilization, which but to imagine has been justly considered as the most glorious effort of the sublimest genius !'

" You do not know the half of their perfections," returned Glib ; " but here is the key stone of the grand arch of perfectibility : only listen to this, and confess whether you ever heard of so wise a people. *Modes of divination are the usual appendages of superstitious worship, but how can this exist where they have no religion, no idea of a superior Being ? In these hordes, (do you take notice) in these hordes they have neither physician, nor priest, nor superiority of degree, nor any word in the Hottentot language that signifies in any manner these distinctions.*"

' Admirable !' exclaimed Myope.

" The very perfection of modern philosophy !" cried Bridgetina.

' Vere do dese wise people live ?' enquired the Goddess

Goddeſs of Reaſon. ‘Have dey no fete, no grand ſpectacle, no ball, no concerta?’

“Yes, yes, they have balls, Madam,” returned Glib, “and concerts too. But you are not to imagine, that in the reaſonable ſtate of ſociety to which they are advanced, that any man will condeſcend to perform the compositions of another. All compoſe for themſelves; all play their own tune; no two in the ſame key!”

‘Vat be dere ball dreſs?’ ſaid the Goddeſs. ‘De faſhions of ſo enlightened a people be ver elegant, to be ſure. Do dey rouge, like de French lady; or be dey pale-faced, like de lady of England?’

“Their taſte in dreſs is equal to their other refinements,” replied Glib. “Every one painted; not a pale face to be ſeen. All covered with greaſe, and ſoot, and ochre, from head to heel; bears’ guts for bracelets, and cloaks of aſſes’ ſkins. Their heads are ornamented with blown bladders, and a ſheep’s bone hangs about their necks inſtead of a locket.”

‘What ſtrange faſhions diſ foreign nation of philoſophers do follow!’ ſaid the Goddeſs.

“What elegant ſimplicity of taſte!” cried Myope. “But I muſt beg leave to peruſe the whole of this extraordinary account. It has already generated an idea in my mind, which may be productive of the moſt extraordinary conſequences to the intereſts of ſociety.”

Mr. Myope then took the book, and proceeded to read the whole account of the Gonoquais in an audible voice, though not without receiving many interruptions from the exclamations of delight that frequently burſt from his admiring audience. When he had finiſhed, “Here,” ſaid he, “here, my friends, is the place—the only place to which,

in

in this distempered state of civilization, a philosopher can resort with any hopes of comfort. Let us seek an asylum among these kindred souls. Let us form a horde in the neighbourhood of Haabas, and from the deserts of Africa send forth those rays of philosophy which shall enlighten all the habitable globe."

'Go with all my heart,' cried Glib; 'leave shop, and wife, and children, and all. Get a wife among the Gonoquais; meet when we please, separate when we have a mind. That's it! that's the way to have energies!'

The proposal of Mr. Myope appeared equally charming to Bridgetina, who had no doubt, that among the numerous philosophers of England a party would be formed every way agreeable to her wishes. Mr. Myope assured her, that the idea of emigration had for a considerable time prevailed; and that the difficulty of finding a place agreeable to their views presented the only obstacle to its execution. That obstacle was now happily removed; as no one could read the account of the Gonoquais Hottentots, and not be sensible that in the bosom of a people who had so fully adopted all their plans for the improvement of society; who had no trade, no commerce, no distinctions of rank, no laws, no coercion, no government; who had among them no physicians, no lawyers, no priests, and who, to crown all, *believed in no God!* they must find that congeniality of sentiments and dispositions which they would in vain expect among the corrupt societies of Europe.

The more Mr. Myope considered the subject, the more was he impressed with an idea of its importance. His mind, ever under the influence of some one darling idea, which, during the period of its reign, excluded every other thought, was  
soon



soon kindled into enthusiasm. It must be confessed, however, that the enthusiasm of Mr. Myope differed very materially from that which distinguishes certain great minds in the pursuit of some favourite object; it was of a nature very distinct from that sublime energy of the soul which, on the most extensive and comprehensive views, concentrates all its powers towards the accomplishment of some grand design. Indeed, no two principles of action are more opposite to each other in their nature, origin, progress, and consequences, than the two different species of enthusiasm here described. The first, born of reason and directed by judgment, is noble, discriminating, and effective. The other, the produce of an inflammable imagination, is blinded by the glare of its own bewildering light, expends itself upon any object that chance puts in its reach, and is usually unsteady as it is abortive.

Such was the enthusiasm of Mr. Myope.

While he was a religionist, it inflamed his zeal for the minutiae of every dogma of the sect to which he then happened to belong. As a Quaker, it made him tenacious of the broad-brimmed hat, and all the peculiarities of dress and manner which distinguish that *apparently* plain and simple people. He then groaned at the sight of a coloured ribbon, and was moved by the spirit to denounce the most dreadful judgments against the crying sin of long trains and hair-powder.

As an Anabaptist, in his eagerness for dipping all that came in his way, he very narrowly escaped being drowned along with a poor woman, of whom he had unfortunately made a convert in the time of a great flood. And when his energies were directed to Calvinism, the state of the reprobate engrossed every faculty of his mind, and his whole

whole soul was poured out in describing the nature of the dreadful tortures, which assuredly awaited all who did not embrace every article of his then faith, all whose intellectual optics happened to view things in a different light.

Nor when Mr. Myope changed his opinions, did his mind become more enlarged by the change. He wandered from maze to maze, in the intricate labyrinth of polemical divinity, without having once caught a glance of the sublime views, the simple but elevating principles of that religion, from which each of the different sectaries he embraced professed to be derived.

As a convert to the new philosophy, his zeal was no less conspicuous. We have already given some striking proofs of its effects; and perhaps may yet have occasion to relate some farther instances of it, no less memorable and extraordinary.

The account of the Gonoquais Hottentots had now inspired this philosopher with a flow of eloquence which produced the greatest effects upon his audience. Both Bridgetina and Mr. Glib, struck with the force of his irresistible arguments, promised to turn their serious thoughts to his proposal. They agreed to renew their consultations upon the subject as frequently as possible; but till their plan was more fully digested, thought it best not to drop a hint of it to the unenlightened; as such persons, being totally incapable of estimating its advantages, might maliciously endeavour to obstruct its success.

## CHAP. XXII.

“ Folks prone to leasfing,  
 “ Say things at firft, becaufe they’re pleafing,  
 “ Then prove what they have once afferted,  
 “ Nor care to have their lye deferted;  
 “ Till their own dreams at length deceive ’em,  
 “ And oft repeating, they believe ’em.”

PRIOR.

THE miseries of war, of famine, and of pestilence, had all been experienced by Captain Delmond; but the combined horrors of this triple scourge of human kind fell fhort of what he endured the night of Julia’s misfortune. At one time exasperated into madnefs at the idea of her clandestine correffpondence with a perfon whom, as a vifitor of Glib’s, he could not imagine to be a gentleman, he breathed forth threatenings and invectives. The artifice fhe had ufed to deceive him—the ingratitude which gave birth to that artifice—was a thought which rankled in his foul, and like the barbed dart peculiar to fome favage tribes, could not even be touched without the extreme of torture. Anon he faw his darling child in pain! her life perhaps in danger! In a moment her errors were forgotten, and his whole foul melted into an agony of tendernefs.

The fharp pangs of bodily pain were foon added to the poiguancy of mental fuffering. By the agitation of his mind the gout was thrown into his ftomach, and he became fo dangerously ill, that about four in the morning Mrs. Delmond was obliged to fend for Mr. Gubbles, who adminiftered

tered a cordial draught, which tended to quiet the pain ; and as day advanced, exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

He awoke somewhat more composed, and instantly enquired for Julia. No account of her had yet been received. Fretted at his wife's neglect, in not having dispatched some one to know how she had passed the night, he desired that Mrs. Delmond might herself instantly set out to see her daughter, and to order her every necessary attendance, and every comfort, that it was possible to administer in her present situation.

"I have, perhaps, blamed my poor girl too much," said he. She told me she had seen this gentleman at Mrs. Botherim's ; it may be only accident that has now thrown him in her way. Do not, therefore, drop a hint of my having suspected her of deceit ; it would wound the poor child too severely to think that I could impute to her a deviation from those principles of honour which I have so carefully inculcated, and which she has ever so invariably maintained. Give her my blessing, and tell her that I live but in her happiness and safety."

Mrs. Delmond hastily prepared to obey her husband's orders. She indeed felt more anxiety herself concerning Julia than she had ever experienced on any former event of her life. Though sometimes inclined to be a little jealous of the manifest partiality of her husband for his daughter, which extended so far, that though she could seldom please him in settling the little accommodations with which his valetudinary state required him to be surrounded, no sooner did Julia place the footstool, or adjust the cushion, than all was right ; and such praises bestowed on the dexterity of the daughter, as glanced a reproach upon the wife.—

Yet

Yet was the jealousy thus excited divested of its sting by the demeanour of Julia. Such was the sweetness of her temper, such the generous pains she always took to put every thing her mother did in the most advantageous point of view, and such her solicitude to soften the little asperities that sometimes fell from her father, that she could not fail to endear herself to her mother, so as entirely to engross her affections.

The affections of Mrs. Delmond were not, it is true, of that ardent nature which is for ever tremblingly alive—ever ready to torment itself with the extreme of anxiety and disquiet. Mrs. Delmond took things more calmly ;—she very implicitly relied on the assurances of Dr. Orwell, that Julia would completely recover the consequences of the accident she had so unfortunately met with ; and but for the illness of Captain Delmond, she would have slept very soundly on the faith of these assurances. There was, however, one circumstance on which Doctor Orwell could not give her the satisfaction she wished for ; her curiosity concerning the gentleman who accompanied her daughter was still unsatisfied. In the hope of obtaining information upon this point, she pursued her walk with unusual alacrity.

On her arrival at the farm, she was conducted to the apartment where poor Julia was suffering an extreme degree of pain, but suffering it with heroic fortitude and resolution. The shabbiness of the apartment was the first thing that attracted the attention of Mrs. Delmond. ‘Dear me!’ said she to Miss Orwell as she entered, ‘what a pitiful place this is ! White-washed walls ! check curtains ! to be sure it is very wretched ; but how is Julia ?’

“ Is

"Is that my mother's voice?" cried Julia, in feverish agitation.

'Yes, my love! said Miss Orwell, 'but you know the doctor strictly prohibits your speaking. Both Doctor Sydney and Mr. Gubbles think Miss Delmond will do very well, if she keeps herself quiet; and I dare say you, Madam, will agree with me in enforcing a strict observance of their injunctions.'

"Oh, yes," said Mrs Delmond, "she certainly must not speak, if they forbid it; but how long is she to be confined to this place?"

'Let me but see my mother,' said Julia, and I will be satisfied.'

Mrs. Delmond approached the bed-side, and put out her hand, which was eagerly grasped by Julia. 'My mother! you are too kind in coming to see me; but oh, my father! is he not enraged at his Julia?

Mrs. Delmond would have replied, but Harriet insisted so much on the injunctions of the physicians, which the apprehensions of fever rendered it necessary punctually to observe, that she prevented her from speaking, and in a short time prevailed on her to quit the room.

She was led by Harriet into a small stone-floored parlour, which, in lieu of the white sand with which it had been strewed, was now neatly covered with a carpet. This was the work of Harriet, who had, in her quiet but active manner, already made such improvements in the appearance both of this room and of that which was occupied by Julia, that they now assumed a very different aspect from that which they had worn the preceding evening. Having early in the morning sent to her aunt for such things as she thought most wanted, she received, by the provident attention of that good lady

lady, an abundant supply of every necessary, and of every article which she thought could in any wise contribute to the ease and comfort of the poor sufferer. These Harriet had so judiciously arranged, that the apartment of Julia no longer appeared incommodious or uncomfortable; and yet so softly had she glided about the performance of her operations, that the noise of her footsteps had never reached the ears of her unfortunate friend.

Mrs. Delmond was no sooner seated, than she began to enquire of Miss Orwell what she knew of the gentleman who had accompanied her daughter to Castle-Villers; but to her great mortification found that Harriet could give her little information on the subject, except the account of his misfortune.

"I am sure it has been a sad business for me," said Mrs. Delmond; "I was obliged to be up the greatest part of the night with the Captain, who made himself so ill, I had to send for Mr. Gubbles to give him some stuff. It was very ill done of Julia, to be sure, to go with a person we none of us knew; I thought it would have killed her father, the very thoughts of it. I dare say, now, he will be quite cross the whole day."

Harriet had, from some hints dropped by Julia in the course of the night, learned that all was not just as it should be. She evidently saw, that some mystery hung over the subject of the expedition, and that the mind of Julia suffered from the secret consciousness of some act of indiscretion. But so little had Harriet of the prying spirit of curiosity, so easily could she controul the feelings of her well regulated mind, that so far from diving into the source of Julia's disquiet, she had been at much pains to turn her thoughts from the subject of uneasiness. The same spirit of animated benevolence

nevolence made her now use all her endeavours to persuade Mrs. Delmond, that Julia would be fully able to vindicate herself, and to give such an explanation of the circumstances that had incurred her father's displeasure, as would prove entirely satisfactory.

"Aye, to be sure," said Mrs. Delmond, "she can easily get about him at any time. The very last word he said to me was, to be sure to give her his blessing." She then entered on a querulous lamentation concerning the length of time that must necessarily elapse before Julia could be brought home; "which," she said, "she was sure would be a sad time to her, as the Captain would be so cross all the while, that nobody could please him."

To this Harriet found it impossible to make any reply; a silence of some minutes ensued, after which Mrs. Delmond, having coldly thanked Miss Orwell for her kindness, took her departure to the great satisfaction of Harriet, whose warm and generous heart revolted at the cold selfishness which was too visibly displayed in the course of the conversation to escape her observation. When she returned to the poor pain-racked Julia, she softly whispered, that she had dismissed her mother, who would, however, come again to see her, as soon as she was better able to support conversation.

'She is then gone,' said Julia; 'gone, without speaking a word to me concerning my father! Alas! I fear he is too much displeased with me to bear the mention of my name.'

"On the contrary," said Harriet, "he charged your mother with his dearest blessing for you.—Make yourself easy then my dear Julia! be assured that your father is only anxious concerning your recovery."

'Perhaps,



‘Perhaps, then, he does not know who accompanied me?’ cried Julia, seeming to revive at the thought.

“Perhaps not,” said Harriet, “so make yourself easy; and here is something good for you, which it is now time for you to take,” pouring out a draft which had been ordered by the Doctor. Julia swallowed the medicine, and somewhat reanimated by the hopes inspired by her friend, she continued in silent patience to endure the pain which the tight ligature every minute rendered more intolerable.

While the amiable Harriet was personally engaged in attending upon her companion, she did not forget the stranger who had shared in her misfortune. He experienced the benefit of her considerate attention in a number of little comforts, of which the sick nurse who had come to wait on Julia, but whom Harriet had sent to Vallaton, would never of herself have thought.

He kept his bed the whole day, and had, about five in the afternoon, fallen into a profound slumber, from which he was roused by the noise of many tongues; a noise sufficiently loud not only to disturb the repose of Vallaton, but to awaken the nurse, who was sweetly snoring in the easy chair.

This uproarious din was soon explained by the entrance of Mr. Myope and Mr. Glib, accompanied by Bridgetina, and followed by the mistress of the house, who expostulated with great emphasis upon the impropriety of so many people going altogether into the sick chamber, when both the old Doctor and the young one had particularly desired her to see that no more than one at a time was permitted to enter it. “But I am sure, sir,” said she, hastily drawing the curtains, and elevating her voice to a still higher key, “I am sure you must do  
me

me the justice to free me from any blame, if so be, as how, that the noise do you any harm. I am sure I did all I could to hinder it; and so I hope you will tell the young Doctor, for to be sure he is so civil, one would not disoblige un for the world."

While the landlady attacked the ears of Vallaton from one side of the bed, Citizen Glib assailed him from the other. 'Sad mishap, Citizen Vall! hast got a cursed tumble, broke half a dozen bones, eh? Vile things them gigs, but never mind: no gigs among the Hottentots. No break-neck curricles in the Gonoquais horde. Every one trusts to his own legs. That's it! The Hottentots are the only true philosophers after all.'

"But how did the accident happen?" said Mr. Myope, addressing him from the foot of the bed.

'What motive,' said Brigentina, (who had now taken the place of the landlady at the right side) 'What motive could induce the horse to act in such a reprehensible manner?'

In this tumult of tongues, it was sometime before Mr. Vallaton, who was somewhat weakened by a slight degree of fever, could exert his voice sufficiently to be heard. He at length proceeded to answer the interrogatories of his friends, by giving an account of the manner in which the accident happened, laying the blame of the whole catastrophe entirely upon the poor horse.

In this it however appears, that Mr. Vallaton did the noble animal great injustice. To clear the character of this deserving creature, and to wipe away those aspersions so unjustly thrown upon his reputation, we shall proceed to throw such light upon the subject, as may, perhaps, serve to shew him more deserving of pity than of censure.

Be

Be it then known to the reader, that the groom, who received the General's orders for putting up the carriage, had been brought up in a strict observance of the rules of military discipline: those rules which, according to the opinion of the great monarch to whom mankind are indebted for the greatest improvements *en l'art militaire*, may in time, if properly practised, bring a great part of the human race into the desirable state of automata.

This well-trained groom no sooner received the orders of his master, than he gave a prompt obedience to his commands; but as these commands only extended to putting up the chaise, and as taking off the harness, rubbing down the horse, and giving him either food or water, made no part of his orders, he very properly stopped short at the point of literal obedience, and presumed not to harbour a single thought of the consequences.

However agreeable the conduct of the groom might have been to some veteran theorists, the poor horse did not much relish the effects of this perfection of discipline. He felt encumbered with the weight of his harness, and was soon tired of champing the bit of his bridle, which he would willingly have exchanged for a mouthful of hay, or a few oats. But in vain did he utter his complaints, in vain did he neigh to every passing footstep; he was unheard, or at least unheeded, by any servant in the family. The domestics of General Villers were indeed all inspired with such lofty sentiments, as to conceive no small contempt for such of their master's visitors as came unaccompanied by a train of lacqueys; how then could they be expected to pay any regard to an animal that meanly condescended to draw an unattended gig?

Nct-

Notwithstanding the honour of having passed the day in a stable which cost some thousand pounds in the erection, the parson's horse was extremely happy when he found himself on the way to his own comfortable home. He went on with eagerness ; but alas ! his strength did not second his inclination. Though a horse ecclesiastic, he had not been accustomed to keep Lent ; and fasting agreed so ill with his constitution, that it occasioned a weakness which made him altogether incapable of recovering the fatal trip which was productive of such deplorable consequences.

From a description of the accident, Mr. Vallaton was led to mention the pain he had sustained by the broken arm, the dislocated shoulder, and the bruises which he felt all over his body.

"I cannot but congratulate you," said Bridgetina, "on the glorious opportunity you now enjoy of proving the omnipotence of mind over matter. What is pain to those who resolve not to feel it ? Physical causes sink into nothing, when compared with those that are moral. Happy had it been for the world, if not only your arm, but every bone in your body had been broken, so that it had been the means of furnishing mankind with a proof of the perfectibility of philosophical energy !"

'Nothing can be more truly philosophical than the observation of Citizeness Botherin,' said Mr. Myope ; 'and I make no doubt, from the known powers of my friend Vallaton, that if every bone in his body had been broken, he would have effected a reunion of the parts by his own exertion. As for pain, it is a mere vulgar prejudice ; a weakness which will vanish before the light of philosophy, and in a more advanced state of society, be utterly unknown.'

"It most unfortunately happens, though, (replied Vallaton, writhing in great agony, from an attempt to move) it unfortunately happens, that one's energies are apt to desert one, at the very time they are most wanted. I think I have seen you make wry faces at the rheumatism before now; but no rheumatism in the world ever occasioned half the pain I feel."

"I grant you," returned Myope, "that even a philosopher may sometimes be taken by surprise. Besides, in a corrupt state of society, where many people believe in a God, the existence of laws and government generates weakness, which no one can entirely escape; the energies cannot arrive at that state of perfection to which they will be found to approximate, as soon as these existing causes of depravity have been entirely removed."

"All removed among the Hottentots!" cried Glib. "No obstacles to perfectibility among the Gonoquais. No priests! No physicians! All exert their energies—Broken bones healed in a twinkling."

Here Mr. Glib was interrupted by a loud groan from Vallaton, whose pillow the energetic citizen had, in the vehemence of his action, drawn from under the lame shoulder; which, in spite of the mind's omnipotence, resented the loss of its supporter in a manner that made the tears find their way into the sufferer's eyes. Mr. Myope no sooner observed the misfortune, than he good-naturedly went round to remedy it, by adjusting the pillow; in which charitable office he was employed, when Henry Sydney, who was with his sister on the way to Julia's apartment, hearing the groans of Vallaton, hastily entered the room, to enquire the cause. Having received information on that head, he began to make other enquiries, which he concluded by

by asking the patient whether he had had any sleep?

To this Vallaton replied, that "he had been prevented by pain from closing his eyes all the night and morning; but that he had just fallen into a very profound slumber a little before the arrival of his friends."

'Charming proof of perfectibility! said Bridgetina. 'I sincerely congratulate you on being able for so long a time to ward off the great foe of human genius, the degrader of the noblest faculties of the mind! How fortunate it was that we should arrive in time to save you from falling into that torpid and insensible state, from which it will be the glory of philosophy to free the human race!'

"I hope philosophy will pardon me," said Henry, "if I take the liberty of declaring, that a good sound sleep will be very serviceable in the present instance; and that I must therefore entreat the gentleman may be left at liberty to enjoy it."

'To one who has not accurately investigated the powers of the mind,' said Mr. Myope, 'sleep may doubtless appear useful, nay, in some degree necessary; but to those who have carried their enquiries further, it is evident that mind, being omnipotent over matter, may exert that omnipotence over every part of the animal economy; and that not only sleep, but death itself, may yield to its controul.'

"If the investigators of mind took the trouble to extend their investigations to the nature of organized bodies," replied Henry, "they would probably arrive at very different conclusions."

'What a lamentable thing it is,' said Bridgetina, 'that a mind like Dr. Sydney's should be thus warped by prejudice! Yes, my amiable friend, you are possessed of powers which might generate  
1 2  
happiness

happiness to the human race; and it can only be attributed to the present unjust and odious constitutions of society, that these powers are, by the prevalence of vulgar errors, obstructed in their progress to perfection. Miserable prejudice! which shuts its eyes against the truth; which listens to arguments that would impress conviction upon every impartial hearer, and is astonished at their futility! To any unprejudiced understanding, would not the circumstance of Mr. Vallaton's having wanted sleep for a period of more than forty hours incontestibly prove the possibility of living without it altogether? Would not any impartial person be at once convinced, that if, by the exertions of his mind, he could ward off the sluggish foe to mental energy for such a length of time, he might, by a continuation of the same exertion, ward it off for ever? And yet such are the deplorable prejudices of the greater part of mankind, that the very length of time he has been kept awake, would to them appear an argument in favour of the necessity of his now indulging in repose."

"The statement of Citizeness Botherim is equally judicious and profound," said Mr. Myope. "But though it be impossible to set any bounds to the operations of mind, it is not in the present miserable state of society, that her operations can be expected to arrive to such perfection. Vulgar prejudices are in their nature so obstinate, that it is possible some ages may elapse, before sleep will be considered as altogether unnecessary. And therefore as every wise man should wish the progress of improvement to be gradual and moderate, it may be more advisable not to urge the citizen to a further exertion of his energies, in refraining from sleep entirely. It is sufficient that he has already

ready given a proof of what may be done ; and I hope that by exerting his powers towards knitting the broken bones, he will soon give a still more illustrious evidence of the omnipotence of mind."

' Ay,' said Glib, ' that's it ! Energies are the only true doctors. Energies do all. Energies cheat the undertaker, and make a man live for ever. Never mind broken bones. All trifles to philosophers.'

The philosophy of Mr. Vallaton was put to a severe trial by the length of this conversation, which was at last happily concluded at the earnest request of Henry whose prejudices were very strong in favour of the patient's obtaining a little repose.

Henry now proceeded to enquire for Julia, and was followed by Bridgetina into the parlour, where Harriet Orwell waited to receive them. She had left Maria with the fair sufferer, into whose room Henry was introduced. He found her so low and feverish, that he requested Miss Botherin to postpone her intended visit to some other opportunity. Bridgetina then enquired, whether he would not walk home with her ?

" He was extremely sorry that it would not be in his power, as he waited for Mr. Gubbles, and should not depart till he saw how Miss Delmond was after the ligature had been relieved."

' Did not Miss Orwell and Miss Sydney go home that night ?'

" No : Maria intended sitting up with Miss Delmond, and Harriet was to sleep in a settee bed, which had been put up for her in the parlour."

Bridgetina, to whom the idea of a moon-light walk with Henry was very charming, expressed her desire to wait for him, in terms that ought to have been sufficiently flattering ; but unfortunately,



Henry either wanted sense to take her hints, or gallantry to avail himself of them. He cruelly urged her departure with the philosophers, on pretence of the appearance of rain; and as Miss Orwell did not invite her stay, she found herself obliged to comply with his entreaty, with which, as his regard for her health was the ostensible motive, she could not be displeased.

Myope and Glib had already advanced some paces on the road, and Bridgetina was too well pleased with the opportunity of enjoying her meditations upon the conduct of Henry, to be very anxious to overtake them.

‘Yes,’ said she, aloud, ‘it is evident he loves. Whence, but from that transporting source, could the solicitude he evinc’d for my health be possibly derived? How anxious did he seem for my departure? How did his fine eyes sparkle with pleasure, when he saw me about to comply with his request? How eager was his solicitude? How tender his regard for my safety? How did he watch the clouds, as if apprehensive of their injuring the object of his wishes? This tide of tenderness enchants my very soul! It tingles through my veins, and wraps my senses in delirium! And shall I not indulge the sweet sentiments of nature that now inspire my breast? Shall a false regard for the debasing and immoral institutions of a corrupt society deter me from making a suitable return to his enchanting tenderness? No: forbid it philosophy! forbid it love! From this moment—’

Here the soliloquy of Bridgetina was unfortunately interrupted; and never did the soliloquy of a love-sick maiden receive interruption from a more indignified source. While pouring out the effusions of her tender heart in the middle of the highway, she was too much occupied by her *feelings*

lings to observe the approach of a drove of pigs, which at length advanced upon her so fast as to prevent the possibility of retreat. She was surrounded on all sides in a moment. The obstreperous and unmanageable animals, not contented with terrifying her by their snorting and grunting, (a species of music very little in unison with the tender feelings) pushed her about from side to side in a most ungentle manner. She, however, contrived for some time to keep her ground, calling out to the pig-drivers for assistance. Alas! the pig-drivers were no less deaf to her supplications than were the pigs they drove. Both seemed wickedly to enjoy her distress; nor was the grunting of the one species of brutes more unpleasant to her ears, than the loud laugh which was set up by the other. At length a violent push from a huge untoward beast laid her prostrate on the ground, and completed the climax of her misfortune.

The pig-drivers now came to her relief, and quickly raised her from the ground. She had happily received no bodily injury from her fall, but was not a little mentally hurt by the grin which was visible in the countenance of her deliverers. 'Are ye not ashamed,' cried she, with great warmth, 'to rejoice in an accident which has befallen a fellow-mortal by your negligence? Miserable and unhappy wretches! Ye have indeed the shape of men, but ye want all the more noble distinguishing characteristics of the species. As far as relates to any intellectual improvement, ye might as well have been born in Otaheite.'

The answer of the pig drivers would have impelled Bridgetina to an immediate retreat, but that one of the men had still hold of an umbrella which she had dropped in her fall, and with

which he refused to part without some compensation.

"Make her gi' ye a bufs for it," said one of the fellows, laughing.

'An't were a pretty las,' said the other, 'that a would; but a bufs from such a little, ugly, rickety witch, a'nt worth taking.'

Not all the philosophy of Bridgetina could support her any longer. Indignantly turning from the unenlightened rustic, she burst into tears, nor could she repress her sobs on the appearance of Mr. Myope and Mr. Glib, who had returned in search of her, and came up while she was still in conference with the pig-drivers, of whose behaviour she immediately began bitterly to complain.

"It was surely very rude to drive your pigs upon a lady," said Mr. Myope to the men.

'Did not she see un?' returned one of the fellows. 'The pigs were goying peaceably along the way, when she run her nose into the very midst o'em. Gin a had been as blind as a buzzard, a might ha' heard un squeak.'

Mr. Myope perceiving how little was to be gained by expostulation, gave the fellow a sixpence for the umbrella, and taking Bridgetina under his protection, conducted her in safety to her mother's door.

## CHAP. XXIII.

“ With sense refin’d,  
 “ Learning digested well; exalted fair,  
 “ Unstudy’d wit, and humour ever gay.”  
 THOMSON.

**I**N the course of the ensuing fortnight, Bridgetina had the happiness of enjoying frequent opportunities of meeting with the object of her tender hopes. For these opportunities she so indefatigably watched, that not one visit did Henry pay to the invalids at the farm, without his having the pleasure of being either accompanied, or followed, or met on his return by the love-inspired maiden; who took so little pains to conceal her passion, that he must have been very stupid indeed, if he remained ignorant of her partiality.

For all the multiplied proofs of tenderness which he every day received, we are sorry to confess that Henry was exceedingly ungrateful. So little did he know how to estimate the value of the metaphysical harangues with which Bridgetina always came prepared, that though previous to her entrance he had been only chatting on indifferent topics with Harriet Orwell, he seemed to regard her appearance as a very undesirable interruption.

Happy for Bridgetina her perception was not very acute! Having determined in her own mind that Henry should be her lover, she interpreted every part of his conduct in her own favour; and persisted in believing, that notwithstanding his saying so little in favour of the new philosophy, its profound principles had made a sufficient impression

pression upon his mind, which he was only deterred from acknowledging by the circumstances of his present situation; could that situation be fortunately changed, she had no doubt that he would gladly throw off the yoke of prejudice, and would in the philosophical galaxy become a star of the first magnitude. For this emancipation, the intended expedition to the coast of Africa would furnish him with a most favourable opportunity, which he would doubtless be happy to embrace. No longer bound in the adamant chain with which the opinions of society cruelly fetters its unhappy slaves, his mind would then expand in all the energy of affection, and give a loose to the soul-touching tenderness of love.

She had not as yet thought proper to drop any hint of the proposed emigration; but by extravagant encomiums on the Hottentots, she sedulously prepared the way; and having prevailed on Henry to peruse the travels of Vaillant, she considered his praises of the work as a sufficient testimony of the impression it had made upon his mind.

The great plan, whose extensive consequences embraced no less an object than that of new modelling the human race, was now considerably advanced. Vallaton, who, after a few days confinement at the farm, returned to Mr. Glib's, entered into it with warmth. His superior activity entitled him to take the lead, and after a faint refusal, he was prevailed on to assume the conduct of the enterprize; to receive the money that should be raised for carrying it into execution, and to manage this common fund for the general benefit.

Mr. Myope, in quality of secretary, wrote a circular letter to the enlightened, of which the following is a faithful copy.

“ To

“ To Citizen of

“ Who is there deserving of the title of philosopher, that does not feel the aggravated evils which the present odious institutions of society impose on its wretched victim? Who is there among the enlightened, *the men without a God*, that does not wish to escape from this world of misery, where the prejudices of mankind are ever preparing for him the bitter draught of obloquy and contempt? Are not all our energies wasted in the fruitless lamentation of irremediable evils; and our powers blunted, and rendered obtruse, by the obstacles which the unjust institutions of society throw in the way of perfectibility?

“ Who is there among us, whom the unequal distribution of property does not fill with *envy, resentment, and despair*? *Who is there among us, that cannot recollect the time when he secretly called in question the arbitrary division of property established in society, and felt inclined to appropriate to his own use many things, the possession of which appeared to him desirable?*” And yet for these noble and natural sentiments, (when reduced to action) the unjust and arbitrary institutions of society have prepared prisons and fetters! The odious system of coercion is exerted to impose the most injurious restraints on these salutary flights of genius; and property is thus hemmed in on every side.

“ Nor is the endeavour to get rid of the encumbrances by which we are weighed down, less abortive, or attended with consequences less deplorable.

“ Has any of us, in the ferment of youthful passion, bound himself by marriage? In vain does he struggle to throw off the yoke; he is bound by the

the chains of this absurd and *immoral institution*, and restrained from seeking in variety the renovating charm of novelty, that rich magazine from which the materials of knowledge are to be derived.

“ Who would not gladly escape from this scene of misery? who would not rejoice to anticipate that reasonable state of society, with all those improvements which true philosophy will, in the course of a few ages, generate throughout the world?

“ Is he at a loss where to fly? Does he fear that the debasing restraint imposed by religion, and laws, and notions of government, will meet him in every direction, and pursue him to the farthest corner of the world? Let him rejoice to learn, that there is yet a refuge for philosophy; that there is now a region where the whole of our glorious system is practised in its full extent. In the interior parts of Africa an exalted race of mortals is discovered, who so far from having their minds cramped in the fetters of superstition, and their energies restrained by the galling yoke of law, do not so much as believe in a Supreme Being, and have neither any code of laws, nor any form of government!

“ Let us join this pure and enlightened race! Let us hasten to quit the *corrupt wilderness of ill-constituted society, the rank and rotten soil from which every finer shrub draws poison as it grows.\** Let us seek in the philosophical society of the Hottentots that happier field and purer air, where talents and sentiments may *expand into virtue, and germinate into general usefulness.*

“ Does any female citizen groan under the slavish

\* See Caleb Williams.

vish and unnatural yoke of parental authority, or wish to shake off the chains of the odious and immoral institution, to which so much of the depravity of the world may be traced? Let her embrace the opportunity that is now offered, to obtain the glorious boon of liberty: let her hasten to become a member of that society, where her virtues will be duly honoured, and her energies expand in the wide field of universal utility.

“Is any philosopher thoroughly convinced of the truth of these gloomy representations of the present virtue-smothering state of society, which he has been at so much pains to propagate? In the bosom of the Gonoquais horde, let him seek an asylum from the oppressive hand of political institution, and from all *obligations to the observance of that common honesty which is a non-conductor to all the sympathies of the human heart.\**

“As in the dark and gloomy wilderness which we at present so unfortunately inhabit, there is no possibility of moving without money, a sum must of necessity be raised to freight a ship, and lay in requisites for the voyage. Contributions for this purpose will be received by Citizen Vallaton, who has generously undertaken the conduct of the important enterprize. As it is probable that many philosophers may not be provided with specie, from such as have it not in their power to contribute their quota in cash, any sort of goods will be received that can be converted into articles of general utility. As an example worthy of imitation, we here think it necessary to inform our fellow-citizens, that Citizen Glib has bestowed the whole of his circulating library upon the society. The superfluous books, such as history, travels,  
natural

\* See Godwin's Enquirer.



natural philosophy, and divinity are to be sold for the benefit of the fund. The novels and metaphysical essays are reserved for the instruction of the philosophers.

“By order of the Hottentotian Committee,

BEN. MYTOPE, Sec.”

The recovery of Mr. Vallaton was sufficiently rapid, but still his mind suffered the most cruel apprehensions on account of his lovely mistress.

For the effects of the accident, he had now no reason to entertain any anxiety. He had received the pleasing assurance, that her recovery would be speedily and complete. But as it was impossible for him to be admitted to an interview, he could not avoid some tormenting forebodings of the effect that so long a period of serious reflection might produce upon her mind. Her being constantly surrounded by the Orwells, he considered as a circumstance extremely inauspicious. Though personally unacquainted with any of the family, he was no stranger to the character of all its members, and greatly dreaded the baneful effects of their prejudices upon the susceptible heart of Julia.

The alarm of Mr. Vallaton was without foundation. Harriet Orwell had too much delicacy and good-sense officiously to obtrude her opinions, even upon her most intimate friends. She evidently saw that Julia had imbibed some notions which she considered to be erroneous; but so high an opinion did she entertain of the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart, that she had no doubt but that a little observation and reflection would render her fully sensible of these errors, and open her mind to the reception  
of

of truths so consonant to the virtues of her disposition.

Had Miss Orwell been ever so much inclined to the conversion of Julia, she would not have considered the season of pain and languor as proper for the attempt. She thought it more conducive to the recovery of her friend to amuse than to perplex her; and by every engaging art endeavoured to raise her spirits, and to beguile the weary hours of confinement.

The mind of Julia, naturally grateful, tender, and affectionate, could not be insensible to the soothing attentions of the animated and ever-cheerful Harriet; but in vain did she endeavour to assume the appearance of that cheerfulness and serenity, which her friend so assiduously laboured to inspire. That she had deservedly forfeited the confidence of her father was ever present to her recollection, and brought with it a consciousness of degradation that oppressed her soul. Much did she long to acquaint Harriet with all that had passed, and to ask her advice concerning her future conduct; but the consciousness of having deserved disapprobation, and the dread of incurring contempt, deterred her from a confession of her errors; while her pride revolted at the idea of acknowledging, that the boasted principles of honour had not preserved her from being guilty of the meanness of a falsehood.

Few days passed without a visit from the worthy rector, at whose appearance the delight that sparkled in the countenance of Harriet was sufficiently expressive of her filial love; while her whole behaviour indicated confidence, respect, and gratitude. She never spoke of him without emotion, nor could Julia without emotion listen to the effusions of her filial tenderness. One day,  
when

when talking upon this subject, Harriet, in the fulness of her heart, exclaimed, "Surely no sensation is so sweet as that a child enjoys from the fond affection of a worthy parent. How dreadful must it be to forfeit it! I do not think that any thing the world could offer, could recompense me for suffering one hour of my father's serious displeasure."

'And did you never incur his displeasure?' said Julia.

"If ever I did, it was but for a moment," said Harriet; "and so exactly was his displeasure proportioned to the offence, that it only served to increase my reverence and gratitude."

'I should not have been surprised at what you say,' replied Julia, 'if Doctor Orwell had been a necessarian; as no necessarian can, upon principle, ever be offended at any thing; but free-willers are generally passionate and vindictive.'

"I know nothing about these things," said Harriet, "and never heard my father say whether he was an advocate for free will or necessity; but this I know, that the rule he has laid down to himself for the government of his temper is an admirable one, and has effectually secured him from being guilty of the injustice of wrathful passion."

'And pray, my dear,' said Julia, 'what may this rule be?'

"Never to be offended at any thing that is not in itself immoral, and consequently subject to the Divine displeasure," rejoined Harriet. "What is no offence in the eye of God, is (he says) no subject for the sharp rebuke of man."

'I must own,' replied Julia, 'the voice of anger could not often be heard in a family, where every offence was measured by such a scale.'

"No," rejoined Harriet, "and we should indeed

deed be wretches, if we were not truly sensible of our happiness."

'Well, but after all,' said Julia, 'it is still to your own goodness that you owe the forbearance of your father. Supposing that you were ever to have been guilty of aught that his prejudices taught him to consider as offensive in the eyes of this Supreme Being, who is with him the ideal standard of perfection; that you had, for instance, (I only suppose it for the sake of argument) been guilty of artifice or—or falsehood. Would he not, in such a case, have been very inexorable?'

"Inexorable! my dear Julia; no, surely! If you consider the spirit of the principle that inspired him, you will be convinced, that to be inexorable to the penitent was with him impossible. Considering the crime as an offence not against himself, but against God, could he refuse to accept of that which would not be rejected by the Most High? Could he, who served a Being whose first attributes are benevolence and mercy, be harsh or unforgiving to a penitent offender?"

'But why, I pray you, is this repentance to be a stipulated article in the treaty of forgiveness?' rejoined Julia.

"Because," said Harriet, "we are told, that without repentance there is no remission of sins; and without repentance there can surely be no hope of reformation. But here again my father looks to the example of his great master; and by the mildness of entreaty, not the thunderings of indignation, calls sinners to repentance."

'Well, you must pardon me, but I declare I think there is something very mean in this slavish reference to the will of an unknown Being, of whose very existence we can, after all never be thorough-

thoroughly certain. How much more noble to be guided solely by the suggestions of reason and virtue in our own breasts !

"Alas! my dear, we need not look into the page of history, we need not examine into the conduct of the world at large, but just only take an impartial view of what passes in our own breasts, to be convinced of the necessity of a higher standard of excellence than can be found in human nature.— The contemplation of the immutability of the ALL-PERFECT, has a tendency to *fix* as well as to exalt our notions of virtue; while a consciousness of the infinite space between us and this Perfection annihilates the swellings of pride, and all as the ferment of imagination. Our reason, far from shining with unvaried lustre, is perpetually liable to be obscured by passion or prejudice, we cannot, therefore, always trust to its decision; but when we are in the constant habit of referring our actions to the judgment of a being whose moral attributes are unchangeable, the clouds of passion and prejudice are dispelled, and reason again shines forth with steadiness and vigour. Oh! that I could explain to you the feelings that such contemplations have excited in my mind! feelings, which, instead of depressing, tend to expand and tranquillize the soul."

Julia smiled. "Really, my dear, I did not think you had so much enthusiasm."

"Call it not enthusiasm, my dear Julia; for besides these feelings which may, perhaps, depend in some measure upon constitutional sensibility, a constant reference to the Divine will, and an habit of modeling to it our thoughts and actions, cannot fail of having the happiest influence upon our conduct. Without having this Divine standard to refer to, how often should we be exposed by our passions

to

to the most egregious mistakes! Mistakes which pride would forbid us to acknowledge, and which, being unchecked by the believed presence of our future Judge, we might hope by artifice to conceal, or by ingenuity to defend."

Julia sighed. Her open and polished forehead was suddenly contracted, as if by some quick sensation of violent pain.

"What is the matter, my dear? I fear you have rashly moved your foot."

"I believe I have," said Julia, recovering herself; "but the pain is over, and I beg you would proceed. You argue so well, that I should like to hear you enter into a debate with some of my learned friends: upon the necessity of repentance, for instance. Ah, Harriet, you have no notion how soon that sweet eloquence of yours would be put to silence."

"Very likely it might," rejoined Harriet. "If indeed I were bold enough to enter into a debate, from the hope that my eloquence could possibly convince a person skilled in argument, I should deserve the mortification I should probably meet with. But take notice, that my reasons for declining the colloquial combat arise from a knowledge of the weakness of my weapons, not from any distrust of the goodness of my cause."

"Well, but as your weapons are certainly at least equal to mine, suppose I give you a challenge? Let us take the ground upon the wisdom and efficacy of repentance. Which, dropping my gauntlet, I here aver to be the most mistaken notion in the world;—a mere prejudice, and a prejudice very inimical to the progress of virtue."

"I accept your challenge, and only wish I had one of my fathers wigs to equip me for the solemnities

nities of the field : but here I take my ground, and prepare myself to receive your attack."

'Allons ! then,' said Julia, raising herself up in her bed, and gracefully flourishing her fair hand ; then extending it in the attitude of affirmation, she thus proceeded : " If we form a just and complete view of all the circumstances in which a living or intelligent being is placed, we shall find that he could not in any moment of his existence, have acted otherwise than he has acted. In the life of every human being there is a chain of causes generated in that eternity which preceded his birth, and going on in regular succession through the whole period of his existence ; in consequence of which—'

" Hold, hold," cried Harriet, " I proclaim a parley, and here enter my protest against using any words but your own. Plagiarism is an unlawful weapon in debate ; and I never see it made use of, that I do not consider it as a proof of conscious weakness."

' Well, well, I shall, I make no doubt, be able to defend myself without its assistance. But there are some subjects on which one can speak so much better in the words of others than in one's own, that it is difficult to refrain from using them.'

" Depend upon it, my dear Julia, that these are subjects which the mind has never thoroughly mastered. They will be found to have been driven into that little corner of the brain, which is said to be the store-house of memory, by the arch witch, imagination ; and driven thither in such confusion too, in such higledy pigledy order, that they have never passed under the close examination of judgment ; and pop out they come again, just in the same manner that they got in. Oh ! of all  
insuf-

insufferables, a pedant with a good memory is the most insufferable !”

‘ But is not a good memory a great happiness ? Is it not the parent of knowledge, the indispensable companion of science, the friend of wit and genius ?’

“ It is all you say, my dear, and a thousand times more than either you or I can ever say. The more excellent, the more capacious this grand repository, the more wise, the more virtuous, (if filled with motives to virtue) must we of course be. But if of this noble store-house judgment does not keep the key, if she does not arrange, and assimilate, and combine the materials that are placed in it, I think it is a great loss to have it too tenacious.”

‘ A loss to have too good a memory ! what a strange paradox. I wonder what Miss Botherim would say to you ?’

“ You may wonder what author she would quote, if you please ; for of herself, poor dear, she could not say three sentences upon any given subject. Do you not think now, Julia, it would be better for poor dear Miss Botherim to have a memory rather less retentive, than to give you out, as she does, speech after speech from the author she has last read, without alteration or amendment, all *neat as imported*, as they say upon the sign-polts ?”

‘ Indeed, ~~poor~~ Miss Botherim’s quotations are, I confess, sometimes tiresome enough,’ returned Julia ; ‘ and I believe, as you say, that the capacity to retain, without the power to digest and combine, is of very little real advantage. But I have often observed, that Miss Botherim’s power of retention is always confined to one side of the subject. While she remembers with accuracy all  
she



she herself has said, she forgets every word advanced by her opponent in the debate.

"A proof of the truth of my father's observation," said Harriet, "that we need only observe the sort of memory a person possesses, to have a certain key to the character."

"How so? I do not perfectly comprehend you."

"I shall quickly explain myself. Memory, though an original faculty, is capable of improvement. It will be strong in proportion to the strength of the impression made upon it, and the impression most frequently recurring will of course become the strongest. Thus it happens, that trifling people are found only to remember trifles; that the vain and the selfish can so well recollect every minutiae of every circumstance in which they were themselves particularly concerned; and that even among those who pique themselves on superior taste, so many are found capable of retaining the *exact words* of a well-sounding author, while to the few is confined the more estimable power of impressing the *sense and substance* in the mind."

"I believe there is much truth in what you say," rejoined Julia; "but pray what has all this to say to our argument upon the necessity of repentance?"

"A great deal," returned Miss Orwell; "for memory is certainly a very necessary agent in presenting to our view the works that occasion it: and perhaps, my dear Julia, it is never better employed than in tracing the rise and progress of our errors, in reminding us of how much we have come short of purposed excellence, how frequently led by the rapid violence of passion into self-deception, and how arrogantly we have decided upon

upon subjects that now appear to us in a very different light."

"All this," replied Julia, "I allow. But when we consider that crime is nothing else than an error in judgment, a sort of miscalculation of consequences, in short, a mere mistake, and that (as I said before) every one is under the necessity of acting from the motive that is presented to him; it follows of course, that feelings of repentance for actions which it was impossible to avoid, are extremely absurd."

"According to which doctrine, you would, I am to suppose, feel as much remorse at having lost a game at chess, as at having poisoned your father! And experience the same degree of compunction at having made up a cap in a bad taste, as at having deceived a friend, or betrayed the confidence of a parent. As I am not qualified to argue from books, I am under the necessity of appealing to your feelings. Consult these, my dear Julia, and I am sure they will declare themselves of a different party from your favourite authors. I am much mistaken, if they will not inform you that the pain, occasioned by the consciousness of any departure from moral rectitude, is a sensation of a very different nature from that which is produced by mere error of judgment."

"And pray what would you infer from this?"

"I would infer, that if our feelings, upon any lapse of moral rectitude, are different from those which we experience on any mere mistake of judgment in regard to other matters, they admonish us to a different sort of repentance."

"I wish you to illustrate your meaning by an example, and shall put a case for your decision. Supposing that in order to ward some dreaded evil, you had been induced to deceive your father  
by

by a falsehood, how would you act upon being made sensible of your error?"

"Act! surely upon such an occasion I could not hesitate a moment how to act; I should instantly acknowledge it, ingenuously confess to him the whole truth, and think the mortification that must inevitably arise from this confession, a just punishment for my offence. How, till I had undeceived him, could I look up to the Searcher of hearts? Every prayer I offered up to my God under such circumstances, I should consider as a solemn mockery, and unpardonable presumption."

'I declare,' said Julia, with a smile which seemed to disown the heavy sigh that had just burst from her bosom, 'I declare,' said she, holding out her hand to Harriet, 'you are so charming an enthusiast, that you could almost make one believe that saying one's prayers was no bad preservative of virtue.'

The entrance of Mrs. Delmond put an end to the conversation; but the impression it made upon the mind of Julia was not to be easily effaced. After a few struggles with false shame and romantic tenderness, she adopted the resolution of throwing herself at her father's feet, as soon as she should be able to appear before him, and by a free and ingenuous acknowledgment of all that had passed between her and Vallaton, make an atonement for her past offence, and regain that confidence which she was miserable in having forfeited.

No sooner had this resolution taken possession of her mind, than she found herself restored to tranquillity. Vivacity once more sparkled in her eyes, and the elastic spirits of youth recovering their tone, bid defiance to the puny evil of confinement.

In order to relieve the anxiety of her father, she

she had every morning, since the fatal accident, been enabled, by an ingenious contrivance of Harriet's, to pencil a little billet to her father, without pain or change of posture.

So precious was this billet to Captain Delmond, and so anxiously did he watch for its arrival, that from early dawn his whole mind was occupied by an anticipation of its contents. If the messenger happened to be one minute beyond the usual time, he was filled with alarm; and if any considerable time elapsed, his agitation rose to such a height as to render him incapable of opening it for himself. When he saw the hand-writing of his darling Julia, when he read the assurance of her convalescence, his eyes filled with tears of paternal tenderness; and an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulness to the Being whose power had preserved his darling child, burst from his lips. So entirely had the remembrance of her offences been obliterated by fears for her safety, that a thought of Vallaton seldom came across his mind; and indeed so assiduously had he avoided the ungrateful subject, that it was almost forgotten, when a visit from Gen. Villers, recalled it to his recollection.

The news of Julia's overturn was not long in finding its way to Castle-Villers. By the first accounts, both she and her companion were killed upon the spot. By the second, and it came from one who had his information from the best authority, it was announced to be only the horse and Mr. Vallaton that had suffered immediate death: Julia still survived, though with very little hopes of recovery. The death of Vallaton was particularly regretted by this detailer of grievances, on account of his leaving a disconsolate widow, and five fatherless children, to deplore his untimely fate.

The General was no sooner assured of Julia's being still alive, than he sent a messenger to Captain Delmond's, who brought such an answer to his enquiries, as very much relieved his mind, which had been severely shocked by the account of her misfortune. He from that time seldom omitted a daily enquiry at the farm, either personally or by message, for the health of Julia and her fellow sufferer. Nor was he the only person at Castle-Villers that appeared to take an interest in her recovery.

The reader may recollect a Major Minden, who came with Miss Mordaunt, and appeared to Julia to be introduced by that young lady as an accidental visitor. This gentleman was in reality an old acquaintance of the General's, to whom he intended a visit of some weeks; nor was he altogether unknown to the father of Julia. Just before Delmond left the regiment, in which he served fourteen years as a lieutenant, Minden entered it a school-boy ensign. After having attained the rank of Major by purchase through every step, he took leave of the profession of a soldier, and set out on a tour through France and Italy; from which he returned, after an absence of three years, with the double acquirements of a taste for *vertù*, and an Italian mistress. This woman, of low birth and vulgar education, had engrafted upon a temper naturally proud, arrogant, and imperious, a degree of art and cunning, that so managed even the most repulsive qualities of her disposition, as to render them conducive to her interest. Over the weaker mind of her paramour she soon gained a complete ascendancy. He submitted to her caprice without reluctance, and bore all the violence of her temper with the most exemplary

emplary patience. Over himself, his servants, his house, and fortune, she reigned with the most despotic authority; nor did time seem to bring any diminution to her power.

But, alas! the vigilance of the most arbitrary government cannot always ward off the stroke of ruin; nor the completest despotism be proof against the mutability of all sublunary things. The poor Signora,

"Just when she thought, good easy soul, full surely,  
"Her greatness was a ripening,"

received a formal notice of her deposition, with an order for her immediate departure from Minden-Place to a house which was taken for her by the friend to whom the Major had committed the management of this domestic revolution, and from whom she was informed a yearly stipend would hereafter be received.

After a noble but ineffectual struggle, for maintaining the possession of her post, she was obliged to retire on capitalation. The throne of the Major's heart having thus become vacant, he had determined to look out for a candidate worthy of filling the important situation in the quality of wife. He had not yet had time to make his election, when the sight of Julia fixed his resolution, which the result of every enquiry concerning her tended to confirm.

The love of Major Minden was not of that boyish sort, which timid delicacy endeavours to conceal; he soon informed the General of the honour he intended to do Miss Delmond, and in order to shew a proper respect for his future father-in-law, he proposed a visit to Capt. Delmond,

to whom it was agreed the General should mention the intended overtures of his friend.

Captain Delmond was rejoicing over a pleasing billet from Julia, that seemed written in unusual spirits, when Gen. Villers and Major Minden arrived at his house. He was still in his bed-chamber, which he had often kept for whole days since the absence of his daughter, but gave immediate orders for having his chair wheeled into the adjoining room, into which the gentlemen had been shewn.

There was somewhat in the air and figure of Capt. Delmond so indicative of *the gentleman*, that not all the disadvantages of sickness and infirmity could obliterate its traces. By the just proportions of the time-ruined pillar, an idea may be formed of the grandeur of the ~~structure~~ *structure* which it once adorned. Politeness and cordiality marked his manner of receiving his guests. With heart-felt satisfaction did he listen to their praises of his daughter; and while in answer to their enquiries he informed them, that in the course of ten or twelve days she would, it was expected, be able to come home, his once-brilliant eyes sparkled with delight.

General Villers enquired for the gentleman who had accompanied Miss Delmond.

The Captain felt a sudden repulsion of his blood at the unwelcome question, but possessed sufficient command over his feelings to answer in an easy way, that he heard he was nearly well.

"I am heartily glad of it," replied the General, "for the sake of his poor wife and family, who must have suffered much anxiety on his account." Never did intelligence reach the ears of Capt. Delmond, that was half so welcome as this first account of the wife and family of Vallaton. It annihilated

annihilated every suspicion that had preyed upon his heart ; and by giving him the delightful assurance of Julia's being innocent of all clandestine intention, restored his confidence in her unsullied integrity and truth.

After a short conversation on indifferent topics, Major Minden, on pretence of calling at the post-office, took leave, and left the General to open the preliminaries of the proposed negotiation.

Capt. Delmond received the notification of the honour that was intended his family with politeness, not devoid of dignity. "The esteem of Gen. Villers," he said, "was a sufficient recommendation to his favour ; but however agreeable the connection might be to him, and however advantageous, in respect to fortune, it certainly was to his daughter, he must refer the Major entirely to her decision. It was an affair in which he might advise, but never would dictate."

The General coldly applauded the sentiments of Captain Delmond, but added, 'that he supposed there was very little reason to apprehend that Miss Delmond could be so blind to her own interest, as to decline the offer of so splendid an establishment.' After a few eulogiums on his friend, and having obtained permission for his visits, the General took leave, and left the anxious father not a little agitated by the subject of his conversation.

However firmly resolved that no consideration of *self* should interpose to prevent the establishment of his daughter, the idea of losing her society for ever overwhelmed his soul with involuntary sadness, nor was all his fortitude sufficient to support his spirits in contemplation of the event. "But for what do I live?" said he, after some mo-



ments of bitterness, "for whom do I exist, but for this darling child? Is not her happiness far dearer to me than my own? O, yes! Let my Julia be but happy, and however forlorn I shall be, when she is from me, the certainty of her happiness will still afford a cordial to her father's heart."

---

## CHAP. XXIV.

"Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong."

Pork.

ON the evening of the same day in which Capt. Delmond had received General Villers, Henry Sydney paid a visit to his fair patient at the farm. He had brought in his pocket a new publication, which at the desire of Julia and her lovely nurse, he read aloud, giving by his remarks an additional spirit to the wit and humour of the author. He had been about half an hour thus employed, when casting a glance out of the window, he burst into a fretful exclamation, "Heavens! here is our evil genius coming to torment us in the shape of Miss Botherim. I wish to goodness that poor woman had any thing to do at home!"

'She is very kind,' said Harriet; 'but I do not know how it is, her visits are always I think, *mal-apropos*.'

"To be interrupted in the middle of such an interesting story is very provoking," said Julia; "but we will make her hear it out."

Miss

Miss Botherim entered with an air of even more than usual solemnity. 'I am come,' said she, addressing herself to Harriet, 'to announce the necessity of your immediate return to your father's house: here is a note which will explain the cause.'

Harriet snatched the billet, which contained an account of her aunt's having been suddenly taken ill, for which reason she was desired to leave every thing to the care of Miss Botherim, (who had offered to supply her place with Julia) and to come directly home. Harriet, whose aunt had been to her as a mother, and who loved her with the sincerest affection, was equally shocked and afflicted by this intelligence; she lost not a moment in obeying the summons, but in the midst of her grief and agitation, preserved a sufficient presence of mind to give Miss Botherim every necessary instruction respecting her charge, and then affectionately embracing Julia, she hurried away.

When Bridgetina observed Henry preparing to accompany her, 'There is no necessity for your going so soon, Doctor,' said she, making a motion for him to sit down; 'as you could not be found in time, Dr. Orwell sent for Mr. Gubbles, so that you need not hurry yourself; Miss Orwell, I dare say, can walk very well alone.'

Henry coldly declined her invitation, and in spite of her remonstrances he went with Harriet, who, indeed, stood very much in need of support and consolation.

In answer to the enquiries of Julia, Bridgetina informed her that she had received the information of Mrs. Martha Goodwin's illness, by happening to be with Maria Sydney when her brother was sent for; that she had instantly gone to the parsonage to see if they had found him, and had

offered to take the note for Harriet, and inform Capt. and Mrs. Delmond that she would do herself the pleasure of remaining with Julia during the remainder of her confinement.

Julia returned Bridgetina the warmest acknowledgments for her goodness; nor did it once occur to her, that the hope of a more frequent opportunity of enjoying the company of Henry Sydney was the inspiring motive that lurked at the bottom of Bridgetina's heart. Fearful of introducing a subject on which she found it dangerous to dwell, she did not once enquire for Vallaton, though Bridgetina had never yet payed her a visit without being freighted with some tender message from that gentleman; who, not being yet able to write, had no other method of conveying his sentiments, than through the medium of their mutual friend. These melting remembrances of his affection never failed to raise a soft commotion in the breast of Julia, where the idea of the sufferings of her lover occupied every thought, till some kind and tender billet from her father, or some fresh instance of his anxious solicitude concerning her, turned the current of her feelings, and gave her heart to filial duty and affection.

Bridgetina, perceiving the book which Henry had left upon the table, took it up, and eagerly began to run over the contents; which she continued to do in silence, notwithstanding the entreaties of Julia, which she silenced by declaring, 'that she never read aloud to any one.' After a few yawns, she at length threw down the book, pronouncing it to be a very poor performance.

"You surprise me," said Julia, "by saying so; it appeared to me to contain a great deal of genuine wit and humour."

'I do not care for wit and humour,' returned  
Bridgetina;

Bridgetina; 'they may serve to amuse the vulgar but you know they are quite exploded by the new philosophy. The works of imagination which now enlighten the world, are all generated by system. The energies of philosophical authors are all expended in gloomy masses of tenebrific shade. The investigators of *mind* never condescend to make their readers laugh.'

"I cannot altogether agree with you," replied Julia. "The authors most remarkable for wit and humour appear to have had no slight knowledge of the human heart. Do you think that Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding, were strangers to the study of the mind; or that they could possibly have delineated the minute features of the soul in the manner they have done, without an intimate acquaintance with its nature?"

'What is Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding,' replied Bridgetina, 'in the eye of a philosopher? What did they know of infinite causation, or of perfectibility; or of effects being equal to their causes, and causes antecedent to their effects? The wit of such men may amuse the vulgar, but is despised by the enlightened.'

"It is a subject on which people will pronounce according to their tastes," said Julia. "My father lays it down as a maxim, that the total incapacity for relishing humour is a sure proof of mental imbecility."

'A sentiment,' rejoined Bridgetina, 'very suitable to the ignorant prejudices of Capt. Delmond, but highly unworthy of a philosopher. I should not have been surprised to have heard it repeated by Harriet Orwell; but for you, you who have spent whole days, and weeks, and months, in studying the writings of the new philosophers, still to preserve a taste for wit! It is truly astonishing!

ing ! I perceive the society of Harriet Orwell has perverted your mind.'

"Indeed," said Julia, "the society of Miss Orwell has been a very great happiness to me. She gives me new cause to love and to esteem her every hour. Never can I be forgetful of her goodness."

'Goodness!' repeated Bridgetina, with a sneer; 'from whence proceeds this boasted goodness? Does it flow from a conviction of general utility, pursued through the maze of abstract reasoning? If it does not, what I pray you is its value?'

"I confess," replied Julia, "I never heard Miss Orwell define the abstract nature of virtue; she rather appears to practise it from the spontaneous impulse of her heart. But though she may not be so enlightened by philosophy as we could wish, she is extremely well informed on other subjects, and reads a great deal, I assure you."

'I should not wish to be confined to books of her selecting, replied Bridgetina; 'her taste and mine would not at all suit. Give me the wild extatic wanderings of imagination, the solemn sorrows of suffocating sensibility! Oh how I doat on the gloomy ravings of despair, or delicious description of the soul-melting sensations of fierce and ardent love! But, alas! Julia, you are a stranger to the energetic extacies that pervade my soul. It is in a mind of great powers that strong passions predominate; and only people such as I, can taste the tender emotions of an importunate sensibility. O Heloise! divine, incomparable Heloise! how, in perusing thy enrapturing page, have all my latent energies been excited? O Henry Sydney, Henry Sydney, the St. Preuse of my affections, how at the mention of thy name has a tide of sweet sensations gushed upon my heart!'

"Henry

“ Henry Sydney !” repeated Julia, “ can you be serious ? Is it possibly that Henry Sydney can really have engaged your affections ?”

‘ Possible !’ said Bridgetina, ‘ it is not only possible, but literally and demonstrably true. The history of my sensations are equally interesting and instructive. You will there see, how sensation generates interest, interest generates passions, passions generate powers ; and sensations, passions, powers, all working together, produce associations, and habits, and ideas, and sensibilities. O Julia ! Julia ! what a heart-moving history is mine.’

It was almost impossible even for Julia to refrain from laughing at the figure of Bridgetina, as she pronounced these words. Every feature screwed into formality, and every distorted limb sprawling in affected agitation, she presented such an apparent antidote to the tender passion, that the mention of love from her lips had in it something irresistibly ridiculous. It was with some difficulty that Julia could sufficiently command her voice to desire her to proceed ; which at length, after stretching her craggy neck, wiping the rheum from her eyes, and fixing them on the sharp point of her turned up nose, she did as follows :

‘ The remoter causes of those associations which formed the texture of my character, might, I know, very probably be traced to some transaction in the seraglio of the Great Mogul, or to some spirited and noble enterprise of the Cham of Tartary ; but as the investigation would be tedious, and, for want of proper data, perhaps impracticable, I shall not go beyond my birth, but content myself with arranging under seven heads ( I love to methodise ) the seven generating causes of the energies which stamp my individuality, observing, that it is by a proper attention to these  
fine

fine and evanescent strokes, that the knowledge of *mind* is alone to be attained.'

'The first of these character-forming eras was the hour of my birth. The midwife who was to attend my mother, happening to be a mile or two out of town, her delay suddenly excited an energetic impetuosity which scorned to wait for her arrival, and generated a noble spirit of independence, which brought me into the world without assistance. About two hours after I was born, the germ of other passions was produced. The nurse, who from some early associations had acquired a habit of getting drunk, let me fall upon the floor. A torrent of resentment and indignation gushed upon my heart, and the bitter tears that followed were a certain indication of the important consequences which that accident was to have upon my future life.

'The third power-inspiring era is still more worthy of attention. It was, indeed, the fountain-head of all my feelings, the source of those sensibilities and propensities, which have been the springs of every action, the cause of every movement of my soul; it is therefore well worthy the attention of every philosophic mind, of every lover of minute investigation.

'Not to keep you in suspense, (a thing ill-suited to the energy of my character) I hasten to inform you, that my mother not being able to suckle me herself, a young woman was brought into the house to be my wet-nurse, who some months before had borne a child to the parish-clerk. He kept a little day-school in Muddy-lane; and Jenny, whose education had been neglected in her infancy, had resorted to him to learn to read, and soon became so enamoured of literature, that from one of those associations so natural

tural to the human mind, she conceived a tender passion for her instructor. "Imagination lent its aid, and an importunate sensibility, panting for good unalloyed, completed the seduction."<sup>\*</sup> With her milk I greedily absorbed the delicious poison which circulated through every vein; and love of literature, and *importunate sensibility*, became from thenceforth the predominant features of my character.

‘Early did the fruits of the associations thus formed expand to view: by the time I was four years old, I would have listened for hours to the story of little Red Riding-hood; and on a particular investigation of this important era, I have learned from an old domestic, that I could actually, at the age of five years, repeat the whole history of the *Glass Slipper*, without missing a single word!

‘Having been a remarkably unhealthy child, I was even at this age so weak and rickety as to be scarcely able to walk; but as *physical causes are as nothing*, I should not have mentioned this circumstance, but from the opportunity it afforded of expanding my powers in conversation. In my little chair I sat, talked, mused, cried, or fretted, according as events excited my sensibility. My father was so delighted with my premature eloquence, that he always kept me up to supper, and rewarded the exertion of my energies by a nice morsel of high-seasoned ragout or savoury pasty. During his life-time, my mother almost lived in the kitchen. But though her powers were expended in the science of cookery, she seldom had the good fortune to please; and the idea of her  
charac-

\* See Emma Courtney, a philosophical novel; to which Miss Botherin seems indebted for some of her finest thoughts.



character, which from my father's contemptuous expressions I obtained, as it became a new source of action, may properly be termed a fourth operating principle of my mind.

‘ My father died when I had attained my ninth year, and my weakly constitution deterring my mother from sending me to school, I learned to read at home ; I did not like my needle, and my mother (happily for me !) never controled the energies of my mind, or cramped its powers by a mean attention to domestic concerns. Thus at liberty, I quickly learned to reason, to analyze, to demonstrate ; and lost no opportunity of improving these powers. Did she at any time desire me to ring the bell, to stir the fire, to fetch her keys from the next room, I had an ever-ready argument to offer against a compliance with her request. I examined its propriety, I investigated its origin, I pursued its consequences ; till convinced by the subtlety of my reasoning, or fatigued with following me through a maze of argument, which her inferior capacity did not permit her to pursue, she gave up the point, and quietly rang the bell, stirred the fire, or fetched what she wanted for herself.

‘ The passion for literature to which I was predisposed by the antecedent propensities of my nurse, continued daily to encrease. I expanded my imagination by novels, I strengthened my energies by romances, and at length invigorated my powers by metaphysics.

‘ The manner in which my latent taste for the latter was brought into action, as it forms the fifth grand era of my history, deserves to be particularly narrated.

‘ My mother got a packet of brown snuff from London by the mail-coach ; it was wrapped in  
two

two proof sheets of the quarto edition of the Political Justice. I eagerly snatched up the paper, and notwithstanding the frequent fits of sneezing it occasioned, from the quantity of snuff contained in every fold, I greedily devoured its contents, I read and sneezed, and sneezed and read, till the germ of philosophy began to fructify my soul. From that moment, I became a philosopher, and need not inform you of the important consequences.

‘Still my ardent sensibility led me back to novels. As I read each sweet, delicious tale, I reasoned, I investigated, I moralized. What! said I to myself, shall every heroine of all these numerous volumes have a lover, and shall I remain “a comfortless, solitary, shivering wanderer in the dreary wilderness of human society? I feel in myself the capacity of increasing the happiness of an individual;” but where is he? does he live in this town? have I seen him? how shall I find him? does his breast sympathize with mine? An idea of young Mr. Gabriel Gubbles, the apothecary, came across my mind. Yes, said I, it must be he! I heaved a convulsive struggling sigh. Tears half delicious, half agonizing, gushed in torrents from my eyes. O Gubbles! Gubbles, cried I, my importunate sensibilities, my panting tenderness, are all reserved for thee!

‘I hastily put on my cloak, and snatching up the umbrella, I walked forth to relieve the throbbing sensations of my too tender soul. A heavy cooling shower most opportunely at that moment fell. To quench the burning fervour I let down the umbrella, and was soon wet to the skin. I became somewhat more tranquil, more composed, and proceeded down the street.

I passed the shop of Mr. Gubbles; young Ga-  
briel

briel was there; he was looking into the mouth of an old woman, who sat upon the floor to have a tooth pulled out. The attitude was charming; the scene was interesting; it was impressive, tender, melancholy, sublime. My suffocating sensibilities returned. I pursued my walk, leaning at times upon the umbrella. Careless of the observations of the passengers, who, strangers to the fine feelings of an exquisitely-susceptible mind, wondered at my keeping down the umbrella in such a heavy shower.

‘Wet, dripping, draggled, dirty, I returned to the shop of Gubbles. The old woman was gone. Gabriel was pounding some drugs in the mortar, which sent forth a smell too powerful for my high-wrought frenzied feelings. I threw myself into a chair, and burst into tears. Gabriel Gubbles was astonished. Alarmed, terrified, distracted, at seeing me so ill, he took down bottle after bottle, and held to my nose; he poured out lavender and hartshorn, and presented them to me with a look so embarrassed, so full of feeling, that I exerted myself out of compassion to a sensibility which I observed to be already too much affected.

‘He perceived my wet clothes, and in a voice of uncommon tenderness, begged me to have them changed. Unwilling to give him uneasiness, I promised to do as he requested, and retired.

‘The tenderness of Gubbles inspired the most delightful hope. “The delicious poison circulated through every vein.” I gave myself up to the ardent feelings of a morbid imagination, and thus prepared for myself a cruel excess of wretchedness.” O Julia! Julia! how will your tender soul sympathise with the sufferings of mine, when I tell you, that in one week from the interesting event

event I have just related, I heard of Gabriel Gubbles' marriage !

Here Bridgetina took out her pocket-handkerchief. Having wiped her eyes, she thus proceeded :

‘ How shall I describe my sufferings ! How shall I recount the salt, the bitter tears I shed ! I yearn to be useful, (cried I) but the inexpressible yearnings of a soul which pants for general utility, is, by the *odious institutions of a distempered civilization*, rendered abortive. O divine philosophy ! by thy light I am taught to perceive that happiness is the only true end of existence. To be happy, it is necessary for me to love ! Universal benevolence is an empty sound. It is individuality that sanctifies affection. But chained by the cruel fetters which unjust and detested custom has forged for my miserable and much-injured sex, I am not at liberty to go about in search of the individual whose mind would sweetly mingle with mine. Barbarous fetters ! cruel chains ! odious state of society ! Oh, that the age of reason were but come, when no soft-souled maiden shall sigh in vain !

‘ In this joyless, comfortless, desponding state, I for some time remained. As I never at any time debased myself by household cares, never attended to any sort of work, I always enjoyed the inestimable privilege of leisure. Always idle, always unemployed, the fermentation of my ideas received no interruption. They expanded, generated, increased. The society of the philosophers gave a fresh supply to the fuel of my mind. I became languid, restless, impatient, miserable. But a mind of *great powers* cannot long remain in a state of inactivity ; its sensations are ever ready to be called forth. *The romantic, frenzied feelings*

*kings of sensibility will soon generate an opportunity for their own exertion.*

‘Happening to visit Maria Sydney after the death of her mother, she shewed me a letter she had just received from Henry. The sentiments were so tender, so delicate, so affectionate, I perceived in every word the traces of a mind formed for the pure delightful congeniality of mutual tenderness. A thousand instances of his particular attention to me, the last time he was at home, rushed upon my mind. In going out to walk with his sister through the fields, I remembered having once struck upon the top of a stile, which I vainly endeavoured to get over, till Henry sprung to my assistance, and with manly energetic fervour tore my petticoat from the stump in which it was entangled. Why did I not then perceive the tender emotion of his soul! why was I blind to such a proof of sensibility and affection! The letter, the important eventful letter, roused me from my lethargic slumber; every word thrilled through the fibres of my heart. It awaked the sleeping ecstasies of my soul. I inhaled the balmy sweetness which natural unsophisticated affection sheds through the human heart. O Henry! Henry! cried I, I perceive it is with thine my mind was formed to mingle. Thou art, from henceforth, the sovereign arbiter of my fate!

‘The hour, the wished-for extatic hour of his return at length arrived. Excited by his sensations, he hurried to our house the morning after his arrival; and in his looks, his manner, gave the most unequivocal proofs of the tender sentiments that inspired his mind. But still a mysterious reserve seals his lips. Why does he not speak? Why does he not avow a passion so ennobling, so worthy, so natural, and ah! so fully returned!

turned! Female foibles, shrinking delicacies, why do you make me hesitate to begin the subject? Why should I blush to inform him of my affection? O dear, often-kissed relique! (pulling up something that was suspended by a ribbon from her bosom) precious deposit! chosen confidante of my tenderness! how often hast thou been witness to the convulsive struggling sigh! How often has thy bright face been dimmed by the dear, delicious, agonizing tears, which have stolen from my eyes!

“Is it Henry’s picture?” said Julia; “how did you come by it? Did he present you with it himself?”

“Ah, no!” returned Bridgetina, sighing? “it is a stolen memento; a theft of love. One day, on following his sister into his bed-chamber, while he was out, I cast my eyes upon his clothes, as they hung upon a horse; and perceiving a loose button, which dangled from the coat he had just thrown off, I took my scissors, and severed the thread by which it hung. I retired without being perceived, and pressed the button to my throbbing bosom. O button! button! cried I, in the delicious ardour of exquisite sensibility. Once the dear appendage of thy master’s coat, thou shalt from henceforth be the companion of Bridgetina’s bosom; the solace of her tender sorrows, the confidante of her afflictions! Yes; without reserve she shall murmur all her miseries to thee.”

Here Bridgetina ceased; and Julia (bewildered, as she often was by the illusions of her own imagination) was struck with astonishment at the effects of a similar illusion on the mind of her friend. With regard to Bridgetina, she very quickly perceived the fatal consequences of yielding to the suggestions of a distempered fancy. She  
saw,

saw, that under the idea of cultivating *mind*, she had only been encouraging the mischievous chimeras of a teeming imagination; but never once did it occur to Julia, that she was herself the victim of the very same species of folly. So much easier is it for the mind's eye to pierce the faults of others, than to cast a retrospective glance upon its own.

The good-natured Julia, pitying the delusion of her companion, earnestly wished to save her from the mortification to which it must inevitably expose her. "My dear Bridgetina," said she, in a soft and gentle accent, "you have very much surprised me by the history of your feelings; but I wish—I fear—indeed, I cannot help being very much afraid—that with regard to Henry Sydney, you deceive yourself. If he loves you, why should he not declare it?"

'If he loves me!' repeated Bridgetina. 'Why that cruel *if*? Why should he not love me? What reason can he give? Do you think I have not investigated the subject? Do you think I have not examined every reason, moral and physical, that he could have to offer against returning my passion? Do not think I have learned to philosophise for nothing. But I perceive you are prejudiced,' continued she; 'you do not enter into the fine feelings of an exquisite susceptibility. O divine Heloise! (pulling two volumes from her pocket) thou art the friend, whose sentiments are ever soothing to the sensibilities of a too tender soul! So saying, she put one volume into the hands of Julia, while she began to devour the contents of the other herself.

Julia perceiving how impenetrable she was to reason, took the book, and read till bed-time,  
without

without troubling her with any further remonstrance.

At the hour of retiring to rest, Julia first felt the misfortune of Harriet's absence. The settee on which she now reclined in the day, was to be wheeled into the bed-chamber, and from thence she was to be lifted into bed; in which she had hitherto been so carefully assisted by Harriet, that she had never experienced the smallest inconvenience from the removal. Poor Bridgetina, unused even to assist herself, was too helpless to afford assistance to another; helpless and awkward she stood by, while the nurse and Julia's maid, a simple country girl in so blundering a manner performed their task, that Julia was in some danger of slipping to the ground, and in attempting to assist herself, had the thumb of her right hand sprained in such a degree, that on the following morning she found herself totally incapable of writing the usual billet to her father. It was not without difficulty that she prevailed on Miss Both-erim to become her amanuensis. Nor was this the only instance in which Julia was made to *feel* the absence of Miss Orwell. She now learned by contrast, how much she had been indebted to the judicious management of that active and ingenious young friend. She now first felt the full value of that series of small, quiet attentions, which, from the unostentatious manner in which they had been performed, had passed almost unnoticed; and now first began to suspect, that a well-informed mind, exerting its *powers* to promote the happiness and comfort of those within the reach of its exertions, might be little less usefully employed than in forming speculations upon *general utility*.

CHAP.



fire, that under  
had only been en  
means of a seeming  
did it occur to  
within of the ver  
much easier is it fo  
faults of others, than  
upon its own.

The good-natured  
her companion, earnest  
the mortification to wh  
her. "My dear Bridg  
and gentle accent, "you  
fied me by the history of  
—I fear—indeed, I cannot  
afraid—that with regard  
deceive yourself. If he  
not declare it?"

"If he loves me!" repeated  
that cruel *if*? Why should  
reason can he give? Do you  
wellingtoned the subject? Do  
examined every reason, may  
he could have to offer against  
fion? Do not think I have le  
for nothing. But I perceive  
continued she; "you do not  
feelings of an exquisite suscep  
Helen! (pulling two volumes  
thou art the friend, whose  
soothing to the sensibilities of  
So saying, she put one volume  
Julia, while she began to dev  
the other herself.

Julia perceiving how imper  
reason, took the book, and

without making any  
strange.

At the moment when  
the minister of the  
on which he was  
wheeled in the  
she was not  
hitherto  
she had never  
nience from  
used even to  
ford assistance  
she should be  
simple counsels  
formed their  
of slipping  
assist herself  
sprained in  
morning she  
writing the  
without dissem  
crim to become  
the only instanc  
the absence of  
by contrast, how  
the judicious  
genious young  
value of that  
which, from the  
they had been  
noticed; and  
well-informed  
note the happy  
reach of it  
ly employed  
general will

to communicate that particularly  
repeated Julia, again examining  
of the note, "the result of a conver-  
General Villers had with my father.  
do I know what the subject of that  
was; the intelligence of Lady Page,  
the mean, degrading employment  
eved to be the occupation of Mr.  
doubtless been communicated to  
and my father now believes me ca-  
used even to  
ing on a clandestine correspondence  
resser! What will he think of his  
will his lofty spirit be wounded at  
her baseness? Perhaps he at this  
my name with curses, and execrates  
of casting a foul blot upon his  
ed honour. Never, never will he  
planation. Never, will he be per-  
as but an idle frolic of Vallaton's  
he man who could stoop to such  
the soul of a gentleman. No,  
excellent, unfortunate Vallaton!  
thee more. All hopes of recon-  
thy wishes are at an end. And  
thy image from my heart? Must  
the pleasure of listening to thy  
er more be instructed by thy phi-  
cruel fate! how flat and joy-  
y hours of existence now drag  
loquy of Julia was here inter-  
of steps in the passage: she  
ard her name pronounced by a  
The door opened, and Val-  
red before her.  
emotion of pleasure palpitated  
lia. In Vallaton's countenance

## CHAP. XXV.

"Blest are those,  
 "Whose blood and judgment are so well commingl'd,  
 "That they are not as pipes for fortune's finger,  
 "to play what stop she please."

SHAKESPEARE.

**I**N answer to the billet written by Miss Botherim, Julia received from her mother the following note :—

"My dear Julia,

"We are, you may believe, very much concerned at the unlucky accident which obliged you to make use of the pen of Miss Botherim; but hope, as she says it is only a very slight sprain, that it will soon be well; and beg that you may, for all our sakes, be sure to take proper care of yourself. I am sorry that my cold is still too bad to permit me to see you to-day, as I have something to communicate that particularly concerns you. It is the result of a conversation which General Villers had yesterday with your father, but I have not now time to enter into particulars. I have sent the things you mentioned, and with compliments to Miss Botherim, remain your very affectionate mother,

"E. DELMOND."

"P. S. Your father has had a very good night, and desires his blessing."

"Something

‘Something to communicate that particularly concerns me,’ repeated Julia, again examining the contents of the note, ‘the result of a conversation which General Villers had with my father. Ah! too well do I know what the subject of that conversation was; the intelligence of Lady Page, concerning the mean, degrading employment which she believed to be the occupation of Mr. Vallaton, has doubtless been communicated to the General; and my father now believes me capable of carrying on a clandestine correspondence with a hair-dresser! What will he think of his Julia? How will his lofty spirit be wounded at the surmise of her baseness? Perhaps he at this moment loads my name with curses, and execrates me as the means of casting a foul blot upon his hitherto-unstained honour. Never, never will he listen to my explanation. Never, will he be persuaded that it was but an idle frolic of Vallaton’s youth, or that the man who could stoop to such employment had the soul of a gentleman. No, Vallaton! dear, excellent, unfortunate Vallaton! I must never see thee more. All hopes of reconciling my father to thy wishes are at an end. And must I indeed tear thy image from my heart? Must I never again have the pleasure of listening to thy conversation, never more be instructed by thy philosophy? O cruel, cruel fate! how flat and joyless will the heavy hours of existence now drag on. How—’

The mental soliloquy of Julia was here interrupted by the noise of steps in the passage: she listened: she heard her name pronounced by a well-known voice. The door opened, and Vallaton himself appeared before her.

An involuntary emotion of pleasure palpitated in the heart of Julia. In Vallaton’s countenance she

she beheld the rapturous expression of unbounded joy. He knelt before her couch; he eagerly seized her extended hand, and pressed it to his lips in the same manner which Julia had so often seen described in her favourite romances.

“What an incident!” cried Bridgetina. “Ah! Julia, Julia! how happy are you in having such a lover! He is indeed a Hero!”

After the first extravagant expressions of his joy were exhausted, Vallaton took a chair by Julia, and began to recount, in the most tender accents, the history, of his own sufferings; the agony of his apprehensions for the life of his adored Julia; the torture of suspense; the pangs of absence. But then to have again the extatic felicity of beholding her, of seeing her so much recovered, of being once more permitted to converse with her, to enjoy her conversation without fear of interruption! It was an excess of happiness almost too exquisite for the present imperfect state of nature to support.

“How divinely he speaks!” cried Bridgetina.

Tears of mingled gratitude and tenderness suffused the eyes of Julia. How could she have the cruelty to injure that happiness, to destroy that sweet and exquisite taste of joy? Impossible. “Ah! no. Let him enjoy the sweet delusion of hope for this one short visit! Let me not so soon, so very soon give him back to all the shocking agony of despair! Who knows how dreadful might be the consequences?”

Thus reasoned Julia; and convinced by her own reasoning, that humanity and justice demanded of her this consideration for the *feelings* of Vallaton, she suffered not one word of her father, or the apprehension of his displeasure to escape her lips. She, however, *firmly* resolved not to permit

mit another visit. This she thought a proper sacrifice to duty; but since it was to be the last time, why should she not ask him to stay to tea? Vallaton did not require that the invitation should be repeated.

At length, however, the hour of departure arrived.

Vallaton hoped he might be permitted the pleasure of enquiring after her health to-morrow? The beseeching look, the humble and submissive air with which he spoke, penetrated the gentle heart of Julia. It was probable her mother might not come to-morrow, if she did, it would be in the forenoon; why then might she not see Vallaton in the evening? She might then have an opportunity of acquainting him with her *determined* resolution of submitting to the will of her father. It was not only proper, it was absolutely necessary, that she should see him for that purpose.

During the moment of hesitation, while these thoughts rapidly hurried through her mind, a soft and involuntary sigh escaped from her bosom: with an expression of tender melancholy she raised her fine eyes to Vallaton, and in accents sweeter than the summer's breeze, she desired he would come to tea to-morrow.

He was no sooner gone, than Bridgetina launched out into the most extravagant encomiums on his person and manners, but above all on his *exquisite sensibility*. 'Happy Julia! thou hast *indeed* a lover! O Henry, Henry! when shall I see thee breathing the same tender accents at my feet? Would thou wert endowed with the sensibility of Vallaton!'

When Bridgetina spoke of Henry, Julia perceived

ceived nothing in her discourse but the ravings of a distempered fancy. She pitied the imbecility of her judgment, and deplored the weakness of her perception; but when she uttered the praises of Vallaton, how sensible, how judicious, how just were her remarks! She appeared endowed with uncommon penetration, and was the friend whose congenial mind was most worthy of her confidence. She, she knew, would oppose her intention of sacrificing her inclination to duty, if such a sacrifice should be required; but by combating her arguments, she might herself become more enlightened. She had been told by the philosophers, that views ought to be for ever changing, and that there was nothing so pernicious as *fixed principle*. Perhaps she might have been too hasty in her determination? There could be no harm in canvassing it. If right, it would bear the test of argument; if wrong, it had better be given up. Julia needed not to have given herself the trouble of discussing the propriety of consulting Bridgetina on her affairs. Bridgetina was too much occupied by her own *feelings* to give her the hearing. With various conjectures concerning the motives of Henry's unusual absence, concerning his future plans and prospects, and the reasons which induced his silence, while tender passion, *it was evident*, preyed upon his heart, the tongue of Bridgetina continued to vibrate, till the hour of rest procured for Julia a cessation from its monotonous and unmusical sound.

It was, indeed, the first day that Henry had omitted to enquire for Julia since her unfortunate confinement. The dangerous illness of Mrs. Martha Goodwin might well have accounted for his absence; but of Mrs. Martha, or of the necessity of his attendance upon her, Bridgetina never

never thought. The life of a *prejudiced* old woman was, in her estimation, of little value, when compared with the *importunate sensations of exquisite sensibility*. These ought to have brought Henry to the farm; nor should the illness of any old woman, whose life could not promote the grand object of *general utility*, have detained him for a moment.

Henry was of a different opinion. He had from early infancy experienced from this good lady so much kind attention, that the simple recollection of the notice she took of the *school-boy*, would have been sufficient to have insured the gratitude of the *man*; but to this were added a thousand remembered proofs of the benevolence of her heart, and the excellence of her understanding. She was, besides, the aunt of Harriet; and had to her supplied the place of a mother. From all these united considerations he felt for Mrs. Martha a sort of filial affection and esteem; and with filial sorrow did he now perceive that her disorder was far beyond the reach of human skill.

One evening as she returned from having spent the day with Julia and her niece, she caught cold, by being exposed to a sudden shower; but though she continued indisposed for the whole of the following week, she would not suffer Harriet to be made acquainted with her indisposition. Ever accustomed to consider others more than herself, the thought of the loss that Julia would sustain in being deprived of the society of Harriet, had repressed the desire of her heart, which yearned for the company of her favourite niece—a solace which a strong presentiment assured her she should not long enjoy.

Even when Harriet was (as we have seen) at length sent for, her good aunt was so apprehen-



five of her being too much alarmed on her account, that she earnestly intreated Mari Anne to go to the piano-forte, that the sound of musick, reaching Harriet's ear on her first entrance into the house, might dispel all gloomy apprehensions. Her stratagem in part succeeded, and would have done so most completely, had not Harriet flown to the music-room, where she beheld her sister touching the instrument with her fingers, while her eyes streamed with tears, which as she did not stop to wipe, fell fast upon her hands. At sight of her sister, the young heart of the tender Marianne, unused to suppress its emotions swelled almost to bursting. She flew into the arms of Harriet, and wept and sobbed without restraint upon her neck.

Dr. Orwell entered unperceived. He gently threw his arms round both his lovely daughters, and fondly pressed them to his heart. "My dear girls, (said he) I cannot wonder at your affliction, but your aunt still lives; and it is our duty, as I am persuaded it is your wish, to promote the ease and happiness of her remaining term of life, whatever that may be. To do so effectually, we must suppress the selfish indulgence of our own feelings. We must dry our tears. We must, however painful the task, exert our resolution."

"And is there, then, no hope?" cried Harriet.

"While life remains, there must be some, my love;" replied her father. "But it would embitter the existence of my sister to see you thus. If you would not materially injure her, you must conquer these strong emotions of sorrow—you must be calm."

"I will,

‘I will, I will,’ said Harriet; ‘lead me to her, and you shall see how well I will behave.’

When they entered the apartment of Mrs. Martha, Henry was sitting at a table by the door, writing a prescription. His countenance betrayed his fears.

‘What is my aunt’s disorder?’ said Harriet eagerly, in a low voice, keeping in her breath while she listened for his answer.

“It is an inflammation on her lungs,” replied Henry. “She must be kept very quiet; strong emotion would be injurious to her. Therefore, dear Harriet, be composed.”

The feelings of Harriet were naturally acute. Her sensations of pain and pleasure, of grief and joy, were keen and lively; but education and habit had now so well taught passion to submit to the control of reason, that she was ever mistress of herself. The alteration which she perceived in the countenance of her beloved friend, gave her the severest shock she had ever yet experienced. She, however, neither screamed, nor fainted, nor fell into hysterics, but sat down quietly by her aunt’s bed-side, and attentively listened to every word she uttered, and watched every motion of her eyes, as well as the tears which she could not restrain, but which fell in silence, would permit. She sat up with her all night, which her aunt (who was sensible she would have suffered more by leaving her) did not oppose.

At the request of her aunt, Harriet read to her a select portion of the New Testament; it was the last discourse of our Saviour to his disciples, as recorded by St. John. When she had finished, “My dear Harriet,” said the dying aunt, in a voice which seemed inspired with new energy as she spoke, “My dear, dear Harriet! if ever, in

the course of life, a sceptical doubt should be suggested to your mind under the false colour of philosophy, *think of this night*. Recollect the comfort your dying friend received from these last words of her beloved Master. Remember, how in these awful moments she was supported by the firm hopes of immortality. Oh, my sweet child ! could I but make you sensible of the peace, the ineffable peace, that at this moment soothes my heart, you would not be so selfish as to weep. I would, indeed, for your sake, have been contented to have lived a little longer. You are in a situation that requires the guiding hand of experience ; but I leave you under the protection of an all-powerful God, who has given you a father, worthy not only of your filial affection, but of your unbounded confidence and friendship. I have, however, in the prospect of the event that I feel will now soon take place, employed the leisure moments of the last three days in arranging upon paper my thoughts upon a subject which nearly concerns your peace. Read it with attention. It is the last memento of affection. Do not grieve so, my sweetest, best of girls ! do not murmur at a change which is for me full of hope and joy ! I would say more—but am fatigued, and must try to obtain repose.”

Harriet found it very difficult to suppress her emotion, but she nevertheless succeeded, and did not disturb the succeeding silence by one articulate sigh.

In the morning Doctor Sydney found his patient so very ill, that he earnestly recommended sending to a town, about eight miles distant, for further medical advice. His desire was immediately complied with by Doctor Orwell, and about two o'clock the same day the physician, who

who was a gentleman of great and deserved celebrity, arrived. He no sooner saw the patient, than he frankly declared there were no hopes. 'Doctor Sydney had (he said) already ordered every possible remedy; and all he could now do, was to recommend a repetition of what had been already done.'

The sentence was as afflictive to the affectionate friends of the good old lady, as if it had been wholly unexpected. In the deep sorrow painted upon every countenance, she plainly read the opinion of the physician; but it had upon her a very different effect from that which it had produced upon her friends. She became more animated, more cheerful, and collected.

"Who would have thought, (said she, smiling) that all this concern should appear about a poor, solitary old maid? Alas! how abortive are the designs and desires of mortals! How many may join in the song of Mary, and say, 'Behold, the hungry are filled with good things, and the rich are sent empty away!' How many have married from the apprehension of a desolate old age, have had their hopes crowned by a numerous family, and yet have had their eyes closed by the unfeeling hand of a mercenary or a stranger. Whilst I—O my gracious God! how different hast thou made my lot!—Yes, my children, I feel all your affection, all your tenderness; it is a cordial, a balmy cordial to my heart."

'Oh, my aunt!' cried Harriet, kissing her cold hand; 'my more than mother! what do we not owe you!'

Marianne, unable to stifle the loud sobs which rose from her tender heart, hid her face in the bed clothes, and gave vent to her feelings. It was a first-fruit offering to sorrow, ardent and sincere. Her aunt perceived, but saw it would

be in vain to check, her emotions; and therefore did not seem to observe them. She asked for drink, which, when Harriet reached, she found her own hands unable to raise to her head. Harriet held the cup to her lips, she drank it off, and then with a pleasant smile, said, "And now, my good friends, tell me how much the better should I at this moment be, if I had been born heiress to fifty thousand pounds? Or if double that sum were now in my possession, would my bed be easier, or my beverage taste the sweeter? I was born to no fortune. I never was mistress of any. Cordial friendship has been my rich inheritance, and my patrimony the protecting favour of the Most High! Blessed be the name of that merciful God, who from my earliest youth has been my hope, and my stay, and who is now about to my portion for ever! Amen, amen!" As she said these words, she clasped her hands upon her bosom, and shutting her eyes, remained as if in mental prayer.\* Henry alone perceived that she was gone for ever.

We shall pass over the succeeding scene in silence. To those whose hearts have already been lacerated by the last sigh of a friend, the description would be superfluous. By those who have never witnessed a scene of sorrow, it would not be understood. Suffice it then to say, that a more sincere or tender tribute of grief was never paid to the memory of excellence.

Maria Sydney flew to the consolation of her friends. She had herself lately mourned the loss of  
of

\* Such, my young reader, is the picture of a death-bed; not drawn from imagination, but from *real life*. It is a faithful transcript taken from the record of memory. Who can read it, and not exclaim with the son of Balak, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

of a parent; and what so well qualifies us for the tender offices of sympathy, as the experience of affliction? Her good father was never a stranger in the house of mourning; and as for Henry, his tears mingled with the tears of Harriet, and his whole heart seemed to share in her sorrow. Nor was his sympathy confined to Harriet, neither did she entirely engross his attention: he was to Dr. Orwell, upon this occasion, as a son; and never are the tender offices of friendship so gratefully acknowledged by the heart, as when pride and vanity (those repellers of social affection) are annihilated by the stroke of sorrow. If the heart of the father were penetrated by the tender attentions of Henry, could the heart of the daughter be insensible to their value? Surely not: our readers will not suppose it.

The letter, mentioned by Mrs. Martha, was found in her bureau, addressed to Harriet; but it was not till after the elapse of several days, that she could prevail upon herself to read it. At length, shutting herself up in her own apartment, she took it out, dropped a tear upon the seal, opened it, and read as follows:

"Before my beloved Harriet peruses this paper, the hand that writes it will have been lent to mingle with its parent dust the heart that dictates, will have ceased to beat; but the spirit, which animates and informs it, will still exist; and no idea of any state of existence can I at present form to my mind, in which the interest I take in the happiness of those now so dear to my heart, can be forgotten. If recollection and intelligence remain, that interest can never cease. Perhaps I may still be permitted to watch over my darling child. Perhaps—but in vain do I endeavour to penetrate the veil so wisely drawn; in vain I weary myself with conjectures; a little,

a very little time will put me fully in possession of the awful secret.

“Certain, however, that whatever you may be to me, to you I must inevitably be soon, as to this life, lost—I would employ the little strength that is yet left me, in the manner that may best obviate that loss to my dear children.

“Offspring of a beloved sister! dear pledges of her affection! committed to my care by her dying breath; ye are witnesses of the manner in which I have endeavoured to supply to you a mother’s care, a mother’s tenderness. From the mansions of the blessed she now beholds you, pure as her own unspotted soul! She sees the amiable dispositions that inspired her own breast, renewed in yours; and if aught below can add to the happiness of angelic spirits, hers is increased by the promise of your virtues!

“You, my Harriet, are now arrived at a period which may possibly fix the happiness of your future life. Hitherto all has been the sunshine of peace, the uninterrupted serenity of domestic bliss. But I now behold you about to launch upon a dangerous ocean, where hidden rocks and quick-sands may shipwreck all your hopes. Consider this letter as a chart by which you may steer your course, as to avoid the most fatal dangers of the voyage.

“Your mind is cultivated, your heart is sincere. Pious, affectionate, benevolent, and pure, the love of virtue now reigns the ruling passion of your breast. But the love of virtue, however ardent and sincere, will not always be sufficient to keep us in her true and proper path. Imagination is for ever raising a bewildering mist, which distorts every object in such a manner, that the path of passion is often mistaken for the road of virtue; nor is the mistake discovered, till cruel

disap-

disappointment and bitter sorrow point out, too late, the fatal error. A philosopher, who, it may be presumed, spoke from experience, tells us, 'that when the heart is barred against the passions while they present themselves in their own form, they put on the mask of wisdom to attack us by surprise; they borrow the language of reason to seduce us from her maxims.'\*

"Our sex is more particularly exposed to this illusion. Our whole course of education is, in general, calculated to give additional force to the power of imagination, and to weaken, in a correspondent degree, the influence of judgment. You, my Harriet, have in this respect an advantage over many of your sex. You have been early instructed in the necessity of submitting the passions to the authority of reason; you have learned to control the throbbing tumult of the heart, when it beats for selfish sorrows; and by directing your attention to the real sufferings of others, you have been taught to estimate your own, not by the exaggerated representations of self-love, but by the eternal rules of impartial truth and justice. Your mind has not been suffered to run wild in the fairy field of fiction; it has been turned to subjects of real and permanent utility. And yet, my Harriet, with all these advantages on your side, much I fear me, that passion has already gained an influence over your heart, which may cost you many pangs to break. That conscious heart (if I am not much mistaken) at this moment anticipates the mention of Henry Sydney's name. Yes, my dearest niece, I have seen the progress this amiable young man has made in your affections; nor can I wonder, that a disposition and virtues so similar to your  
own



own should have made an impression on your unguarded heart.

“ Henry, I confess, is worthy of you ; I know no man so truly worthy of my Harriet (and how in higher terms can I speak his eulogium ?) But, alas ! my dear, the beautiful union of congenial souls is a sight seldom to be beheld on earth !

“ Henry is genteelly educated, he is respectably connected ; but Henry *is poor*—he cannot marry without a fortune ; it would in him be folly in the extreme to do so, as certain ruin must be the inevitable consequence.

“ What then, supposing it to be mutual, is to become of this romantic passion ?

“ Experience bids me tell you, that if Henry leave W—— without any declaration of his love, he will, like many other men, equally amiable and equally beloved, in the bustle of the world, lose by degrees this (at present) strong impression, and at length in other connections forget the attachment of his youth.

“ If, impelled by passion, he seeks before his departure to bind you in the solemn tie of an engagement, how injurious to the future peace of both may this imprudent engagement prove ? That mixture of affection, gratitude, and esteem, which constitutes the greater part of the passion in the breast of woman, is a sentiment increased by absence, and fostered by imagination in the bosom of retirement. But, alas ! in the other sex as the passion is generally less pure, so it is naturally less permanent. Whatever engagements Henry forms, I make no doubt a principle of honour will compel him to fulfil. But on such terms could my Harriet be happy ? Could she be happy in being united to a man who, perhaps, at the very moment of that union was the prey of regret, or at least who had exchanged the sensations

tions of tenderness for the chilling cold of indifference? I know she could not.

“I have proceeded upon the supposition of Henry’s attachment being at present real and sincere; but even in this respect, my Harriet, we may be mistaken. Henry may prefer your society to that of any other young woman in the small circle of W——, and yet be far from harbouring any sentiment warmer than esteem. Should you be convinced of this, (and you are not so much the slave of vanity as to repel the conviction) I have little to fear for you. Every sentiment of delicacy would, in this case, aid the dictates of judgment; and passion, all powerful as it is by imagination represented to be, would quickly be annihilated.

“If love is to be thus easily conquered by the suggestions of pride, why should it resist the remonstrances of reason? Alas! because self-love rejects her salutary counsel. Self-love, ever the advocate of the present passion, represents her dominion as eternal, and her overthrow as impossible. Listen not to her delusive voice, or believe any thing impossible to virtue.

“Instead of supinely deploring the circumstances which render the encouragement of this passion improper, exert your mind to consider them with attention. Let not imagination alter their form, or under the specious but false hope of some unforeseen behest of fortune, divert your attention from the contemplation of reality. If power were granted me to make you happy in the way your heart would dictate, how should I rejoice in procuring for you the accomplishment of your wishes! But is, then, your Heavenly Father less benevolent and kind? No: his goodness is infinite; but his wisdom is infinite also! What to my weak and limited apprehension might

appear

appear the means of happiness, Divine Wisdom may perceive to be the very reverse. Before Him lies the whole succession of events, which are to fill up your existence. It is in his power to arrange and model them at his pleasure ; and so to adapt one thing to another, as to fulfil his promise of making all *work together for good to those who love Him*. Were this life intended for our ultimate scene of enjoyment, we may from the provision we see made for the inferior creation, be convinced that our innocent inclinations should not be thwarted in their course. But can we who believe it only a probationary state, in which we are to be fitted and prepared for the enjoyment of a superior one, can we be surprised, if here we do not meet the fruition of our wishes ? If resignation were not a necessary trial of our virtue, can we believe that we should be so frequently called on to resign ?

“ Doth wisdom, then, exact a gloomy direliction of the pleasures of life ? Because the cup of enjoyment be not always filled exactly as our foolish fancies would direct, are we with peevishness to dash it from our lips ? Ah ! no. The heart that is properly impressed with a sense of the Divine goodness, and firmly persuaded of the Divine superintendence, will not refuse to taste of the blessings by which it is surrounded, because the fancied good on which imagination doated, has been withheld. It is pride and infidelity that produce the querulous murmurs of discontent. By resigning the events of our life to Him whose all-seeing eye can alone survey the whole of our existence, we double every enjoyment, we enhance the value of every blessing. In teaching our hearts to yield a ready acquiescence to *his* will, we equally divest of its sting the dart of death, and

and the sharper (O how much sharper!) arrow of disappointment!

“Think not that this is the language of declamation. No, my Harriet, it is the sober dictate of experience. Time has not taught me to forget the cruel pang of disappointed love, but it has taught me to rejoice in the disappointment that cost me once so dear. Nor is it only in this awful moment, when “standing on eternity’s dread brink,” the objects of former interest necessarily lessening on the view, that this conviction has been impressed upon my heart. No; it has for years been the subject of my gratitude and thankfulness to the Supreme Director of events. I have seen, that, in spite of myself, I could be blessed; and have been long taught to acknowledge the possibility of being made happy in another way besides my own; nay, happy in the very loss of that in which I foolishly imagined all happiness to be comprised. I do not say that this was the work of a moment; but I can say with truth, that I attribute much of the tranquillity and real happiness of my after life to a proper improvement of my disappointment.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

“By struggling with passion, I invigorated my virtue; by subduing it, I exalted the empire of reason in my breast. I learned to take a different view of life and its pursuits. I no longer cherished the idea, that all happiness was comprised in prosperous love; and that the lives of such as were united by the tender bonds of mutual affection, must inevitably be crowned with *unclouded felicity*. A course of visits to two or three couples of my acquaintance, who had *married for love,*

*love*, sufficiently convinced me of the fallacy of this opinion.

“Still the forlorn state of celibacy, the neglect, the ridicule to which it is exposed, threw at times a temporary damp upon my spirits, and might, perhaps, have betrayed me into that discontent, which is, alas ! but too often visible in ancient maidens, had not I learned fairly to look my situation in the face, and boldly to examine how far the opinion of the world (that is to say, of the silly, the thoughtless, and the insignificant) ought to affect my happiness.

“I perceived, that the conscious dignity of the being who endeavours to fulfil the duties of humanity, and to make progressive improvement in knowledge and in virtue, ought to be superior to situation ; and by degrees lost all anxiety about *appearing happy*, in the consciousness of being really so. In the approbation of my own conscience ; in the endearments of friendship ; in the gratitude of those I have endeavoured to serve, or to comfort ; and in that undisturbed peace which is the exclusive privilege of the unmarried ; I have found an ample recompence for the mortification of hearing myself called *Mrs. Martha*.

“Think not, my Harriet, that by any thing I have said, it is my intention to recommend to you a determined resolution of remaining in the single state. All I mean is, to convince you that it is not simply in *situation* to make us either happy or miserable ; to impress upon your mind a conviction of the possibility of conquering the most deeply-rooted and fondly cherished passion ; and to assure you, that the notion of its being impracticable is both false and foolish.

“If, upon a candid and impartial view of the circumstances to which I have alluded, you perceive the necessity of banishing from your bosom  
a passion

a passion which may lead to the destruction of your peace ; I trust you have more strength of mind, more real virtue, fortitude, and courage, than to shrink from the painful task. Depending on this, I shall not throw away the time that is now to me so precious, in adducing any further arguments to prove the necessity of this dereliction of your present affection ; but shall while strength permits, give you a few instructions concerning the most efficacious mode of proceeding, in order to ensure a victory.

“ In the first place, I would earnestly advise you never to make a confidante of the passion prudence bids you conquer. At the description of our own feelings, imagination takes fire, while the appearance of sympathy feeds the consuming and destructive flame. Few, very few, have sufficient virtue to oppose the current of a friend’s desires ; nor is it probable, that those who have will be often chosen for bosom confidantes. In disburthening our hearts, we seem rather more solicitous to obtain a sanction to our passions, than to be put upon a method of conquering them ; and I can say from experience, in looking back upon my past life, that I never did any thing which on cool reflection I had reason to regret, to which I was not spurred on by the injudicious advice of some too zealous friend.

“ I would, therefore, recommend to my dear girl to avoid the dangerous condolence of a tender and sympathetic mind. Should your heart ever feel depressed from struggling with its emotions ; should your spirits be inclined to sink, and imagination prompt you to believe that your own sufferings exceed the sufferings of your fellow-mortals ; seek not to dissipate this gloom in scenes of amusement, which will only increase your melancholy—but turn your steps to the house of  
sorrow

forrow—fly to comfort the afflicted—to bind up the wounds of the broken in heart ; and when you contemplate the real miseries of life, you will blush at having grieved for fancied ills. Oh, may never deeper sorrow wound the heart of my beloved child !

“ Since the events of life are placed beyond our reach, since it is so seldom in our power to regulate them to our wishes, it is the wisest part we can pursue, to regulate our desires in such a manner as may prevent our becoming the prey of discontent, and losing the enjoyment of the blessings that are left us, in perverse and abortive murmurs at inevitable destiny. I have heard many different methods of obtaining this desirable frame of mind recommended to our use ; but upon trial have found all to fail, except an humble and heart-felt confidence in the over-ruling providence of our great Creator.

“ Fear not, then, my beloved child, to commit the events of your life to the care of that Heavenly Father, without whose knowledge even a sparrow falls not to the ground. If your desires are fulfilled, accept it as a boon from Him who alone can turn it to a blessing. If your wishes are disappointed, by the previous solemn dedication of your will disappointment will be divested of its bitterness, in the struggle of contending passions, the heart that is determined to submit to no law but that of duty, will ever come off victorious ; but the victory will be doubly easy, when the prevailing motive is armed with the strength of the Most High.

“ I know there are, who in the hey-day of health and spirits, would scoff at this, as the mere effusions of enthusiasm ; but when they shall arrive at the close of life—when, like me, they shall stand on the threshold of eternity—when,

“— from

“ — from the tomb  
 “ Truth, radiant goddess! fallies on their soul,  
 “ And puts Delusion’s dusky train to flight,”

depend on it. their derision will be at an end.

“ My strength is exhausted. I can hold my pen no longer. Adieu! dearest, best of girls! adieu. May we meet in the regions of everlasting felicity! and till then may the God of mercies take thee under his protection!

“ Amen! and farewell!

M. G.”

## CHAP. XXVI.

“ Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
 “ Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
 “ More than cool reason ever comprehends.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ **Y**OUR cold is better, this morning, my dear;” said Captain Delmond to his wife, as she poured out his chocolate.

“ I think it is;” replied Mrs. Delmond.

“ The day appears to be remarkably fine;” said Captain Delmond, looking towards the road that led to the farm.

“ It is a very good day;” answered his wife.

“ I think a walk would be of service to you, my dear;” said the Captain.

“ Perhaps it might;” replied Mrs. Delmond.

“ It is a long time since you have seen poor Julia;” said the Captain.

“ It will be a week on Thursday;” said Mrs. Delmond.

If the reader never has had any acquaintance with the race of the *Torpids*, he will naturally conclude



conclude, that dear Mrs. Delmond was either so intent upon making breakfast, or had her mind so occupied by some subject of importance, that the meaning of her husband in all these several hints concerning the weather, &c. entirely escaped her observation.

“ Mrs. Delmond, however, was neither absent nor stupid. She was perfectly well acquainted with her husband’s meaning from the first, and before she came to breakfast, had determined to visit Julia as soon as it was over. But the frank communication of her design would, perhaps, have afforded too much pleasure to her husband, and might have produced that unclouded cheerfulness, which at the time of meals is by many people deemed so prejudicial to health. Forming our opinion from observation, we should believe it to be a part of the medical creed of many wise personages, that the motion of the juices of the stomach, so necessary to the process of digestion, is happily augmented and assisted by a due proportion of what is called *fretting*. Nor can we sufficiently admire the tender care that is taken by many heads of families, in the due administration of this powerful stimulant, to all who have the happiness of sharing in their family repasts.

Whether Mrs. Delmond had actually studied this theory, we have never been able to learn; but as far as her powers could extend, she frequently put it in practice. These powers, it is true, were very circumscribed. She could not, by breaking into a violent passion because the fowls had got three turns too much or too little, promote the digestion of those who had the pleasure of sitting at her table. She could neither fret nor fume, nor swear at the cook for the health of her friends, (a privilege reserved for us lords of the creation;) she could only contrive to smother the blaze of cheerful-

cheerfulness ; by a look of pensive sadness, or an apropos reprimand to the attendant, in the very middle of some good story of her husband's, or some lively fally of her daughter's, to which she saw him attending with uncommon glee. She now observed, that he wished to talk of Julia ; and though her own inclination would have led her to the same subject, she, out of pure regard (no doubt) to his digestion, resolved to baulk his intention, and to introduce some other topic of discourse. She talked of the foot having fallen down the kitchen chimney. " Why, then, I suppose it is time to have it swept," said the Captain.

' It is but a month since it was swept,' said Mrs. Delmond, ' and I do not see the good of having it swept again.'

" What, then, would you have done with it ?" said Captain Delmond.

' I do not know, indeed,' replied the lady.

" I wish," said the Captain, " you would take a walk to visit Julia to-day. I have been thinking of her all night. This proposal of Major Minden's—"

' Pray pull the bell,' said Mrs. Delmond.

" For what ?" said the Captain, somewhat testily.

' Only to take the things,' replied Mrs. Delmond.

" The things may stand," said the Captain, taking his hand from the bell. " I was speaking of this proposal of Major Minden's : it is a serious business, the happiness of our dear girl's life may depend upon it. His fortune is great, his family is honourable ; but I cannot help wishing that we knew something more of his temper and dispositions. His manners are pleasing, and his countenance has the appearance of much good-

good-humour: don't you think so, my dear?"

'I did not take much notice of it,' said Mrs. Delmond.

"Do you think it will be proper to mention the affair to Julia?" said the Captain.

"I really do not know," said Mrs. Delmond.

"I think it will," said the Captain, "I have ever disliked concealment. It appears to me to have something in it disingenuous and dishonourable, and is seldom, very seldom necessary. It is the mean trick of timid and dastardly minds, and does more mischief in the world than ever was achieved by blunt sincerity. Inform her, then, my dear; but at the same time assure her that—" Here the maid entered, Mrs. Delmond continued to address her in an under-voice, while she cleared the breakfast-table, and then getting up, bade her husband good-bye, and went to prepare herself for her walk.

She found Julia wonderfully better than when she had seen her last, though her spirits were now more languid than she had at that time observed them.

Julia, who expected every moment that her mother would mention Vallaton, found her heart palpitate as often as she observed her about to open her lips. She soon perceived, however, that the presence of Bridgetina presented an obstacle to Mrs. Delmond, who was not well enough acquainted with that young lady to speak of family matters before her without restraint. Julia, therefore, delicately hinted to her friend, that she wished to have some conversation with her mother in private—but in vain. Every hint was lost on Bridgetina, whose mind was so completely occupied in discussion and investigation of abstract theory, as to be totally lost to the perception of all that was obvious to common observation. Just as those

those whose optics, by being constantly employed on distant objects, lose the power of seeing whatever comes close to the eye.

Perceiving that Bridgetina would not move, Julia had recourse to whispering, and at length, in a very low and tremulous voice, asked Mrs. Delmond whether she had not something to communicate?

"Yes," replied her mother, "I have a great many things to tell you, but not before Miss Botherim."

'She is reading,' said Julia, 'and will not take any notice.'

"You are then going to be married," said Mrs. Delmond, in a long whisper.

'Heavens!' said Julia, 'what my dear mother, do you mean? Indeed, indeed, you do me injustice; I never will do any thing without my father's full and free consent.'

"But he has your father's consent," whispered Mrs. Delmond.

'Has!' repeated Julia in extacy, 'has my father's consent! impossible. How? where? which way did it come about? It is surely all a dream, an enchanting vision: O tell me quickly how it happened.'

"General Villers brought him yesterday to our house," replied Mrs. Delmond, "and spoke of him so highly to your father, when he proposed the business to him——"

'General Villers then proposed it!' exclaimed Julia.

"Yes," returned her mother, "it was General Villers that spoke for him; and got your father's consent that he should visit you as a lover. So you must make haste and get well, for you see what awaits you."

'It

‘It is wonderful!’ said Julia. ‘But how good it was of the dear General! and how delicate to make sure of my father’s consent, before he made any direct proposals to myself.’

“It was very proper to be sure;” said Mrs. Delmond.

‘It is false reasoning;’ cried Bridgetina aloud, throwing down the book with great vehemence upon the window-seat. ‘Julia has done nothing wrong; nothing that is not, on every abstract principle of virtue, laudable, and praise worthy, and meritorious.’

“And pray, who says any thing against her?” said Mrs Delmond.

‘Yes replied Bridgetina, ‘the false prejudices of the world condemn her conduct. Nor is she herself sublimed and purified from every taint of the odious prejudices of society. Else, why this remorse, why these tears?’

“I hear of no remorse; I see no tears;” said Mrs. Delmond.

‘It is plain, Madam, you have never read the second volume with attention.’

“The second volume of what?” replied Mrs. Delmond.

‘The second volume of the divine Heloise;’ said Bridgetina.

“Indeed I never read a word of it;” said Mrs. Delmond, “I declare I thought you meant my Julia.”

‘No,’ said Bridgetina; ‘Julia is to be sure very much enlightened, but she has not yet attained the sublime heights of Heloise.’

“I know nothing about her,” said Mrs. Delmond. “But I perceive it is time for me to think of returning home; so, farewell, Julia! I shall tell your father that you are not averse to the subject mentioned by the General.”

‘Tell him,’ said Julia, ‘that my heart is penetrated with his goodness, and that I am ready to do whatever he pleases. Never can I be ungrateful for his tenderness—for his dear concern for my happiness!’

Mrs. Delmond was no sooner gone, than Bridgetina began a dissertation upon the mistaken notion of gratitude; wondering how a person, so well informed as Julia, could be guilty of such a monstrous error.

‘I know I have been convinced again and again, by the arguments of philosophy,’ replied Julia, ‘that gratitude is contrary to the principles of justice, which alone ought to govern our conduct; but I cannot tell how it is—it seems to spring so naturally to my heart, that I know not how to conquer it.’

Mr. Vallaton, punctual to the appointed hour, presented himself in the evening. The fine eyes of Julia sparkled at his approach. The roses which had been banished by confinement from her cheeks, revived with redoubled lustre, and gave fresh animation to one of the most expressive and beautiful countenances the hand of nature ever formed. The tumult of her spirits was not now, as on the day before, excited by a mixture of tender regret and bitter self-reproach. The sanction of her father’s approbation had chased every painful emotion from her heart; and the flutter of spirits with which she expected the eclatissement from Vallaton’s lips, was, perhaps, the most pleasurable sensation she had ever in her life experienced.

Vallaton was, on his part, highly gratified by the manner of his reception; and resolving to improve the present favourable disposition of his mistress, urged the subject of his passion

with all the eloquence of which he was master. He was equally surprised and delighted to find that Julia no longer opposed his suit by the apprehended displeasure of her father. She, indeed, never mentioned her father's name; for perceiving how it was avoided by Vallaton, and attributing his silence to the exquisite delicacy of his affection, which would be indebted to her heart alone for success, she resolved to indulge him at the expence of her curiosity, which turned to know by what means he had induced the General to plead his cause.

While Julia in sweet confusion listened to her lover's vows, of which in silent modesty she smiled her approbation, the heart of Bridgetina swelled with vexation, not unmixed with envy, at the superior happiness of her friend. Finding the attention of Vallaton too much engrossed by his fair mistress, to give her any hopes of a metaphysical argument, she betook herself to the garden; and there in sweet soliloquy she gave vent to the tender sorrows of her gentle bosom.

"Ah! miserable, deplorable, odious, and wretched state of society! (cried she) in which every woman cannot find a lover equally ardent and equally amiable. Sweet sensibilities! delicious tenderness! Why do I sigh for you in vain? Ah! why was my cruel lot cast in such a dismal country? Why was I doomed to come into the world in such an age? Why was I born when an absurd, an unnatural institution ties up the hearts of men, and every nobler feeling becomes petrified, and worm-eaten, and mouldy, on the uncomeatable shelf of marriage? This is the cause, ye gods! this is the cause——"

Hare a seasonable shower of tears came to her relief; and seating herself down upon the bank of

of a small stream that ran at the bottom of the garden, she increased its waters by the pearly torrent from her eyes, in as sensible a degree as ever brook was swelled from a similar source. For an exact measurement of the height to which rivers have been swain by such incidents, and other minute description of the phenomena, we refer our readers to the poets; and shall content ourselves with observing, that in this, as in similar instances, it happened that the peccant humours which had risen to the eyes, from the region of the heart, were no sooner carried fairly down the stream, than the patient experienced relief.

It would be unpardonable to neglect the opportunity that now presents itself of offering a hint to our very much respected friends, the experimental philosophers; to whose serious consideration we would very earnestly recommend a minute investigation of the facts so often recorded in the works of celebrated writers. From these authors sufficient data may be obtained for an exact calculation of the greatest height to which any river was ever known to rise by the fall of a single shower of tears; but much subject for investigation will still remain. It is not enough to know how far the waters upon such occasions actually do rise; it is still to be ascertained, by a set of repeated thermometrical observations, what is the exact increase of heat that it experiences from the said shower. And a very careful analyzation must likewise be performed, to know *with certainty* the difference of the component parts of *salt tears*, and *bitter tears*, and *sweet tears*, and *sweet bitter tears*, and *salt-delicious tears*, and *tears half-delicious*, *half-agonizing*, &c. &c. upon which

M 2

a very



a very pretty neat course of experiments might undoubtedly be made; and if recorded with philosophical accuracy, and ornamented with a sufficient quantity of technical terms, (distinguishing, for the benefit of the unlearned readers, the phlogistic from the antiphlogistic) would make a very learned, useful, and entertaining pocket volume. With this hint, for which we are conscious of meriting the thanks of our fellow-citizens, we shall conclude the chapter.

---

## CHAP. XXVII.

“ His words replete with guile,  
“ Into her heart too easy entrance won—

“ Impregn’d  
“ With reason to her seeming, and with truth.”

MILTON.

WHEN Mrs. Delmond returned to her own house, she found Mrs. Gubbles with the Captain, who was amusing himself with the domestic anecdotes of a neighbouring family; a species of information for which he could not have applied to a superior source. No one, however, could have half the pleasure in hearing any piece of news, that this generous woman experienced in communicating it. The delight she took in adding to the general stock of information was, indeed, so great, so truly disinterested, that it was not at all affected by the nature of the intelligence she had to give; as whether that was sorrowful or pleasant, it was communicated by her with equal alacrity and cheerfulness.

No

No-sooner did the account of Mrs. Martha Goodwin's death reach her ears, than hastily throwing on her cloak, which always hung upon a nail in the corner of the room to be in readiness upon such occasions, she sallied out to communicate the news of the mournful event to her neighbours.

She first called on Mrs. Botherim; but, alas! she was there too late; Mrs. Botherim had heard of it before. So, after settling with her the day of the funeral, and debating for some time upon the exact age of the deceased; the amount of her little fortune; the number of her gowns, petticoats, and stockings; and the probability that the maid would come in for a good share of these articles of apparel; which, no doubt, the Miss Orwells would be too proud to wear; she took her leave, and proceeded to Captain Delmond's, where she had the satisfaction of being the first to relate the loss the society of W——had sustained in the death of one of its worthiest members.

"She was an excellent woman," said the Captain, "and will be a very great loss to the family. She has been quite a mother to the young ladies, and was deservedly beloved by them."

"Oh yes, to be sure she was," said Mrs. Gubbles. "She was indeed a very good sort of a body, though a little particular in her way. I always thought it was a mighty odd whim, her never playing at cards; for my part, I have never no ideer of them there particularities; for, says I, what is it that can make any one make themselves so particular, says I, but pride?"

"She used to excuse herself on account of the weakness of her eyes," said Captain Delmond.

'Take my word for it, that was all a sham;' replied Mrs. Gubbles. 'Her eyes, indeed! why she could pore upon books for the matter of a whole morning. Never tell me that she could not have played at cards every bit as well, if she had had a mind. No, no; it was all nothing but the pride of being thought wiser than other people.'

"She was very kind to the poor," said Captain Detmond. "I have heard of her visiting their cottages, and kindly soothing their afflictions by her sympathy, when she could in no other way relieve them."

'Ay, poor body,' said Mrs. Gubbles, 'she had nothing else to do. People who have families to look after must spend their time, aye and their money too, in another guise way. But what do you think of young Mr. Churchill's good luck?

"I know nothing of it," said Captain Detmond.

'Have you not heard of his old grand-uncle's death?'

"No, I never heard a word of it," replied the Captain.

'Bless me! well; now, that is surprising. I could have told you of it a week ago. Yes, yes, the old miserly hunk is gone at last. He never did no good to nobody when living; but he has left a pretty fortune behind him, I warrant you; as good as fifteen hundred pounds a year in landed estate, besides a mint of money in them there funds, as they are called. It all goes, every farthing of it, to the young gentleman; and a very pretty, sweet young gentleman he is, as I ever feed in my life. Well, well, we shall see, but I know what I expect. If he is not over head and

ears in love with your daughter Miss Julia, I give you leave to say I knows nothing.'

"With my daughter, Julia?" repeated Capt. Delmond. "How do you come to think so?"

'O,' returned Mrs. Gubbles, 'let me alone; I saw it all well enough, I warrant ye. When he was down last summer, and so much with young Dr. Sydney, though he was no doctor then, neither; I saw well enough how much he was taken with Miss Julia. Did I not see them together, when they came with a heap of other company to the fruit-gardens, at the Old Abbey, of a Sunday evening? Did not I perceive how the young gentleman singled out Miss Julia, and went always round to her side, and chose out the very nicest of the plumbs and the apricots for her?"

"Pugh! that's a great while ago," said Capt. Delmond.

'Long as it is,' rejoined Mrs. Gubbles, 'the young gentleman has not forgotten it, I warrant ye. It was but a few days before his grand-uncle died, that he came post from London, and the very next day he came to our shop himself to give orders about some medicines. He no sooner saw me, than he bowed, and spoke so genteelly, not pretending, as many of our saucy fine gentlemen would have done, to forget my name. "But, Mrs. Gubbles, says he, I think, says he, Mrs. Gubbles, I had the pleasure of seeing you at the Abbey-gardens last summer; it is a very charming spot, says he." "Yes, says I, sir, that it is to be sure, says I; I dare say, says I, you remember Miss Delmond? Poor, dear young lady, what a terrible misfortune has befallen her!" "A misfortune! says he;" "and as I live he turned as white as my apron; and when I told him all the particulars of the whole business, he looked

so sorrowful and so melancholy! He clean forgot his grand-uncle, and would have gone away without the medicines he was in such haste for when he came in, if the boy had not run after him on purpose.

Here the entrance of Mrs. Delmond changed the subject of the conversation, which, however, made a deep impression on the Captain's mind. Mrs. Gubbles had no sooner taken her leave, than he anxiously enquired in what manner Julia had received the intelligence of Major Minden's declaration.

'She seemed quite delighted with it,' said Mrs. Delmond. 'I never saw her look so pleased at any thing in my life: she was even thankful to the *dear General*, as she called him, for speaking in the Major's favour; and to you she sent her duty, and bid me tell you of her grateful sense of your goodness.'

"It is very strange!" said the Captain, after a short pause. "It is very strange, how the idea of rank and fortune operates upon the mind. She never, that I know of, saw this gentleman but once; and tho' he is a very well-looking man, I do not see any thing about him that one should think so captivating to a girl's fancy. Perhaps, however, he was at Castle-Villers in the spring; when Julia, you know, spent a fortnight there. Do you think he was, my dear?"

'I do not know, indeed,' returned Mrs. Delmond.

"Well," said the Captain, "her choice shall be mine; though if I could give any credit to what Mrs. Gubbles has been telling me, and could hope that young Churchill was really attached to her, the excellence of his character, his known merit, and his residence too in the  
very

very neighbourhood, would give him in my mind a decided preference. But I have told her, that a negative in this affair was all I would ever claim; and never shall my child reproach me with a breach of promise. But she is so well, you say, as to be able to sit up upon the sofa. The dear girl! would that I could once see her! She surely may soon be removed without danger."

"Mr. Gubbles, it seems, advises another fortnight's confinement;" returned Mrs. Delmond.

"It can't be helped!" said the Captain, sighing; "but if the weather be fine, you, my dear, may see her every day."

The weather, however, was not fine; it was for above a week perversely adverse to the Captain's wishes. No possibility of Mrs. Delmond's visiting Julia in all that time. But though the rain prevented Mrs. Delmond, it was no obstacle to Mr. Vallaton: he lost not a single day, and every day blessed him with increased conviction of the complete influence he had obtained over the tender heart of Julia.

He mentioned to her the travels of Vaillant; described in romantic terms the beauty of the country in those unfrequented regions that daring traveller had explored; and spoke of the innocence and amiable simplicity of its virtuous inhabitants with enthusiastic rapture. Julia listened with delight to his description. When he perceived her imagination begin to glow: "Yes, dear Julia," said he, "these are scenes where true happiness might indeed be found. Freed from the galling chains of a corrupt and depraved society, the mind might there have room to expand to virtue, with a companion endeared by similarity of taste and sentiment, a congenial soul, a noble spirit which had strength and energy

to soar above each vulgar prejudice, and to fly from a society unripe for the improvements of philosophy. How blest, how tranquil, might the delicious moments move!"

'It would be very charming, to be sure,' said Julia.

"Charming!" repeated Vallaton, "all that enthusiasts have ever preached concerning the joys of Paradise, would be more than realized."

'O ecstasies of bliss!" cried Bridgetina, 'dear delirium of delight! O that we were all among the Hottentots! And we shall be among them too, ere long, I trust. But Julia knows nothing of the glorious scheme. Pray tell her, Mr. Vallaton, all about it; she will make a charming addition to the party.'

Vallaton, who would rather have told Julia in his own way, was a little disconcerted by this abrupt interruption. He had, however, the art to turn it to his own advantage; and Julia, who instantly thought of Prior's Emma, considered all he said as a trial of her love. Yes, thought she, like the artful lover of the nut-brown maid,

"By one great trial he resolves to prove

"The faith of woman and the force of love."

I am aware of his intention; it is at once a proof of the sincerity and the delicacy of his attachment. Nor shall I be less sincere than the faithful Emma:

"Alphonso too shall own,

"That I, of all mankind, could love but him alone."

We should be extremely happy to oblige the dear boarding-school angels by a faithful repetition of every word that passed in those interesting conversations betwixt Julia and her happy lover; but as we have no doubt that their own sprightly imaginations will amply supply the deficiency,

silence, we leave it to fancy to paint the particulars of each tender scene, and content ourselves with observing, that by attributing to her lover a refinement of delicacy, which, though congenial to her own mind, was very foreign to his thoughts, Julia became the dupe of her own romantic imagination.

Anxious to remove from his mind every tender doubt, she scrupled not to engage herself by the most solemn promises to be his, and to follow his fortunes through the world.

Vallaton received this convincing proof of her affection with ecstasy; but still, to Julia's great surprise, persevered in his silence with regard to her father. What could be his motive? What, but an intention of making her happy, by giving her an agreeable surprise? She would not for the world balk his intention, and, therefore, not only carefully concealed her knowledge of what had passed, but became extremely anxious, lest by some *mal-a-propos* discovery of her having been acquainted with it, the merit of the frank acknowledgment of her attachment should be lessened in its value.

The week passed on without affording any variety of amusement; yet notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the atmosphere, so injurious to delicate nerves, and notwithstanding the sameness of the scene, the spirits of Julia did not sink, but on the contrary, were never observed to be better, than in this rainy week, which she declared to be the shortest she had ever passed in her life.

Bridgetina was of a different opinion. To her it seemed to creep with slow and lagging pace. Day after day she expected to behold Henry Sydney, and day after day closed in disappointment. She considered his conduct in all points



of view; she discussed every possible motive that could induce him to forbear gratifying himself in her society; she divided and subdivided every argument in his favour; she reasoned, she investigated, and always concluded with proving, in the most satisfactory manner, that she was right, and that, therefore, Henry must inevitably be wrong.

As she was one morning sitting with Julia, who could now, with very little assistance, come from her own room into the parlour, she was interrupted in the sixth head of her argument, by a loud knock at the door. She was still in her morning dishabille, which, to confess the truth, was none of the most elegant, and would willingly have been excused from being seen by Henry in a dress so very unbecoming; but to escape was now impossible; so folding over the laps of her wrapper, pulling up the heels of her shoes, and settling the bow of her morning cap, which she in vain endeavoured to adjust to the middle of her head, she snatched up a book, and reclining her head upon her hand, while her arm rested on the arm of the chair, she fixed herself in a meditating attitude, truly becoming the character of a female philosopher.

She had scarcely time to arrange her posture, when the door opened, and discovered—not Henry Sydney, but Mrs. Botherim; who, unable longer to support the absence of her dear Bridgetina, had hid defiance to every obstacle in order to satisfy her impatient desire of seeing the sole object of her affections.

“And is it *only* you?” cried Bridgetina, in the querulous tone of disappointment, as her mother entered the room.

“*Only me?*” repeated Mrs. Botherim, “and very

very well it is that you see me alive, after all I have come through.'

Julia, with her wonted sweetness, endeavoured to make amends by the kindness of her expressions, for the abrupt manner of Bridgetina; at which, however, the good lady appeared neither hurt nor surprised. Accustomed to her petulance, she never felt its impropriety; but with a blind partiality, which converted every foible into a perfection, she thought every word her daughter uttered was, at all times, "wisest, discreetest, best." After having, at the earnest entreaty of Julia, taken some refreshment, the old lady began to expatiate upon the ever-ready topic of the weather; declaring she had never seen such continued rains in her life, or was ever out in such a day.

"I hope, however," said Julia, "that your health will not suffer from it."

'Nobody's health out to suffer from any physical cause;' said Bridgetina. 'Rain, wind, tempest, hurricane, are mere trifles to a reflecting and investigating mind. It is nought but the weak prejudices of society that makes them be regarded in the light of evils. Let the rain beat, and the storm rage; can rain or storm be so pernicious or destructive, as the cruel state of protracted and uncertain feelings?'

"It is mighty fine talking," said Mrs. Botherim, "and mighty easy talking, too, in a good dry warm room; but let me tell you, Biddy, it is no such easy matter for a person at my time of life to carry about a great umbrella, and to tug a heavy pair of pattens through the mud for two long miles, in such a day. Well, what does it signify? I am quite well, now that I see you; for I have been dreaming of you at such a rate."

'What

‘What foolish notions you have about dreams;’ said Bridgetina. ‘I don’t know how often I have explained to you their whole theory; but you never can remember any abstract point.’

“Indeed, I never can;” returned the old lady. “You know I never pretend to dispute with you in any point of learning; as, indeed, why should I? But it does my heart good to hear you talk, and I have been so tired, and the house has been so lonesome since you have been away, that you can’t think.”

‘I am extremely sorry,’ said Julia, ‘to have deprived you of Miss Botherin for so many days; and very sensible of my obligation to you, as well as to her for the favour of her company.’

“Alas! my dear Miss,” said Mrs. Botherin, “I have but little of her company at any time. She is always so taken up with them there wise books as she reads on from morning to night, that I often don’t get a single word out of her the length of a whole day. But then it is a pleasure for me to see her, and to do all her little jobs; while she is making herself wise. Did you ever know any one with such a memory as my Biddy?”

‘Few, indeed,’ returned Julia, ‘have the advantage of a memory so retentive.’

“Few!” said Mrs. Botherin; “I don’t believe there is the like on’t. She will talk you out of any book she has been reading, for the length of a whole hour, and never once put in a word of her own. It is a fine thing to have such a genius! I wonder, for my part, who she takes after. Dear Mr. Botherin was, to be sure, a very learned man, but he kept it all to himself.”

‘My father was no philosopher,’ said Bridgetina; ‘he cultivated no sensations but those of the palate; his distinguished taste in cookery shewed,

shewed, however, that he was not totally destitute of powers. Had these powers, by some early combination of circumstances, taken a metaphysical direction, he might, doubtless, have enlightened the world.'

"See, now," cried Mrs. Botherin, "what it is to reason! There have all the people in our town been wondering for this week past at the learned pig; when, if they had known any thing of them there powers and combinations of circumstances that Biddy speaks of, the learning of the pig would have been accounted for at once."

Julia could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of the fond mother; but found something so pleasing in the expression of maternal affection, that though thus united to weakness, she could not behold it with indifference. She exerted herself to entertain the old lady by her own and Bridgetina's conversation; for to Julia was Mrs. Botherin indebted for every sentence that was uttered by her daughter, who conceived it to be great loss of time to converse with one who was incapable of canvassing the nice points of her extraordinary system.

As Mrs. Botherin took leave, another visitor to Julia was announced. It was the faithful old Quinten, her father's servant, who had been on a six weeks' leave of absence into Yorkshire, from whence he had returned the preceding evening. Captain Delmond himself was not more shocked at the first accounts of Julia's misfortune, than was this affectionate creature. He could not get it from his mind all night. 'If I had not gone on this fool's journey, now, (said he) this accident would never have happened. I would have attended Miss myself, and taken care that no harm had come on her. I would

ha' died sooner than that she should have been so hurt. I wish I had been at home."

Thus did the poor fellow continue to lament over the misfortune of his young mistress, which he entirely attributed to his own absence; and in the morning, much as his wearied limbs demanded repose, he intreated permission to go to see her with so much earnestness, that Captain Delmond could not refuse his request.

"Welcome home again, my good Quinten!" cried Julia, as he entered, holding out her hand to the old veteran who advanced respectfully towards her. "I hope you have been very well since you left us, and I am indeed very glad to see you safe returned."

"God bless thee, dear young lady!" said Quinten, the tears running down his furrowed cheeks. "God Almighty bless thee! I shall never forgive myself for going away at such a time. If I had been at home, I should ha' prevented it; I know I should."

"Indeed, my good Quinten, no one could have prevented it;" said Julia.

Quinten shook his head. "Who can tell, Miss," said he, "what one might ha' done? Old as I am, I'm not yet so feeble but that I might ha' stopped the horse; or, perhaps, saved your fall—or——Well, well! it was the very devil himself that contrived these cursed gigs, that's for certain. They are more dangerous, and do more mischief in the course of one summer, than any one of our best field-pieces in a whole campaign. There was a gentleman and his wife nearly killed t'other day out of them whirligigs, as I passed through Newark. May I be shot for a coward, if I would not sooner march up to the

the very muzzle of the enemy's guns, than venture into one of them.'

"A great many accidents are occasioned by them; to be sure," said Julia; "but I shall soon get the better of mine; I am almost well already."

'Thank God you are!' said Quinten; 'but I shall never be happy, till I see you tripping it about again, as you used to do. It breaks my heart to think what his Honour must ha' suffered in bearing you so long from his sight. Before he ever saw you, Miss, it was the joy of his heart to hear what a pretty baby you were. I remember it was just as we were recovering from the third fever we had in that vile pestilence of a place, on the very morning that Ensign Wilson died; Captain More and Lieutenant Danby had been buried the day before; and in the course of the week seventeen of the stateliest fellows in our company had all dropped off, and made such a blank in our ranks, that it shook the bravest spirit of us all; had they met their death in the field, it would have been nothing; but to die without having fired a shot—without having so much as seen the enemy—'twas enough to vex the bravest man alive! Well, just at this time I heard of the arrival of the packet; and though scarcely able to crawl out of my room, I went as fast as my limbs would let me, to see if there were any letters for my master. I got one, and came back with it so joyfully! I thought no more of my weakness. Here, (said I) please your Honour, here is a cordial for your Honour's heart, that will do it more good than all the drugs in the medicine-chest. Had you but seen, Miss, how his sunk eyes revived at the sight! "It is a letter from my wife!" said he,

he, as he took it from me with his wasted hand; and holding it to his heart, he wept just like a baby. As he read it, I stood at the foot of the bed, and when I saw how happy he looked, (though the tears still stood in his eyes) I could have cried for joy too. 'I knew it would be a cordial to your Honour's heart;' said I. "It is indeed, Quinten, (said my master) a very great one. And Quinten, (said he) here is a crown to drink my wife and daughter's health. My dear girl comes on charmingly; (said he) by all accounts, she will make as great a beauty as her mother." And would you believe it, Miss, from that very hour he recovered, and had it not been for another fever, in which no letter from England arrived to comfort him, he might ha' been as well now as ever."

"You are a kind-hearted soul," said Julia, "and I hope you have been made happy with your friends. How did you find them?"

"Oh, Miss, (returned Quinten) I have no friends in Yorkshire now. Death has struck every soul off the muster-roll that either cared for me, or that I cared for. My two brothers, my uncles, my cousins, all were dead. Not even an old school-fellow remained in the place, excepting one who was the son of the shoemaker, a top man in the village, worth a deal of money, and kept as warm a house as any man in his station in all the Riding. But see the chance of war! What man can be sure that his son will maintain his post in the same condition in which he leaves it to him? Poor Jack is now, in his old age, obliged to go upon the parish; but the honest fellow has a heart still. He was as glad to see me, Miss, as if I had been his brother; related the history of all our old school-

school-mates; and told me that I had still a near relation left—my brother William's son, who had got greatly up in the world; and was a manufacturer at Halifax, he said. So I thought I would go to see him, out of respect to his father's memory, who I loved very dearly. I little thought that the son of my brother would be ashamed to own me; but the pitiful dog is so puffed up with pride, that he scorned to call an honest soldier uncle. Well, (said I) thank God! I have the house of my own dear master to return to. He knows that I am no sneaker. Under his command I have fought for my king and country; we have battled it together with the world these thirty years past, and when marching orders for heaven shall arrive, I know his Honour won't refuse to let these old bones be placed in the ranks along-side with his own. So, Miss, here I am; and please God I shall never go from home again as long as I live."

Julia, who had a great affection for this faithful domestic, listened to his garrulous prattle with much complacency. Observing how much he had been fatigued, she made him sit down, and ordered him a glass of wine and some biscuit. Nor did she make any apology to Bridgetina for taking this liberty, as she thought it would have been a sarcasm on her principles to have supposed the possibility of her taking offence from such a circumstance. Great was, therefore, her surprise, on observing the face of Bridgetina to redden with displeasure, as the old veteran retired to a chair at the further end of the room. He stood a moment after he had reached it, and on Julia's beckoning him to be seated, he put his hand upon his heart,

and



and bowing with an expression of respect, humility, and gratitude, he sat down.

‘Upon my word, Miss Delmond,’ said Bridgetina, starting from her seat, ‘this is a liberty to which I have not been accustomed.’ And then, before Julia could possibly make any reply, she suddenly left the room.

Julia, though much disturbed at perceiving the emotion of Bridgetina, would not suffer Quinten to depart till her maid had brought him the refreshments she had ordered. She then dismissed him with a long and tender message to her father, who, since the departure of Miss Orwell, had through the medium of verbal messages alone heard of her welfare; Miss Botherim being too much engaged, either in studying or in talking, to have leisure to think, far less to write, upon any one’s affairs but her own.

On the departure of Quinten, Bridgetina re-entered the room. As the traces of displeasure were still visible in her countenance, Julia began an immediate apology for the liberty she had taken in desiring the old domestic to sit down. “I thought,” said she, “that when you considered the long journey the poor fellow has so lately had, and observed how much he appeared to be worn out with fatigue, you could not possibly have been displeased.”

‘How much soever I admire the beautiful system of perfect and compleat equality,’ said Bridgetina, ‘I hold every partial and premature attempt at introducing it to be improper, and therefore must declare my opinion of its impropriety.’

“Indeed,” replied Julia, “I had no thoughts of introducing equality at all. I only wished

to rest poor old Quinten's legs for a few minutes. I am sorry it offended you ; but surely, if philosophy teaches us that the difference of ranks is an obstacle to perfectibility, it cannot be truly philosophical tenaciously to adhere to the imaginary distinctions that so unfortunately separate us from our fellow-creatures. Have not I a thousand times heard you lament the present miserable state of things, and pathetically mourn over the wretched depression of the lower ranks ?”

“ Oh, yes,” said Bridgetina ; in a general view, nothing to be sure is so deplorable. But the age of reason is not yet far enough advanced for people to desire their servants to sit down in the same room with them. The time will come, to be sure, when all the unhappy distinctions of station, and rank, and sex, and age, shall be abolished ; when all shall be equally wise, and equally poor, and equally virtuous. Oh, happy period ! Oh, much-wished-for æra of felicity !”

“ But pray how is this blessed state to be brought about,” said Julia, “ if every one pertinaciously refuses to descend, and proudly prohibits the exaltation of his inferiors ?”

“ It will all be brought about by the dissemination of philosophy,” said Bridgetina. “ All will be then enlightened ; but at present——”

“ Well,” cried Julia, “ here comes Mr. Vallaton to decide upon our dispute—which of us have been in the right he shall now determine.”

Vallaton was no sooner seated, than Julia informed him of the incident which had occurred,

occurred, dwelling much upon the virtues of the old domestic, for whom she expressed much kindness and attachment.

"As to desiring the person you mention to sit down," said Vallaton, "you certainly did it from a principle of benevolence, and as such it cannot be very severely reprehended; though upon investigation it may appear to have been founded upon mistake. True benevolence, or rather real virtue, (for there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as benevolence) gives no preference to any object, but for the sake of real beneficial qualities which really exist in that object. Now what beneficial qualities can possibly exist in a man who, for thirty years, has been in a state of servitude and depression? How long must every nobler power of the soul have been lost in the degrading habitude of submission? If the hopelessness of his condition have not long ere now, blunted every finer feeling of his mind, giving him for the habits of his reflection slavery and contentment, must he not cherish in his bosom a burning envy, an unextinguishable abhorrence against the injustice of society?" Such a person cannot, therefore, be a proper object of regard."

'But, indeed,' said Julia, 'honest Quinten is the very reverse of all this; he is quite a noble-minded creature; indeed he is. The affectionate attachment he has shewn to my father and his family is beyond all description. And so disinterested is his regard, that when my father would, on coming home, have dismissed him from his service, as thinking it inconsistent with

\* See the *Inquirer*, by Godwin.

his

his plan of economy to keep a man-servant in his house, Quinten, on his knees, besought him to suffer him to stay without wages, which he said his Chelsea pension rendered now superfluous. I shall break my heart if I leave you, (said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes) and what good will this pension do me then? I could not bear the thoughts of your honour's being without a servant now, when you stand more in need of one than ever; indeed I could not, said he, with so beseeching a look, that my father could not resist it. He wept as much as Quinten, while I climbed up on his knees, and casting my arms about his neck, My dear papa won't let the good Quinten leave us, cried I, I'm sure he won't. A speech for which poor Quinten has ever since been so grateful, that I am persuaded he would lay down his life to serve me!

“Is it possible that the enlightened mind of my lovely Julia does not perceive, that all she has said tends rather to confirm than to rebut the force of my argument, which goes to prove that, as a servant, this person *must inevitably be destitute* of the best characteristics of a rational being. This blind affection, this degrading gratitude, which, it would seem, has excited your regard—how dark and ignoble is the source from whence it springs! But this fellow has not only been a servant, he has been a soldier. *He has learned ferocity in the school of murder. His mind has been familiarized to the most dreadful spectacles. He is totally ignorant of the principles of human nature. Whatever appearance he may wear, depend upon it he is at bottom mean, base, cruel,*

*cruel, and arrogant ; since it is impossible that a soldier should not be a depraved and unnatural being.\**

‘ They may be so in general,’ replied Julia ; ‘ but I am sure both Quinten and his master are exceptions to the general rule. They, I am certain, have each of them hearts as good, and tender, and humane, as any human being ever yet possessed.

“ Impossible !” cried Vallaton ; utterly impossible ! It is only, believe me, charming Julia, it is only from having been so fatally accustomed to their prejudices, that you view them with indifference. Could you divest yourself of that weak partiality, which so unhappily throws its delusive mist before your eyes, you would view with just and noble abhorrence those very persons who are now the objects of your much-mistaken regard. There is no point of philosophy more difficult of acquirement, than that which teaches us to make a proper estimate of the merits of individuals. This never can be done till we consider them, not with regard to ourselves, but to general utility. When our minds, purified from every narrow and illiberal prejudice, are enabled to take this enlarged and comprehensive view, our regards will be no longer influenced by the mean consideration of friendship or affection ; we shall no longer admire any casual virtue ; but in exact and just proportion to the talents, the powers, and capacity of the object, will be our reverence and esteem.”

‘ Alas !’ said Julia, ‘ how few are capable of this discernment ! How few possess the strength of mind necessary for exerting it !’

\* See Enquirer.

“ Few,

"Few, to be sure, in the present depraved state of society," said Vallaton; "but it is only the regard of those few that possesses any real value. What is the indiscriminating affection of a parent, whose weak and selfish fondness blindly doats upon a child, because, forsooth, he believes it to be his own? What is it, when put in comparison with the dignified regard of an enlarged and philosophic mind, which has attentively weighed its merits? How many beauties, how many excellences do I discover in the soul of Julia, which were never discerned by the eye of her father? From an accurate examination of the powers of her mind, I bow before her as the first of human beings; while her father merely loves her for the obedience that has been subservient to his will, and beholds in her an object that at once soothes his pride, exalts his consequence, and gratifies his ambition."

Julia sighed deeply at this mortifying view of the motives of her father's tenderness; and Vallaton, perceiving the impression he had made, continued his attack upon her prejudices, which he carried on in so masterly a manner, that Julia, though she could not easily pluck from her heart the deeply-rooted sentiments of filial tenderness, was too much ashamed of her weakness to give encouragement to their growth. Finding herself incapable of refuting the arguments of her logical admirer, she readily admitted the belief that refutation was impossible; and so artfully did he contrive to mingle argument with flattery, that vanity and self-love were too much interested in the truth of his representations to render her solicitous of having them contradicted.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

"Fancy! thou busy offspring of the mind;  
 "Thou roving, ranging, rambler, unconfin'd;  
 "Pleasing, displeasing, aping, marring, making;  
 "Oft right for wrong, and wrong for right mistaking."

**BRIDGETINA**, to whom every day became more and more insupportable, was at length gratified by the appearance of Henry Sydney. The cruel youth, taking no notice of her soft embarrassment, totally regardless of the faint scream she uttered, or of the soft languishment of her non-bewitching eyes, only made her a slight bow and advanced to enquire for Julia, to whom, and whom alone, he thought it necessary to make any apology for his absence.

While he addressed himself to Julia, Bridgetina regarded him with much attention; she observed that an air of melancholy overspread his countenance, that he looked pale and thoughtful, and that the quick intelligence of his dark and brilliant eyes was exchanged for heavy languor and listless dejection.

The heart of Bridgetina beat quick at the discovery. "It is evident," said she to herself, "that the dear youth has been made miserable by this cruel separation. Yes; the pangs of absence have been more than he could bear. Delightful sensibility! enchanting tenderness! how amiably interesting do ye make him now appear!" Then addressing herself to Henry, "How much must it grieve the friends of Doctor Sydney," said she,

the, "to behold him thus the prey of sorrow? It is but too evident that some tender sensation preys upon his heart. Could he but consider me as worthy of his confidence, with what delight would I soothe each tender emotion of his troubled mind"

"You are very good, Madam," said Henry, smiling. "I really did not know that my feelings had been quite so apparent; but you will not wonder that I should be a little out of spirits, when I inform you that I leave W——to-morrow; and that it is probable I shall never more return to it as a place of residence."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bridgetina, "is it possible! Can you really be so cruel, so barbarous, so insensible to the affection—"

"I am certain," said Julia, (interrupting her friend, for whom she blushed nearly as deeply as Henry had done from the force of her expressions, which he was convinced could only allude to one object) "I am certain," said Julia, "that the friends of Dr. Sydney must, indeed, suffer much from the loss of his society. I pity poor Maria from my heart."

"What is the affection of Maria," exclaimed Bridgetina, "or of a thousand Marias, in comparison of that heart-bursting emotion—those romantic, high wrought, frenzied feelings, which are inspired by fierce and ardent love? Doctor Sydney must know that he leaves behind him one person, and one alone, who is capable of such a tide of tenderness."

"Good God!" cried Henry, in amazement, "what is it you mean?" Then recollecting himself, "What a fool I am," said he, "not to perceive your intention of making a jest of me."

"Me jest!" said Bridgetina, "no one can say that



that I ever made a jest, or so much as laughed at one in the course of my whole life. On a subject so serious, in a moment of such impression, it is not likely that I should speak lightly. Ah! too well you know the truth, the cruel truth of the circumstance to which I allude."

'You astonish me beyond measure,' said Henry. 'But do not thus play with my feelings, I beseech you: for heaven's sake be more explicit.'

"It is you that ought to be more explicit, I think," returned Bridgetina. "Why, acting under the influence of false delicacy, of erroneous prejudices, do you forbear to come to an explanation with her whose happiness, whose fate is in your hands? What right have you by suspense to destroy her peace, by delay to protract her utility?"

'You astonish me more and more,' said Henry, in the greatest agitation. 'But since you have so unaccountably discovered the secret of my heart, in justice to myself, I think I am bound to explain to you the motives of my conduct. The passion that inspires my breast, I have indeed laboured to conceal. Alas! I now find how ineffectually. But when I considered the narrowness of my fortune, the precariousness of a profession, in which neither assiduity nor abilities can ensure success, I thought it would be ungenerous and base to seek to bind by an engagement the hand and heart of her whose happiness is, and ever will be, dearer to me than my own. No, never will I be so vilely selfish; she shall be free, though to her I am bound in ties indissoluble and eternal!'

"And do you really feel for her so much affection?" cried Bridgetina, softening her shrill voice as much as possible. "And do you think," continued

tinued she, "that she is less generous, less noble-minded than yourself? Ah! no; be assured she is at this moment ready and willing to sacrifice to you all the false prejudices of a depraved and misjudging world. What is the world to her who exists, who lives, who breathes but for you alone?"

'Dear Miss Botherim,' said Henry, 'you at once delight and grieve me by what you say. Dear as the flattering idea of being beloved is to my heart, it but renders the cruelty of my situation the more intolerable. Shall I take advantage of such endearing sensibility? Shall I involve a generous and exalted woman in my misfortunes? Good heavens, how miserable is my situation!'

"And why miserable?" returned Bridgetina. "Why is your situation to be deplored. It is this depraved and distempered state of civilization, that alone puts present happiness beyond your reach; but this is not an evil without a remedy. Leave this corrupt and barren wilderness, where the rank weed of prejudice spreads pestilence and perdition through the tainted air, and in a region uncorrupted by the baleful institutions of society, enjoy the delicious delirium of sweet and mutual love."

Henry stared at this speech, which was to him totally incomprehensible. Before he had time to ask for any explanation, the entrance of Mr. Gubbles put an end to the conversation.

Henry, deeply agitated by what he had heard from Bridgetina, now gave himself up to joy at the discovery of Harriet's affection; and again relapsed into the most gloomy melancholy from the cruel recollection of the barrier which remained, and might long remain, to oppose their union. His resolution of leaving W——without making

any declaration of his passion began to waver. It was the idea of her happiness that had determined his silence, but now that he had been so plainly informed of her tenderness for him, he thought it would be equally cruel and dishonourable to leave her in any suspense concerning his sentiments.

‘Bridgetina on the entrance of Mr. Gubbles, thought it necessary to retire, in order to conceal her emotion; which was, however, observable to no eyes but of Julia, as in truth she was the only person who either looked at or thought of her at all. She had not yet returned, when Henry, impatient to be gone, hastily took leave of Julia; who, much astonished at his whole behaviour, asked if he would not stay to see Miss Botherim. ‘She will have the goodness to excuse me,’ said he, ‘as my time is now so limited;’ and then again repeating his wishes for Julia’s speedy and complete recovery, he departed.

With hasty steps he proceeded to Dr. Orwell’s. As he drew near the house, a thousand different emotions crowded on his mind; much as he was flattered by the pleasing certainty of Harriet’s attachment, his delicacy was in some degree hurt by her making a confidante of Miss Botherim.

‘What a perverse, what an inconsistent being is man!’ said he to himself, with a deep sigh. ‘How miserable did I deem the anxiety of doubt! how often have I trembled with the apprehensions of Harriet’s indifference! and now that I have nought to fear, I am less happy, less contented than ever! Oh, had I wooed the confession from her own lips, how blessed would it have made me! But is not this vile, is it not ungrateful? Yes dear Harriet, I ought, and I shall love you more than ever.’

He

He entered the house without ceremony, and proceeded to the saloon; where he beheld Harriet sitting at a small work-table which stood near the window. Her clasped hands rested on a folded letter which lay on the table, on the direction of which her eyes seemed to dwell with that unconscious fixedness which denotes deep and painful meditation. Tears trickled fast down her lovely cheeks, and a long and heavy sigh heaved her bosom. On perceiving Henry, she instantly took up the letter, and hastily putting it in her pocket, endeavoured to resume an air of cheerfulness and serenity.

‘I fear I intrude upon you,’ said Henry, ‘but I know your goodness will pardon my intrusion, when I tell you that the long-dreaded hour of my departure is arrived; that short is the time I can now enjoy the society most dear to me; soon, very soon must I be torn from it, perhaps for ever.’

“I am extremely sorry to hear it,” said Harriet, with much composure in her looks, but in accents scarcely articulate; “though, as I hope it will be for your advantage, your real friends ought rather to rejoice than grieve at the event.”

‘And can Miss Orwell part with her old friend thus coolly?’ said Henry.

“No one can take a deeper interest in the happiness of their friends than I do,” replied Harriet. “Could my friendship be of service to you, you should find that it was neither lukewarm nor insincere. For your kind attentions to this family in our late affliction, I can never be either ungrateful nor forgetful; but——” Here her voice totally failing her, she stopped a moment; and then, as if recollecting herself, said, “I must acquaint my father with your being here; he too, I know,

know, will wish to return you his grateful acknowledgments, and will be sorry to lose a moment of your company."

"Cruel Harriet!" said Henry, "in a moment such as this to talk of thanks for the common offices of humanity! When my full heart is bursting with anxiety to communicate to you the sensations which agitate it almost to madness, will you refuse to me the consolation of a hearing?"

"Doctor Sydney," said Harriet, with a look of mingled dignity and sweetness, "do not think me either insensible or capricious. You can have nothing to communicate to me to which I ought to listen, that you may not freely speak in presence of my father."

Often (thought Henry) have I heard of the caprice of the sex, but never did I imagine that in Harriet Orwell I should behold a proof of it. 'And do you,' said he, 'indeed prohibit me to make use of this last, this only opportunity of declaring to you the state of my heart! of——,

"Indeed," said Harriet, interrupting him, "it is very foolish, very improper to have any conversation of this kind." And then hastily pulling the bell, she desired the servant, who immediately entered, to acquaint her father that Doctor Sydney wished to see him.

Vexed, mortified, and disappointed, Henry stood for some moments silent. 'Am I in a dream?' at length he exclaimed. 'Is it from Miss Orwell's lips I hear these words? Has she then no regard, no pity, no feeling for me? Vain illusion! (continued he, in great agitation, striking his hand against his forehead) oh, how fully is my temerity and presumption punished!'

"I am truly grieved," said Harriet, in great confusion, "I am sorry, I am distressed to see you  
so

so much agitated. But if the assurance of my *friendship*—my sincere and lasting friendship, can afford you any consolation, it ever has been—it ever will be yours.”

Her trembling lip and faltering voice, as she pronounced these words, proclaimed the agitation of her heart. Hearing her father's step in the passage, she arose, and holding out her hand to Henry, who seized it in a speechless agony of amazement and despair, “Farewell!” said she, “may happiness——” She could proceed no further; but as her father entered at one door, she hurried out at the other, and running to her own apartment, gave vent to the emotions she could no longer suppress.

Harriet had been in some degree prepared for the intended departure of Henry, of which she had heard about an hour before he came to take his leave of her. Her heart had sunk within her at the intelligence, and her agitated spirits had been forced to seek relief in a burst of involuntary sorrow. Far, however, from giving indulgence to these feelings, she had summoned up all her resolution to suppress them; she knew that Henry would certainly call to take leave, and prepared her mind to sustain the parting scene with dignity. When she had a little composed herself, she went to her bureau, took out the last letter of her beloved aunt, and endeavoured to fortify her mind by a perusal of its contents. She then bathed her eyes in cold water to take away the vestiges of her tears, and proceeded to the saloon, whither she knew Henry would be shewn; again she read over the last advice of her venerable friend, and with an enthusiasm kindled by the high-wrought emotion of her spirits, she vowed to obey her wise instructions.

How

How well she performed her resolution had already been seen. Her heroism was, however, nearly exhausted by the time she reached her apartment; she threw herself into a chair for some minutes gave way to the feelings of a deeply-wounded heart. She now regretted having listened to Henry's declaration. "cruel, how unfeeling must he now think me!" she said; "his esteem, at least, I might surely have retained: O why did I, by the appearance of my pride, deprive myself of a regard so precious!" Thus did she for some time add to the weight of her sorrow by the bitterness of self accusation. Her understanding was too good to be long warped by the influence of passion. She soon perceived that to have acted in any other manner would have brought on all the evils which her aunt had so forcibly pointed out; and no sooner did a consciousness of the propriety of her conduct reach her mind, than it comforted and soothed her. By an act of ardent and sincere devotion, she fortified her resolution; and while her innocent soul was poured out to heaven in earnest supplications for her lover's happiness, that serenity which is the companion of elevated sentiment, took possession of her mind.

Let us now return to the mortified and disappointed Henry, who remained, for some time after she left the saloon, in such a state of stupefaction, that he was almost insensible to the presence of her father. He was at length roused from his reverie by the repeated questions of Dr. Orwell, and forced, in reply to them, to give him an account of the cause of his sudden departure from W——; which was occasioned by advice that morning received from his patroness Mrs. Fielding, through whose interest he hoped to be appointed

appointed physician to the — Hospital, vacated by the death of Dr. —.

Dr. Orwell very sincerely congratulated his young friend on so flattering a prospect, and highly approved of his fixing in London in preference to the country, where, though his virtues would be esteemed, his talents would be lost.

Henry in reply said, 'that he merely went in conformity to the opinion of his father, who did not wish to disoblige Mrs. Fielding by a non-compliance with her request. For my own share,' continued he, 'I am perfectly contented with the country, I have no wish to quit it; never shall I be so happy in any other place as I have been here; never, from the hour I leave this, shall I know a moment's peace.'

"I hope you will soon have too much business upon your hands to give you time for vain regrets," said Dr. Orwell, smiling. "Greatly, however, shall we all miss you—much have we been obliged to your attention; and wherever you are, the best wishes of me and of my family will attend you. Surely Harriet did not know that you were going away so soon, or she would not have run away without bidding you farewell. But, poor girl, you must excuse her; she has now a great many domestic concerns to look after. I can assure you she wishes you well, and will never forget your kind attention to her aunt."

Henry, much distressed by this speech, and unable to carry on the conversation any farther, suddenly started up, and shaking hands with his good old friend, bid him farewell, and went away as fast as possible. The behaviour of Harriet had astonished as much as it had mortified him. Prepossessed with the idea of Miss Botherim's being in her confidence, (for how else could she attain the knowledge



knowledge of the disposition of her heart?) he could not doubt of her affection. From whence, then, proceeded this unnecessary and vexatious reserve? Why to Miss Botherin so free and open in the acknowledgment of her attachment, and to himself so backward as not even to deign to listen to his vows? "Alas! it is but too evident," cried he; "pride and ambition have stifled the voice of love: it is at the suggestion of those accursed passions that she rejects the man her heart approves. O Harriet, Harriet! how opposite to the exalted generosity of thy sentiments, is thy present conduct? If excellence such as thine be found imperfect, in whom may we hereafter confide?" Thus did he continue to upbraid the gentle Harriet for a behaviour, which could he but have read her heart, and seen its real motives there displayed, would have rendered her more estimable, more amiable in his eyes than ever.

And here, kind reader, of whatever age or gender thou mayest haply chance to be, we entreat thee to make one moment's pause; and to be so obliging as to give a glance towards the person whose conduct thou hast just condemned. Believe it certain, that with all thy penetration thou mayest, peradventure, have mistaken the intentions of his heart. Mitigate, therefore, the fierceness of thy wrath. Retract the harshness of thy censure, and so shalt thou, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, escape the bitterness of remorse for the cruelty of injustice.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.









UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 02007 4780

A 512728

