

Shoja Rajah. 1827
MODERN LITERATURE:

797
A NOVEL,

929
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

By ROBERT BISSET, L.L.D.



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P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

THE production that I now submit to you, proposes to represent the manners of the times, in various situations, but especially in literary departments. These are subjects with which I have been, and am, peculiarly conversant; and I trust the exhibition will be found fair and impartial, and also general, without any satirical allusion to individual characters.

Many are prepossessed with a notion, that a writer, who, in a fictitious story, describes the times, means particular persons, and not classes of persons. The only work of the kind that I ever produced, was exposed to this prejudice. In my Highlander, there was scarcely a

character of any note, that was not applied to half a dozen of individuals, whom I never intended particularly to exhibit, and of most of whom I had never heard. I confess, however, it is difficult to pourtray any character, either good or bad, without taking some of the lines from some good or bad person, whom you have actually known. But it was my purpose so to assort and mingle features, as to prevent any approach to individuality. Of the applications, the greater number were made by the acquaintances and *friends* of the supposed objects; some, however, by the parties themselves. I have had several claimants to characters, that are none of the best; and when the claims were advanced, I really did not know how or why the imputation arose. Should a person happen to be a forward, busy, vain-glorious coxcomb, as thousands are, and I have no
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knowledge of him, or his qualifications, I must be surprized, if in having drawn such a general and common character, I should be charged with intending to expose that individual person. I may, afterwards, be able to account for the supposition: but the food of vanity is notoriety; and a frivolous egotist, by representing himself as of sufficient consequence to be satirized, will very readily fancy he rises in importance, and will pretend, in every party, to complain of the attack, while his whole purpose is to make himself *the subject of talk*. "*Vanity, and vanity of vanities all is vanity.*"

More than half a dozen were mentioned as the models of Doctor Vampus, the ignorant, boasting, *hawking and peddling* master of an academy. To no one person, I am convinced, the whole of that character could apply; but I am equally convinced, many parts of it

might hit a dozen of dozens of that class of the profession. A village male gossip also received an individual application, and perhaps some parts might suit the gossip of that district; but I declare it was applied to gossips in adjacent districts; and some have done me the honour to say, it suits such a nuisance in most villages of England. There were several demireps, one of whom, so far from having any modern individual in view, I copied from Lady Bellafton, only giving her modern manners, and substituting for decayed charms, youth and beauty. Lady Mary Manhunt, I find has been applied to twenty originals, when I really had none in view, but the veteran rival of Sophia Western. Other demireps, of lower account, had also a good many applications; and to persons that I at the time had never heard to be demireps. In one individual case, referring to the hero's in village society, of his charming fair

fair fellow-traveller in a stage-coach, a totally erroneous and false application, I have been told, was made. In certain characters, there might be grounds, though I did not know them at the time; in that character, I am thoroughly convinced there never were any grounds.

There was a great disposition to apply exhibitions to scenes, with which I was once conversant; and also to other very distant scenes, with which I was conversant at the time of the publication. My hero having first appeared in the Highlands of Scotland, I could not avoid describing Highland manners; and I exhibited the majority as I found them, amiable and respectable, and a few as I found them able and estimable. There, however, as well as in other parts of the world, there are fools and knaves; and among the weak, there is particularly the preposterous folly of

supposing, birth and rank a substitute for the want of talents and virtues. That nonsensical absurdity, perhaps, I might expose, though I cannot see why the application should have been made to any individual, unless, indeed, it accidentally happened, that the cap exactly fitted; if it did, it was not my fault; *I made the cap*, but I did not make the *head*. With regard to the other district in question, some of its inhabitants were of much more importance to themselves, than either to me or the world, in supposing that I would consider them individually, as suitable objects of satire. I described a certain class in society, in the vicinity of London; and I have not the least doubt, that if the description applied to any, it applies to every one populous village within ten miles of the metropolis, as well as to another. Wherever there is gadding, card-playing, gossiping, half-breeding, mixed with the peculiarities of the

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the tradesmen, and retired shopkeepers of London and Middlesex; in short, persons without the education and sentiments of gentlemen and ladies, thrust into circumstances in which, with the allowable partiality of self-estimation, they fancy themselves to belong to that rank, and ape the fashionable amusements of their betters: where, perhaps, the widow of a rich grocer, or the dashing daughter of mine host, now a *gemman* and an Esquire, by noise and glare, and affectation, hope to make you forget the signs of the three sugar-loaves, or the *hog in armour*: to such impotent attempts of inveterate and incurable vulgarity, to pass for gentility, the description in question either applies generally, as was intended, or does not apply at all. One thing, I observed, that the wise and good characters in that production, have not been applied by *friends*.

In the work that I now offer to the public, from former experience of misinterpretation, I have been more scrupulously cautious to guard against any possibility of individual application. In the former novel, I merely took care not to copy a fool, a coxcomb, a debauchee, or a knave, or any other character of a ridiculous or bad kind, from any persons known to me for these qualifications. Still, however, from *inadvertence*, I did take a feature or two here and there, that I grieve to acknowledge, on perusing the picture after it was finished, struck me with a likeness in some lineament. In the present novel, I have been much more vigilantly cautious. I not only have not copied fools, &c. from persons known to me to be such, but in drawing any character of that or the other *equivalent* classes, I have carefully run my memory over the individuals that I know

to belong to these, and have studiously avoided *treading on their sore heel*. The end of this work being to give a view of modern literature, I, conformably to fact, represent several men of extraordinary talents and erudition; many more of respectable, but not extraordinary talents and erudition, and a considerable number of literary and other book-makers, without either talents or erudition. In this last class of representation, have I exerted my principal care to shun individual reference; and when drawing a picture of a literary dunce, the following has been my method, and I hope it has succeeded.

I ran over my delineation, and then made my memory run over this literary dunce, and that literary dunce of my own acquaintance; and I asked myself this question:—Does not this part of the description rather hit Jacky Alltry; now Jacky is a worthy acquaintance of mine,

a dunce, that without a single spark of genius, and with some scraps of knowledge, having acquired the gift of spelling, is an undertaker-general in literature? Will not this picture of a literary manufacturer rather hit Jacky? On reflecting, I find not particularly; the circumstances and adjuncts are totally different; there is no resemblance between the picture and that individual, but a resemblance that holds between the picture, and every other original that manufactures books without learning or genius. Jacky stands not alone, *he is in a croud*; the most inventive malignity, therefore, can here make no individual application. I have exhibited a specimen of *tour*s, in which the tourist conveys no information but what was known before, or what was totally immaterial, whether it was known or not. Of that kind, numberless specimens have been written,

written, especially in large quartos. I have endeavoured to copy the general character of such insignificance and inanity; but to prevent individual application, have made the scene and limits totally new. The outset of the tour is the Black Bear Inn, Piccadilly, the course through Knightsbridge, on to Old Brentford, thence round home by Kingston and Richmond; and in that circuit, I flatter myself, that in two pages, I have condensed the essence of many of our most voluminous tourists of the dunce kind. I have introduced plays written by dunces; but in such a manner, as to apply generally to many dramatic joiners, individually to none; having carefully made the history and circumstances probable in themselves, but totally unlike any that have actually existed. I have touched upon German literature, and the system of taste, morals, and

and religion, which these importations have produced in England. I have mentioned novels of that kind, and also of other kinds, especially those that are written by female scribes, not forgetting the effusions of milliners, when their own work is slack ; and, as in duty bound, I have offered a just tribute of praise to the munificent encouragers of these inestimable fictions. I have presented a dunce as author of a history much more voluminous than Gibbon's ; but to preclude any possible misinterpretation, I have made the subject Jack the Giant Killer, of whom it is well known no voluminous history has been written either by a dunce, or any other author. Dunces writers I represent as faithless and backbiting, towards other professional votaries of literature. At the same time, to prevent misapprehension, I carefully declare I do not impute these efforts of malignity, to
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any thing in dunces more rancorous than in other men. It arises merely from taking to an occupation, in which stupidity is not equal to genius; and from that principle of human nature, that makes us repine at the success of others, in a pursuit wherein we have failed, though the failure be owing to no bad fortune, or no unfair means, but simply to unfitness for the pursuit. If a poor deformed urchin of no fortune, sense, or accomplishments, were to address a beautiful young lady, and to have for his rival a very handsome, graceful man of character, talents, and property, the urchin, most unquestionably, would fail, from the folly of his suit, but, agreeably to human nature, he would revile, and try to disparage the accomplished cavalier, who succeeded because he was formed for success. Such is a literary dunce, in respect to a literary genius.

Having

Having these general objects in view, from the precautions I have used, I am thoroughly confident, that no application will be made to any individual dunce, by his *friends* who may peruse “Modern Literature :” for that he himself should make the application, I should have no apprehension, were the likeness ever so obvious.

One kind of system, of which the most numerous portion of the votaries cannot be called literary ; but that has an extensive influence on certain departments of the literature of the times, I have not failed to consider : that is methodism, especially itinerant. There have been very able men, and I believe also worthy men, among methodists ; and I doubt not, but there are some able, and many good men, partially tinged with that theory. Having the utmost respect for such disciples of any Christian sect, I, never-

I, nevertheless, can plainly see, not only the tendency, but result of certain theological doctrines, which not all, but many of the methodists profess to admit. Visionaries of that class (or if not visionaries, what is much worse, hypocrites), profess to follow different guides from reason, conscience, and genuine Christianity; interpreted by reason, and the tenour of the scriptures, and applied by conscience. To the implicit votaries of faith, without works, I object, because to the implicit votaries of faith, without works, reason, and conscience, obviously, and the scriptures expressly object; and because experience demonstrates, that this chimera is not only mad, but mischievous. I farther censure a practice, frequent among that sect, of grossly ignorant men, circulating through the country, and pretending to instruct mankind. This is the more dangerous, because

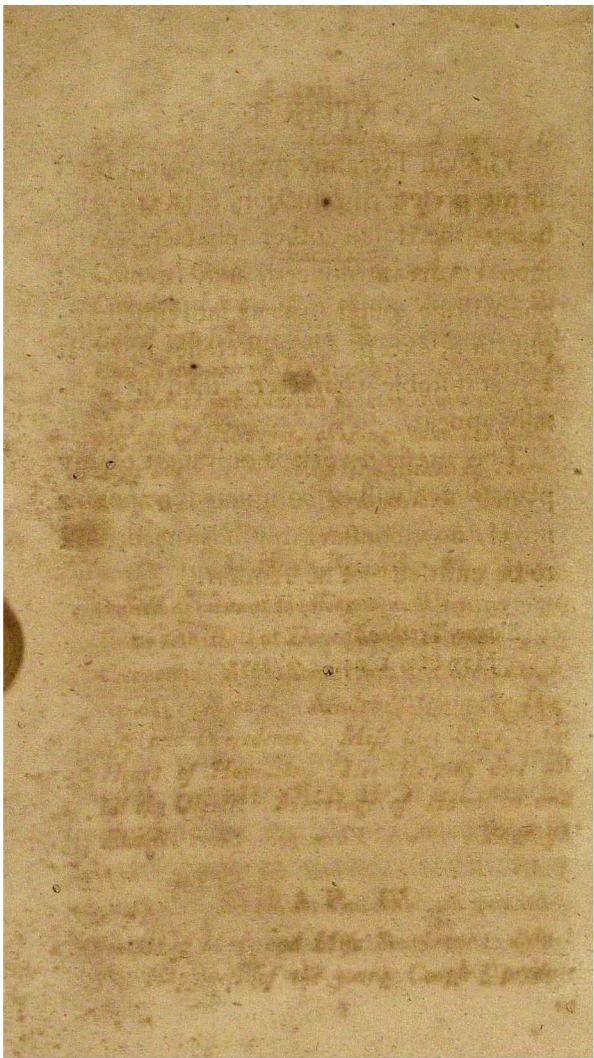
cause not merely an adventure of an individual vagabond, foolish or frantic, but connected with a principle diffused through many of the sect, that there still exists among these brethren a divine inspiration, which every sound Theologian knows to have ceased in the early ages of the Christian dispensation. Ignorant vendors of nonsense or mischief I have not spared: I have represented an itinerant clown, a preacher of methodism, in those circumstances which reason may easily connect with *such* doctrines and talents; and which experience has woefully shewn to be closely connected with such doctrines and talents. I have not written a line, to which any wise and learned methodist, (and such only are fit for preaching) can affix any blame, as adverse to his views and exhortations; or which any moral and pious methodist can censure, as hostile to his practice.

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Though literature be the chief object of the present production, it is far from being the sole; other characters and manners are introduced, and, I trust, not one will be found to bear individual application, except a few sketches of great and admirable characters, that incidentally appear.

The present work is only part of my plan, which will be completed in another novel, now considerably advanced, and to be entitled "The Author."

Sloane-Terrace,
May 8th, 1804.



CONTENTS
OF
THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAP. I.

A Journey through Yorkshire. Meeting of Brother-Officers. What happened on the Road from Doncaster. Disaster of Major Hamilton. Kindness of a Cottager, who proves to be an old Soldier, and an Acquaintance. Sergeant Maxwell conveys the Major to his Cottage. The Arrival of a Surgeon. The Evil proves less than was apprehended. Delight of an old Soldier in retracing his Campaigns. Maxwell's Praises of Mr. Wentbridge, the Vicar. That Gentleman visits Hamilton.
Page 1

CHAP. II.

Description of the Vicarage. Short Account of Mr. Wentbridge, and his Family, comprehending his Marriage with a Curate's Daughter, instead of the proffered Niece of my Lord the Bishop. Description of his Daughter Eliza.

Eliza ; of Major Hamilton. Loves of the Major and Miss Wentbridge ; are sanctioned by the Father. Hamilton's Visit to his Brother, the Laird of Etterick. Description of a Country Gentleman hunting after Heiresses. Circular Love-Letter on the Occasion. The Laird not successful in his Courtships. His kind Reception of his Brother. He urges his Brother to join him, in making Love to a Couple of Co-Heiresses, offering him his Choice. This liberal Proposition is declined by Hamilton ; who returns to England. - Page 22

C H A P. III.

Hamilton arrives at the Vicarage. He accompanies Eliza to a Ball at Doncaster. Account of the Company. Mrs. Sourkrout, and her Daughter Miss Grizzle. Madam's Claims to Dignity and Precedence. Miss lays Siege to the Heart of Hamilton. Her Battery does not hit the Object. Marriage of Hamilton and Eliza. - - - Page 52

C H A P. IV.

Attempts of Mrs. and Miss Sourkrout to disturb the Happiness of the young Couple : produce

no effect. Etterick visits his Brother; learns an Account of the Fortune of Miss Sourkrout. Therefore proposes to make Love to her; meets her at an Assembly for that Purpose. He is graciously received. Whist, the Rubber in great Danger: is saved and won by the skilful Conduct of Miss. Profound Remark of the Gallant, upon playing through the Honour. He pays her his Addresses in Form, and is crowned with Success. They marry, and depart for Scotland. Birth of a Son to Major Hamilton. The Major rises to be Lieutenant-Colonel. Account of the Childhood of his Son William, till he is Seven Years old. - Page 68

C H A P. V.

Young Hamilton sent to School, under his Uncle, Doctor Wentbridge. Genius, Progress, and opening Character. Account of Mr. Scourge, the Usher. Disagreement between him and William. Severity of to William; who ridicules him to the Boys, and compares him to Parson Thwackum. Dr. Wentbridge interferes. Proficiency of William, and high Expectations of the Doctor. Plans of his Parents
and

and Friends, for the Destination of William. It is concluded that he shall be sent to Cambridge. Etterick announces an Intention of visiting his Brother. Short Account of his domestic Comforts. Contests with the old Lady on the Score of Genealogy and Dignity. Arguments Pro and Con. Collateral Debate on the Supporters, and the opposite Accounts of their Origin. Sole Offspring of Etterick and his Grizzle. Graces and Accomplishments of the young Susannah. They arrive at the Colonel's. Description of the Person and Accomplishments of young William. He captivates his Cousin Susan, but is insensible to the young Lady's Passion. He sets off for the University. - - - Page 88

C H A P. VI.

Studies of Hamilton at Cambridge: he becomes eminently distinguished for Science, Literature, and Composition: revisits his Friends in Yorkshire. His Cousin Susan again brought on the Carpet. A short Sketch of that young Lady. Generalissimo of her Father's Family. She becomes acquainted with Mr.

Mr. O'Rourke. Sketch of that Irishman as Teacher of Dancing. He instructs Miss; and is converted to Methodism. He preaches and practises the Doctrine of Faith without Works. Machinery of Methodistical Conversion: attempts to convert Miss, but is prevented by her hearing that William is returned: hastens to meet her Cousin, who still regards her with Indifference. She discovers William's Attentions to a fair Milliner: is urged by her Maid to return to O'Rourke, and mind her precious Soul. Grounds of Betty's Reasoning in Favour of O'Rourke and Methodism. Danger of Levity of Manners even with innocent Intentions. Jenny Collings. Miss Susan becomes entirely a Convert to Methodism. The Ladies of the Family all embrace the same Faith. Etterick himself not so easily brought into the Fold. Dexterous Scheme of O'Rourke for his Conversion. The Preacher's Doctrines illustrated in his moral Practice. O'Rourke becomes the Husband of Miss Susan. - Page 114

C H A P. VII.

Return of Hamilton to the University. He takes

VOL. I.

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*the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, and attains
 the Honour of Senior Wrangler. He departs for
 London to study the Law : is entered of Lin-
 coln's Inn. Interview with Miss Collings.
 Offers her honourable Atonement : generously
 refused by the young Lady. Dangerous Situa-
 tions to virtuous Repentance. He accompanies
 Jenny to see the Fair Penitent. She is greatly
 affected. Literary Pursuits of our Hero. His
 Performances are received with Applause.
 Alarming Intelligence from his Mother. He
 hastens to his Father's. Finds the Colonel still
 alive, but in great Danger. His Distemper
 receives a temporary Intermission. Etterick
 visits his Brother. His Account of the Conduct
 of O'Rourke. The Means employed to secure
 the Estate from his Machinations. Profligate
 Effrontery of the Methodist Preacher. He
 supposes his Hypocrisy completely successful :
 comes to Yorkshire. His Deportment at the Co-
 lonel's. He receives a severe Chastisement from
 William : finds it prudent to decamp. Re-
 turn of the Colonel's Distemper, and fatal Ter-
 mination. Family Affairs.*

C H A P. VIII.

Literary Efforts of our Hero. Mr. Jeffery Lawhunt. Appearance, Dress, and Manners. His History of himself and his former Avocations. He gives an Account of his Dealings with his Authors and Authoresses. A Lady proposes to betake herself to the Litterary Line. Lawhunt wishes to enlist Hamilton, who refuses his Proposals. Hamilton extends his Acquaintance among eminent Scholars and Writers. His first Interview with Strongbrain. Called to Scotland by his Uncle. Fellow-travellers. Description of Maria Mortimer. Hamilton is captivated by the lovely Maria. He finds her the Sister of an intimate Friend : is invited by her Father to visit his Country Seat, which he readily promises to do in his Return from Scotland. He parts with them at Northallerton. New Fellow-travellers. Advantages of Drill Sergeants, as Instructors to young Ladies at Boarding School. Reasons for breeding up a Son a Genius. Our Hero arrives at his Journey's End.



C H A P. IX.

Etterick's Account of his Son-in-Law. Farther practical Effects of Faith without Works. Hamilton brings the Preacher to professed Contrition. The Family of Etterick agree to take a Jaunt to England. Hamilton visits the Mortimer Family. Reception from the Father, Brother, and Sister. He declares his Passion to Maria, which she professes to discourage. Account of young 'Squire Blossom, and his Addresses to Maria. His insolent Rudeness. Affray between him and young Mortimer. Hamilton prevents a Duel. Hamilton is summoned to attend his Family to Brighton. Dejection at the approaching Parting with Maria. Maria still professes to discountenance his Love. Invitation from Mr. Mortimer's Brother to him and Family to visit his Villa in Sussex. Invitation is accepted. Hamilton departs for London: is soon followed by the Mortimers, to whom he introduces his Family. Hamilton's old Friend, Miss Collings, is addressed by 'Squire Blossom. Preliminaries. A Treaty of Marriage is concluded. Hamilton and his Party set off for Brighton. Page 249

MODERN LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

SOON after the end of the war that was concluded by the peace of 1763, two gentlemen belonging to a corps that had returned from the Havannah, leaving their regiment in the South of England, were journeying northwards to visit the place of their nativity. Neither had in the course of their campaigns acquired opulent fortunes; but they had both made such progress in the road to wealth, that without any reasonable charge of prodigality or imprudence, in revisiting
VOL. I. B their

their relations they could indulge in the comforts of a postchaise. Travelling not being then effected with the modern rapidity, they proposed in a week to reach the capital of Scotland. Having set out on their expedition, they on the third day arrived at the beautiful town of Doncaster, whence they intended, after an early dinner, to proceed two stages farther. As they were ordering their repast they descried, from the windows of their apartment, a gentleman entering the inn, in whom they recognised a regimental messmate, the comrade of their conviviality, and the partner of their dangers. The new comer, finding fellow travellers so dear to his heart, insisted these his friends should accompany him to his native village in the same county. He could not prevail on them to deviate so materially from their northern course: he, however, succeeded in arresting its progress for

for several hours. Dinner had been on the table at two; at three the postillion had announced that every thing within the compass of his office was ready, but found that his fare were disposed to continue longer in their present quarters. It was seven o'clock before the gentlemen, taking the most affectionate leave of their companion, though naturally strong and active, were assisted by the landlord to their seats in the vehicle. Their friend had not accompanied them to the carriage, being left above found asleep in an elbow chair.

No road can be plainer than from Doncaster to Ferrybridge. The postillion was a sharp intelligent fellow, that had been three years in his present service, and had travelled that stage at least three hundred times in that period. It was a remarkably fine evening in the middle of July. Nothing, therefore, appeared

more unlikely than that he should miss his way. It has been often said, that example is more powerful than precept.—Early in the afternoon the travellers had ordered their Automedon into their presence, and, perhaps, foreseeing the probability of their own condition, had strongly interrogated him concerning his disposition to sobriety; his answers to their questions contained many *asseverations* in favour of his own temperance.—While he pocketed half a crown, which was given as a retaining fee, for the faithful and careful exertion of his professional skill, and swallowed a large bumper of brandy to the gentlemen's health, he had averred that even his enemies could not say he was *predicted* to liquor. In this declaration he might perhaps be correct, as the most competent witnesses were not his enemies but his friends. It would be a feeble

feeble gratitude which would confine itself to expressions of regard in the presence of the benefactor. The post-boy's prayers and libations for the health and prosperity of the bountiful donors did not cease to flow in streams of ale as long as the half crown and consequential credit lasted. After these pious and benignant offerings he had mounted, and in this condition had taken the northern road. The horses, being less bereft of their senses than their rational companions, for several miles proceeded directly to the destined place. They had already made their way through the turnpikes, passed the delightful woods around Robin Hood's well, with their leader snoring on his seat, and arrived at Darrington, where a road branches off to the left. There a pull from their driver put them into a wrong direction. Instead of keeping directly in the new track, the

horses, again left to their own discretion, entered a cross lane, and had not gone far in this path when they overturned the carriage in a ditch. This catastrophe soon recalled both the travellers and their guide from the state of oblivion by which it was caused. The effects, however, proved extremely different. The postillion himself, though he tumbled from his seat, was softly and easily received in a very useful repository, collected for fertilizing an adjacent field. One of the gentlemen, by being uppermost as the carriage fell, was by his companion prevented from being materially hurt; the other was greatly bruised, and upon more particular examination found unable to move his leg, which was concluded to be broken. The day had just closed in when this misfortune happened, and no light was to be seen to guide them to a village or hamlet, where they might obtain

obtain assistance. There were houses not far from the place, but belonging to peasants or labourers who had retired early to rest, that with the morning sun they might rise to their useful occupations.

Captain Graham had escaped unhurt ;—having recovered his recollection, and accustomed to witness more direful mishaps than he trusted his friend's disaster would prove, he laid him carefully on the grass, while he himself, by the clear twilight of a July night, set forwards in quest of some friendly habitation, where his comrade might repose until he could be safely removed. Following the track, he in a quarter of an hour arrived at a solitary cottage, which from its first appearance he feared was uninhabited, till the barking of a dog made him hope that this was a faithful sentinel guarding, though humble, the dwelling of man. On his approach the

gallant watch, though not very strong, raised a loud alarm, more vehement and furious as Graham approached the door of his master. The traveller hallooed with all his vociferation. A rough voice from the hovel, in a northern accent, demanded, who is there? and what is wanted? the other briefly mentioned the mishap. The master of the house soon came forth, and the moon, having now begun to shine, presented an elderly man, tall, straight, and muscular, who, in a style of language somewhat better than his habitation denoted, declared his willingness to assist a fellow creature in distress. He however requested the gentleman to speak softly, as there was, he said, a detachment of marauders in the rear of his house, who if they knew that the commander was out of the garrison might carry away his stores and equipage. "It is a fair stratagem, please your honour, how-

However, to fire your minute-guns when you are shifting your camp. If we go ourselves we shall make the volleys of the picquet guard amuse the enemy." He accordingly bound his dog to a post, well knowing that "in the absence of the commander the artillery would be incessantly discharged." This figurative language convinced Graham, that his attendant was a brother soldier. But hurrying to the scene of disaster, he took no time to ask any questions, except such as pertained to the case of his friend, and learned to his great satisfaction, that there was a skilful surgeon at a town within a few miles. When they arrived they found Major Hamilton, though in great pain, very quiet; and the postillion had, in his agreeable bed, relapsed into a tranquil repose. The new acquaintance proposed that the gentleman should be carried easily on their arms to his cot-

tage, where he should have his poor accommodation until better could be provided. But, the moon being now under a cloud, Graham said, they should stop a little until her light should enable them to find their steps with more ease to the patient. The cottager, foreseeing this difficulty, had brought a lantern, which, from an œconomy necessary in his very limited finances, he had forborne kindling till necessary: but now, striking fire from a flint, he went with his light to examine the prostrate gentleman, and tried how he could be moved with the least degree of pain and uneasiness. In this occupation, the rays of the lamp happening to display on the waistcoat military buttons, the cottager with an eager curiosity examining more closely exclaimed in a transport, “ Our own regiment by the Lord ! ” Graham, who had been at this time endeavouring to
awaken

awaken the postillion, hearing only the last words, hastily fancied they imported an unfavourable change in his friend; but springing to the place found the cottager in transports, incessantly repeating, "Our own regiment! our own regiment!" At length comprehending him, he asked if he had really belonged to the —— regiment. "I did," said the other, rapturously, "I was with them at Fontenoy and Bergen-op-Zoom, and also in the late war in Ticonderago, Cape Breton, and Quebec." "Did you," called the gentleman on the ground, "know Hamilton?"—"What, Charles Hamilton," said the veteran, "that was made captain at Quebec? I taught the boy his manual, and a gallant officer he is."—"You did indeed," said the gentleman on the ground, "I see now you are Sergeant Maxwell."—"That I am, please your noble honour, extreme-

ly sorry for your honour's misfortune, but I hope in my poor little tent, though not a marquee, your honour will feel yourself more convenient and comfortable than if you were among strangers."

They then with the most tender care removed Major Hamilton to Maxwell's cottage, where he was laid with care on — the best bed his host had to bestow.

Maxwell having committed his guest to the care of his sister, a widow who lived with him, departed himself for medical assistance, and in a short time returned with a surgeon. This gentleman having examined the leg declared it was not broken but bruised, and announced that the case was favourable, if the patient were kept quiet; advised that he should remain where he was, until the cure was effected, and told Mr. Hamilton, that when he was a little easier, and fitter for conversation, he would bring him some cheerful

cheerful and agreeable company, that would render him more benefit than all the medicines in his shop; though to the occupation which he was now exercising he had added the profession of apothecary.

Graham was under an indispensable necessity of hurrying to the north, and as soon as he found that his friend, though confined, was in friendly hands, under safe and skilful management, resolved to pursue his journey. Hamilton in a few days was able to bear without any danger of bad effects a moderate degree of conversation, and to enjoy the company of his host and brother soldier, Maxwell, at stated intervals; and as the old Sergeant was very fond of descanting on subjects which had occupied the better part of his life, it fortunately happened that his rural avocations prevented him from being with the Major too frequently

to disturb the repose necessary in his present situation. Sunday, being a day of intermission from the labours of husbandry, the veteran halberdier devoted to attendance on his guest, and to a recitation of the labours of war. Early in the morning he repaired to the Major's room, and, breakfasting by his bed, had gone over the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, had concluded peace, begun a new war, reached America, sailed up to St. Lawrence, descended, landed, mounted the heights of Abraham, and was at the second wound of the illustrious Wolfe, when his venerable sister entering the apartment reminded him that the hour for church was arrived. Maxwell, whose father having been a schoolmaster and precentor in his native village had instilled into him sentiments of religion, had been extremely regular in his attendance at public worship, was moved
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by this admonition ; but considering the social virtues as an important branch of piety, at last concluded that the day could not be better spent than in cheering the spirits of a brother under indisposition, and chose to spend it in the company of his guest. The arrival of the surgeon for some time interrupted the progress of the battle of Quebec ; but after this gentleman departed the subject was resumed, and Maxwell's campaigns were concluded before the entrance of chicken broth for the officer's repast, accompanied with beans and bacon for the host himself. As Hamilton took his barley water, Maxwell also indulged himself with barley juice, wishing to God his noble commander were well enough to partake of his home-brewed, of which, praised be his gracious Sovereign, he could, he said, always afford a comfortable can ; and, so please your honour,

here's

here's His Majesty's health, and God bless all his friends ! Hamilton devoutly saying, Amen. His sister coming in told him, that neighbour Hayrick, passing in his return from church, had informed her, that the vicar had asked him, if he knew any thing of Mr. Maxwell, and what had detained him from Divine Service ? and that he (Hayrick) " had said as how Tom Tipple the postillion had most killed a gemman with his shay, that the gemman was dying at neighbour Maxwell's cottage, and that Maxwell, he supposed, had stayed at home to keep him kumpany." The hearers both smiled at this exaggerated account, and being left to themselves, Maxwell spoke highly in praise of the clergyman, though with many listeners what he said would have rather been against than for that reverend gentleman. " I understand him," said Maxwell, " when he preaches

as plainly as if it was one of our own officers.—He tells us that the Bible is our word of command, and if we mind it we shall never be behind in our duty.—Every man to mind his own station, and do as he would be done by, and though it may be a toilsome march, he will get safely invalided in garrison at last; but if he is a deserter or a poltroon, he will go to the devil; as where else ought such fellows to go?—This is what he told us t'other Sunday; he was upon fighting the good fight. Not long before he was about the Centurion, who, he told us, is all as one of our captains. Lord, thinks I to myself, for he read the whole story, what excellent discipline they kept!" Hamilton, who remembered the passage, having assented to this criticism, Maxwell proposed the vicar's health, and, having emptied and replenished the jug, entertained his friend with many anecdotes in

in praise of his reverend pastor, who had been extremely kind to himself individually, and had presented to him that very flitch of bacon on which he had that day dined. "Extremely good in its kind it is," said Maxwell, "but a little too salt."—To this cause he imputed his being so excessively dry, and the quantity of ale that he said he was obliged to swallow.

His eloquence and his ale at last setting the old hero asleep, allowed to the Major an hour of rest, which he had begun very much to want. When both were refreshed, the sister announced Mr. Wentbridge. Maxwell hastened out to meet the vicar, and soon introduced a gentleman turned of fifty, of a countenance mild, pale, and penetrating, with grey hairs thinly scattered over his head; a figure tall, elegant, and prepossessing, and, though somewhat slender, strong and active.

active. The visitor with much softness, in a tone of humanity, and a voice subdued by the apprehensions of disturbing the temporary repose of dangerous illness, expressed his concern for the accounts which he had received.—Maxwell, answering in a voice loud and cheerful, assured his pastor, that the gentleman was in no kind of danger, and briefly narrated the circumstances. “I have been just a-telling my noble Major about your Reverence’s sermons and good deeds.”—Hamilton, now addressing Mr. Wentbridge, expressed the pleasure he hoped to derive from acquaintance with so respectable a gentleman.—The clergyman, though pious and devout, was frank and open in his manner; Hamilton was an honest, bold, and intelligent soldier: two such characters were not long strangers; they were mutually delighted, and the setting sun had

had reminded the vicar of the evening devotions of his family, before he thought of withdrawing.—Shaking his new acquaintance cordially by the hand, he took his leave, promising to return the following day.—The next morning, the Sergeant being engaged in stacking a plentiful crop of hay which he had raised on a field of very moderate extent, his hostess attended the invalid with his breakfast, when, the conversation turning upon the last night's visitor, he learned many particulars farther to his honour, and the landlady was just entering into an account of his family, when Mr. Wentbridge himself interrupted the discourse.—The Vicar and the Major, as they increased in knowledge of each other, advanced in reciprocal esteem. Wentbridge found Hamilton a man of abilities and extensive knowledge, besides a very impressive and engaging deportment.

portment.—The foldier soon discovered in Wentbridge, besides the talents, learning, and virtuous sentiments, which became his sacred profession, a fund of scientific and political knowledge, which he was not incompetent to appreciate, relieved by delicacy and strength of wit and of humour, which he could highly relish.—The skill of the surgeon, with the vigour of his own constitution, the kind care and assiduity of his host and hostess, and the interesting and amusing conversation of his new clerical friend, combined speedily to raise the Major from his bed, and in a few weeks he was able to move about on his crutch, and sometimes to take the air in the vicar's chaise-cart. In the beginning of September he found himself sufficiently well to accept of an invitation to the parsonage-house.

CHAPTER II.

MR. Wentbridge's vicarage, situate in a pleasing district of the West Riding, amounting to about 200l. per annum, in a cheap country, afforded to very moderate wants ample means of supply.—The possessor was besides skilled in farming; and as one part of his vicarage was twenty acres of land, and he rented thirty more, he had an opportunity of employing his agricultural talents to his own emolument, and also by example to the benefit of his neighbours. No lands were better fenced or cultivated, laid out in a more skilful and productive rotation of crops, a more agreeable variety of tillage or pasturage, than the snug fields of the parson of Brotherton. Their
situation

situation also enabled the taste of the cultivator to superinduce elegance and beauty on fruitfulness and utility. The house was placed on the south-east slope of a gentle hill, terminating in a small plain that was bounded by a river, which, winding round the farm, appearing to rise out of woods on the right and on the left, seemed to lose itself behind an advanced post of the hill, whilst, seeking the eastern confines of Yorkshire, it hastened to make a part of the conflux of rivers that after their coalition are distinguished by the name of Humber. In this aspect was situated the chief part of the vicar's arable farm; behind were his offices and lands of steeper ascent, bounded by a wood, which covering all the upper part of the hill, besides beautifully diversifying the scene, sheltered the parsonage from the northern blast. Here Wentbridge on a beautiful pinnacle erected

erected a small summer-house, commanding an extensive, rich, and delightful prospect, which on the south comprehended the environs of Wakefield, Sheffield, Doncaster, and Bawtry, to the confines of Nottinghamshire; on the west, Pontefract, Leeds, Halifax; extended to the east to the borders of Lincolnshire, and to the north from the adjacent Ferrybridge to York Minster; and in its compass included the various picturesque scenes of the finest part of one of the finest counties in England.—The worthy clergyman's heart expanded with benevolent pleasure, as from his little hut he contemplated the goodly prospect that spread around——

“ Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns,
 “ And glittering towers, and gilded streams;”

—As he viewed the scenes of pastoral beauty, agricultural fruitfulness, and manufacturing skill, all combining so powerfully

powerfully to produce individual pleasure and prosperity, national opulence and grandeur. But the patriotism and philanthropy of Mr. Wentbridge were mingled with other affections, the same in general source, though more specific in object and operation. His domestic sensibilities were extremely strong, and in his relations were afforded energetic incentives to exertion. This clergyman, now about fifty-four years of age, had been half that time incumbent of Brotherton. About the age of thirty he had married the daughter of a neighbouring curate, and thereby rather hurt his worldly interest, as the niece of a right reverend bishop had cast the eyes of affection upon him, and would have brought a living of five hundred a year, intended by his lordship as a dowry to the young lady, who had, with two sisters, not very extraordinary in beauty, hung very heavily

VOL I. C upon

upon his hands. The right reverend divine indeed, *very contrary to the usual practice of dignitaries* in the church, in his disposals of SPIRITUAL preferment, be-
 thought himself of *Carnal* subjects. In bestowing a cure of souls, he had not altogether neglected the consideration of bodies, nor, in appointing within his diocese ministers for the propagation of christian knowledge, had he overlooked the propagation of christians. In short, the bishop having in his gift a considerable number of livings, and at his disposal a no less considerable number of daughters, nieces, and cousins, had suffered it to be understood by reverend young batchelors, that the expectants of livings might be sure of success if willing to perform all the duties which his providential care had annexed to incumbency; in other words, that whoever desired the blessings of tithe pigs, must with his appointment
 take

take a wife by way of a fine. Mr. Wentbridge having been sounded on this subject had demurred; it was said, indeed, that he observed to a friend, that he could have no objections to the provisions which the right reverend bishop had proposed for his bread, but for his meat he liked to choose for himself. The truth is, Miss Sukey Snatchum was not a very delicate morsel.

Wentbridge, as we have said, made a different election, and got no promotion from the bishop. With his wife he lived extremely happy for twenty years, when, having caught a fever from a sick cottager, whom she deemed it her duty to visit, she, to his inexpressible grief, died, leaving two sons and one daughter. The eldest son, now about twenty-three, was brought up to his father's profession; the second, having been on a visit to a school-fellow at Hull, was so delighted with the shipping, that

he caught a fondness for the sea, and was in the India service. The only child that constantly resided with the vicar was his daughter.

Eliza Wentbridge was about nineteen years of age, and though not regularly beautiful had an agreeable, engaging, and expressive countenance, a good height, a comely figure, with a frank, open, and unembarrassed manner, the result of good sense, good dispositions, and a judicious education. Wentbridge had, indeed, spared no pains in himself forming and directing his daughter's understanding and heart, and his wife had contributed her share both to her mind and manners; and the savings of œconomy and self-denial had not been wanted in superadding accomplishment to useful acquirement. For several years she had resided chiefly at Doncaster, with a sister of her mother, who, seeking independ-
ence

ence by laudable industry and meritorious exertion, devoted her time and talents to the superintendence of a boarding school. She was now returned to her father's, the favourite companion of his declining years, the partner of his amusements, the minister of his bounties, the attendant of his excursions, and often the associate of his studies. Miss Wentbridge was well acquainted with the best British authors, and a very competent judge of their respective merits. She was particularly fond of history, then beginning to form so brilliant a portion of her country's literature. She inherited from her father a very high admiration of British efforts in the various departments of ability and exertion. She admired the national heroism; often listened with delight to her father's descriptions of the ardent struggles for independence, which repelled the operose

attempts of bigotry and despotism, under a glorious sovereign of her own sex, though she often wished, that with the great and lofty virtues of that illustrious Princess there had been mixed more of the feminine softness, the mild and gentle charities which might have spared the lovely Mary. Descending to more recent events, she would with pleasure hear the natural though homely recitals of old Maxwell, and enjoy the fire of his eye, when describing the defence of Bergen-op-Zoom, or the capture of Quebec; she was well acquainted with the events of the war just terminated, especially such as displayed heroism, or manifested British character. Such was the young lady to whom Major Hamilton was now introduced. Hamilton himself was a man of a very prepossessing appearance, tall, and graceful; in face, figure, and deportment, at once elegant and manly. He was

was now twenty-eight years of age, eleven of which had been passed in his Majesty's service.—At the commencement of the war he had become a lieutenant. Quebec made him a captain, the Havannah a major. Maxwell had, with his usual glee, recited the actions to which he himself had been a witness, and had not been sparing in celebrating his praises, and included the fortitude with which he had borne his late disaster. Mr. Wentbridge had also spoken in terms of praise, esteem, and respect concerning the abilities and sentiments of his new acquaintance, so that Miss Wentbridge had before she saw him received a very favourable impression of the guest whom her father now brought to the parsonage. Though for the present lame, Hamilton was a very fine man, and, though pale for want of exercise, had a countenance extremely impressive and

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interesting,

interesting, intelligent, and animated, with fine blue eyes, which failed not to speak what he thought and felt. He was extremely pleased with the acquaintance which he had now made, and did not fail to testify by words and looks the satisfaction which he received.

In a few weeks Hamilton's disaster was healed, but he continued at Maxwell's, "apprehensive," he said, "of the consequences of a long journey."—The surgeon, indeed, declared to him, that he might now proceed northwards whenever he chose; but though he had shewn the most thorough conviction of the other's medical skill, had declared his perfect satisfaction with the treatment of his own wound, and had made a handsome pecuniary recompence, still, however, he did not rely so completely on his authority as to commence his travels. Meanwhile he spent the greater
part

part of his time at the vicarage, where his heart became completely captivated, and he, ere it was long, had the satisfaction to find, that Miss Wentbridge was not insensible to his attentions. Having none to control his inclination, he had no motive to disguise his wishes from the venerable clergyman, and frequently, when they were alone, declared in general terms the high respect he had for his daughter, but did not descend to more particular explanations, until he should ascertain the sentiments of the young lady herself. He had not, indeed, any reasons to suspect aversion, but he wished to be more accurately certified, that he might not have construed complacency, or at most esteem, into affection.

It was now the latter end of October, and the season being wet, the autumnal rains had swelled brooks into rivers, when our soldier, in his way

to the parsonage, perceiving the young lady in a shrubbery by the summer-house before mentioned, hastened to join her, over a long plank which connected the banks of a rivulet, that passed the lower walks of their pleasure-ground, instead of taking a circuit of thirty yards to a regular bridge. The place where he was to cross being a small level at the bottom of a steep hill, formed a kind of pond, supplied by the cascade from the upper ground, and now deepened by the great accumulation of water. The plank being slippery, and Hamilton not having completely recovered the dextrous command of his limb, he tumbled into the pool and entirely disappeared. Mr. Wentbridge, who was in a distant part of the shrubbery, aroused by a single shriek, ran to the spot whence the voice had issued, and found his daughter in a swoon, whence being by his efforts recovered

covered, she awoke only to misery, and called on the name of Hamilton, in the wildest phrenzy of despairing love. The worthy clergyman, who had before suspected the passion of his daughter, was now apprehensive that some dreadful disaster had befallen its object. He had been able to remove Eliza to a mossy bench, and she was still, in terms of the most endearing affection, deploring the beloved youth; when, descending from the summer-house, he presented himself safe and sound, though all dropping with wet. Our Major had been stunned by the sudden plunge, but soon recovering had swam to the bottom of the bank, and waded farther down, where he saw the ascent was more practicable, and, missing the nearest path, had through the labyrinth of a grove found a difficulty in regaining a view of the summer-house, to which the way was entangled

by copse and briars, and hence so much time had elapsed before his return. He with rapture heard his Eliza bewailing his fate. When she was so far recovered as to be conscious of his return, first her astonishment, her anxious doubts, and lastly her joy, gave her lover the conviction which he had so eagerly desired to receive. The considerate care of the father hastened him away to the comforts of a fire and dry clothes, before he would suffer him to explain the circumstances of his escape to the young lady, who still appeared to entertain an unsettled belief of the reality.

In an hour Hamilton completely re-adjusted, and secure from every disagreeable effect of this involuntary cold bath, was alive only to the delightful sensations which its effects had produced.

When he rejoined the fair hostess, in her blushes, in the enchanted and enchanting

chanting pleasure of her countenance, he read the confirmation of the sentiments which her despair had betrayed. She no longer attempted to disguise the delight with which she listened to his addresses, and the tenderness which she felt for his virtues and accomplishments. He the following day, with her consent, applied to her father, and his proposals were most favourably and gladly received by the vicar, from personal esteem and not from motives of interest. A country squire, far superior to this gallant officer in fortune, had made proposals to Miss Wentbridge, which the father never approved, and the daughter had ever most positively rejected. Hamilton, also, if he had chosen to sacrifice at the shrine of avarice might at different times have affianced himself to riches, but especially during his recent stay at London, where his charms

had

had made a conquest of the only daughter of an eminent dry-salter, with whom he had danced at a ball, at the Mary-le-bone gardens. But though both parties disregarded interest as the principal ground of matrimonial connection, yet it was resolved not completely to disregard pecuniary convenience.

Hamilton received pressing letters from his Scottish friends to repair to the north, to arrange some concerns with his elder brother, possessor of his paternal estate ; and saw the necessity of compliance. He wished his destiny to be irrevocably united to his Eliza's before his departure ; but the affair being referred to the arbitration of the vicar, he in a friendly award recommended to the parties to postpone the accomplishment of their purpose until after Hamilton's return. The reasons which he assigned for this procrastination, though
not

not conformable to the wishes of the lovers, were such as their judgments could not but approve.

Hamilton accordingly set off for his own country, and arrived at the seat of his ancestors. His elder brother, Hamilton, of Etterick, was a country gentleman, of about five and thirty, mild in his temper, amiable in his disposition, and hospitable in his manner of living. He possessed a good estate, and, being still a bachelor, proposed by marriage to make it better. He had, indeed, for several years been, to use his own expression, looking about him for a wife. This circumspection was not without discrimination. His object was what the Scotch call *a well-tochered lass*, that is, a young lady with a good portion. Having this simple purpose in view, he had made his addresses successively to every heiress within forty miles of him,
and

and had not neglected the proprietors of legacies from old aunts, cousins, or any other enriching windfall, nor even dowagers if they had a fortune as well as a jointure. Indeed it had been observed, that when a lady, to whom he had paid no attention before, happened to have benefited by any such casualty, he immediately ordered a new pair of buckskin breeches, and rode off a courting. If these expeditions proved unsuccessful, it was not for the want of a fixed plan of operations. He had been instructed by a friend, that ladies were fond of receiving love-letters. He, therefore, like Parson Adams with his sermons, generally travelled with one about him, in case of what might happen. Not being a man of very fertile invention, the composition of such productions was not to him a matter of ready execution. The best substitute
for

for riches is parsimony. If, therefore, his genius could not do much, the next best means was to make a little go a great way. He very cunningly contrived that one letter should serve many courtships. He, as was before observed, proceeded by regular approaches, being well apprised of the stores in the garrison. His disposition for the siege were first, as we have said, the buck-skin breeches, with which he proposed to open the trenches, that he might make good his communication with the covered way. His next step was the letter, or proffered terms of capitulation. This summons was to the following effect:—

“ Madam, having by the death of my mother, and the marriage of my sisters, a kind of vacancy in the family, that makes the house somewhat lonesome, I find I shall be obliged to enter into the
matrimonial

matrimonial state. Understanding, from report, that you are not disinclineable to the married condition, I have thought of making you proposals. All my friends give you a very high character, that I assure you, not any consideration of property is what now induces me to make bold. Besides the extraordinary beauty of your face and person, the whiteness of your skin, your shining eyes, and the fine fall of your shoulders, the dignity of your walk, not to mention other charms, which, though invisible, may be well supposed, has created in me a passion, which preys upon my heart, and will, if not gratified, throw me into a consumption; which, as the Family Physician observes, is, in this country, a very frequent and dangerous distemper. Your fortune, I do assure you, is totally out of my thoughts, and, if you had not a shilling, I should prefer you to any other woman,

though

though mistress of all the riches in the city of Glasgow. I hope, therefore, you will have compassion upon your sincere lover, who thinks of nothing but your charms. My lawyer will meet with yours whenever you may please to appoint.—I propose a jointure, which, if you should survive me, will give you ten per cent. for your money; the said money thereupon to become my property.—With the most disinterested love, I am, madam, your adoring swain,

“DUNCAN HAMILTON.”

Though this letter, in many cases, answered pretty well, yet, in some, it did not altogether suit. Among the various objects of his passion was a Creole, to whom the praise of whiteness of skin did not entirely apply; a lady who squinted, that could not so properly be praised for her eyes. To a third, the fall of the shoulders had been as well left out, as she

she happened to be somewhat hump-backed; a fourth, that limped, might have dispensed with the encomiums bestowed on gracefulness of gesture.—The laird of Etterick having circulated his courtship to every opulent lady that he could hear of was soon smoaked. The portioned misses and dames began to compare notes, and found that as the object was the same in all his love pursuits, viz. the rent-roll, funded property, and cash at their bankers', the means were similar in every case. At last the laird of Etterick's courtship became a jest in the country, and he, now approaching forty, was a bachelor. His personal charms were not very likely to shorten his celibacy. He was about five feet four inches high, and extremely slender, with stooping shoulders, and a pair of legs, whose shape, though often rousing men to martial deeds, when beating on a kettle-

kettle-drum, were not the most promising supporters for a lover.

Hamilton found his worthy senior extremely rejoiced to see him, but somewhat downcast at a late disappointment. An estate within two or three miles of him had, it seems, devolved upon an elderly maiden by the death of a nephew. As, besides her age, she happened to have but one eye, he had sanguinely hoped for success, and made his addresses a few days after the interment; but the lady, large raw-boned and red hair, bestowed her hand and fortune on an Irish recruiting sergeant of grenadiers.—

As rebuffs, however, were familiar to this suitor, he was not very deeply afflicted. Major Hamilton soon opened to his brother his engagements with the fair Eliza, and expatiated on the charms of his lovely mistress. The brother confined his remarks to one question, whe-

ther the property of her father was in land, mortgages, or the funds? As the major, though he strongly praised other qualifications of his fair mistress, did not dwell upon her fortune, the laird was not without apprehensions that he had neglected the main chance, and advised him to be cautious. “As to love,” says he, “my dear brother, it does not make the pot boil, and as you soldiers are none of the richest, I think it would be much better for you to look after a girl of substance, than to give up your mind to beauty. There are close by the Eilden hills two young women, just come to capital fortunes, by the death of their uncle, a rich Paisley weaver. I only heard of it two days ago, and should have been off immediately myself, but that I was waiting for you, and also for a pair of new boots. They have ten thousand pounds each, besides a good freehold estate:

estate ;—that, my dear brother, would be just the thing to fit us. Indeed I have even made up my mind how we should dispose of the money ; I would sell to you, for seven thousand pounds, my spouse's half of the estate, so that you would be a landed gentleman of five hundred a year, with three thousand more to get you on in the army, which, being now time of peace, is as good a way of laying out your money as any other. Besides, then I could afford to pay you your portion, which, now as I have been making purchases and improvements, would derange my plans. I think there is no time to be lost ; for there will be other chaps in the market ; and it being indifferent to me which I shall marry, you may have your choice.”

—The major was totally unmoved by the proffered pieces of manufactory, but informed his brother, that respecting his
 portion,

portion, about fifteen hundred pounds, he knew that the proprietor of Etterick could command such a sum at a day's notice, and that, as he might have immediate occasion for it, it would be necessary to make arrangements for its payment when demanded. This intimation the laird, who gained much more by his employment of this sum than he paid for its use, did not altogether relish, but as he could not contest the point, he answered;—Certainly it was reasonable the major should receive his money, but that it was not so easy to be raised as he imagined. Hamilton had, indeed, made repeated applications from abroad, to have the sum in question remitted to a banker in London, to be vested in the funds. But the laird as often eluded the requisition.—Though really attached to his brother, yet he did not forget that, like the brother
of

of every body else, he was mortal, and probably the sooner for his profession; and thought that, to use his own phrase, "a bird in hand was worth two in the bush; and the money, to which he was eventually heir, was as well in his own custody." The laird, with a very moderate understanding, and mild milkiness of disposition, had a heart less contracted by interested selfishness, than debarred from benevolent exertion, by feeble timidity, or misguided by family vanity. His heiress-hunting adventures did not arise so much from grasping avarice, as from a desire of aggrandizing the house of Etterick. His pecuniary anxieties resulted less from the desire of accumulation, the means of gratifying which he had fully in his power, than the fear of incurring difficulties, for which there were, in his situation, no probable grounds. Hamilton had written him on

his arrival in England, that he desired to have the disposal of his own money; the laird having lately bought a property contiguous to his estate, saw that he could not discharge his brother's claim without borrowing, and conceived himself about to be embarrassed, although his estate was two thousand a year, without any other incumbrance. He had complained to their mutual friends, of the loss that would accrue to him, if the major insisted on payment. Those friends, knowing the little foundation for the laird's apprehensions, urged his brother to have the affair settled as speedily as possible, by coming to the spot himself.

The proprietor of Etterick, during the first days of Hamilton's visit, repeatedly endeavoured to dissuade him from his intended marriage, and from taking his money into his own management; but found himself entirely disappointed

appointed in both. At last, a neighbouring gentleman advanced the sum upon the laird's personal bond, and Hamilton soon after returned to the south. He had meanwhile arranged, by letters, the investment of his property, and the prolongation of his leave of absence, so that the six following months he could, without interruption, devote to love and his Eliza.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER an absence of six weeks, which had appeared as many years, he found himself in sight of the vicarage, and as his chaise ascended the hill, hailed old Maxwell, who blessed him with the intelligence, that Miss Wentbridge was in perfect health; and in a few minutes he was in the vicar's parlour, and received by the object of his fond attachment, in such a manner as shewed, that his mistress's love, though less impetuous, was no less ardent than his own. The worthy vicar who, superintending the labours of the opening spring, had, from an adjacent field, beheld his arrival, in a few minutes joined the enchanted couple, and diverted their emotions.

During

During the absence of Hamilton, the vicar had, in an annual visit at the archiepiscopal palace of York, become acquainted with a general officer of distinguished fame, who spoke very highly of the abilities, virtues, and high promises of Hamilton. The testimony of so competent a judge, coinciding with the opinion which he had himself formed, enhanced Wentbridge's estimation of the merits of his brave young friend; and in the destined husband of his daughter, he fancied he beheld a future commander-in-chief of an army, fighting for his king and country. Mr. Wentbridge, with the expansion of the philosophical scholar, and the liberality of the enlightened gentleman, was not without a professional predilection for forms of little intrinsic importance. He preferred marriage after the more tedious process of publishing the banns, to the expedition

of a licence, so much more consonant to the eagerness of lovers. As he was extremely tenacious on this subject, the impatience of the gentleman, and perhaps of the lady, was obliged to give way. — To divide the feelings of so very tantalizing a situation, the judicious clergyman promoted parties and amusements. One of these was a visit to Doncaster, to be present at a ball. Among the company there came, in the party of the mayores, two ladies, the one old and the other young, both remarkable for the supercilious sourness of their countenances, which, though not entirely ugly, were extremely disagreeable. The old one, naturally short, appeared still more abridged by a habit of stooping, arising chiefly from the eager anxiety with which she bent herself in company to listen to what **was** going forward, especially if there **was** any appearance of whispering;

whispering; and as she had of late become a little deaf, greater efforts were necessary: so that, next to the acidity which we have before remarked, the chief expression of her visage was the straining of curiosity not altogether gratified.—The young one, though not much sweeter than the other in the natural cast of her visage, tried to make up that deficiency by industry, and where a young man to her mind made his appearance, she smiled, and simpered, and lisped, but all could not conceal the groundwork. On these occasions she succeeded no better than children who, attempting to lessen the bitterness of the apothecary's potions by lumps of sugar, only make the dose more mawkish and loathsome.

This mother and daughter (for so they were) were hardly seated, when Hamilton and his mistress rose to dance a minuet.

The beauties of Eliza's face and person, with the graces of her performance, were of themselves sufficient to rouse the censorious animadversions of Mrs. Sourkrout; but another cause called forth associations of more poignant malignity. She fancied she recognized the exact image of one who had gained the affections of the man whom she had destined for herself. Enquiring the name of the miss that (as she phrased it) was figuring away, she was confirmed in her conjecture, on hearing it was Wentbridge. This Mrs. Sourkrout was that niece of a right reverend bishop, whom we have before mentioned, as intended by his lordship, as the condition to be annexed to the gift which he would have bestowed upon Mr. Wentbridge, for the cure of souls. By the unexpected death of her uncle, failing in her hopes of a spiritual incumbent, she had accepted of a carnal, and became the lady of

a topping butcher, extremely proud of the honour of having to wife the *nevy* of my lord the bishop. Mr. Sourkrout throve a-pace, rose to be alderman of the corporation, and at last to be mayor. Madam was not insensible to this elevation, and deported herself with what she conceived suitable dignity, by taking the lead in all companies of the borough, that was the scene of her grandeur. Even afterwards, when, upon the decease of her spouse, she began to think herself slighted in the scene of her late glory, and retired to a distant part of the country, she, among her new acquaintances, as the dowager of a mayor, expected an homage and deference, which she was not always so fortunate as to meet; and, happening to fix upon a neighbourhood not deficient in real gentry, she found herself less valued there, than when presiding over the municipal gossips of her corporation.

entertainment. This inattention to her dignity added to the sourness of her temper, not naturally very sweet. There was another source of bitterness; the lapse of many years had not obliterated the disappointment of her youth, and if love for the husband might have, perhaps, evaporated from a heart not the best adapted for retaining tender affections, there was one passion which remained in its earliest force, hatred for the wife. She had hated her when alive, and still hated her when dead. Brooding over her detestation, her fancy saw its object in all that torture and tormenting beauty and loveliness, which had captivated the object of her own passion. She had heard, with rage, of the charms of Eliza, and her striking resemblance of her mother. As the devil, in sending envy to the human heart, sends its severest punishment in the admiration of its object, and its own rankling gall, she

she could not, for her soul, avoid thinking Eliza the most engaging woman in the room. Nay, her attempts, in her own mind, to under-rate the charms of Miss Wentbridge, recoiled on herself in exaggerating their witchery. But though envy cannot really force itself to a contempt of its object, it may easily try to assume that disguise. Mrs. Sourkrout, while pining at the perception of such excellence, observed to her next neighbour, that the young person on the floor, though awkward and hoydenish, was a decent enough looking girl. "I suppose," says she, "she is the daughter of some farmer, curate, or excise-man; it is wrong of them people bringing their daughters into genteel company; it gives them high and foolish notions; don't you think so, my dear," said she, turning to her daughter; "Yes ma'am," was all the answer that came from Miss,

who, had paid little attention to the question or antecedent conversation. Miss's thoughts were indeed far otherwise employed.

Those observers of character, countenance, and dispositions, greatly err; who, from acidity, or even harshness of visage, temper, conversation, and actions, infer in women an insensibility to amorous passions. Indeed these appearances very often arise from extreme sensibility, crossed in its pursuits, repining at the want of attainment, or, perhaps, regretting unfortunate success. Mary of England, the votary of the fourest bigotry, was still more the devotee of boundless love for her husband. There has often been observed to be a considerable analogy between mankind and irrational animals. We know there are cats who will scratch, and bite, and tear others with all the dissonance of squalling treble, yet softly

softly and gently purr upon their mates. Miss Sourkrout was a very susceptible young damsel; and if she still remained in a state of celibacy, it was not for want of good will to the opposite condition.— She had often shot the rays of love from her azure-coloured orbs, but they had not reached the destined marks. Perhaps, indeed, this might be owing to their oblique direction; for it often happened, that when she intended to direct the artillery of her charms to the front, its force was spent beyond the right or the left wing.

Miss Sourkrout had no sooner beheld the manly and graceful Hamilton, than she was captivated. She immediately betook herself to ogling, an art in which if she was not perfect, it was not for want of practice. Planting her batteries opposite to him, she forgot that the movements of her gunnery were more curvilinear than suited her purpose, and horizontally

horizontally instead of perpendicularly carried best at an angle of forty-five.— She was enraged at the apparent insensibility of the major, whom she deemed impenetrable to all her glances; but in fact none of them had reached him.— Those from her right eye caused much agitation in the heart of a superannuated beau, that sat near the fire at the upper end of the room; whereas the left reaching an attorney's clerk, who sat by the door at the bottom, he conceived himself challenged to execute a *capias*, *alias*, *et pluries*.—This learned gentleman, not ignorant of the goods, tenements, and hereditaments of Miss Sourkrout, formed a resolution, which he communicated immediately to a friend (the waiter by whom he had been introduced), to leave his master, get possession of Miss and her property, and, perhaps, might have obtained a verdict in his favour, but for a

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nisi prius, which proved the young lady's affections to be the property of another defendant.

Miss Sourkrout, after having in vain endeavoured to make Hamilton sensible of her sentiments, made some enquiries, in consequence of which, she learned his name, and also his approaching marriage with his partner, whom, in her own mind, she presently denounced for the severest vengeance. She did not doubt, that so very accomplished a gentleman must have been entrapped, before he could involve himself in marriage with a girl of so very inferior a fortune. She concluded, that such a project must arise from the forwardness of the young lady, and the lover's unacquaintance with an object worthy of his addresses. She, during the country dances, made overtures to conversation which the major, having no suspicion of her intention
or

or design, returning with the usual complacency of a gentleman, impressed Miss Sourkrout with an idea, that her regards were perceived by the object, and that the discovery was agreeable. As the ball broke up, watching Hamilton's motions, she whispered him on the stairs, that he should hear from her in the morning. Accordingly as they were ready to set out for the vicarage, a letter was brought to Hamilton, subscribed Juliet, declaring he was the Romeo had won her affections at a dance, and hoping that the former Rosalind would, in his affections, give way to another mistress. Hamilton, who had not been unused to such billets, smiled and put the letter in his pocket, neither knowing nor desiring to know who might be the author. The lady, finding that her hero was departed without paying any attention to so tender an intimation, fell into

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a furious passion, terminating in a fit that soon summoned her mother. The old lady learning the cause of this commotion, sympathized readily in her daughter's resentment, and even prompted its effusions, when she considered that the successful rival of Grizzelina was the daughter of that abominated woman, who had triumphed over herself. The mother and daughter, not knowing that the nuptials were so very near, agitated various schemes for preventing their accomplishment.

Meanwhile the auspicious day arrived, which was to unite this gallant soldier to his lovely mistress. They were married in the parish church; old Maxwell, at the express desire of the bridegroom and bride, made one of the guests at the wedding-dinner. The day was spent in the most happy cheerfulness, rising to a festive conviviality in some of the guests, especially

especially the veteran halberdier, which, on any other occasion, the vicar would probably have reprov'd; but his heart now so overflowed, that he readily forgave the effect arising from the overflowings of his cellar.

Maxwell, in his cups, descanted on the soldier's character, and especially the superior success of military men among the ladies. On that topic he sang as well as he could, the famous song of Dumbarton's drums, dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the verse—

“ A soldier alone can delight me O,

“ His manly looks do invite me O, &c.”

As several young neighbours were present, a dance was propos'd, and towards the close, Maxwell, who at the beginning had refreshed himself with a nap, propos'd to the company to dance a hornpipe: the Dusty Miller was attempted,

tempted, but the music was so little to the performer's mind, that he begged the noble commander, as he styled him, to shew them what Scotch musicianers could do. Hamilton good-humouredly took his own violin, on which he was a very masterly player, and desired his veteran friend to name his tune; Maxwell accordingly called for—*If you kiss my wife*.—Hamilton executed it in so animating a style as quite inspired the sergeant to feats of agility, that Ireland himself could hardly surpass. Supper soon after terminated the ball; the party broke up; Hamilton retired to the happiness of virtuous love in the arms of his Eliza.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR two months our young couple had enjoyed each other with ardent and increasing affection, though not without attempts to interrupt their happiness.— These sprang from Mrs. and Miss Sourkrout whose inventions, not being so fertile as their dispositions were malignant, had confined their exertions to anonymous letters, too frivolous in contrivance, and absurd in execution to produce any effect. From some circumstances Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were able to trace them to the rightful authors; but without deigning to resent malice so very inefficient.— About this time a letter arrived from the laird of Etterick, in which he announced his intention of visiting his brother.— His expectations from the co heiresses had,

had, it seems, though he had tried both, proved as fallacious as his hopes from any of his former undertakings. He was now meditating to try his fortune among the English ladies, who, he hoped, would be more sensible to his merits than the misses of his own country. In a few weeks he arrived at Brotherton; and was greatly pleased with his reception at the vicarage. He soon contracted a very high admiration for the worthy clergyman, not so much on account of his abilities, learning, virtue, and piety, as for his skill in rearing cattle; and declared, that he had gained so much knowledge of green crops, during the time he passed in Yorkshire, as would much more than indemnify the expences of his excursion. Though he spent much of his time with Mr. Wentbridge, when superintending his husbandry, and still more with the hind, yet the evenings were passed in the

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parlour,

parlour, and he frequently heard mention made of the machinations of Miss Sourkrout. As the state of her **finances** did not happen to be brought on the carpet, her name excited little attention. But as the season advanced the evenings grew long and fine, the laird, tiring of domestic society, found out a neighbouring public house, wherein he was introduced to an amicable company, consisting of the parish clerk, the barber, the exciseman, the lawyer, and some others, who, though the chief subject of their conversation was the state of public affairs, would sometimes descend to more private considerations. In one of these conferences the attorney, who had that day returned from Doncaster, informed the company that he had the honour of spending the evening in the house of an alderman, that there he had met with a young lady of a capital fortune, who had treated him
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with great complacency. "I do believe," said he, with a self-approving nod, "that if I had not been married I might — hem." The laird, aroused by this intelligence, inquired what the amount of the lady's property was, and how it was disposed of, learned from the communicative lawyer the account he had heard from the alderman's lady, that there was twelve thousand pounds burdened, indeed, with a dowager. The next day the laird, though not much addicted to balls or assemblies, proposed to his brother and sister-in-law to go to the first meeting of that sort which should be held at Doncaster, "wishing," he said, "to have a view of the Yorkshire lasses."—They readily agreed to his proposal, and about a week after repaired to the festive scene. Thinking an auxiliary might be useful, in carrying on his enterprize, he had bethought himself of applying to the attorney, and
opened

opened his mind so much to the satisfaction of that learned gentleman, that he declared he should want no assistance in his power. The lawyer, early in the day appointed for the ball, rode to Doncaster, and making a visit to the alderman's lady, informed her, by way of news, that there was to be a Scotch gentleman of *four* thousand a year in the assembly room that evening, the elder brother of parson Wentbridge's son-in-law; that he had heard much of Miss Sourkrout, and had been making many enquiries about her temper and dispositions. Mrs. Alderman regarding a dowager mayorefs as a very high lady, and having attained the pinnacle of dignity at which she herself aspired, was desirous of gratifying the mother and daughter, and hastily conveyed to them this intelligence.

Both madam and miss were aroused. A triumph over the daughter of Wentbridge,

bridge, who was the wife of a younger brother of the squire, was not the least consideration with either. No beauty that mantua-makers or milliners could bestow on so short a notice was spared. When the company met, the laird having learned which was Miss Sourkrout, after taking something of a circuit round the room, came to miss, and very respectfully requested the honour of her being his partner in a country dance, when they should begin. Miss most graciously complied, and, though fond of exhibiting herself in a minuet, forbore for the present that gratification. He, meanwhile, entered into conversation with both miss and her mother. He soon took a great fancy to the sagacity of the old lady, and the ingenuity of the young one. At length, the time for their dance arrived, and a couple exhibited themselves, which attracted the eyes of the company more than



than any that appeared that evening.— The gentleman extremely lank, with high cheek-bones, a lean visage, the solemn seriousness of aspect which so often distinguishes our northern countrymen, opposed the lady, squab, fat, and blowsy, flirting and simpering; he with narrow shoulders, and a flat chest; she with back broad and brawny, chest large, deep, and capacious. The swain moved in the attitude of a trotting dromedary, so useful to Arabs; the nymph like a quadruped which, though little relished by Jews, is not without value among Christians, and if we may believe Fielding, had even occupied the chief care of a christian pastor *. As both had laboured extremely hard, they were very happy when the rules of the assembly suffered

* See Parson Trulliber and his *flock*, in Joseph Andrews.

them to have rest. The mother most politely thanked the laird for his attention to Grizzle, to which he answered, after much consideration, that he thought it the duty of a gentleman to be polite to ladies: that was a maxim that, he said, had been very early impressed upon him by his worthy grand-mother, to whom, he observed, he was chiefly indebted for his education; having, while his brother went to school, been brought up under the old lady's own eye. Mrs. Sourkrout proposed, as they appeared heated with dancing, to take to a rubber, saying, "she doubted not that a gentleman of his appearance could play at whist." "O yes," replied he, "that was one of my grand-mama's chief lessons; from the time I was twelve year old, till I was past twenty, we spent almost every evening in that pastime, and while my mother lived, and my sisters were at home,

home, we long after kept in the same course : but since I am an orphan and lonesome, I send for my foreman, and take a hit at backgammon. But I should like a rubber very much. A party was accordingly formed. Mr. Hamilton and the fair nymph were partners. Their opponents had won a double, were nine to four of the second, and had turned up the king ; three tricks were gained before the laird and his partner had got one. Miss Sourkout, the dealer, with the king guarded, had two aces, from which she reasonably entertained sanguine hopes of a bumper. Miss having the queen, knave of trumps, and a long suit ; after taking a trick, shewed a suit ; with profound skill discontinued it, to play through the honour ; at the second round drove the king prisoner into the hands of her partner's victorious ace. Her right-hand adversary's ten fell by the same fatal blow,

blow, the laird's nine and eight exhausted all the enemy's trumps, and left his three lord of the board. Now did the comprehensive wisdom of the laird, having before its view every trick, return his partner's suit; the lady made two more, one only remained the destined victim of the corps de reserve, and thus secured the victory. A single hand determined the next game in favour of the laird and miss. Mr. Hamilton considered the rubber as won by miss's dexterity, which raised her very high in his estimation. He with much gravity remarked, "that it was a very providential circumstance, that she thought of playing through the honour."

The major and his lady observed their brother's attention to Miss Sourkrout, but thinking it accidental, regarded it with unconcern. The next morning the

laird went to pay the lady a visit, and was very graciously received.

A few days after, taking an opportunity of being alone with the major, he turned the discourse upon Miss Sourkrout, with a very particular detail of her cash and moveables, according to the information which he had received from his acquaintance the attorney. The major strongly dissuaded his brother from attempting any such connection; but as in his dissuaves he said nothing to the disparagement of her fortune, he made little impression.

The laird visited and revisited the fair object of his pursuit, and as she and her mamma had taken care to be well informed concerning his circumstances, he was received with kindness, manifesting itself the more openly at every succeeding interview. A few weeks con-
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cluded the negotiation, and after a decent sacrifice to coyness and decorum, the esquire was blessed with all the happiness that the lawful possession of miss's charms, such as they were, could bestow. The senior and junior relations of mayoral dignity soon after set out with the esquire for the house of Etterick.

Major Hamilton, meanwhile, after having spent the destined time in Yorkshire, rejoined his regiment, then quartered at Berwick and adjacent towns.—The remainder of the summer and the following winter he and his lady passed in the county of Northumberland. The time now approaching, that was to render her a mother, Eliza anxiously wished to repair to the vicarage. The major, procuring a short leave of absence, accompanied her thither, and soon after (March 22d, 1765,) she presented him with a son and heir. In due time the

infant was christened by a neighbouring clergyman, whilst his grand-father, being sponsor, gave to him his own name of William. Mrs. Hamilton having resolved not to delegate to another the duty which she found herself able to discharge, it was agreed that the vicarage should continue to be her chief residence, while she suckled little William; and as the regiment was now removed to York, that the major should spend, at Brotherton, all the time that he could spare from professional duty. As these visits, depending in some degree on contingences, were neither fixed as to time, nor certain as to duration, they enhanced the impassioned affection with which the husband and wife regarded each other, and their little boy. Whilst the mother, in the father's absence, traced his beloved features in the son, she could not help reflecting, that the
cause

cause of their frequent separation was the performance of duties that might tear them much farther and longer asunder; carrying her fancy to events not improbable, she often dwelt with anxious tenderness on the likelihood there was that Hamilton might be ordered abroad. Peace, it was true, did not at present seem about to be soon broken, but discontents already manifested themselves in America, and might become more serious; should troops be requisite to support the authority of government, no regiment, she thought, was more likely to be selected than that of which her adored husband was a member.—These considerations tinged the love of Eliza with a pensive softness, that rendered her more peculiarly interesting. Her father, who divined the cause of her uneasiness, assured her, that should any circumstance call his esteemed and valued son-in-law

to a distant land, William should be his care, and that no pains or expence, which an income, though moderate not scanty, could afford, should be wanting to give him an education becoming a gentleman and a scholar. The forebodings of Mrs. Hamilton for several years proved unfounded. After William was of sufficient age and strength to allow her absence, she accompanied her husband to the regimental quarters, which, though they frequently shifted, were never farther removed than Liverpool, Chester, Shrewsbury, or some other town within a hundred miles of her father and her son.

Before William had reached the second year of his age she had brought him a brother, and soon after he attained his third she produced another boy. Young William by this time was a strong, active, sprightly little fellow, and the chief favourite of his grand-father, who looked
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on him as a kind of phenomenon, and though only in his fourth year, began to teach him the first rudiments of literature.

Having about a year before risen to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, Hamilton had so closely attended to the troops that he procured a leave of absence for six months, which he, with his lady, spent with the vicar, and in vigilantly watching the opening understanding and heart of their eldest son; and from the acuteness of his remarks, quickness and retentiveness of his memory, and readiness of his ingenuity, together with the affectionate kindness of his disposition, all seen through the exaggerating medium of parental partiality, regarded him as a surprizing instance of intelligence and goodness. Affection, however, did not so much blind discernment as to prevent them from discover-

ing that his temper was irritable and fiery, that under the impulse of anger he would very readily do mischief, though he soon repented; and they strongly represented to the vicar this defect in the child, and he promised his efforts to its correction. Hamilton now rejoined his regiment, which was ordered to the south of England, and did not for the two following years after find leisure to revisit his son. William, during this interval, made quick proficiency under his grand-father; at six years old began his accidence, and at seven had made no small progress in Corderius. Besides the old vicar he had another preceptor, who as anxiously superintended the efforts of his bodily strength, as his grand-father his mental improvement. This was sergeant Maxwell, who instructed him in boxing and cricket, as he had himself learned them in his youth, from Hampshire

shire and Suffex men, when quartered in the south of England; and also procured him the instructions of young villagers, eminent for the Yorkshire wrestling, and especially for cross buttocks. Under his various tutors William made such advances that he had few matches of his own age, at either grammatical or gymnastical exercises. About this time the vicar's eldest son, after having held a fellowship at Cambridge for several years, was presented to a living in his native country, near twenty miles from his father's house. Having, during his residence at the university, been accustomed to tuition, he proposed to add to his income by establishing an academy. The vicar highly approved of this plan, proposed to send his young grandson as a scholar to the new seminary. His son-in-law and daughter, who were now at the vicarage, were greatly delighted with
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this scheme, as they saw their boy, with many excellent qualities, required much stricter and steadier discipline than was administered by his grandfather's indulgence. The colonel's regiment being speedily to embark for Ireland, it was at his instance determined that young Hamilton should be immediately sent to school. The second son of colonel Hamilton had died an infant, the third was, at the earnest entreaty of the vicar, left to replace William. The youngest child, a daughter, accompanied her parents. Mrs. Hamilton, with extreme reluctance, parted from her two boys; yet convinced that their respective situation was the fittest that could be chosen for their several ages, bore it with fortitude. She was now less uneasy on her husband's account, than during the first appearance of American discontent.—The conciliatory policy with which the
administra-

administration of lord North had commenced, had already, in a great measure, quieted disturbances, and it was hoped that measures so agreeable to the mildness of his character would be uniformly adhered to, and produce a total cessation of dissatisfaction. From these expectations, so gratifying to loyal and patriotic politicians, Mrs. Hamilton drew an inference conducive to private happiness, that the colonel would not be ordered to America. Cherishing these hopes, she with the less regret took leave of her father and children, whom, as the distance was comparatively inconsiderable, she hoped ere long to have in her arms.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM Hamilton, the young hero of this true history, was eight years of age when he removed to his uncle doctor Wentbridge's school, in the neighbourhood of Weatherby. That gentleman began his seminary with a considerable prospect of success, and among a good number of pupils had several boys of nearly his nephew's standing. William's genius, therefore, both quick and strong, was stimulated by emulation. His literary career gave his uncle very thorough satisfaction. Before he reached his eleventh year, he was advanced to Cæsar and Ovid's Metamorphoses, and at the head of a class of promising scholars in the various school exercises. Though in his disposition frank, liberal, and bold, and very popular among his schoolfellows, yet

yet he continued passionate ; his anger being vented in violence where prowess could operate, but where valour was inapplicable, converging itself into poignant and severe sarcasm ; infomuch that his uncle told the old vicar, William would turn out a very clever fellow whatsoever profession he embraced, but if he became literary would most probably be a satirist. The venerable clergyman was pleased with the testimony borne by his son to his grandson's ability, but declared his sincere wish that the violence of his passions might be restrained, and his sarcastic efforts might be repressed. Though Dr. Wentbridge was no less desirous of confining his nephew's satirical effusion within the limits of moderation, he could not always succeed. There was at the school an usher of acute and vigorous talents, but malignant in his disposition, sour and sneering in his manners, selfish and

and avaricious in his conduct, extremely ugly and coarse in his appearance. It was customary at the return to school after the holidays for the scholars to make a present to this person, and their treatment by him was generally found indulgent or rigorous, according to the amount of the donation. Dr. Wentbridge had not thought it necessary, as he paid his teacher sufficiently himself, to make any addition on account of his nephew. The covetous pedant was displeased at this omission, and vented his resentment in rigour and insult to the boy as far as he durst, without offending the master. William had once or twice complained of the usher's behaviour, but as Dr. Wentbridge well knew the plaintiff's irritability, and highly valued the defendant on account of his preceptorial qualifications, he, on rather a summary inquiry, gave judgment in the defendant's favour.—

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The usher, encouraged by these acquittals, had persisted in persecuting young Hamilton. One day the boy, now turned of twelve, having finished an exercise, in which he had translated into English verse the storm in the first *Æneid*, had betaken himself to Tom Jones, which he was reading at his leisure hours with a devouring eagerness. He had before pointed out parson Thwackum to his schoolfellows, as the representative of Mr. Scourge, and the usher, was not without an intimation of William's comments, but had not a plausible pretext for venting his gall. Now perceiving that Hamilton was engaged with this novel, while those about him were occupied at their exercises, he imperiously demanded why he was not at his task. "The task is finished," answered the other, without the reverential preface of, sir.—"What stupid

stupid book is that you are reading, firrah?"—"I'm reading no stupid book, it's all very natural.—There, fir," said the young dog, "you will see parson Thwackum is at last found out by his master, and turned off."—"What do you say, you scoundrel," said Scourge. "Away, I am no scoundrel," replied the boy, "but parson Thwackum was a scoundrel, and was treated accordingly."—The usher considering this remark as treason, proceeded to summary punishment, and it would have fared hard with our hero, had not one of the young gentlemen, who was stronger than the usher, interfered, and sent another to the master, requesting his immediate presence. Dr. Wentbridge appeared; at once malicious and mean Scourge preferred his accusation. Wentbridge, not without a knowledge of the dispositions and character of his deputy, and who of late had discovered

discovered his acrimony against William, soon found out the real merits of the case : but not desirous of lowering, in the eyes of the scholars, a teacher whom he found extremely successful, he dismissed his nephew with a slight rebuke, but sent for him into the parlour, and knowing he could depend upon his veracity, though not on his temper, desired him ingenuously to recount the whole circumstances. These Hamilton very plainly and fully explained. He confessed that, enraged at the usher's severity, he had compared him to parson Thwackum, " though, sir, I must confess, when I saw him entering a complaint to you, and trying to simper and smile while he is really so rancorous, I thought of another part."—" What is that, sir?" said the doctor, pretending to speak angrily : " Why, sir," said William, who penetrated into his uncle's real sentiments,

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timents, "that part in which Mr. Blifl, trying to do mischief, has one of those grinning sneers, with which the devil marks his best beloved."—Wentbridge could hardly avoid smiling at an application, which he could not help thinking most forcibly apposite, but constraining his countenance, most severely rebuked his nephew for speaking so disrespectfully of his teacher. He did not, however, fail privately to expostulate seriously with the tutor on his harshness, and charged him to abstain from it in future. The usher, who had a better place than he could easily get anywhere else, was less violent thereafter, and though, perhaps, he hated the boy more, flogged him much less.

William's time now passed very pleasantly, and he proceeded in his studies, making rapid proficiency. His father and mother regularly corresponded with
our

our young hero, and derived high gratification from his letters.

About two years before the regiment had been ordered to America, so quickly that they had not time to revisit England, and embrace their children. Our colonel was actively engaged in the battles of Long Island, New York, and White-plains, and deemed them all, in decisive success, little adequate to British force, valour, and efforts. He accompanied lord Cornwallis in his victorious career through the Jerseys, and had no doubt of capturing Philadelphia, when the commander in chief, by recalling the victorious Britons, arrested the progress as it was about to be complete.—He saw and regretted the dissipated scenes of New York winter quarters, but fortified by principle, and confirmed by habit, remained uninfected by the destructive contagion. Disapproving of
 7 plans,

plans, he was intrepid and skilful in execution. Lamenting the late outset of military operations in the campaign of 1777, and the circuitous course of invasion, which postponed active warfare till the season for it was nearly expired. When the British army at length took the field, colonel Hamilton was one of its most valiant and skilful leaders. At Brandy Wine and German town, he was particularly distinguished; he now hoped that British achievements, though tardy in commencement, would be effectual in result. But premature departure from the field completed the inutility of British valour. Northern discomfiture combining with southern inefficiency, demonstrated the contest to be henceforth hopeless. Hamilton perceived, with sorrow, the debauchery that unnerved British prowess, and with mingled pity and contempt beheld the farcical pageantry of triumph without

without atchievement, which terminated inglorious command. The capture of Burgoyne, and the obstinacy which continued hostile contention, after its object was desperate, rendered large reinforcements of troops necessary. The levies of new regiments procured Hamilton promotion, which permitted him to return to Britain with his lady and his daughter.

Our hero was about fourteen years of age when revisited by his parents; comely, healthy, active, and strong, and in his mental powers and acquirements far beyond most youths of sixteen. Both father and mother were proud of such a son, and anticipated future eminence from so promising talents and accomplishments. As their second son was now at the same seminary, a neighbouring boarding school was commodious for the daughter. The colonel and his lady fixed their abode in

the same village. The venerable vicar of Brotherton having for upwards of forty years discharged, without assistance, the duties of his trust, was, after he had turned his seventieth year, prevailed on to delegate the most laborious part of his function to a curate, and was thus able to spend much of his time in the houses of his son or daughter.

Old Maxwell, though past his grand climacteric, found no difficulty in walking twenty miles to visit these friends, and especially to confer with the colonel on the military operations. "Please your noble honour," he would say, "I think we have not done half so much against those yankies as we did against the French, and yet, God be praised, British soldiers have fought like——what can I say? Why, like British soldiers. But their generals ——; O Lord, your honour, the slippery ground at White-plains

plains would not have stopped general Wolfe; the heights of Abraham were a great deal steeper. Some people change by preferment. I remember at that very place general —, then a colonel, was one of the first that got up the precipice. I must say," continued the loquacious veteran, "Fort Washington was a gallant feat. The defence of Quebec was very well too; and so by God was the attack. That Montgomery was a brave fellow; from his name he must be a Scotchman by birth. Poor Frazer too—but I do not know how it was, there was a great deal of courage and valiant fighting with no upshot. We are no nearer the mark than when we began." The colonel could not help really coinciding with some parts of this criticism, though for obvious reasons he did not reckon it expedient to open his mind without reserve.

Both the Messrs. Wentbridge concurred in censuring the execution of the war, but carried their strictures also to its plans and origin. Hamilton as a military man had lofty ideas of the submission due to government in every department, political as well as military; and various disquisitions took place from a diversity of opinion, sufficient to enliven and animate conversation without causing asperity of dispute. Our hero was often present at these dissertations; and being permitted to deliver his opinion, and instructed to support it with acuteness and force, though with modesty and candour, he greatly promoted the extension of his knowledge, as well as the invigoration of his powers, by these exercises. He was himself strongly inclined to the whig side, a reader of the newspapers, and a profound admirer of Charles Fox. He often expressed the
delight

delight he should feel on being the author of such speeches as were delivered by that celebrated orator. His father would answer, " You may, if you have merit enough. There are some eminent men in parliament, who raised themselves from a situation no higher than yours." Topics of this sort sometimes led to considerations respecting the future profession of our hero, especially when he approached the age of seventeen, and acquired a degree of classical literature, as well as other knowledge, that rendered him fit for being sent to an university. His grandfather reviewing the happiness which he himself had enjoyed in a sequestered life, and in the vigour of his own constitution hoping for several years longer life, wished to secure the reversion of his living to his grandson. The doctor, who by long residence at college chiefly regarded aca-

demic dignities and promotion, did not doubt that the genius and erudition of his nephew might rise to the highest appointments in the university, if not in the church. He himself had by his college connections procured a living, formed his school, and lately obtained a more valuable benefice. He knew that a contented and unambitious temper only prevented him from rising still higher, and saw that Hamilton was of a much more aspiring disposition. The colonel, much as he venerated the elder, respected and esteemed the younger Wentbridge, yet valued political more than ecclesiastical advancement, and desired his son to rise in the state rather than the church.— They all, however, agreed that he should speedily be sent to an university; and as Cambridge was best known and most highly prized by Dr. Wentbridge, that was the seminary chosen for young Hamilton,

Hamilton, and preparations were made for his being entered of Trinity college.

Before William's departure for the university, he unexpectedly became acquainted with relations whom he had never as yet seen. The laird of Etterick had, as we have recorded, returned to the north, possessing all the charms of his Grizzle's person, and the half of her twelve thousand pounds, the old lady having retained the other during life, a period which the honest laird could not help thinking very long. Etterick had not all the satisfaction in this connection that he had hoped;—not that he felt or had any reason to feel jealousy. The amiable Grizzle had indeed had the good fortune never to excite any inordinate desire: during her virginty the views of her suitors had been bounded by her pockets; and since her entering the marriage-state, all men that saw her regarded

her as having disposed of the only temptation which had been ever in her power ; and the laird when in his cups, sometimes wishing to celebrate the wonderful purity of his wife, would declare that she was not only singularly virtuous, but that he would venture to say no man ever desired her to be otherwise. So wrong-headed women are sometimes found, that the lady did not relish this compliment, and no subject was more grateful to her than assertions that attempts had been made upon her virtue. The laird and she, after the honey-moon was over, were not extremely rapturous in their expressions of affection. Sometimes, indeed, they fell into little sparring matches which temper the sweets of connubial ecstasies. In these family-pieces Mrs. Sourkrout would now and then take a part. The chief subject of dispute was the rank and consequence of the

the respective families, whether the daughter of a mayor or the laird of Etterick brought the greatest honour. This point was frequently contested with warmth, and introduced a great variety of narratives, of arguments, replies, and rejoinders. The laird would mention the many centuries during which the family of Etterick had lasted. They had often been in the suite of the earls of Douglas, and had been extremely active in plundering the English borders. They had three boars' heads for their arms: from which it was inferred by themselves, that their forefathers had been intrepid and successful hunters; whereas the detractors of the family derived those emblems from the will and bequest of one of its maternal uncles, who, having been an eminent pork-butcher at Newcastle, in leaving his wealth to a nephew, proprietor of Etterick, then much involved, had chosen

to annex to his legacy a condition referring to his own profession. To this last interpretation the lady would adhere. The laird would farther asseverate, that the family of Etterick had from many generations in its marriages kept to its own rank; and that if he had a little demeaned himself, he still thought Grizzle ought to be sensible of the promotion she had received, and duly to value the alliance to which she had been raised.—The lady's first line of arguments by which she opposed so unwarrantable attacks on the dignity of the Sourkrouts consisted of the mayor and his importance, and corporation dinners and election balls, and the mayorefs partner to the chief candidate my lord Ethelwald Mercia, son to Edgar earl of Pentweazle, the Countess of Coventry's Minuet danced by the said lord and said mayorefs. But if the first line by the force of his charge
did

did not discomfit the boars' heads and the Etterick antiquity, there was a strong line of reserve, commanded and with impetuous fury led on by Mrs. Sourkrout herself, consisting of her uncle the bishop. The laird of Etterick ought to remember, that the lady who had honoured him with her hand was great niece to a spiritual lord. Was any of his boars' heads a right reverend father in God? could any of them shew a mitre on their carriage?—The laird, finding his opponents more voluble than himself, at last desisted from contesting the point; unless now and then when he returned from a conference with the parson over Maggy Wood's whisky-punch, or from a meeting of justices held to promote good morals and especially sobriety among the poor, or from a Monday's dinner after the administration of the sacrament.

With these little interruptions they were not on the whole deficient in family harmony, and Providence blest their loves with a daughter, who, followed by no sister and interrupted by no brother, was destined heir of the estate of Etterick and the money of Sourkrout, both considerably increased by the œconomy of her parents. Mrs. Sourkrout passing the summer in Scotland generally wintered at her house in Doncaster : there she was at this time situated. The laird not having for many years seen his brother, proposed to fetch the dowager, and with his wife and daughter to visit the colonel. Accordingly they set out, and in due time reached the abode of our hero's parents. The colonel and his son were abroad on a visit ; and Mrs. Hamilton, having completely forgiven the machinations of the quondam Miss Sourkrout, now received her with a cordiality

diality and kindness of a sister-in-law, and was no less affectionate in her treatment of the laird and their young Miss. The heiress of Etterick was now about fifteen years of age but a very forward plant, combining her father's height with her mother's breadth and rotundity: she also inherited the maternal locks with a ruddy complexion and sanguine aspect. Though father and mother did not coincide in every subject, they agreed respecting Sukey; both indulged her without restraint or moderation. The old lady, though it must be confessed not very prone to kindness, cherished this her heir and representative with more boundless fondness than even her parents themselves. Miss Sukey was accustomed to speak without reserve whatever she thought or felt. She had not been half an hour in the house before she asked

Mrs.

Mrs. Hamilton if they had many fine young men about the place? and whether her cousin William was not very handsome? The lady of the house having smiled without returning a direct answer, she went on to an account of the different gentlemen she knew, with an accurate description of their respective features, face, height, and shape. She was standing by a window expatiating on these subjects, and her aunt and mother were sitting at some little distance, when suddenly stopping and gazing out for a minute she exclaimed, "Good Lord! mother, what a lovely youth!" but before the mother came to make her observations, the young man was out of sight. A few minutes after, colonel Hamilton entered the room; and after a very affectionate meeting with his brother, and paying his respects to his sister-in-law and niece, he sent a ser-

vant to the doctor's to summon his two
 sons. Henry, the youngest, first made
 his appearance ; a fine, active, blooming
 boy of fourteen, with the carelessness
 about dress incidental to boys before
 the ideas of commencing manhood give
 them different sentiments. Soon but not
 immediately after arrived William, and
 was recognized by his cousin to be the
 person whom a little before she had so
 lavishly praised. William was now en-
 tered the eighteenth year of his age, with
 an animated, expressive, and engaging
 countenance, above the middle size,
 well proportioned, °graceful, active, and
 muscular, with a frank and manly address,
 and manners which, though they did
 not amount to courtly politeness, coming
 directly, were more impressive than the
 most studied refinement. His charms
 and accomplishments had already made
 an impression on some of the young
 Delias

Delias who had learned, while perusing their prayer-book at church, to take a glance at the Damons, and with soft eyes, pouting lips, and dimpling cheeks to indicate the blossoming emotions of nature. William however, though fully sensible to female charms, had not fixed his attentions on any particular object ; or rather was the admirer of every pretty girl he saw, and of her most whom he had last beheld. Young as he was, he moreover possessed a very considerable discernment ; and though he might be pleased for a time he could not be long interested, by any object that did not add good sense and sensibility to beauty. His cousin, minding mere external appearance, was captivated at first sight with our young hero ; and having been instructed by her grandmother and her old nurse that a young lady of fortune is to be baulked in nothing that she may

may please to desire, instead of concealing her sensations, she with much pains displayed them to their object; and though William certainly did not make the expected return, yet, as she could not learn that he was attached to any other, she hoped her battery might ultimately be effectual. But before that blessed time arrived, our hero set off for the university.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR hero arriving at Cambridge was entrusted to the care of the head of a college, the old intimate friend of his uncle, and entered as a pensioner. Hamilton had carried with him a stock of classical literature that equalled the proficiency of any cotemporary youth from even Westminster or the other great schools. He also had made some progress in mathematics. This happened to be what Cantabs call a good year; among the fresh men there were a great proportion of hard students. Our hero made one of the number, and made a distinguished figure in the various exercises. He excelled both in Latin and English composition in prose and verse, and

and made several essays at poetry that displayed a fancy both strong and brilliant. His satiric vein, which grew with his age, was not unemployed. Enraged against Mr. Fox for coalescing with a statesman whom in the judgment of Hamilton he had execrated so justly, he for a time forgot his attachment to the transcendent orator, and wrote a ludicrous poem in the measure of Hamilton's Bawn, containing a brilliancy and force of imagery with a satiric poignancy not unworthy of a Sheridan. This essay was the more highly relished at Cambridge because it sided with Mr. Pitt, the proud political boast of that university. But these sportive exercises of his genius were far from chiefly employing the talents of our youth. According to the inculcations of his preceptors, and the example of the most admired students, he applied himself with
peculiar

peculiar vigour to mathematics; and as he approached the year of his graduation, was farther stimulated by the hopes of academical honours. He also added metaphysics on a more extensive scale than is usual at English universities, and did not neglect ethics and political œconomy. He imbibed the high spirit of liberty which Cambridge breathes, was a bold and constitutional whig, and a great friend to Smith's doctrines of free trade. He approved greatly of Mr. Pitt's principle of commercial politics, the expediency of exchanging surplus for supply; and wrote in one of the periodical publications an essay on the Irish propositions, which was very highly valued by both parties, both for the vigour of reasoning and eloquence of impression. Some of his academical friends, to whom he communicated this production, strongly advised.

advised him to superadd the lighter graces of rhetoric; and by their advice he read Cicero, Quintilian, and Blair. This last work was the subject of his studies during one of the vacations while he visited his friends in Yorkshire.

There he passed about two months, delighted and astonished them by his powers and attainments. Care had been bestowed on his accomplishments as well as his erudition. His mother saw with pleasure he was the best dancer at Doncaster ball. His father having introduced him to the officers of his own corps quartered at Leeds, he was universally allowed to be one of the finest men on the parade. Old Maxwell vowed that he ought to be at the head of the grenadier company. The young farmers acknowledged that at foot-ball, wrestling, and cudgel-playing, young Mr. Hamilton was a match for any man
in

in the West Riding. The young dam-
sels bore witness to the handsomeness of
his face, the sweetness and spirit of his
eyes, and the fineness of his figure; not
forgetting the charmingness of his dan-
cing. William himself, though sensible
of the power of beauty, was not smitten,
at least deeply, by any young lady.
With very considerable sensibility, he had
little of the delicate and sentimental: he
liked a pretty girl when he saw her, and
another pretty girl when he saw her;
but without being the votary of lan-
guishing and pining love.

His cousin Susan had not yet forgotten
her sweet William, as she styled him. Not
but that she had flirted with a cornet of
horse, a lieutenant of marines, the young
laird of Mosspaul, and some others of late.
She had from being giddy taken rather a
serious cast, and it seems from the fol-
lowing cause. One Roger O'Rourke, a
native

native of Carrickfergus, had come to Edinburgh to push his fortune, with one coat, one shirt, one fiddle, and no pair of breeches, and had been employed as a performer by a dancing-master. Being himself a muscular active fellow and a capital hand at an Irish jig, in summer, when his master's business was slack, he resolved to try his hand, or rather his legs, in delivering instructions himself through country villages. In the course of his itinerancy, he had arrived at Etterick, and had the honour to give lessons to Miss, in order, as the laird phrased it, to keep her in exercise: The following winter he had been induced by a female acquaintance to visit the Methodist chapel, where, as this friend instructed him, he would hear the choicest doctrines for poor frail sinners. O'Rourke soon became a convert to tenets which he found very accommodating, and readily en-
 ered



vered into a compromise to swallow all
 their articles of faith and keep to his
 own articles of practice. Being a fel-
 low of lively fancy, an enterprizing and
 adventurous disposition ; he having
 during that winter heard the sermons,
 joined in the private devotions, partaken
 of the love-feasts, given and received
 the holy kifs, experienced the commu-
 nion of saints, in short, served the ap-
 prenticeship of Methodism, he determin-
 ed to set up as a journeyman, and the fol-
 lowing summer to have two strings to
 his bow,—dancing and preaching. Our
 strapping missionary set out and was not
 long a visiting the mansion of Etterick ;
 but with his dress and appearance very
 greatly changed. For whereas in the
 former year, he had been a smart fellow,
 with a bonnet and green ribbon, a short
 green coat, tartan waistcoat, and trow-
 sers, he had now a flouched hat, a com-
 plete

plete suit of black, which he had got through the munificence of a taylor's lady, that described him to her husband as a powerful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. Miss, who had regarded her dancing-master with much complacency, scarcely recognized him under this metamorphosis; and, at first, when informed of the double capacity in which he proposed to act, treated him with ridicule. Her mother, however, was of a different opinion; that good lady was not without a pre-disposition to Methodism. She had spent some part of the preceding winter at Glasgow, and was much pleased with the sublimated Calvinism which she there heard; as she, indeed, always had been the friend of faith without works. She had at Edinburgh attended the chapel of Lady Glenorchy, or, as it was usually called, *the*

Lady's Kirk; and, finally, she had quarrelled with the parson of her own parish, because he had given shelter to a servant whom she had been pleased to buffet and discharge, though not in the wrong. Being, therefore, not disinclined to undergo conversion, she chid her daughter for treating so sacred things lightly. Suke, having reconsidered the matter, reflected, that, though the outward man was different, the inward was the same; she even complimented him on the change; in his trowsers, she said, he had looked too *robustious*, in his blacks he was more genteel. Under this instructor Miss Sukey made rapid progress in grace; she had learned all the spiritual terms, and had read Whitfield's and many others' Sermons, and, through the ministry of the fervent Roger, had very nearly reached the goal of female

female faintship*; when, behold, a letter arrived from a friend at Doncaster, that knew nothing of Miss Sukey's spiritual change; describing the appearance of William Hamilton at the ball, and setting forth his charms, and the many young ladies whom they had captivated. The evangelical pastor and this wandering sheep (not, like Miss Prudence, little, but of the *Tiviot-dale* breed,) were sitting on a sofa, discussing the doctrine of spiritual love, which he elucidated by apt illustrations; he had exemplified the kiss of peace, and was imprinting on her lips the kiss of joy, when a foot on the stair made them withdraw from the closeness of their devotions, afraid lest their holy zeal, being misconstrued, might be a stumbling-block to

* See Miss Prue's Letter in the Bath Guide, and Mr. Polwhele's Note.

the ungodly; and she had reached the window, when a servant brought the letter. Miss Sukey having read and re-read this epistle, her affection for Hamilton immediately rekindled in her combustible bosom. Roger and his kiss of joy had no longer any joy for her. She resolved that her father and mother should immediately accompany her to Yorkshire. Again looking at the dear letter, she observed a postscript which had before escaped her, mentioning that it was remarked that the excellent old Mrs. Sourkrout had been of late declining much; she ran to her mother and shewed her this postscript, and did not fail to recollect a dream which she had about her grandmamma:—she had seen that beloved lady lying on her death-bed, reproaching her daughter and granddaughter for neglecting her in her last moments.

moments. Her conscience could not be at ease unless they posted instantly to the house of their parent. The mother, who was incapable of refusing any requisition to her daughter, granted this the more readily, as she wished to take cognizance of the old lady's progress in grace. The laird, who was generally passive on such occasions, did not object to the intended expedition; and, when his wife and daughter had left the room, ringing for his chief confidant and counsellor, the footman, with much glee squeezed him by the hand, saying, "Andrew, my boy, the everlasting dowager is going at length; by the Lord she has had a tough time of it; when we have her once under ground, we shall have a ranting night of it at Maggy Wood's." They prepared to set out immediately; Roger accosted Miss as she came into the hall equipped

for her journey, but to his astonishment received no answer. She hurried into the carriage, was followed by her parents, and they drove off, leaving the preacher to account for this sudden change; all he could learn from the servants was that the old lady was at the point of death, for so Andrew had reported. He wished Providence had deferred this intelligence a little longer: meanwhile he addressed himself to the hearts of other devotees.

The travellers had proceeded with such expedition that, having left Selkirk at three o'clock in the afternoon, they the next evening at nine arrived at Doncaster, and, very little to the satisfaction of the laird, found Mrs. Sourkrout engaged at whist and in high spirits, in the very act of receiving three tricks for a revoke. She was agreeably surprised by a visit of which she had no apprehension

hension of the motives. But, though she was not so ill as the laird had expected, she was so much emaciated he was not without hopes of soon laying her underground. The dowager asked Miss Suke if they had taken the colonel's in their way, and if she had seen her cousin William? She answered in the negative; but learned with much satisfaction, that he was expected in town the following day to the races. The next day came, William made his appearance, and paid his compliments to Miss with the ease of good-humoured indifference. Miss was in raptures with her charming cousin, as she did not scruple openly to call him, but could not help finding that though he behaved with polite attention he exhibited no marks of mutual regard. She watched his eyes as they followed various belles; and though she did not see them fixed long upon

one object, she saw the expression was much more animated towards several objects than to herself. The third day, she observed our hero very earnestly ogling a smart young milliner that came to the inn with preparations for the ensuing ball, and that as she left the room William went out also ; softly following them to the stairs, Miss saw them meet, and William bestow on her a kind caress not unlike Roger O'Rourke's kifs of joy. Though various opportunities had offered, he had never made the least advances to such a freedom with Miss Sukey. After a minute the fair companion of Hamilton caught a view of the listener, and hurried away. Hamilton, who had not seen her motive, hastened after her to the street. Meanwhile Miss Sukey retired to consult a favourite servant who had followed them by the stage-coach ; she was directed to watch

watch the motions of the dresser of caps and her supposed admirer, which she could the more easily do as she had seen both without being known to either. Betty executed her commission, and observed both at a small distance in a lane that opened to a large garden belonging to the inn. This intelligence she communicated to her young mistress, and they set out to reconnoitre. As the garden was full of bushes and trees, it was not difficult to see without being seen, or to hear without being heard. Hamilton was a young man of honour and principle, and consequently could not deliberately plan the seduction of an innocent female, nor even intentionally engage her affections and so distress her heart: but he was by no means averse to intrigues, when he conceived the object not to come under that description. Jenny Collings, the daughter to a Shef-

field manufacturer, after having been an apprentice in her native town, was now assistant to one of the chief milliners in Doncaster. She was a pretty lively girl, with what are called roguish eyes ; fond of admiration, thoughtless, giddy, with no little appearance of levity. Hamilton had repeatedly seen her, and, from her volatile manners and appearance, had formed a conjecture that really did not do her justice. Under that impression he at first addressed his glances, which she, pleased with the attention of so fine a youth, had so returned as to convey a different impression from that which she intended, and to confirm him in his opinion. He had taken an opportunity before that morning of signifying his attachment, not doubting that she perfectly understood its nature and object. She encouraged his advances by a repetition of her unguarded behaviour,

haviour, and in this disposition they now met as before seen and reported by Betty.

Our hero and his companion had arrived at an alcove at a remote part of the garden, and were engaged in conversation, mingled with that dalliance which, favoured by opportunity, is between the sexes so dangerously progressive ; when Miss Sukey and Bet posted themselves behind the recess, to explore the secret transactions between the parties. The lovers were wound up to a very interesting pitch, and poor Jenny was about to pay the price of her levity, when her guardian angel, assuming the shape of a female actuated by curiosity, saved her from the impending danger. Both Betty and Miss Sukey had heard the enraptured whisperings of ardent attack, the soft sighs and imperfect repulses of feeble and yielding defence, when Miss Sukey espied a cranny in the summer-house,

house, through which she did not doubt she might more thoroughly ascertain facts. Bending forward over a bush to reach this place of contemplation, and, in her eagerness, not minding her balance, she fell plump against the boards into the bush, and set up a scream. The lovers hastily withdrew, and Jenny had time to recollect her many engagements for the day to the various belles of Doncaster, to decorate and equip them for the important evening. She hurried home without adverting to the perils which she had avoided. Hamilton having parted with his companion betook himself to the place whence the interrupting voice had issued, and there met with Miss Sukey and her attendant. Miss, totally unused to dissimulation, pouted and frowned. Betty, with the pert flippancy and consequential self-importance of a waiting-maid expired
into

into confidence, first asked what he had done with his sweetheart, and then, putting her hand in her side and elevating her face, declared that a gentleman such as he *oft* to be ashamed of himself for keeping company with *sich* nasty low trollops, Hamilton walked on as if unconscious to what circumstance the sage remarks of Madam Betty had alluded. Miss Sukey and Mrs. Betty having returned to the house, the pin-sticker expatiated with great severity on the wickedness of Hamilton, and finally declared him totally unworthy of the regard of her young lady. “ Ah ! my dear Miss Sukey, were I to give my humble opinion, I think he is nothing to come into *compolifom* with Mr. O'Rourke. Mr. Roger is both more taller and more properer ; he has the fear of God before his eyes, he is in a state of grace, and is moreover the best built, best shouldered,

and best limbed man one can see in a summer's day ; he is *consarned* for the good of your soul. If you had seen him how grievously he took to it when you went away without once speaking to him, you would have bepitied the poor youth. Were I as you, Madam, I would give over all thought of your ungrateful cousin and give my mind up to Mr. O'Rourke. He converted you to a state of grace, and enlightened you with the knowledge of the gospel. He would be a loving and a cherishing husband, and not be running after such gilflirts under your nose." Betty was not altogether disinterested in this praise. Roger, by his piety and other qualifications, had made a very deep impression upon this young woman. He had protested to her that she was the real object of his affection, and that his attentions to Miss Sukey were only bestowed
on

on her account. Roger's Methodism, like that of many others, admitted a very great laxity in moral practice and the duties of social life. Betty, who had already given him every testimony in her power of her love and affection, desired his promotion and aggrandisement; and was not without the hopes that he might marry the heiress of Etterick, while she might in private share with him some of the benefits of this affinity. Besides remote views, she was not without the apprehension of more urgent circumstances, which for the convenience and welfare of her and *hers* required an addition to the worldly substance of Mr. Roger O'Rourke. She, therefore, very anxiously endeavoured to detach Miss Sukey from Hamilton. The disappointed affection and pride of Miss Sukey co-operated with the instances of Mrs. Betty, and the cold deportment of
Hamilton

Hamilton at the ball conducted powerfully to the same purpose. Our hero had no motive to pretend sentiments and affections which he did not feel. He was disgusted with Miss's appearance and general demeanour; and not knowing, because not regarding, her sentiments towards himself, he had imputed the adventure in the garden to the influence of prying and impertinent curiosity, and had from that time treated her with an undisguised contempt, which those who most deserve can least bear.—Meanwhile he continued to bestow attention on Jenny Collings, and they had frequent private interviews. Hamilton did not intend to seduce,—Jenny did not intend to be seduced;—but the result was the same as if there had been the deepest premeditation on either side. So true it is that instances occur in the history of love as well as of politics in which

which *killing is no murder* *. Designed seduction, if followed to all its probable effects of vice and misery, is one of the greatest crimes that can be committed; and exceeded in hurtfulness by few affecting private individuals only, except murder. But there are gradations in the one as in the other, according to the degree of intention: there is a poison which undermines and destroys the vitals of virtue; an assassination, which attacks it in its unguarded and defenceless seasons; culpable homicide, in which without *malice propense* both parties are to blame, and chance-medley the effect of unfortunate situations and collisions of passions. From such rencontres female virtue is more frequently in danger than from any other. Many persons who are

* See Hume's History of Oliver Cromwell, vol. vii.

peaceable enough when sober, are prone to fight when heated with liquor: such ought to abstain from too plenteous libations. There are, likewise, many extremely well disposed young women, who yet are not to be trusted with the no less intoxicating beverage of moonlight walks, or even daylight excursions through fields and woods. Though there may be no particular plot formed against innocence and happiness, yet nature and passion have contrived a general plot, which, carried on in such scenes and by such actors, rarely fails to produce the catastrophe. As, alas! all the human race is frail, the best and wisest of moral systems has strongly inculcated, that the surest means of avoiding vice is to keep from temptation. Chastity may be considered as a garrison, which may stand a very long siege, may either repulse the assailant or make terms
of

of honourable and advantageous capitulation. But where discretionary capture is the besieger's object, a storm will rarely answer the purpose; he tries either sap or surprize. The first of these two modes depends on the skill of the besieger; requires time for his arts to operate, and may be resisted by equal skill supported by firmness. As he mines, you may countermine, and, perhaps, finding that you will not surrender at discretion, in his eagerness to have possession, he will grant such terms as even the bravest garrison may with honour receive. In a siege of this kind the chief danger is from *mutiny*; there may be a strong party well affected to the enemy, let reason, the governor, (not crush these, for that would often be impracticable, but) win them over by demonstrating, that firm and vigorous resistance is the only way to insure to them
the

the terms which they desire. But, perhaps, the most frequent mode of capture is surprize ; the outposts are unguarded, the centinels are asleep ; a reconnoitring party, which has approached the fortress without any thoughts of a capture, is invited by this obvious carelessness to make the attempt, and carries the castle before any alarm is given. Let my youthful readers of the softer sex attend to these admonitions : let them not trust too much to their own strength : their surest strength is the caution of conscious weakness. Let parents and guardians not only supply the garrison with stores of principles, but strongly line all the approaches to situations from which those principles might be blown up ; and take special care firmly to secure the outposts : then they may avoid the fortune of Jenny Collings, who fell a victim, not to the designs of an enemy, but

but to her own indiscretion and imprudence.

Our hero now greatly relaxed in the intenseness of his studies. A cousin of his mother's who lived by Doncaster had repeatedly asked him to spend a month in shooting with him. Hamilton had not been peculiarly addicted to this amusement, and had refused the offer; but he now changed his mind, and accepted the invitation, alleging that his Cambridge friends had often ridiculed him for his ignorance of that diversion, and that on reflection he wished to learn it under so skilful a ^o master. His parents agreed to be of the party, and Hamilton continued there during the remainder of the vacation. The sagacious reader will not need to be informed of the real motive of chusing this place of residence, or that he very frequently had interviews with Miss Collings. This poor girl,

girl, though thoughtless and giddy, possessed both sense and feeling. Hamilton, who had conceived her addicted to intrigue, was now convinced he had totally mistaken her character, and that he had done her an irreparable injury. Her peace of mind he saw was gone, and felt with poignant remorse that he was himself the cause. Her fondness for him increased almost to distraction, while regret and pity gave a softness to his conversation and attentions, that her wishes and hopes construed into reciprocal love. As the time approached in which he must depart for Cambridge, finding that not only the heart of this young woman was torn asunder, but that her reputation must eventually suffer, he himself became a prey to dejection, contrition, and remorse. His parents did not fail to remark his altered countenance and spirits, but without being able

able to explore the cause. Meanwhile he concerted with Miss Collings a plan which, though it might not prevent suspicion, would hinder certain exposure. Having somewhat reconciled Jenny to his departure, he returned to the university.

Soon after the ball before commemorated, Miss Sukey had earnestly insisted on returning to Etterick. Old grandmamma made one of the party: and, when the laird returned, he renewed his complaints to his cronies, that the still was everlasting, and that the treat to be given on her Burial must be postponed, as the dowager was above ground. His lady by this time had made great progress in bringing her mamma to a state of grace. Miss being now returned from her wanderings after another shepherd to the folds of Methodism, and affection for its pastor also warmly promoted the
spiritual

spiritual amendment of her grandmother. Betty lent her assistance, and nothing was wanted to confirm the dowager in the right way, but the ministry of Roger. This powerful engine of conversion was not wanting long. O'Rourke, having received faithful information from his votary Betty of the state of affairs in the Etterick family, was at the mansion-house the day after their return. He found himself received with great cordiality by his female devotees, and by Miss with many kind glances. He observed that the laird regarded him very coldly, and that this displeasure was increased by the lady, who strongly exhorted her husband to refrain from profane company at the public-house, and to attend to the admonitions of Mr. O'Rourke; and the laird feared lest the influence of the preacher might abridge if not prevent his evening potations.

O'Rourke

O'Rourke was naturally a sagacious fellow, with a great deal of versatility and address. He could become all things to all men. He took an opportunity of accosting the laird one afternoon in the fields, and bestowed many encomiums on his skill in farming. The laird, who, as O'Rourke was a favourite with the higher powers, did not chuse to behave uncivilly at first, listened to him with indifference, but, as O'Rourke hit his favourite subjects, at last, with complacency. He had descanted on the excellence of a field of wheat then ready for the sickle, and they had walked along a path by its side, when they arrived at a stile within view of which was the ale-house, the scene of the laird's evening amusements. Etterick, supposing that they must now part, paid his companion a compliment, saying, "Really, Mr. O'Rourke, you have

more sense than I thought you had, and I think you and I may be better friends than we have been, but don't you now tell at home that you saw me going towards Wood's." "So far from that, please your honour," said O'Rourke, "that if you will allow me I will attend you, but it is for the honour of your company, and not for the liquor. Although I must say I see no harm in a cheerful glass with a friend." "I thought, Mr. Roger, you would think it contrary to religion." "Oh, not all. Our religion minds higher things, faith and grace; but is not so ticklish as to mind a little drop of whisky." "Whisky is good," replied the laird, "but rum is better;" "and so thinks myself, please your honour." By this time they were arrived, and the laird's usual companions being engaged at the harvest, they had the parlour to themselves. The first
bowl

bowl of punch passed in spiritual discourse, and O'Rourke had assured the laird, that if he would join the methodists in their prayers and spiritual devotions, his pleasures at other times should not be an inch abridged. By the end of the second bowl, this new disciple had come to a kind of compromise, that he should attend to all the prayers and devotions which did not interfere with the club-hours. This point of conscience being satisfactorily settled, they proceeded in their jovial career. The acquired gravity of the saint gave way to the natural vivacity of the Irishman. O'Rourke sang several songs, and told several comical stories, and was actually engaged in the first stanza of

“ Sweet Molly Mog is as soft as a bog!
As wild as a kitten, &c.”

when the evening bell rang for prayers, which ever since O'Rourke's residence in this mansion had been regularly performed, at stated periods, by the whole family, besides their private devotions. O'Rourke was somewhat startled at this sound, as the punch was excellent and the bowl nearly full ; but being a ready-witted fellow, he immediately dispatched a note to the lady, informing her that he had met his honour ; that the finger of God was evident in the meeting ; and that he was in a blessed condition of conversion. He had got the effectual calling, and wanted only a little fillip more of the spirit of the gospel, to make his election sure ; that in a short time he would prevail on him to come home, and join in the evening exercise. Having sent off this epistle, our apostle gave up Molly Mog ; and, to put the
laird

laird in a right frame, expatiated on the joys of heaven and the terrors of hell. At this last subject he declared, that sinners who did not repent, that is to say, betake themselves to faith and grace, would be burned by the devil until they were as black as the skin of a roasted potatoe. And come, here's a bumper to your honour's salvation, and I shall be glad at time and place *convenient* to lend you a lift. You're in a blessed disposition, and if you keep to it you're sure of getting to heaven among the saints and the pretty little angels; and heaven, let me tell you, is as fine a place as the Curragh of Kildare, or the lake of Killarney itself." "Yes," answered the laird, with true Caledonian gravity, "it is a blessed mansion, where God grant we may arrive with due speed." "Oh," replied Roger, "there's no hurry." The laird now whistling, the landlady

made her appearance. The laird inquired what was to pay, and being informed, ordered another bowl, observing that it was an established rule of the house never to pay the reckoning over an empty bowl. "And a very good rule it is," said the saint: "but as we are in haste, I think we had better have larger glasses." Mrs. Wood having joined the company, Roger inquired into the state of her religion, and finding her rather a stray sheep, undertook for her guidance, declaring that his heart warmed to so comely and handsome a woman, and that nothing in his power should be wanting for her conversion. His honour being gone on a little before, the spiritual guide saluted the dame with a holy kiss, overtook his comrade, returned to the mansion-house, and prayed with even more than usual fervour. The laird joined most sincerely; and, bating
that

that he fell asleep and snoared in the middle, went through with becoming zeal. The ladies would have rebuked him for this musical accompaniment, but his friend Roger took his part, representing that some allowance must be made for a novice. They now sat down to supper. Our apostle read a lecture upon temperance, not long,—as it only lasted while he eat a couple of pounds of minced collops, with onions and potatoes in proportion: he drank another tumbler, and having recommended himself to the private prayers of his several disciples, he retired to his own apartment, and was at the usual time visited by the punctual Betty.

The next day he met the laird, attended him to the former place of spiritual communion, and in the course of a week made him a complete convert. The conversion of the landlady was still

shorter; nor were other profelytes wanting on whom his persuasives had equal influence: so that the preaching coal-heaver himself never in so short a time shot more sinners into the cellar of repentance, than this worthy instructor Roger O'Rourke.

Having *thus* established the holiness of methodism throughout Etterick and its dependencies, Mr. O'Rourke now began the improvement of his doctrines. He made ardent love to Miss Sukey, though generally arrayed in scripture phraseology. "Come, kiss me," he would say, "with the^e kisses of thy lips, for thy love is sweeter than wine." It was at length concerted between Mr. Roger and Miss Sukey, that they should be privately married *in the sight of heaven*; Miss did doubt that her influence with her parents, added to the influence of Mr. O'Rourke and his methodism, might

might reconcile them to the connection. The pastor was partly of the same opinion, but reserved to himself the privilege, should he be deceived, of decamping and leaving his present seraglio of saints, preaching the new light in other parts, or betaking himself to such other calling as might best suit his purposes. Accordingly the nuptials were concluded in the manner agreed.

In a few weeks Mr. O'Rourke, having now brought himself into very high favour with the father, mother, and grandmother, ventured to disclose his passion for Miss ; and, addressing himself to their worldly as well as their heavenly feelings, assured them he was a gentleman born, and next heir to a great estate, which he should possess as soon as his two cousins and their respective sons and daughters should be in the dust. Although this reversionary prospect was

somewhat distant, yet it was a great comfort to the laird, that Mr. Roger O'Rourke was a gentleman. Mrs. Sourkrout and her daughter had also the satisfaction to learn that Mr. O'Rourke's great grandfather by the mother's side had been a bishop; and though it is true he had been popish, still he had a title to wear a mitre on his carriage. These considerations having all the evidence in their favour which the testimony of the narrator could bestow, made a deep impression on the worthy saints, and combined with their evangelical sympathy in inclining them to admit the suit of this holy gentleman. Ere long they agreed to his proposals, and the marriage was duly solemnized. The bridegroom having a dash of vanity, determined to publish this alliance in the newspapers, which he did in the following terms, involving in them an allusion to
some

some of his former avocations.—“ Yesterday was married in the holy bands of matrimoney, the Rev. Roger O’Rourke, *alias* Roger O’Rourke, esq. to Miss Susan Hamilton, the only daughter of Duncan Hamilton, esq. by Grizzle his wife, to the great joy of the ancient and honourable families and parties concerned.”—This notification the printer took from the copy *literatim* and *verbatim*. The nuptials being concluded, the family, comprehending this new member, returned to Etterick, excepting Betty, who procured leave of absence, being, she said, going to visit her parents in the north.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE all these affairs were brought to the close which we have recorded, our hero ^{had} was returned to Cambridge, to prepare for his ensuing graduation. He renewed his mathematical studies, but sometimes could not help reflecting on poor Jenny Collings more than either Sir Isaac Newton or Maclaurin. The exertion of his faculties, however, and not desponding regret, were the means by which he could make any atonement.— The intenseness of his former application had now rendered only revision necessary. The important period arrived, he stood the various contests, and attained the honour of senior wrangler, the highest that a bachelor of arts can reach, and
was

was generally esteemed one of the ablest and most promising young men that Cambridge had raised for many years.

He now set out for London, where his father had intended he should be brought up to the law. He was accordingly entered at Lincolns Inn, and began the usual course of studies. He had not been long in his new situation, when one morning, sitting ruminating on his future prospects, a gentle knock was heard at the door; he opened it himself, and a female fainted in his arms. Instantly recognizing Jenny Collings, he carried her into his apartment, and at length brought her to herself. Having recovered her recollection, she gently reproached him for his omission, in having suffered a whole month to pass since he left Cambridge, without writing to her. He declared he had written to her twice, and

was

was much surprised he had received no answer. "Where did you address to me?"—"At Doncaster, to be sure: I wrote to you, my dear Jenny, that I hoped I should in a few weeks have affairs properly arranged for receiving you here."—"Good God," said she, "I dare say our letters have been opened, and every thing discovered, which I hoped to conceal. I wrote to you last from Sheffield, having, as I before mentioned, bade adieu to Doncaster." Hamilton having declared he never had received the intelligence; he now inquired tenderly into her adventures and situation. She acknowledged with a faint blush and downcast eyes, that in the subject of his anxious interrogatories, which she had never answered, his apprehensions had been but too well founded. Conscious of her condition, she had with a broken heart communicated it to
her.

her widowed mother, whose chief hope she had been. Mrs. Collings, borne down by former afflictions, had not once reproached her for the grievous addition which her conduct had made; and by her forbearance had cut her to the heart. "I have," said Jenny, "two younger sisters, to whom she intended me as an example, and hoped I would be a support. I know she must look on me as having blasted all her expectations. Two days ago she came into the room where we were, and looking at us alternately, burst out into a fit of crying, which tore my very soul. I thought her tears and sobs a reproach to me. I could not bear them. I left the room, went to my own, and resolved to seek my fortune in the capital. I had six guineas hoarded up, from different presents of relations, and also of ladies who were pleased with my attention to their orders. I left the half

inclosed

inclosed in a farewell letter to my mother, and with the rest sallied out unobserved to the office of a stage coach, that passed about that time, found a seat, and this morning arrived in town.— Knowing from yourself that you were to be in Lincolns Inn, I hurried hither.”

“ My dearest Collings,” said our hero, “ whatever I can do to atone for the injury, and to gratify affection, shall be performed. My means are not great, but I trust they will increase. I understand there is a considerable market for literary efforts in this place ; I am not without hopes of rising by such exercises ; and my dear Jenny shall share all the fruits of my labours.” “ Mr. Hamilton,” said the young lady, “ in what way you mean that proposal, I am very anxious to know : in one way, in my rank, and after my indiscretion, I cannot flatter myself it is intended ; in another, though
my

my conduct justifies it, still I am grieved that you should make such an offer." Here she burst into a paroxysm of affliction, exclaiming in hysterical shrieks: "I am ruined, but will not be your mistress." Our hero, tenderly affected, disavowed any such intention, and, with a high sense of retributive justice, and of compassion for a misfortune caused by himself, went farther than in the calm moments of prudence he would have proposed, and actually declared that he would by marriage atone for the evil. Miss Collings answered, "No, sir, I am charmed to find that the man whom I have trusted so far beyond the bounds of prudence and honour should prove himself worthy of any trust that can be honourably reposed in; but I will not avail myself of a generosity that would be ruinous to yourself. Poor Jenny Collings, the daughter of a lowly mechanic,

shall

shall not be the wife of the noble gentleman that she doats on to distraction. I know my own business well, and can by it earn the means of subsisting myself, and lending aid to my mother and her orphan children. Mr. Hamilton, I love you too well to hear an offer dictated by pity, or at best the feeling gratitude of a kind heart." "No, upon my soul," said Hamilton, "'tis love for the woman who possesses so many charms, and, highest of them all, such an affection for myself."

Soothing speeches and caresses unbent, in considerable degree, the resolution of Miss Collings, and though she continued firmly determined not to marry a youth whom she regarded as the first of human beings, and destined to arrive at the highest situations, yet she felt that she could not exercise the same firmness in resisting the repetition of former errors.

She

She was resolved not to live with him, and even, if possible, to estrange herself from his knowledge: but her purpose was not immediately executed. Several days passed, the transactions of which we shall not particularize, but content ourselves with observing, that nothing is more dangerous to the votaries of penitence, than renewed intercourse with the partners of frailty. Poor Jenny, with all her virtuous intentions, passed the chief part of her time with Hamilton.— One evening she expressed an earnest inclination to see the Fair Penitent. Our hero attended her to Drury-lane, where she beheld the effects of indiscretion so strongly drawn by the poet, exhibited with such force and poignant effect, doubly poignant to the conscious *Calistotas*. Our fair penitent had never seen Mrs. Siddons, and had no idea that it was possible for acting to approach so
near

near to actual life and feeling. In the scene between Calista and her parent, she, in great agitation, exclaimed, "That is no acting, heavenly God, that is natural." In the last scene her interest was wound up to the highest pitch. When Calista is frantic, poor Collings was frantic also; when Calista died, Collings gave one shriek, and became lifeless in her lover's arms. With much difficulty she recovered her consciousness, but not her perfect recollection, and gazing eagerly in our hero's face, and pressing him to her arms, she said, "You are not Lothario, I was undone by myself." At length entirely recovering the use of her reason, and becoming sensible that she had exposed herself, she was extremely distressed, and begged immediately to retire, and was conducted home to a lodging which Hamilton had provided in his neighbourhood. There she was taken
very

very ill; the consequence was, a very premature change in her condition.— Whilst she was recovering, our hero, aware that his finances could not easily bear this additional expence, without additional resources, resolved to exert his literary abilities, and to feel his way by gratuitous essays and newspapers, and had the satisfaction to see that his performances were received with flattering approbation. Understanding that one of the earliest stages of literary progress was reporting debates, he offered his services for that purpose. His exertions were received with applause, and procured him so much emolument as to afford his Jenny a country lodging, which he thought necessary for the re-establishment of her health. During her convalescence Miss Collings formed her plans: ardent to adhere in future to the dictates of virtue, and knowing the
weakness

weakness of her heart, she resolved to withdraw entirely from her beloved Hamilton. She wrote her mother an account of what had happened, and also to her late employer, at Doncaster, praying an introduction to a correspondent in London, but desiring that the truth should be fairly stated, though confidentially imparted. Her employer by return of post complied with her request, sent her a letter to be delivered to an eminent milliner in London, informing her at the same time, that she had by another prepared the lady for Miss Collings's visit. She accordingly repaired to the house of Mrs. Fashion, was kindly engaged, and (that being on a Wednesday) appointed to come to the house the following Saturday, and commence her labours on the Monday.

It was now near the end of May, and our hero had established, through his reporting

porting exertions, such a character and connection as insured him an engagement for the next season, should it be required; and he was preparing on a Saturday to visit his Collings, while she at the very instant was writing him a farewell letter;—when the postman's knock called him to the door, and a letter was delivered in his mother's hand, but hardly legible. Hastily opening it, he found these words: “My beloved William, your father is extremely ill, we fear dangerously;—lose no time,—spare no expence,—come instantly.” Though the letter had no date but Friday morning, it appeared to have been put into the Doncaster post-office, whence he concluded that they were now at Brotherton, and therefore trusted he would reach them in four and twenty hours. Having a credit on his father's agent, he went immediately; in half an hour he

was

was on horseback, for the sake of expedition preferring that mode to a chaise. His father dying was the only idea present to his mind. Leaving London about twelve, in ten hours he reached Stamford; where taking chaise during the night, he met the dawning day at Newark. At Doncaster he found his father's servant waiting with horses, and learned that he was still alive and sensible, and calling every moment, "When do you expect my dear William?" Our hero galloped, without waiting to hear more, to the vicarge, and arriving before nine, found that his father was still alive, but that he had the gout in his stomach, and that the physicians had very little hopes. One, indeed, said he thought the paroxysms somewhat abated, and that this fit might leave him, but that he would be so much reduced, that another would certainly carry him off. Our hero
having

having spent some minutes in the arms of his weeping mother, and venerable grand-father, the physician apprized his patient of his son's arrival. "Do, dear doctor," he said, "bring him to my embrace, he will do me more good than all your prescriptions." William was introduced, and eagerly pressed by his languid father. He desired they might be left alone, and had signified to his son his highest approbation of his abilities, character, and conduct; when feeling himself exhausted, he said, he hoped he would by-and-by be able to go on. The physician now returning, his patient observed, he felt a disposition to sleep; "That," said the other, "must be by all means encouraged." The colonel soon fell into a slumber, which lasted several hours, and he awoke free from pain, and very much refreshed. The physician was now confirmed in his hopes, that

the fit was over for the present, though he apprehended a very speedy return. The next morning the colonel was able to leave his bed. Resuming the conversation with his son, he opened to him the whole state of his affairs, the disposition of his property, and strongly recommended to him, his mother, sister, and younger brother. "I know, my dear son, my respite is only short, but it is very satisfactory to me, that it permits me to unfold to the chief pride of my heart, my thoughts, sentiments, prospects, and wishes. To you, my eldest son and representative, I have left the half of a very moderate fortune, and the other half divided between Eliza and Henry. Your mother, during life, is to have the half of the interest of the whole, besides the pension which she will receive as a colonel's widow. What I have acquired will, if properly managed, prevent

prevent indigence, but will require industry to procure a comfortable independence. I firmly rely on your efforts and conduct, and have no doubt that you in your profession will, if you live, attain still higher rank and a much greater fortune than I have been able to reach in mine." This subject, and also his wife and other children, he often resumed.

Our hero, in his eager anxiety to see his father, had entirely forgotten Miss Collings: but his apprehensions being for the time relieved, he with much concern fancied to himself the uneasiness and alarm which his absence would create, and wrote immediately an account of its cause. In five or six days he received an answer, assuring him of her unalterable love, but at the same time announcing her fixed determination never more to behold her adored Hamilton: she informed him that she had a very

advantageous situation in her professional employment. Our hero, who notwithstanding his success still continued extremely fond of Jenny, determined, as soon as he should return to London, to discover her abode. Meanwhile the colonel was able to walk out, and for a fortnight appeared pretty well. His old friend Maxwell told him he hoped his honour had got a long furlough, and trusted he would not be called hastily from his family. The colonel shook his head, and declared he had a very different opinion. "However," he said "with the assistance of my venerable father-in-law, I endeavour to hold myself in readiness."

About this time the laird of Etterick, having heard that his brother was ill, hastened to pay him a visit, which he had before intended, in order to consult him on several affairs that gave him uneasiness.

Mr. O'Rourke, conceiving himself by his marriage not merely the heir but the rightful proprietor of the Erterick fortune, had chosen to assume the state and importance he considered befitting such a character. Being naturally arrogant and overbearing, he treated Etterick with an insolence and contempt which he could not bear. This deportment rather gave a shake to the laird's new religion, which, hastily built, and on a very slight foundation, had never been secure. Moreover he happened to get an insight into the preacher's real dispositions and morals, and had evidence which he could not possibly doubt, that this saint, like many other saints, was a profligate sinner. This discovery (being a quiet and peaceable man) he did not communicate to the females of the family; but, renouncing Methodism, he immediately repaired to his old friend

the parson of the parish, and by his advice made such a settlement of his affairs as would preclude Mr. O'Rourke's interference in any of his property. The clergyman had gone to Edinburgh to have a deed for this purpose properly and legally formed. Trustees were intended, and the blanks left for their names. The laird proposed that they should be his brother, nephew, an eminent counsellor, and Mr. Kerr the clergyman.—An event long wished for, though unexpected when it actually happened, interrupted the execution of this deed: this was the death of the dowager, who, after having spent the evening very cheerfully over a rubber at whist, and afterwards very piously in prayers and meditations, and, lastly, very heartily over a hot supper, had withdrawn to her apartment; where without any ceremony she departed this life about midnight. Her daughter

daughter and grand-daughter hoped she was only in a fit. "By G—d," said Roger, who had been that evening very free with his bottle, "'tis a fit that will last till the day of judgment." The old lady having never entertained any apprehensions that death was a probable contingency, had made no will, so that all her property devolved upon Etterick. In this state of things the laird, hearing that his brother was ill, hastened to Yorkshire, and arrived when, as we have seen, the colonel was recovered. Having explained all these circumstances, and requested his brother's acceptance of the trust, the colonel told him, he was thoroughly convinced that his life would be very short, and advised him to insert the name of Dr. Wentbridge. The advice was accepted, and a deed was executed accordingly. The laird, having of late been extremely uncomfortable at

home, was in no great hurry to return; and, after frequent consultations with his friends, instructed his counsellor in Edinburgh to repair to Etterick, and inform his daughter, that for various reasons he was resolved that Mr. O'Rourke and he should not live in the same house, that a suitable allowance should be made for her establishment, but that they must remove immediately. The lady of Etterick, in addition to her spirit of methodism, had recently very much addicted herself to the spirit of brandy, and was between both in a state of perpetual intoxication, and incapable of attending to any business. When the intimation was given, O'Rourke declared he would have no objection to change quarters, but that he must have the whole of Mrs. Sourkrout's fortune, and half the estate made over to him. The counsellor assured him that there was no such intention,

tion, but that he would inform the lady of the mansion and her daughter of the allowance which Mr. Hamilton of Eterick intended as a free gift to bestow on Mrs. O'Rourke. "Inform the lady of the mansion!" said O'Rourke, "inform a stupid old drunkard! tell me; I am the person chiefly concerned. I shall accept no less than I said, Mr. Counsellor, and if I were by that stupid old fool of a laird, I would make him agree to my terms." The counsellor declining any farther conversation upon the subject, O'Rourke determined to set out immediately in quest of his father-in-law, not doubting but he would intimidate him to return home, and agree to whatever terms he should dictate. Adventurous without judgment, he never thought of the various obstacles he might have to encounter. He ordered the steward into his presence, and demanded an immediate

account of the money he had in his hands. The man answered, he had settled with the laird before his departure. "Don't tell me of the laird, I shall be laird here. What cash is there at the banker's? I suppose about seven hundred pounds; give me a draft for five hundred. I want it immediately."

"You a draft for five hundred! I cannot give you a draft for a farthing without my master's orders." "Cannot you write a hand like your master's?"

"Sir," said the steward, in indignant rage, "you may try that expedient if you please: and so good^d morning to you."

As the steward was a very strong athletic man, and the hero of the country for all manly exercises, the preacher, gigantic as he was, did not choose forcibly to prevent his departure. Calling for his horse, he rode to Selkirk, repaired to the bank, and being known as the son-in-

law

law and heir apparent of Etterick, easily procured cash for a draft upon Edinburgh, for a hundred pounds, and ordering a chaise, set off in pursuit of the laird. On the way he determined to appropriate to himself the whole fortune, and to leave to the laird and his wife a small annuity. He anticipated opposition to his designs upon the laird from his Yorkshire connections, and had worked himself into a very violent rage against colonel Hamilton. The second day he stopped to dine at Weatherby, where he found the landlord so much to his mind as a companion, that he indulged himself in a hearty glass, and in less than two hours they had finished a bottle of sherry and three of port. In this trim he entered his chaise, and, the wine operating on the passions before kindled, he resolved to fetch the laird away by force that very night, if any

obstruction should be made. From the quantity he had drunk, the heat of the weather, and the dustiness of the roads, being excessively thirsty, he had at every hedge-alehouse that he passed poured in large potations, and by the time he arrived at Ferrybridge was in that state of drunkenness in which a man says whatever he thinks or feels, without any regard to time, place, or company. He inquired for Brotherton, and informed the landlord, waiters, and hostlers, that he was going to fetch the fool his father-in-law from the clutches of that scoundrel colonel Hamilton. It was now the end of June; and the colonel, having continued free from any fresh attack, was sitting with his wife and son at a parlour window facing the gate, while his brother and the reverend old gentleman were amusing themselves at another window with a hit at backgammon, and
old

old Maxwell, who had been paying them a visit, was just opening the gate to depart, when a chaise came up, and a loud, boisterous, and angry voice called out, "Pray, old fellow, is Hamilton of Etterick here?" "Old fellow!" replied Maxwell, "I do not know who the devil you are, but you're a fellow, and a damned unmannerly fellow." "Keep a good tongue in your head, or by Jafus I will give you a touch of the shillala, my boy." "O! 'tis your own self, Mr. Patrick," said Maxwell, "with a drop of whisky in your head, and therefore I make allowances. Mr. Hamilton of Etterick is here, what do you want with him?" During this dialogue our hero went to the gate, where by this time Mr. O'Rourke was alighted; and accosting him civilly, inquired his commands. "I am come after that old fool Etterick; are you one of the Hamiltons?"

tons?"—"Yes."—"Then I am Roger O'Rourke, Esq. of Carrick, and heir apparent of the Etterick estate. You have inveigled my father-in-law from Etterick, among you, without my privacy and concurrence; and I am come to bring him back. So now, honey, you have my name, designation, and business; but where is the old one, he must come off with me immediately. I have ordered a supper and beds at the Inn there by the bridge." "You appear, sir," said Hamilton, "not to understand what you are saying; but if you are really Mr. O'Rourke that married my cousin, if you will step in and repose, you may in the morning be better able to explain yourself." "What the devil, do you suppose I am tipsy? Well to be sure I do feel a little comical; but where is Etterick?"—"He is within." Our hero's sister, a fine young girl about sixteen,

teen, had just entered the parlour from the garden; without having heard of this visitor, when the first object she beheld was O'Rourke staggering into the room. This person was about six feet four inches high, about twenty-one inches across the shoulders, with legs large and muscular in proportion. Projecting from his face was a huge Roman nose, like the proboscis of an elephant; his eyes were light grey, and beamed with vivacity mixed with stolidity, and now farther illuminated and inflamed by the liquor that he had drunk. His neck, naturally long, now manifested the full dimensions, as from the heat he had been induced to take off his cravat, and to unbutton his shirt. Thus easy and disengaged about the throat, still retaining the outward semblance of methodism, his breast was adorned with a band, stiff, straight, and perpendicular. This holy teacher of the
new

new light having made his way into the parlour, to the astonishment of all to whom he was a stranger, and to the amazement of Etterick, accosted that gentleman; "Laird, I am come to bring you home, that we may settle our accounts together; I have taken every thing into consideration, and have determined how all matters are to be settled: but who are all these good people in the room?" On being introduced successfully, he thought it incumbent on him to pay his best compliments. Addressing Miss Hamilton, our hero's sister, with an expression of mixed impudence, drollery, and folly, he looked in her face and said, "So you're cousin-german to my spouse Sukey: well, you are a sweet little angel; if I had you instead of her, I should not have looked abroad. Did you ever see your cousin, my dear?"—"Yes, sir."—"I don't suppose you think
her

her a great beauty ; but how the devil should she with such a father and mother ? ”

Our hero endeavoured to change this discourse, and at last succeeded ; and O'Rourke happening to sit down near old Mr. Wentbridge, asked him whether he had not e'er a barrel of good ale among his other tithe pigs. A jug was produced, which gave him perfect satisfaction. At supper Mr. O'Rourke unfolded the purposes of his journey ; he proposed, he said, to take the estates into his own possession ; he would act very generous. The whole property was not more than three thousand five hundred a year ; he would content himself with the three thousand, and allow, as he expressed himself, the five hundred to the proprietor during life. The rest of the company, considering this modest proposition as the effect of intoxication, suffered it to pass without remark. The

next

next morning, Mr. O'Rourke being now refreshed by sleep, and exempt from the fumes of liquor, though still possessed by the maggots of folly, applied to the laird, and seriously proposed to him to relinquish his estate, and retire upon an annuity. It was, he said, much more becoming that a young man in the vigour of life should enjoy such a property, than an old man with one foot in the grave. The laird, though totally unmoved by this reasoning, yet standing in some awe of O'Rourke, very mildly informed him, that if he would open his pretensions to the colonel, or his son William, he would receive a complete answer, as they were entirely in the secret of all his plans and intentions. "I don't see," said O'Rourke, "any business they have with it. You have acted like a fool as you always do in trusting any one but me." The laird, whose quietness was the result of indolence,

lence, and not of timidity, fired at this insolence, and he answered: "You are a very ignorant and impertinent fellow. I consider my daughter and family disgraced by a connection with a strolling adventurer." "Do you know," said the other, loudly, "whom you are talking to, you silly old fool?" "Old I am," replied the laird, "but not so old as to bear an insult from a low scoundrel. 'So, sir, leave this room instantly. I shall take care of my unfortunate daughter, but for you, a single shilling of mine shall never pass through your hands again.'" "O, I see," said O'Rourke, "it is all as I suspected, that old villain, colonel Hamilton, has for his own purposes been working on your poor weak head." Etterick, incensed at this, proceeded to such violence as his feebleness would admit; and the fellow, with unmanly rage exerting his strength, pushed the

the old man against the wall, and he was severely bruised. The noise brought our hero into the room. "Heaven," said he, "what's the meaning of all this?" "'Tis the old fool's own fault;" said O'Rourke; "he's let me into some of your tricks, but you won't cheat me." "Tricks, and cheat!" said our hero, breasting the other. "Be easy now," said O'Rourke, "or by Jafus I'll throw you down by the old one there. I say your father and you have been acting like villains." To such a charge Hamilton could only make one answer, which he instantaneously did by a blow, that drove the preacher to the farther end of the room; and, before he could recollect himself, followed it with a second, which hitting his temples levelled him with the ground. The whole family was alarmed, the colonel and even the old clergyman could not help approving William's conduct.

duct. Meanwhile the reverend missionary recovered, and was blustering and threatening vengeance upon his antagonist, when the old clergyman interposed, and William called that if he would follow him to the green he would give him all the satisfaction he could take. O'Rourke, though very strong, was not much addicted to fighting, unless he considered his adversary much his under match, and could have dispensed with this invitation: hoping, however, to intimidate his opponent by a display of his size and muscles, (an artifice which had frequently succeeded in former encounters,) he went down and stripped. Our hero was not slow in imitating his example; and old Maxwell, who was present, exultingly swore, that young Mr. Hamilton was the more muscular man of the two. The conflict began; our hero, who was really somewhat superior

perior to his adversary in strength and activity, was far before him in cool intrepidity and skill. The Irishman, wild and furious, struck at random; the Englishman, parrying his blows, reserved his own efforts, only irritating the savage impetuosity of the other by fetching blood. When the preacher was exhausted by ill-directed exertions, Hamilton began with such tremendous force, that his adversary, who had little of what amateurs call bottom, after the first knockdown blow, called for quarter, and Hamilton coolly returned into the house. As it had been resolved not to admit O'Rourke again into the vicarage, he was conducted to a public house in the neighbourhood. Our hero, with Dr. Wentbridge, who arrived that morning, called on him in the course of the day, to learn more fully the purpose of his visit, and to explain to him that every expectation

tion of his having now or hereafter any share of the property, or management of the Etterick estate, was totally groundless. They carried with them, for his inspection, a copy of the trust deed. O'Rourke, crestfallen by his defeat, was now totally dejected, and was as abject under disappointment as he had been arrogant and insolent in fancied prosperity. He saw that all his expectations of revelling in the riches of Etterick were forever gone, and that even if the laird were to change his mind, he had put it out of his own power. He balanced with himself, whether it would be wise to return. On the one hand there was the annuity settled on his wife, which, though only a fourth of what he had proposed to possess, might enable him to live very comfortably ; on the other, his achievements in the course of his methodistical mission, some of which

were

were now likely to become public, were not such as would make his reception very pleasing in that country, and especially from his own wife, whom he now regarded, as upon her he must depend. If methodistical missionaries are, perhaps, not directly beneficial to the order and virtue of a community, they promote one valuable branch of political œconomy: they are accounted extremely conducive to population; first, unhinging moral principles by establishing the all-sufficiency of faith, and the uselessness of virtuous conduct, they open the way for the uncontrolled dominion of passion; secondly, inflaming the heart with a fanatical enthusiasm, they facilitate enthusiasms of other kinds; and as the pastors have an absolute influence over the minds of their votaries, itinerant preachers, either spontaneous or missionary, are in the country deemed
more

more effectual and successful ministers of sedition and profligacy than packmen, strolling players, gypsies, or any other fraternity of vagabonds. This observation Mr. O'Rourke could testify from his own experience; for having at different times exercised the several professions in question, and being indefatigable in his addresses, was greater in his evangelical itinerancy than in any other. The result he was now apprehensive would be much greater than his finances could bear. Besides, his adventure at the Selkirk bank would not increase the agreeableness of his reception in that part of the country. He, therefore, thought it best to defer his return, and to try his methodistical talents in countries to which neither Scotch bailiffs nor Scotch parish officers could carry their authority. He accordingly set off towards the manufacturing towns, to exercise his ministry

in its various and extensive functions. In this expedition, we shall for the present leave the holy Roger O'Rourke.

For two months the colonel continued free of his complaints, and in this time his second son, who had been mate of an Indiaman, commanded by his uncle captain Wentbridge, arrived in Britain, and hurried down to see his parents.— The colonel rejoiced extremely to see young Henry, and anticipating, from some twinges and spasms, an early and fatal return of his distemper, expressed himself thankful to Providence for allowing him, before his death, to have all his children in his presence. A fortnight more, however, passed without any important occurrence; when early one morning Mrs. Hamilton ran into William's room, and in the greatest consternation and grief told him his father was dying. The alarm proved too well founded;

founded; the gout had returned to his stomach, with more violence than ever; every regimen and medicine requisite in such cases was employed, but all to no purpose. A few hours brought the malady to a fatal termination. The family was long inconsolable for the loss of such a head. By degrees, reflection and time allayed their affliction. Mrs. Hamilton, tenderly loving all her children, was most strongly attached to her eldest son, who was the exact image of his father; she could not bear the thought of parting with him. When the time approached that he must return to London, she proposed to make the metropolis her residence, and considered her finances, if œconomically managed, as adequate to such an undertaking. Her late husband, ever since his marriage, had been extremely œconomical, and, in addition to his own fifteen hundred pounds, hav-

ing received as much by the death of Mrs. Hamilton's aunt and god-mother, the sum, by frugality and judicious purchases in the funds, had now risen to about sixteen thousand consols. Her moiety of the interest of which, she did not doubt, would be sufficient. Accordingly it was determined that she should remove to London, as soon as a house was procured. Old Etterick, who was become extremely fond of his nephew and niece, would have with much pleasure made one of the party ; but the urgent entreaties and remonstrances of his daughter, who represented herself and her mother as heart-broken by affliction for the conduct of O'Rourke (now completely discovered), and her mother as approaching her dissolution, impelled him to take a different course. The last piece of intelligence he bore with much resignation, but thought that
decency

decency required his presence on that occasion, and accordingly set off for Etterick, about the middle of November. Our hero, taking a contrary direction, proceeded to London.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR hero now resumed his legal studies, and his literary pursuits. He continued to admire the administration of Mr. Pitt, in general principle, and in most of its particular acts. The commercial treaty with France he regarded as a grand and striking instance of liberal and enlightened policy, and wrote a very ingenious and able pamphlet in its favour, but hitherto did not put his name to his performances. He continued to attend Parliament on important debates, and occasionally to write essays, but was not yet a professed author.

Meanwhile he made very anxious inquiries concerning Jenny Collings, but that worthy girl, with great magnanimity and self-denial, resolutely secluded herself

self from his company during the whole winter. It was now the month of May, and on a Sunday morning, which our hero generally devoted to walking in the fields, and William had strolled as far as the north gate of Kensington gardens, when he saw at a little distance before him, on the other side of the wall, a well-dressed and well-made girl, whom, approaching more nearly, he found, to his surprise and delight, to be his long-lost Jenny. At so unexpected a sight poor Collings screamed and almost fainted, but recovering, she intreated him, for Heaven's sake, to leave her. But whilst her tongue said so, it was contradicted by her eyes, that melted with tenderness and love. Soft and gentle dalliance proceeded to ardent and dangerous caresses, which Jenny first attempted to resist but at length returned. Poor Collings again experienced that no trial can

be more perilous to female penitence than meeting with the beloved cause of former indiscretion.

In the course of their conversation she informed him, that she was going to Shepherd's Bush, to spend the day with a sister of her employer. But learning that she had not absolutely promised, he persuaded her to feign an excuse, and to spend the day with him. The ice being once broken, this change was effected with little difficulty, and from this time the frail fair one consented to interviews as often as they could find opportunities.

Mrs. Hamilton was now arrived in town, and a house was taken in Hatton-garden, convenient for her son's pursuits in Lincoln's Inn. Our hero was now beginning to be known among the booksellers, and was not without applications from gentlemen and others of that profession.

It was again a Sunday morning; and William, having pretended an engagement to dine at Richmond, was breakfasting with his mother and sister, previous to his departure to meet his Jenny; when a loud knock thundered at the door, and the maid coming up stairs said, that a person below wanted her master. "A person, Sally, what kind of a person?" "I don't think much, he be a gentleman, though he be very smart."—"Well, shew him up." Accordingly the person, as Sally phrased it, was introduced. He was a short, squat, sturdy man, with a face round like an apple, chubby, and adorned with cheeks of the kind of that fruit that is called red-streak, goggling eyes, and an expression of mingled pertness, self-importance, and inanity. To decorate this graceful presence, there was a cocked hat, a green coat lined with yellow satin, a red silk

waistcoat, and black silk breeches, all bran new, with white silk stockings, now inclining to yellow, very smart shoes, graced with plated buckles, which, having seen service, shewed the brass in various parts. Having walked in with his hat on, he took it off and made to the ladies a bow, which he intended at once to exhibit dignity and condescension; then turning to the gentleman said, "I presume you are Mr. Hamilton."—"At your service; pray, sir, be seated."—Having taken a chair, the visitor began: "My name, sir, is Jeffery Lawhunt, I keep a bookseller's shop; here's my card; perhaps you have heard of me, and of my character."—"Yes, I have," replied the other. "I was not brought up to the bookselling business; I was in the taylor line, and still do a little in that way; these breeches are my own making, and see, madam, they fit very well."

well."—The young lady ran out at this appeal.—" I got the piece pretty cheap, in payment of a debt that I thought bad.—But I am wandering from the point on which I called on you.—You must know, sir, since I have taken to the bookselling trade, I am a great *pattern of learning*, and hearing you are a very good hand, I am willing to give you employment, sir."—" You are very kind," said Hamilton.—" And as to terms, I tell you how I do with my journeymen, and I find some of my authors agreeable to it ; also I gives them their wages in traffic."—" In *traffic* !" said Hamilton.—" Yes, and I find it a very good way : for instance, a coat, or a waistcoat, or a pair of breeches, or sometimes in provisions. I buy a lot of hams, and give pieces of them as payment, both at the board and printing-house. Do you ever do any thing in the

theatrical line?"—"Never."—"Could you not write me a pretty smart novel? I give a very good price. Mrs. Devon, a famous writer, she wrote the *Perseverance of Perplexity*, and the *Lavish Landlord*. She has, first and last, had twelve guineas of my money. I have a letter in my pocket here, that will shew you the kind of applications I receive." Our hero accordingly perused the following epistle:—

“MR. JEFFERY LAWHUNT;

“Sir;—Having been in business in the child-bed linen way, and not finding things answer, I have been advised by my friends to set up in the *litterary* line, which they tell me requires little capital, and so no wonder so many poor people takes after it;”—(‘A very just remark,’ observed Lawhunt;)—“so I am a vriting a novel, with plenty of ghosteses

ghostefes in it; which is now quite the kick." ('So it is,' observed Jeffery, 'you see she knows what's what.') Now, sir, as I understand you are a great inkur-rager of harudishon, I have made bold for to offer to you what, to use a com-pollifon, may be called the first child of my virgin muse. ('A very marvellous production,' said our hero, 'this first child of the virgin muse, I dare say, is,') ('I thought,' observed Jeffery, 'you would like the figure.') I hope it, will give you satisfaction, and I am, sir, your most humble servant, to command,

"SARAH SHIFT.

"P. S. If you could let me have a little in advance, shud be much obligated to you."

"Well, sir, have you complied with the lady's request?"—"O yes; I think you will say I behaved very generous.—

I gave

I gave her two guineas in money, a flitch of bacon, a couple of fowls, and a green goose from my cottage in the country, and stuff for a callimanco petticoat. I got the manuscript, but the printer tells me that the spelling is not so right as it should be. Now, sir, as I am told you are a scollar, I would not scruple twenty pounds for a novel that you should write." "You are liberal even to munificence, sir; but at present I have no thoughts of any such composition."—"Will you favour me with your company to dinner, sir; there is to be a literary party; there is to be little Dr. Grub, and Mr. Whipper-snapper, a great maker of verses; and Mr. Macculpin."—"Is Mr. Macculpin a Scotch gentleman?"—"No; damn the Scotch, I have had enough of them; though I am Yorkshire myself, they are *farther north*. Here there was one of them that wrote a book that

that I published for him; I thought I could have got him off with thirty pounds, but he would have three hundred: to law we went, and by G—d it cost me five hundred before I was done with it. So that my profits, which I thought would have been six hundred, were little more than one. I will have nothing more to do with the Scotch. No, Mr. Macculpin is a Irish gentleman. There will also be Mrs. Ogle that writes hymns for the Gospel Magazine, and other articles of poetry, especially sacred; and Mr. Spatter, the reviewer, who is a great favourite with her. It is not for nothing that he praises her psalms, but that's not a subject to speak of before a lady."—Mrs. Hamilton now hastily followed her daughter; and Lawhunt, not being able to prevail on our hero, at length departed, and William hastened to his Jenny, who waited with the most anxious impatience.

patience. Her passion, increased by renewed indulgence, now knew no bounds. She was willing to sacrifice fame, employment, and every thing else, and ardently desired to live with Hamilton.— By perseverance in illicit love, her mind became gradually debased. Sentiment and affection, though still very strong, began now to be surpassed by mere sensual desire, and though Hamilton had no reason for jealousy, the fidelity of Collings was now owing much more to the closeness of his attentions than to the firmness of her constancy. She gradually became negligent about her employment, and not long after relinquished it entirely. Hamilton could not help perceiving her degeneracy, and cooling in his own passion, but conscious that he himself was the cause of her apostacy from virtue, and afterwards from delicacy, felt keen remorse. Her situation
soon

soon came to require retirement; the fruits of their affection was a fine boy, born the very day his father reached the 24th year of his age.

Hamilton was now extending his acquaintance among gentlemen of the law, and also men of literary eminence. He had the honour to be known to Gibbon, who thought very highly of his talents and erudition, perhaps, not the less that a masterly review of the history was found to be the production of Hamilton. He occasionally met Dr. Samuel Parr, bishops Watson and Horsey, and was very intimate with Paley. He knew Dr. Gillies, and received much valuable information from the accurate and well digested knowledge of that elegant scholar. He was well acquainted with the philological research, sportive humour, and convivial hilarity of the younger Burney; the unassuming manners, careless
and

and thoughtless deportment, but profound erudition of a Porson.

Our hero, encouraged by the high praises bestowed upon his literary essays, determined to bring forward a work of some magnitude and importance:

Hamilton, one afternoon, having been in the neighbourhood of Pancras, where Miss Collings now resided, and returning through Gray's Inn Lane, observing a literary acquaintance in the Burton ale-house, entered that mansion, where, after they had been about a quarter of an hour, a gentleman came in, and accosting our hero's acquaintance, joined the conversation. Hamilton was astonished at the brilliancy and strength of this gentleman's observations, the extent and depth of his metaphysical, moral, and political science. He soon found that this was William Strongbrain, a gentleman very highly prized in the republic of letters,
and

and in Hamilton's estimation, deserving still higher praise than that which he had received. Hamilton had read, with very great admiration, his execution of an historical plan, projected by another, but left imperfect by his death. He had perused with peculiar delight a mixture of profound philosophy, enlightened policy, and poignant satire, exhibited in a book of a very whimsical title, and comprehending an intellectual and moral portrait of a very illustrious orator, and that he was at this time engaged in conducting a review, commenced by a celebrated vindicator of the lovely and unfortunate Mary. In the course of the evening Hamilton received from this gentleman such an accession, not only of details and facts, but of principles and views, as convinced him he would be a very valuable instructor, while the strength and splendour of his wit and
 humour

humour rendered him a most delightful companion. The charms of Strong-brain's colloquial powers fascinated our hero to a very late hour, and he determined to spare no pains in cultivating so very valuable and pleasant an acquaintance: but for some weeks family parties interrupted the progress of their new acquaintance. The old vicar and his son took an excursion to London, whence their friends promised to return with him to Yorkshire. The day was appointed for their departure, when a letter arriving from Etterick, strongly soliciting William to come as soon as possible to Scotland, as his assistance was very much wanted, both by the father and daughter. The mother had, it seems, been dead upwards of a year, and for many months the father and Mrs. O'Rourke had lived together in tranquillity. But of late, disturbance had taken place, which they

thought

thought our hero's presence would most effectually remove. Imparting the particulars to his friends, he convinced them all, that it was necessary, or at least expedient, for him to comply with the request. Accordingly he set off for the north in the Highflyer, which left town from Fetter-lane, in his neighbourhood. They set off between one and two in the afternoon, having only three inside passengers. Nothing remarkable occurred till they arrived at Hertford, where our hero ordered some coffee, while the horses were changing; and having entered a public room, he observed, standing by a table, talking to an elderly gentleman that appeared settling with a waiter, an object that riveted him to the spot where he stood. This was a young lady about nineteen years of age, with a face and countenance that he thought the most interesting and engaging

ging he had ever beheld. She was above the middling stature, exquisitely formed, having her shape and proportions exactly displayed by a riding habit. Her features were at once regular and prominent, her hair was black, her forehead small but oval, with eyebrows even, full, and strongly enhancing the penetrating sagacity and brilliant lustre of her dark and piercing eyes, that indicated quickness and strength of genius, mixed with benignity of disposition, and an arch intelligence, that gave a zest to the softness. Her nose was aquiline, the sweetness of her mouth, containing teeth like the driven snow, plump, softly pouting lips, and cheeks on which cupids played in smiles and dimples tempered the fire of her eyes. Her whole countenance displayed an acute and powerful understanding, spirit, sensibility, and benevolence, but a benevolence of ardent affection,

affection, and not sentimental mawkishness. Our hero had gazed on this lovely girl with eyes of speaking delight and admiration for a minute or two, when perceiving their direction she sat down by the gentleman. William soon learned that the young lady and her companion, who was no other than her own father, were to be his fellow travellers in the coach; whither they were now summoned, and William had the pleasure of touching her hand as he assisted her ascent to the vehicle. In the course of the following stage, which was through a very beautiful country, the observations of the young lady, though not many, shewed a mind not only alive to the charms of nature, but which, cultivated and discriminating, could assign to the various objects their due proportion of the beautiful, the grand, or the picturesque, as the one or the other happened to predominate.

dominate. After they had passed Baldock, a bare and black aspect prevented farther remarks on the face of the country, and some other travellers endeavoured to take the lead in the conversation, by introducing topics on which they conceived they could respectively shine.— One of the first of these was a parson, who had joined them a little before, and who, having observed that the conversation was at a stand, imputed the cessation to veneration and awe of his dignified appearance, and with condescending graciousness said, “ Pray, good people, do not constrain yourselves on account of my presence ; I am candid and liberal, and ready to make allowance for inexperience or misinformation ; therefore open, and if you should happen to be wrong in any assertion or observation, I shall put you to rights.” The bright eyes of the young lady at this pompous
and

and self-sufficient declaration assumed an expression of sportive archness that immediately demonstrated her comprehension of his character, and her relish for humour. Our hero perceiving this, determined to gratify her by inducing his reverence to a full display. He said, he was extremely happy to find a gentleman so willing to communicate his instructions; that he himself was conscious of great ignorance and many errors; but he trusted he was docile. "Docility," said the priest, in the imperative tone of pulpit inculcation, "docility is one step towards the acquisition of knowledge; to receive instruction you must be willing as well as capable." "A very just, and, to my belief, an original remark." "It is," said the parson, "the result of long experience, accompanied by deep reflection. I have seen and observed much, but I have thought more. In my inquiries



quiries I always dive to the bottom, and do not float on the surface. What had been the subject of your conversation before it was interrupted by my presence and your own modesty?" "We were speaking of the face of the country, which is not so pleasant as that between Hertford and Stevenage. It is bare and chalky."—"A bare and bleak face of a country, young gentleman, is not so pleasant to the eye, as a succession of woods, lawns, and verdant pastures.—You will farther observe that an expanse of flat is less agreeable than a vicissitude of hill and dale. But if you are going much farther north, I shall have an opportunity of illustrating this remark as we pass through Lincolnshire. Even in the prospects near London, which many shallow judges praise, I have discovered defects; they are either too flat and monotonous, or want the diversification of
water;

water; for water is a very momentous addition to the external aspect of nature." These profound remarks were regarded with much admiration by a female passenger who sat opposite to the beneficent instructor, and next to the young lady. This listener conceived she was hearing the voice of wisdom, and being one herself that sought the character of sense and knowledge in her own circle, she treasured these observations in her memory, to be afterwards repeated as the discoveries of her own sagacity. During the delivery of the oracles the coach arrived at Biggleswade, where they were to sup. The parson having expended his wisdom upon one topic displayed his stores on another, and opened on the subject of the coalition, on which, though not new, he professed to deliver some opinions and observations, that the company would find a little out of the ordinary way.—

“ You will observe, Mr. Fox for many years opposed lord North, and said he was totally unfit for being a minister.—He said, the country must be ruined if he continued in office.—He was the chief instrument of driving him out.—Soon after he formed a coalition with this very man, and came together with him into office.—I say, my good friends, that in so doing Mr. Fox was not consistent, mark my words well, Mr. Fox was not consistent.—There are other parts of Mr. Fox’s conduct which I can no less clearly demonstrate to be extremely wrong.—What did his India bill do?—It violated chartered rights; I say, violated chartered rights, and it raised a fourth estate within the empire.—I pointed that out to my friends Burke and Windham, and advised them to explain it to Mr. Fox, but they would have their own ways; and so it fares. There are other
parts

parts of Mr. Fox's conduct, which I by no means approve. I very much blame his support of the dissenters, and his friendly disposition to Priestley, a heretic and infidel, and one that would destroy our church: one that has himself boasted that he would blow up the church with gunpowder. Can one that is preparing to blow up the church, be called a friend to the church? mark that." Mrs. Halifax, the lady whom we have before mentioned, being a sound churchwoman, agreed with the censure of Priestley, and observed that "that was a very strong *argument*, that those who would set fire to a place could not wish well to the owner. There was," says she, "in our neighbourhood, a barn set on fire on purpose the other week, and all the country said it must have been done in malice." Our hero praised the sagacity of those who found out that wilful in-

cendiaries must act from bad motives.—

“ I remember,” he said, “ reading in the history of England, that there was a gunpowder plot contrived, in order to blow up the Parliament house, and that the chief instrument was one Guy Faux;” he with much gravity observed, “ I cannot think that this same Guy Faux was a well wisher to the Parliament.” The young lady smiled at this observation in such a way as demonstrated her thoroughly to comprehend the character, or at least, intellectual reach of Dr. Truism. The travellers now returned to the coach, and sleep soon put an end to the conversation. Our hero had been somewhat amused by the pompous emptiness of Dr. Truism, but his mind was really engaged by a very different object. The charms of the young lady engrossed his thoughts and feelings, and did not suffer Morpheus to possess his usual influence.

His

His fine expressive eyes had told the fair nymph the sentiments by which he was impressed, but told it with such delicacy and softness as could not give offence, at least did not give offence. Whether from the jolting of the coach, or some other reason, she also was awake a considerable part of the time. She had fallen into a slumber about morning, and the rest continued buried in sleep, while some of their noses loudly testified that it was not the sleep of death. Our hero was gazing on the lovely nymph with fervid admiration and eager delight, when, the rising sun 'playing on her eyelids, opened her beautiful eyes, and she beheld the impassioned gaze of Hamilton. She could not possibly misunderstand the expression of his looks, and received them with more confusion than displeasure. Many minutes elapsed before our hero began the conversation.—

He durst not venture to speak to the young lady on the subject nearest his heart with his tongue, though his eyes spoke the language of love, clear, forcible, and impressive; but wishing to hear the sound of her voice, and to engage her in discourse, he opened with the common compliments of the morning, which he offered in a tone mel-
lowed by tenderness. The young lady very sensible of this intonation, endeavoured to turn the discourse to subjects in which it could not easily be introduced; and seeing, and still better hearing, that the spontaneous preceptor was found asleep, she observed with arch irony, that it was a very fortunate circumstance for persons pent up in a stage coach to meet with so wise and learned a gentleman, so very willing to communicate his stores for the public benefit. "One person," said our hero, "receives from his lessons
the

the impression which they are designed to make. This sleeping lady on the left hand evidently regards him with very high admiration. I think," continued he, "there are few absurdities more laughable and humourous than one person speaking nonsense, or at least frivolity, and another listening to it as sense and wisdom." "It is," replied the nymph, "I believe, extremely common, sir, and, perhaps, after all, merely shews that if one person is weak, another is weaker." Hamilton observed that he had never seen it more happily exemplified than by that great master of nature, and of life, Shakespear, in the dialogue between the grave-diggers.—He mentioned several other instances, and passed rather abruptly, though not without design, to another masterly painter of life, and quoted the celebrated instance of the attorney's clerk, who so

profoundly admired the wisdom of Mr. Partridge. Before the young lady had an opportunity of either agreeing or disagreeing with his remarks, he hurried to a very different subject and character, in the same performance, and expatiated on the charms and loveliness of Sophia Western; declaring that Fielding, in his description of that beautiful creature, exactly hit real objects in their highest perfection. Having a copy of Tom Jones in the coach, which he had taken to amuse himself, he opened the first volume, and read with a very poignant significance the account that he had mentioned, dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the exactness and delicacy of the shape, the black hair, the full and even eyebrows; he then asked the young lady if she did not think the following passage particularly striking: “ Her black eyes had a lustre in them which all her softness
could

could not extinguish ; her nose was exactly regular ; and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly answered fir John Suckling's description in these lines :—

- ‘ Her lips were red, and one was thin,
- ‘ Compar'd to that was next her chin,
- ‘ Some bee had stung it newly.’

Her cheeks were of the oval kind ; and in her right she had a dimple, which the least smile discovered. Her chin had certainly its share in forming the beauty of her face ; but it was difficult to say it was either large or small, though, perhaps, it was rather of the former kind.—Her mind was every way equal to her person ; nay, the latter borrowed some charms of the former : for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused that glory over her countenance, which no regularity of features can give.”

The young lady could not misapprehend the scope of this recitation, and could not avoid blushing. Meanwhile the jolting of the coach upon the rugged stones of Stamford awakened others of the company, and during the next two stages the conversation was more mixed and general. The parson continuing drowsy, the discourse was chiefly carried on by our hero and the young lady's father. In the course of their talk, Hamilton found that the gentleman's name was Mortimer, and that he had an estate in the North Riding of Yorkshire, to which his daughter and he were now proceeding. "Pray, sir," said Hamilton, "is not the name of the place Oakgrove, near Northallerton?" "The same," replied Mr. Mortimer, with surprise. "Then you are the father of my most intimate friend: we were four years together at Cambridge." "What, do

do you know my son Jack? Then I dare say, sir, your name is Hamilton."

"The very same, sir." "You are a wonderful favourite with our Jack; is he not, Maria?" but before Maria answered, and she was in no haste, the old gentleman, very unjustly imputing her silence to forgetfulness, with a view to refresh her memory said, "Don't you remember, girl, that when Jack used to be descanting on his friend, you would say to him, Don't talk so much to me, brother, about that Mr. Hamilton, so handsome, so brave, so witty, and so every thing; or you will make me in love with him by hearsay." This reminiscence, delivered by the mere undesigning frankness of an open and honest country gentleman, overspread Maria with blushes, the exact source of which she would have found it very difficult to define. Her father afterwards once or twice unintentionally added

to

to her confusion, and especially when she appeared absent and in a reverie, by slapping her shoulders and chucking her chin, and asking what was become of all her sprightliness; why she did not speak. "Your brother's friend here will think you a mere mope." Maria, who from the conveyance of his eyes had received strong expression of very different sentiments, had little apprehensions of that interpretation, but was still farther confused by the appeal. The parson being now completely awake, very agreeably relieved Maria, by a dissertation, in which he demonstrated, that after fatigue one is greatly disposed to sleep, and that sleep is very refreshing.

They now arrived at Grantham, where they were to breakfast. Our hero was waiting to hand Maria from the coach, when, by some inattention of the waiter, the step gave way, and she would have fallen

fallen on the pavement, had not Hamilton caught her so quickly as to prevent every danger to her person, but not without an unavoidable shock to her delicacy, of which the adroitness of our hero rendered the cause of the shortest possible duration, and she herself only conjectured what had happened. Greatly agitated, she tottered into the house, and found herself ready to faint; when sal-volatile for the present prevented her, and she was able to collect her scattered spirits. Her father, who had not attended to the accident, at least in all its circumstances, and knew nothing of her being indisposed, sent to hurry her to breakfast. Nanny, who delivered this message, and who was remarkably loquacious, began, "Miss, you is wanted in the parlour to breakfastes.—Well, I have been two years and a half, come next *Michalmus*, in *sarvice* here, and of all the men that

ever I see, *mallicious* and souldiers, with the colonels and captains, and sargents and cruperals, and sweet grenadiers, none of them, in my mind, is fit to carry a candle to the charming gentleman that had you in his arms." Maria looking down at the last observation, Nanny, to encourage her, "Don't be abashed, ma'am, you need not be ashamed; a more prittear leg I never see in my life, and besides——." But before this sentence was finished, Maria hurried away, desiring no farther elucidations. Our hero, as she entered the room, with considerate delicacy forbore every inquiry that could allude to the accident, which he knew she must wish to be buried in oblivion. As they proceeded, though he could not so far command himself as to avoid doing homage to her with his eyes, yet he avoided such topics as led to discussions concerning beauty and love.

Fortu-

Fortunately the rest of the company were in a great degree disused to such subjects, and the conversation being diversified, Maria, though much less brilliant than usual, took some part in it; and as they got beyond the bounds of Nottinghamshire, they all joined in celebrating the praises of Yorkshire. Having dined at Doncaster, they, about six in the evening, arrived at Ferrybridge. Here our hero had intended to wait for the Glasgow mail, to convey him to Carlisle; but he now changed his mind, and said, that as he had never seen Edinburgh, he would go to York, and take his seat in the Edinburgh mail. The parson now left them, and soon after the lady and another passenger, so that there remained only squire Mortimer, his daughter, and our hero. When they arrived at York about ten, Hamilton took his place in the mail in which the squire and his daughter

daughter meant to proceed to Northallerton. Mortimer had strongly solicited our hero to accompany him to his seat, and see his friend John, who was commander in chief in his absence. Hamilton informed him of the necessity of his immediate procedure; but promised to visit Oakgrove on his return. At the usual hour they arrived at Northallerton, and the father having pointed out his house, which was in the immediate neighbourhood, they came to the Inn, whence the squire declared he would see his new friend fairly set off, before Maria and he should walk home. They were sitting in a parlour, and, the squire having gone out, Hamilton very strongly expressed the delight which he had enjoyed from so charming a companion, and the eagerness with which he would avail himself of her respectable father's friendly invitation. "I shall," he said, "have
very

very great happiness in seeing my friend John, than whom I can love no *man* more affectionately, but with what exquisite joy I shall again behold his lovely and angelic sister." Before he had time to finish, the squire returned; and a minute or two after, a tall strapping lady, very thinly dressed, and who about the neck anticipated the imitation of mother Eve, that has since become so prevalent, came in, saying, she understood there was one gentleman to be her fellow passenger in the mail, she had come to have the pleasure of his acquaintance before they embarked together. "I understand," she continued, "that he is a very handsome young gentleman, and so, sir, I suppose you are he." Hamilton, though not unacquainted with the world, and not without many opportunities, could not be called a man of gallantry, and made a very slight answer to this
 compli-

compliment, perhaps the more slight from the presence of Maria. The squire, a hearty and a civil man, yet had not that kind of politeness which can completely dissemble sentiments and opinions; he was moreover a wag. He winked significantly on Hamilton, and calling him aside, whispered, "This will be a good joke to your friend John, but take care, my boy, some of those dashing misses are Tartars." He might have explained this metaphor, but was interrupted by the sound of the horn, and the coachman summoning them to depart. Accordingly Hamilton was under the necessity of leaving the charming Miss Mortimer, and at parting, though he hardly spoke with his tongue, yet in half a minute expressed with his eyes an ardour of affection and tenderness of regret, which Maria must have been as remarkable for dullness as she was for the contrary,

contrary, if she had not observed. She did more than observe, she also felt.—After a very cordial squeeze of the father's hand, and a renewal of his promise to visit the Grove on his return, he departed. Having, after the coach was set off, continued to gaze on the window where Maria stood, on the turning of the corner he lost sight of the beloved object, and, regardless of his fellow traveller, threw himself back, and feigning to be asleep, brooded in fancy over the lovely image of Maria. His companion was one of those young ladies who, having the eye of an hawk after the handsome of the opposite sex, are not unskilled in quarrying upon destined prey. Miss Dartwell was a very likely girl, with animated and fascinating eyes, a clear and fresh complexion, rosy lips, white teeth, tall, straight, and well made. She was the daughter of a tradesman, who being in tolerable circumstances,

stances, proposed, at the instigation of his wife, to breed Fanny to be a young lady, trusting that she would acquire, by marriage, rank and fortune; and thus enable her parents to look down upon their neighbours. With these hopes they had sent her to a boarding school, near the metropolis; there she learned to smatter a little French, to strum a little on the pianoforté, to read a little, and to speak a great deal. The lady governess of the seminary often boasted of her connections, and among these had a brother whom she used to style an officer in the guards, and indeed so he was, and a very useful officer too, and having risen from the ranks to be corporal, had afterwards become a serjeant, then serjeant major, and lastly, an adjutant. He had a son, who, inheriting his military spirit, was now a serjeant of grenadiers, one of the handsomest young fellows

fellows on the parade, and peculiarly eminent for his skill in drilling. About this time it began to be deemed expedient by some of the wise persons who superintended female tuition, to have their fair pupils initiated in military affairs; the exercise of a soldier would give them *a free and easy carriage, and improve their shapes*. The lady to whom the formation and guidance of Miss Dartwell was committed, thinking such preceptorial employment might be a good job for her nephew, introduced sergeant Sycamore in this capacity. Miss Fanny, being the tallest of the young corps, occupied the right hand, and thinking it incumbent on her to do honour, by dexterity of performance, to her conspicuous stature and situation, and being well formed, active, and alert, soon surpassed the rest of the company, and was appointed *fugle*. Her exhibitions and evolutions

lutions procured great praise from the sergeant, to which she would listen with much complacency. She often would make comparisons between this heroic youth, and the various other teachers of his sex, and declared to her intimates, that he was far before the dancing-master himself. "To be sure, Mr. Cotillion is a very pretty man, but Mr. Sycamore is a very pretty and a very fine man."

Notwithstanding the strict vigilance of boarding schools, the sergeant found means to make a conquest of one of the teachers, no very difficult achievement; and thereby to have various opportunities of conversing with the misses entrusted to her charge: and how could he employ his time better, than in giving them *private* lessons? Practising the military steps, Miss Dartwell became distinguished for *free and easy carriage*, and the *improvement of her shapes*. Soon after
this

this display of tactics the sergeant, by the influence of another disciple, of much higher rank, who, though of a more advanced age, had condescended to avail herself of his instructions, was promoted to a pair of colours, and ere long to a lieutenancy of guards, whence he had recently been appointed a captain in a marching regiment. Miss Dartwell, after her studies, had returned to her parents, and had received offers of marriage from divers young tradesmen, whom she rejected with disdain, not failing to reprobate the insolence of such fellows, who durst presume to make proposals to a young lady that had been *at boarding-school*, and learned so many fine accomplishments. Meanwhile she did not fail to manifest to young squires and captains of militia, that their addresses would not be deemed so degrading. Being artful and insinuating, she

had laid snares with an apparent probability of success for a spruce young counsellor, but at last found that the lawyer was perfectly acquainted with the difference between being taken in *mesne* process, where the caption was only temporary, and being taken in *execution*, from which there was no bail.—

Her father being now dead, and having some hundred pounds at command, she resolved to set out in quest of Sycamore, and having, in London, learned that his regiment was at Inverness and Fort George, she had left the metropolis in a different coach the same morning as our hero, and having arrived late the evening before at Northallerton, had waited for the mail. Such was the fellow-traveller of our hero. Captain Sycamore still continued the principal favourite of his fair pupil. Deeming the attention and regard of this worthy preceptor

ceptor the chief good, yet, being in her philosophy rather a peripatetic than a stoic, she considered it as the *summum* but not the *solum expetendum*, the greatest but not the only blessing which life might afford. Though she was approaching Sycamore, still he was three hundred miles off: here was a very fine young man close by her; besides, soldiers might, in change of scene, be inconstant. She now recollected that there was some reason to suppose Sycamore rather forgetful. She was one of those prudential persons who preferred possession to reversion, and thought a bird in the hand worth two in the bush. But to justify the application of this proverb, it was necessary that the bird should actually be in hand, and not merely, because very near, supposed within reach. She had penetrated into the sentiments of our hero, the few minutes she saw him

with Miss Mortimer, and observing his concern, she forbore for some time to interrupt his reverie, but at length tired even of so long a silence, she attempted to engage him in discourse. She began with indifferent topics, dexterously sliding into his opinion, however slightly it might be delivered, and by degrees opened upon plays and romances, the species of reading in which she was chiefly conversant, thence passing to various descriptions of beauty, she endeavoured to please him by bestowing high panegyrics on the young lady, who had come in the coach to the last inn. To her observations Hamilton made civil and assenting answers, but very short. They now arrived at Darlington, where miss to her great vexation found that they were to be joined by another traveller. This was a stout, hearty, plain man, who appeared to be a substantial farmer

farmer or a yeoman. He soon, however, informed the company he was a freeholder of Durham, and proceeded, in the usual style of vulgar loquacity, to open upon his own private affairs. He, it seems, farmed his own lands, and had two sons; one of whom, a stout young man, he was breeding up to husbandry: but the other, a poor puny lad, quite unfit for labour, therefore he was making him a *genus*, he was to be a great *scolard*; he was not more than seventeen years of age, and in two or three years more would be fit for the *varsity*; so Mister Syntax, our schoolmaster, tells me; and he is a *perdigious* great *scolard*. From his own affairs, this communicative person, in the natural course, proceeded to those of his neighbours, mentioned many names, totally unknown to his fellow-travellers, but, at last, came to one lady, of whom they and most others had

very often heard. Not being sparing in his strictures on combined profligacy and folly, or the connexions which these had formed, he observed, that he remembered her a very good, agreeable young woman. “ But, ah! master, when women once begin going to the devil, they do not stop half way; first they are bashful and coy, and we must court them; but after men has once their own way, by jingo then they courts us, and are no more shamefaced.” Our hero could not controvert the observations of this sage, and almost smiled at (as he conceived) their applicability to his fair companion. Whether the lady perceived, or at least felt their appositeness, could not easily be discovered. She certainly did not blush; but, perhaps, that might be partly from her original tuition at the boarding-school, and partly from having of late been totally disused to

to the suffusion. At Durham they only stopped to change horses. Before they reached Newcastle their fellow-traveller left Hamilton and Miss Dartwell to themselves. The lady began to resume the operations which the worthy freeholder had interrupted: Hamilton, as we have seen, was not insensible to the attractions of even this species of ladies, yet, at present, his imagination was so much engrossed by the charms of the lovely Miss Mortimer, that his senses were less alive to present objects. To Morpeth they were still alone, and the lady began to hope that her efforts would not be in vain. But as they arrived at the inn, whom should miss descry, at a window, but her old friend and favourite, captain Sycamore? Reversing her intended application of the proverb, about "a bird in hand," she hastened from the

coach, and with looks of the warmest affection, flew to her military instructor. Hamilton proceeded on his journey.— From Berwick he crossed the country in the morning, and arrived at Etterick.

CHAPTER IX.

THE old gentleman received his nephew with very great delight, and having ordered for him every refreshment that the house afforded, or at least that he could command, proceeded without delay to unfold his various reasons for requesting the presence of William. “I had,” he said, “many trials while my wife was alive, but it pleased the Lord to take her to himself. I was resigned, and since that time have lived with Susan very comfortably. She, to be sure, was down in the mouth, from the behaviour of (whispering) that damned scoundrel her husband; and sometimes I have thought that, bad as he was, she regretted his absence as much as any thing; however,

that's between ourselves. In fact, he returned about a month ago, and behaved very civilly for a week, and his wife appeared as fond of him as ever. I hoped he had taken himself up, and to encourage him, allowed him as much money as I could spare for the present, and promised to do more if he continued to behave himself: but I soon found the money did him more harm than good: he returned to his old practices, and at length became so extremely insolent that I dare hardly call my house my own. He daily abuses me for having (he says) *defrauded him*, by securing my property as I have done; and as to my daughter, he takes up with the vilest trollops under her very nose; and told her, no longer ago than last night, in his cups, that he knew no other use that she and the old fool her father could be of, but by their fortune giving him the means of pleasure.

He has no idea that I wrote to you to come down, and talks very highly, boasting, and falsely, about your encounter and his in Yorkshire."—After farther conversation Hamilton retired into an adjoining dressing-room, to make some change in his habiliments, when Mr. O'Rourke, who, having been abroad, had heard nothing of the guest that was arrived, entered the apartment, and accosting the laird in a loud and imperious tone, told him that he required more money immediately.

"I have a demand that cannot be put off; so I must have none of your excuses or delays."

"I have really no money for you; you know very well how I am circumstanced."

"Yes, yes, I know how those villains choused you."

"What villains, sir?"

"Your brother and his son, to be sure; but I fancy the son will keep out of my way again."

"Here he comes," said the old gentleman, "to

answer for himself; and immediately our hero presented himself before O'Rourke. Astonishment at first suspended the faculties of the preacher, but was soon succeeded by consternation and fear, and as Hamilton sternly regarded him, the impudence of the bully was totally overwhelmed by the dread of merited chastisement. Hamilton, however, abstaining from actual violence, coolly asked his uncle if he would leave the management of the man entirely to him? "That I will, my dear nephew: you know I sent for you for that very purpose."—"Then," said Hamilton, "you, Mr. O'Rourke, withdraw, until my uncle and I determine how to proceed." This command he very submissively and expeditiously obeyed. Having learned the details of O'Rourke's conduct, our hero asked his uncle, whether he did not think a separation would be the wisest measure?

"I think

“ I think so,” said the laird, “ but I am afraid Susan will not altogether agree ; for she has still a great hankering after the fellow.” Mrs. O’Rourke now came to pay her compliments to her cousin, bringing with her her little boy, whom she introduced to William, who bestowed great encomiums on his young relation. The lady answered with a sigh, that he already appeared to have the look and shape of his father. Hamilton, as they farther conversed, easily discovered that an entire separation was not to the lady’s mind. Of course it would be totally inexpedient to propose such a measure. She expressed her hopes, that he might be reclaimed, and earnestly conjured Hamilton to devise some means for making the experiment. While they were deliberating, a servant entering in hurry and agitation, informed them, that there were king’s messengers

gers* below, and that they were in pursuit of Mr. O'Rourke. Hamilton, having inquired into the circumstances of the case, found that they were writs against the preacher, for sums amounting to five hundred pounds, for debts incurred during his former residence in that country, and that other prosecutions were threatened from places which he had since visited, in the course of his methodistical mission or other adventures. Hamilton advised his uncle not to interfere immediately, but to suffer him to undergo, for a time, the punishment of his vices, and afterwards to relieve him conditionally, according to his future conduct. Etterick agreeing to this advice, O'Rourke was, for the present, taken to the county gaol. Hamilton, in a day or two, sent the steward to see

* Equivalent to bailiffs, in England.

the prisoner, and endeavour to learn from himself the amount of his incumbrances. O'Rourke, abject in adversity, humbled himself before this agent, whom, in the insolence of fancied prosperity, he had formerly treated with imperious rudeness; in the most supplicatory terms entreated his interposition, acknowledged his own unworthiness, and confessed that his debts were not much less than a thousand pounds. He wrote letters to his wife, father-in-law, and our hero, reproaching himself and praying forgiveness. These humiliations wrought upon the feelings of Mrs. O'Rourke, and at her earnest entreaties it was agreed that the laird should privately guarantee a loan for the liquidation of the debts, but that the land-steward, who was to be the ostensible lender, should take O'Rourke's bond, to be held *in terrorem*, with a threat of execution if he repeated
any

any of his former misconduct. Hamilton both before and after the release spent much time in exhorting the husband of his cousin to act as became the connection which he had formed, and advised him particularly to abstain from hard drinking and from methodism, both of which intoxicating the brain, unheing the faculties, and giving full reins to passion, often led to madness, profligacy, or both. O'Rourke acknowledged that it was very true, and promised faithfully hereafter to avoid the drunkenness of either strong liquor or fanaticism, both of which he confessed from experience, heightened the propensity towards loose women and other irregularities. Though Hamilton did not altogether rely on the conscientious penitence of this person, yet knowing that his fears, wherever circumstances led them to operate, would powerfully influence his actions, desired

to have him under his own eye. He, therefore, prevailed with the father and daughter to spend the following winter in London, and to pass the intervening time at different watering places, whither he promised occasionally to join their party. Arrangements being made for their meeting in England, our hero informed them that he had engaged to visit a college-friend in Yorkshire. He took his uncle's horses to Berwick, whence he set out by the mail, in which, though full of passengers, nothing occurred interesting in itself, or, at least, that engaged the attention of our hero, which was entirely engrossed by the anticipation of the pleasure he was to receive at Oak-Grove. Arriving at Northallerton, and inquiring about Mr. Mortimer's family, he had the happiness to hear that they were all in perfect health;
and

and hastily dining, he walked on towards Oak-Grove.

The morning on which the squire and his daughter had parted with Hamilton, they had immediately gone home; Mr. Mortimer retired to bed and to sleep; his daughter to bed, but not to sleep. Some hours after she descended to the parlour, where she found herself in the affectionate arms of her brother John. Having asked many kind questions about herself and their father, and how she liked London, he could not help observing, that, retaining all her sweetness and tenderness, she was much less sprightly and communicative.—“What’s the matter with you, Maria? have you lost your heart that you are so pensive?” At this question, Maria blushed, but pretended to laugh. Before she could answer the question, her father making his appearance, after the recipro-

city.

city of embrace, of looks, and expressions, that parental and filial love might be expected to produce, and some discourse on private and domestic affairs, he turned to his daughter:—"Well, Maria, how long," he said, "have you been up?" "Near these two hours, sir." "O, then you have been telling John all the fine sights you have seen, at the plays, and operas, and Ranelagh, and Vauxhall." "Very little of that," said John. "And of his friend, our fello-wtraveller."—"My friend, your fellow-traveller?" said the son: "no not a word: who was he?" "Lord, girl, how came you to be so forgetful? Besides, the young man was really very civil to you." Maria again blushed. "Who is the subject of your discourse?" said John. "Your friend Mr. Hamilton was our fellow traveller from Hertford; and as fine a young man as ever I saw; is he not, Maria?"—

"Pretty

“ Pretty well, pretty well,” replied the lady; “ nothing extraordinary,” repeating her blushes. “ Pretty well!” replied the father; “ by the lord Harry, miss, I believe you had not the use of your eyes. I think he’s a very handsome and a very fine young man. I am sure John does not agree in your opinion; do you, John?” “ Not in the opinion which she has expressed.” “ And besides you are to consider you are very much obliged to him; he saved you from a very bad fall.” Maria now pretended some errand out of the room, and the father continued to descant upon the agreeableness of Hamilton, and his attentions to Maria and to him on finding who they were. “ I don’t know how it was,” he said, “ Maria is an excellent girl, and a daughter to my wish, and I have hardly any occasion to find fault with her, but she was silent and reserved during

during most of the journey. I invited your friend to visit us as he returns from Scotland. I winked and even whispered to her, that out of common civility she ought to join in the invitation, but she did not say a word."

Mr. Mortimer was an extremely worthy man; but, totally without disguise himself, he did not readily suspect it in any other. John was a man of abilities, penetration, well-acquainted with the world, and with the fair sex, and not ignorant of the artifices and dissimulation which modesty and delicacy often introduce in the most virtuous and elevated female bosoms. He heard from the communicative old gentleman, all the detail of their journey, including the dashing miss that set off with Hamilton. In various conversations with his sister he turned the discourse upon his friend, but observed that she rather shifted the subject.

ject. She was much graver than usual, or if she attempted the appearance of gaiety, it was evidently an effort. One day a family in the neighbourhood was dining at Mr. Mortimer's, and Maria, with a companion, was seated near a window that commanded a view of Northallerton, and the interjacent fields, and exerting herself to amuse the company, she had begun a very animated account of the comic performance of Mrs. Jordan in the country girl, and had placed her on the table sealing the letter, when the gate-bell ringing, she hastily turned about, and as hastily withdrawing her eyes, was overspread with blushes, and stopped short in the middle of her description. "Dear Maria," said the father, "what's the matter with you, girl?" A servant now entering addressed Mr. Mortimer, saying, "*Here be a young squire axing for my measter*
and

and young master :" and immediately after, our hero made his appearance, and was received with warm affection by his friend, and cordial kindness by the old gentleman. His reception from Maria appeared to her father too cold a civility to an acquaintance, who was the friend of her brother, to whom she herself had been obliged. When the ladies withdrew, they all, with the exception of Maria, united in praising the face, figure, and address of the young stranger.— Though Miss Mortimer was far from dissenting in her heart from these opinions, yet she had several reasons for concealing her acquiescence. Maria had often, among her companions, ridiculed the folly of love at first sight, and declared she thought it impossible for a rational woman to be enamoured of a man, however agreeable in appearance and manners, before she had an opportunity

tunity of knowing the qualities of his understanding and heart; and also, unless she had reason to conceive him attached to herself. This theory Miss Mortimer had often supported with brilliant ingenuity, but had begun now to apprehend that, like many plausible and splendid hypotheses, it would not stand the test of experiment. She really feared that she prized her fellow-traveller much too highly for so short an acquaintance, and besides, had not been without uneasiness since his departure, in company with the lady from Northallerton. Delicacy had restrained not only the tongue, but the eyes of our hero from that expression which his heart dictated, and though the young lady would have been ashamed and vexed by the repetition of the looks which she had received in the coach, she, perhaps, was not altogether pleased at what she, not certain as to the motive,

tive,

tive, considered as a change. A lady whose affections are perfectly unengaged, may be pleased with attentions, which are merely homage to her charms, and, though indifferent to the man who has bestowed them, may be piqued or mortified at their discontinuance, real or imagined. The mind of Maria, however, was too strong to be much affected by pique. She was less mortified than anxious. She recollected, however, that there was no motive, which she could avow, for coldness and distance to a gentleman who was her father's guest, the intimate friend of her brother, and whose manners and deportment had a claim to every attention which the politeness of hospitality could exact from a young and fair hostess: she, therefore, resolved to attempt a greater degree of ease and frankness. At tea, the worthy host, in order to amuse the company

with a joke, a pastime of which he was very fond, began to roast our hero about his fellow-traveller to the north. Hamilton, whose eyes were turned towards Miss Mortimer, observed her flush and suddenly look to him at this address, but on perceiving the direction of his eyes withdraw hers in confusion. Animated by these movements, which he flattered himself indicated, at least, a curiosity about his conduct, he very eagerly and briefly related her meeting with an officer, who appeared to be her husband; and having spoken very slightly of the appearance and accomplishments of the lady, he, for some reason, chose to descant on the grace, elegance, and manly beauty of the gentleman whom she had met. He did not, he said, know who they were, having parted with them at Morpeth, and having heard nothing, and indeed thought nothing of them from that time to the present.

sent. - Maria in this account saw two circumstances, with neither of which she was displeased: first, that Hamilton had cultivated no acquaintance with the lady: secondly, that he was extremely desirous to make that known. One or two opportunities had occurred for his countenance speaking to Maria the energetic and impassioned language of love; and she did not misunderstand the expression.

A country performer, who had learned that there was a party at Oak Grove, arrived with his violin and rural second, to exhilarate the company. The strains of loyalty, begun in the vestibule, announced his arrival. He and his comrade were instantly introduced; and Hamilton requested the hand of the charming hostess. Both gentleman and lady excelled in agility, grace, and justness of musical ear; and though all the other young people acquitted themselves ex-

tremely well, yet no couple equalled, or nearly equalled, William and Maria.— In the course of their festive amusement, and in the intervals of rest, our hero did not fail to tell his fair partner how beautiful she was, how lovely, how irresistibly interesting. She pretended to consider these declarations as mere words of course, and to answer with gay indifference. Gaiety, sprightliness, and brilliancy she displayed; indifference did not appear. Our hero, inspired by Maria, and moreover warmed with the social bowl, to which the old gentleman had allowed but little respite, gave vent, after supper, to his imagination; delighted by the novelty and beauty of his imagery, and by the sallies of his wit, surprised and fascinated his hearers. The stage happening to be mentioned, and Mrs. Siddons in *Belvidera* called from our youth the pathos of genius so irresistibly

resistibly impressive, that glistening eyes and moistened cheeks of the fair auditors bore unequivocal testimony to the softness of their sensibility. Far transcending all the female guests, in the vigour of her imagination, and the tenderness of her heart, Maria, by the action and reaction of fancy and of feeling, was more enchanted and affected by the descriptions and exhibitions of our hero, than any of her companions. She saw how exquisitely his countenance corresponded with the varying subject; and, indeed, though she did not see it, her own was in changing unison. The members of the party were so extremely pleased with each other, that the dawning morn was the first intimation that midnight was passed. Late as it was, and though William had not been in bed the preceding night, yet he lay awake, meditating on love and Maria, and wholly

bent on winning the affections of so charming a fair. In the tumultuous eagerness of passion, reason did not altogether neglect one of her favourite votaries, but asked, to what end could he indulge his affection? was his situation in life such as to justify so early a marriage, deserving as the young lady might be? would not it be prudent to defer his advances until he had made greater progress in the destined pursuits of life?—Honour and humanity said, “Do not irretrievably engage the heart of this lovely and interesting young woman, before you are assured that no impediments may retard, or obstacles obstruct gratification.” To these monitors the ingenuity of love answered, “That instead of opposing he would satisfy them all.” He was conscious that he possessed talents, erudition, and literary powers, which, if steadily and uniformly exerted,
would

would procure him an income sufficient for real happiness; that Maria would stimulate exertion; and that so inspired he would probably be greater and richer than if acting without any such motive; but, at least, he would be happier. At length he was overpowered by sleep, and was in a dream caressing the object of his waking thoughts, when his jolly host entering his apartment roused him to breakfast, that, according to an appointment on the former evening, they might take a ride over his farm and estate.—

“ I suppose, my young friend, you are like John, therefore I need not offer you a tankard for your morning draught.”

Hamilton acknowledged the resemblance in that part of their taste, and the squire left him, and, while he equipped himself, went to pay his compliments to the other guests. Having left his room, he was preparing to descend to the parlour,

whence he heard the cheerful voice of his host; when a door opening into the landing place, Maria unexpectedly presented herself to his enraptured view.—He thought her somewhat pale, and inquired after her health, not as a compliment, but as one whose whole soul was concentrated in its object. She answered him with sweetness, but still attempted indifference. He softly took hold of her hand, and earnestly requested one moment's conversation. Confounded by his address, she at first stood still, but recollecting herself, gently withdrew her hand, saying, she must descend to the breakfast-room. The allegation of reason sounding so like an apology for departure, delighted our hero, who confidently expected ere long he might have the opportunity which he wished. Most of the morning was occupied in viewing the farms of the squire and his tenants.

His

His own demesnes evinced the skill and ability of the farmer and gardener, that happily mingled utility with pleasure; in whose plans, culture was the groundwork, while decoration was the edging and interspersion, in which productiveness, the primary object, did not preclude delight. The fields, husbandry, houses, dress, and persons of his tenants, evinced the industrious and thriving farmers of Yorkshire.

The rest of the visitors were now departed, and Hamilton was the only guest. They returned to dinner. The squire, convivial from sociability, but not intemperate from habit, promoted neither by precept nor by example the absorption of any more liquor than suited the tastes of his company. After a cheerful but moderate glass, the gentlemen joined Maria in the garden. Young Mortimer was soon after summoned to Northaller-

ton, on some business which would require about half an hour's attendance, and the squire was a little after obliged to give audience to one of his tenants; so that now there remained only our hero and the object of his adoration. The reader will not doubt that Hamilton embraced so favourable an opportunity of unfolding his sentiments, which he did with mingled ardour, tenderness, and delicacy. The young lady heard him with agitation, but an agitation that appeared to arise more from apprehension than from anger. Educated with the strictest sense of decorum and propriety, as well as modesty, she thought she was wrong in listening to him; but his deportment was so respectful, engaging, and persuasive, that though she once or twice attempted it, she was unable to chide him for so hasty a declaration, or even abruptly to leave him and retire. She, in a
 very

very low voice and faltering accents, requested him not to talk on such a subject to her; they were almost strangers to one another; it was impossible he could know so much of her mind and dispositions as to justify the preference which he professed; though accident had left them alone at this time, she would take care to prevent the recurrence of such a situation; at least, unless he promised to desist in future from such a topic. Hamilton declared his resolution to open his sentiments to his friend John, and she was deprecating the application, when her father rejoining them, interrupted their discourse.

The following day a hunting party prevented the intended explanation in the morning; and when they returned to dinner, a neighbouring gentleman, who invited himself to Oak Grove, was of the party. This was squire Blossom,

whose father, a very great farmer near Richmond, had acquired a considerable property by speculating in corn and cattle, and by horse-dealing; and his fortune being more than doubled by the death of a brother, an opulent manufacturer: a short time before he had died, leaving to this his only child, an estate of two thousand pounds a year. This youth having been intended by his father for following his own footsteps, had received little education, except so far as related to rearing horses, and disposing of them to the best advantage. In this last branch he, though only six and twenty, had already attained such skill that he could over-reach colonel O'Black-leg himself, and was fast adding to his fortune. He, like his father, was also a skilful corn-dealer and grazier. Acquiring his money with great ease, though not liberal to other persons, he was not sparing

sparing in what ministered to his own pleasures; being a fresh-coloured strapping fellow, he was a successful gallant in the country; and young as he was, was a kind of a patriarch. This person having neither birth, abilities, or any other source of distinction but his riches and his vices, considered money as the first constituent of eminence, and next to that the deception of female credulity. Blossom had frequently seen Maria Mortimer, and though without taste, feeling, or comprehension to do justice to many of her charms, yet from sentiments purely animal, he regarded her as a very desirable object. The fortune of Mr. Mortimer he well knew was considerably inferior to his own, and as he had several children, the portion of his daughters could not be great. He himself was determined not to marry but merely as a matter of convenience, and had in his eye the only
child

child of an opulent button-maker of Sheffield. This fellow had the presumptuous wickedness to conceive dishonourable intentions towards the virtuous and elevated Maria. But, though not without courage in rencounters of wrestling, cudgel-playing, or boxing, he was no friend to sword and pistol, which he well knew such an attempt would immediately raise against him from Maria's brother, who was brave, intrepid, and high spirited. Knowing, however, that John was soon to leave the country, he determined to execute his nefarious design, when its object should, he conceived, be less guarded. He therefore had often visited Oak Grove. The father and brother, though they had no suspicion of his real designs, yet did not much approve of his attention to Maria, and were not so forbid as to desire, for the sake of mere fortune, that she should sacrifice herself

to

to a man whom she did and must despise. Maria, from whom he had not completely concealed his real design, regarded him with contempt and indignation; but her fear of involving in a quarrel that might prove fatal to those whom she most dearly loved, prevented her from explanations. In such circumstances all that she could do was to avoid his company as much as possible, and when in it to treat him with chilling coldness.—Blossom, who considered his own face and figure as irresistible, imputed this behaviour to artifice and coquetry, and persisted in his scheme. Accordingly, having met with the father and son, he offered them his company, intending to return the hospitality of the family by ruining the daughter. As Blossom and the old gentleman were riding before, John in a few words communicated the heads of his character;—that he was a rich blockhead
of

of a profligate horse-jockey; that he hated his company and conversation, as he was ignorant, impudent, and gross; but that the reception of such fellows was in the country a sacrifice, which must be frequently made to social neighbourhood. Maria was dressed that day with an elegant simplicity, that rendered her irresistibly bewitching. Blossom and Hamilton, different as they were in their sentiments and views, both agreed in being more than ever fired by her charms. Our hero could have instantly married her, to have such corporeal and mental attractions his own; and Blossom would have almost encountered any risk to perpetrate his purpose. He easily saw the fondness of Hamilton, but estimated its nature and object by the grossness and depravity of his own mind. Hamilton, he could not help perceiving, was extremely handsome, and as such might doubt-

doubtless procure a rich match; he, therefore, could, in Blossom's opinion, only pursue Maria as a mistress. He could not avoid observing, that Miss Mortimer treated Hamilton with much more complacency than himself. Rivalry and resentment added fresh incentives, and he resolved, cost what it would, to snatch from the stranger so delicious a morsel. Having, both during dinner and after, indulged freely in the bottle, his passion was more and more inflamed, though somewhat dissipated by long and boasting narratives of his own amours. In the drawing-room he became excessively troublesome, and, in the temerity of insolent brutality, conceiving himself not observed by the gentlemen, offered the young lady a gross affront. The eyes of the virtuous and delicate Maria flashed fire. She threw in his face the scalding teapot, and forgetting all her caution, called to her

her brother to come to turn the fellow out of the house. John hastily seized the offender, who smarting with pain, maddened with liquor and with anger, began to pour out the abuse of enraged vulgarity, calling, he was richer than them all put together. Here's a fuss, because ——, and he stated the offence. John returned this speech by a blow, which levelled Blossom with the ground; and after he recovered, seizing him, and being superior in strength, dragged him to the door, and thrust him out of the house. Blossom, enraged and bloody, hastened to the inn at Northallerton, thence wrote a defiance, conceived in the grossest terms of abuse, avowing his design, and swearing that it should be effected. Mortimer having read this letter, declared his resolution to meet the fellow immediately. His father and sister eagerly beseeched him to disregard a challenge

challenge from such a man. John, however, hastily ran out, followed by his father; and was immediately after heard above stairs in his own room. Hamilton was following him, when Maria, afraid he was going to accompany him as his second, eagerly grasped his arm, and prayed he would hear her for one minute. "One minute, my lovely Maria! for my life and for ever." "O my dear sir," she proceeded, "prevent my brother from exposing himself, perhaps, to death: it is all my rashness and precipitancy. I shall be the murderer of my kind, accomplished, and beloved brother. I shall deprive my father of his darling son, and bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Do, Mr. Hamilton, prevent this calamity, and you will merit my eternal gratitude." Hamilton told her, that he had just formed a scheme, which he trusted would prevent the extremities she apprehended.

He

He went to his friend, whom he found vehemently contending with his father, that he must meet and chastise the villain. "My dear friend," interrupted our hero, "do you believe me a man of honour, or that I would suffer an insult to pass without a punishment adequate to the subject and object?" "I know you would not." "Do you think I would accept a challenge from a footman?" "Unquestionably not." "Or from any one not a gentleman?" "Certainly not." "Can you think the writer of this letter entitled to the treatment of a gentleman?" "Not by conduct; but by his situation in life, and the estimation of society." "His situation in life is nothing to us," replied our hero, "and if you will follow my advice, you will satisfy society, even that part of it that supports the factitious honour of duelling, and punish the fellow without degrading yourself, a gentleman, to the low level of a brutal clown."

clown." William accordingly explained his proposition; that John should write an answer, declaring "that he would not admit a man of such behaviour to the privilege of a gentleman; but that he would personally chastise him, and would not suffer him to appear in any public meeting, until he had publicly asked pardon for his infamous behaviour."—

John at last agreed to this expedient, and also to defer the answer till the following morning, when Blossom might have had time to cool and reflect on the exact predicament in which he stood.— Maria and her father regarded our hero with the most delighted gratitude, and the remainder of the evening passed in tranquillity.

Early in the morning Hamilton betook himself in quest of the esquire.— Blossom, being informed that a gentleman from young Mr. Mortimer desired

to see him, was very little pleased with the message. His courage had in a great degree flowed from the wine which he drank, and as the fumes were now in a considerable degree evaporated, part of the valour had also *oozed* away. To give it time to return, or to deliberate how it might be unnecessary, he proposed to defer the interview about two hours. Our hero returned at the appointed time, and was introduced to the apartment of Blossom, whom he found sitting with a bandage round his head, which, however, did not so completely cover his face as to prevent it from exhibiting impudence contending with shame and fear. He received Hamilton civilly, and then in a blustering tone proceeded to exclaim against young Mortimer. Hamilton cut him short by telling him, his business was merely to deliver him a letter, and, according to the reply,

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to add a subsidiary message. The esquire having read the letter ; “ And so,” says he, “ master Mortimer refuses the challenge ?” “ But,” says Hamilton, “ he states his reasons and determination.”— “ Pretty reasons: cowardice ; don’t you think so, Clump ?” turning to his groom, who had continued in the room. “ Before,” said our hero, “ Mr. Clump has the trouble of delivering his sentiments, I have to ask simply, Will you apologize in the required manner ?” “ I’ll be d—d if I do.” “ That’s right,” said the groom, “ don’t be *timberfome*.” “ Then I have farther to inform you, that Mr. John Mortimer will, in half an hour, be in the public room, in this inn, to cane you, if you dare appear there ; and that he will repeat the same discipline in every public place where you dare appear, to teach you the manners befitting such a person as you, if admitted into
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the company of ladies and gentlemen." Having delivered this embassy, our hero departed. Blossom having shut the door assumed a very valiant face, and said to Clump, "Did you ever hear so insolent a fellow as this messenger? Hamilton they call him: it was with difficulty I could keep my passion. Did not you remark how red and angry my face looked?" "No, I thought it was rather pale, please your honour, and whitish as it were." "But did not you see me even trembling with rage?" "O yes, when he spoke about the cane in the public room, your honour did tremble." "I think I will run after him yet," said the esquire, clapping himself on a chair, "to teach him to talk so to a man of my consequence: but now that I think of it, I cannot well go out as my head is tied up. I believe it will be as well to avoid the cold and keep quiet to-day,

Clump;

Clump; I shall not go down stairs.”— Clump, who was his master’s chief confident, and was a sharp fellow, did not fail to perceive the real motive; but professed to acquiesce in the ostensible. Some time afterwards as the esquire was declaring his ardent desire of having an opportunity of chastising both Mortimer and Hamilton, Clump standing at the window, informed him that an opportunity was arrived, for they both were entering the house. “ I will go down, don’t say a word against it, Clump.” “ I, please your honour, I am saying nothing against it.” “ However you may go down first, to see what is going on.”— Clump in a few minutes returned, bearing in his hand a paper to the following effect :—

“ Whereas, a peasant and clown named Bartholomew Blossom, cow-keeper and horse-jocky, of Docktail-

Place, near Richmond, impudently and falsely calling himself a gentleman, did audaciously, in a vulgar and ribaldrous letter, send me a challenge. I hereby declare, that I will not accept a challenge from the said Bartholomew Blossom, peasant and clown as aforesaid; but I come prepared to chastise the presumptuous insolence of the fellow, by caning him in the public room, or streets of Northallerton, or wherever else I may have the good fortune to find him. At the same time believing him to be a poltroon and a coward, I shall forbear beating him if he confines himself to the kitchen or stables, without arrogating to himself the privilege of making one of a company of gentlemen.

“August 29. 1789. JOHN MORTIMER.”

Blossom having perused this paper, declared his resolution of inflicting a most severe vengeance on the traducer of his honour,

honour, but thought it would be wisest to suspend the execution of his valourous projects, till after his recovery.— The wound which had thus respited the courage of Mr. Blossom, in the course of the evening so quickly healed, that though it rained hard, he set off in the dark for Docktail-place. There he consulted an attorney, who not without thoughts of *six and eightpence often repeated*, strongly urged a prosecution for assault, battery, and wounding; and not doubting but in such a case the adversary would prosecute for a challenge; he hoped on the one hand “ Bartholomew Blossom, esquire, of Docktail-place, in the parish of Richmond, in the North Riding of the county of York, plaintiff; and John Mortimer, esquire, younger, of Oak Grove, in the parish of Northalerton, in the aforesaid North Riding, of the aforesaid county of York, defendant;

dant; and on the other hand, John Mortimer, esquire, younger, of Oak Grove, in the parish of Northallerton, in the North Riding of the county of York, plaintiff, and Bartholomew Blossom, esquire, of Docktail-place, in the parish of Richmond aforesaid, in the North Riding of the aforesaid county of York, defendant, carried through all the process of declarations, replies, rejoinders, and demurs, and abundantly interspersed with the vacation after Trinity term, being on the 29th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1789, and in the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Arch Treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire," would help materially to fill paper and swell the bill. Besides Hamilton could be introduced as "comforting, aiding, and abetting the said John Mortimer

Mortimer, &c." Blossom himself was averse to this counsel, and appeared disposed to confine his views to having Mortimer bound over to the peace.— The lawyer strongly urged the contrary, but in vain. Finding he could not succeed in bringing on cross actions, he determined to suit himself to the humour of his client, and advised the following expedient for keeping the peace and preserving the esquire's honour: Blossom was to send a thundering defiance to Mortimer, offering to meet him at Northallerton, and threatening, if he would not fight, to cudgel him unmercifully. The attorney was to communicate these bloody minded intentions to a friend, this friend was to alarm the mayor, and both parties were to be bound over to keep the peace. A captain of Militia delivered this menacing message to Mortimer. Hamilton and he attended, met

the redoubtable champion in the public room; and knowing there was help at hand, Blossom both looked and talked very big: Mortimer immediately proceeded to action; but the magistrate and his attendants rushing in prevented mischief. The parties were bound over, and thus the matter terminated.

Meanwhile our hero was becoming every day more fondly enamoured of his charming Maria. The young lady also on her part the more she knew Hamilton the more she admired and esteemed his talents and dispositions. His successful interference preventing the catastrophe, which her susceptible imagination had apprehended, enhanced her regard. She had promised him her lasting gratitude; nor was she disposed to violate such an engagement. She now was not only pleased, but visibly delighted with his company and conversation.—

Besides

Besides that range of genius, extent of knowledge, and happy power of communication, which must render him, Maria thought, respected and admired in public life, he seemed to her to have those just moral principles, virtues, and refined sentiments, which constitute, at once, the use and pleasure of domestic life. But thinking so favourably of him, and feeling so kindly to him, she cautiously forbore an acknowledgment of mutual affection. She observed, that in his ideas he was lofty and aspiring, and apprehending that whatever love might now dictate, ambition might hereafter prompt views and connexions more conducive to aggrandizement. She, therefore, not only refused his immediate offers, but would admit of no promises or engagements: that if at any future time interest or inclination might induce him to desire a change, there might be no re-

straint upon him from justice and honour. Hamilton communicated his passion to his friend John, but not thereby any intelligence which he had not discovered before. Mortimer told him, that there was no man whom he thought, in character and conduct, so worthy of his dear Maria, and that their respective ranks were equal; that to such a woman as Maria, he was confident Hamilton would make an affectionate and devoted husband, and to such a man as Hamilton, Maria would make a tender, fond, and interesting wife. " But, my dear friend, (he continued) there are at present strong objections. You have ability, erudition, and eloquence; you are breeding to a profession in which, with prudence, you may rise to be at the head; after giving law to the bar, you may instruct and delight the senate; inform and direct the cabinet: these are all attainments within the reach
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of William Hamilton : and farther they are within his wish and view. You are ambitious and aspiring, but seeking the pinnacle, you ought not, having so steep an ascent to climb, to burden yourself so near the bottom, with the cares of a family. Your own fortune though sufficient for your support, until your exertions bring fame and emolument, yet is inadequate to the maintenance of an increasing family, in the style to which both you and my sister are accustomed, and before your efforts, by establishing your reputation, had insured your success, embarrassments might commence, which breaking your spirits might damp the ardour of your genius, enfeeble the energy of eloquence and make a man of so transcendent powers, surpassed in his professions by plodding mediocrity. My dear Hamilton, I revere you, and by my affection and admiration I conjure you, at least, for the pre-

sent, to make no overtures of the kind. Be called to the bar, be engaged in some cause which will make you known, and lay the foundation of eminence and opulence. Be once established, and if you continue your love to Maria, I shall most eagerly promote a connection that will contribute to her honour and happiness." "Happiness, did you say," cried our hero eagerly, "have you, my dear Mortimer, any idea that your sister is favourably disposed." John aware that an answer in the affirmative would by no means conduce to his scheme of postponing the subject, evaded a direct answer, but said, "In cases where there is not certainty we must draw inference from probability. Without flattering you I must say, that the manifest affection of such a youth as my friend Hamilton is likely to impress any woman of sensibility that should be unengaged. I have no doubt

doubt that Maria possesses sensibility, and I firmly believe that when you and she became acquainted she was unengaged ; but I am convinced, that though she should love you, both her reason and strength of mind would refuse an affiance, which the sincerest and best judging friends of both must see would be, at present, indiscreet." Hamilton could not avoid seeing the sense and candour of his friend's opinions, and as the time was approaching at which he was obliged to go south, Mortimer hoped by absence to prevent the immediate contraction of so premature an engagement. He knew that during the rest^o of the autumn he was to be at Brighton and its environs ; and that in winter he was occupied by professional preparations and literary exertions, and hoped that, while on the one hand the affiance was suspended, on the other great advances would be made towards its con-

clusion with prudence and propriety. He had frequent conferences with his sister, in which, by addressing himself to her understanding and elevated sentiments, he endeavoured to persuade her to refuse every proffer for an immediate or early marriage. Maria perceived that her brother was well acquainted with the state of her mind; and did not affect either ignorance of his meaning, or indifference to its subject; she candidly owned that her opinion of Mr. Hamilton was very high, but denied that her heart was irretrievably engaged; having before formed the resolution he desired, she readily and strongly promised adherence. Hamilton had already outstayed his time, until a letter from his mother earnestly requested that he would come speedily to town, to join and direct the autumnal excursion, and he had taken his place for the metropolis for the next day but

one, which was to be on a Monday.— Saturday evening he was pensive and sad, and Maria was not joyful; both her brother and lover observed in her countenance and voice the softness of sorrow, while a forced cheerfulness concealed her emotions from her father. Having in the stillness and solitude of a night uninterrupted by sleep, given full vent to her tenderness, she was at the usual hour in the breakfast room, exhibiting marks of increasing dejection, which even her father must have discovered. Our hero directed to her the touching melancholy of his countenance; and she was almost overcome, when her father entering with an open letter, gave it to his daughter, saying, “ Read that, my girl: by Jupiter it will be a merry year this; two jaunts in one summer.” “ Two jaunts,” said his son. “ Yes, your uncle Benjamin, instead of wintering in the West Indies as

we thought, is come to Portsmouth with his ship, and begs that we may meet him next week in London, to go down with him to his box on the coast of Sussex." "On the coast of Sussex!" said Hamilton, eagerly. "Yes, near Worthing, ten miles from Brighton, in the slope of the Downs; a sweet little place it is; he sends Maria there a draft of a hundred pounds, for crincum crancums, as he calls it, for herself, and not forgetting her sisters at school. So Moll, we shall be new-rigged." Maria's face now testified joy and animation, which she in vain endeavoured to conceal or even to moderate. These movements her father observing, turned to the young gentlemen, and facetiously remarked the wonderful effects of dress and finery upon young women. His son said he was assured the hope of seeing their beloved uncle made *one* part of the cause

cause of her joy, though not the *sole*; he whispered to his sister. “ Ah,” said the squire, “ brother Ben has a rough face and manner, but he has a kind heart.” Hamilton with the utmost delight observed the change which this unexpected intelligence effected on Maria, and interpreted it in nearly the same manner as John had insinuated. He expressed great pleasure in the happiness he would have in making his hospitable friends of Oak-Grove acquainted with the family party that he was going to join. Elated with the assurance of so soon again beholding his lovely Maria, he departed at the appointed time, and arrived in London without any material occurrence. The laird of Etterick, his daughter, and son-in-law were also now arrived, and lodged at an hotel in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Hamilton. The laird being alone with his nephew, expressed himself well
satisfied

satisfied with the behaviour of his son-in-law since William left Scotland. He was very respectful and attentive, and had hitherto shewn no disposition to return to his former habits, either of profligacy or preaching. William finding on enquiry that his cousin had seen but very little of London, proposed that, before they went to Brighton, they should spend a week in viewing the metropolis and its environs, and succeeded. They made excursions to Windsor, Hampton-court, Richmond, and other places.—One day Miss Hamilton had gone to the hotel to make an arrangement for a party to one of the theatres, and passing through a gallery, met a young lady, who, after regarding her very attentively, blushed, curtsied, and was passing along. An elderly gentleman came immediately after, who having looked earnestly in Charlotte's face said, "I ask your pardon,

don, miss, is your name Hamilton?"—
 "Yes, sir," said she, surprised, "but I have not the pleasure of recollecting you." "I dare say not," said the gentleman, "for you never saw me in your life, nor I you, miss. But, Molly, did you ever see so striking a likeness? She's his very image, is not she?" "Extremely like, indeed," replied Maria.—
 "Have you not a brother named William?" said the old gentleman. "Yes, sir. I dare say, sir, you must be Mr. Mortimer." "Very well guessed," said the old gentleman, going down stairs to give some orders. Miss Hamilton, addressing the young lady, said, "I know you must be Miss Mortimer, you so exactly answer William's description." At this remark Maria blushed; they returned together, and being predisposed to mutual kindness, the one towards a young lady whom she had discovered,
 from

from the letters and confidential communications of her beloved brother, to be the object of his fond attachment: the other towards the sister and softened picture of a man whose love she felt that she requited, they in a quarter of an hour ceased to consider one another as strangers. The old gentleman now returned with his son, who had been to call for his friend William, had not found him at home, but seen his mother, and accepted an invitation to dine at Hatton Garden, and promised to prevail on his father and sister to be of the party, but found his embassy anticipated by Miss Hamilton. They were all met except William, and the hostess knowing he had some business to transact which might detain him beyond the dining hour, ordered dinner. They were just seated, and by some accident, Maria Mortimer occupied the place nearest the bottom
of

of the table, and facing the door, when Hamilton hastily knocking and entering the room, the first object he beheld was his beloved Maria. Having with an anxious earnestness and confused eagerness of manner, voice, and countenance accosted Miss Mortimer, and with affectionate kindness her father and brother, he learned the meeting at the hotel, and had the satisfaction to see that his sister and mother were delighted with the object of his adoration. It was resolved to defer the theatre party till the following evening; and the day was spent with great pleasure and happiness.

Our hero had been so much engrossed by either the company or image of Maria, that he had almost entirely forgotten his old flame, Jenny Collings.— Though Jenny had not forgotten him; yet finding his absence very tedious, she began to listen to the addresses of another.

This

This other, it seems, was that redoubtable champion esquire Blossom, who being frequently in London, had seen Miss Collings before his late adventure with Mortimer, and afterwards choosing to change the scene a little had come to London, and renewed his application, in hopes of seducing the virtue of the fair Collings. He had succeeded, and had lived with her about a week, when one morning a gentleman was introduced in a naval uniform, who, in rather a stern voice and manner demanded to see Miss Collings. Blossom told him, that there was no such person in the house; the officer answered, "That is false, I know she is here; I saw her at the window.—Your name is Blossom; you have seduced my sister, and if you do not marry her instantly, this moment is your last."—With that he pulled out a brace of pistols. Jenny being well tutored for the

the purpose, ran out with her hair dishevelled, and throwing herself at her brother's feet, conjured him not to murder her betrothed husband. "Are you this lady's husband?" Blossom made no answer: the lady answered, "He is in conscience and honour, but I acknowledge not in law. Blossom, afraid of the pistols, which were presented and cocked, resolved to temporize that he might get away, and accordingly acknowledged that he had promised marriage, and that he was willing and ready to perform his engagement. That, said the seaman, alters the case, though I still must blame my sister's simplicity and credulity; yet, as I find you disposed to make an honourable atonement, I shall bury the past in oblivion. There are two friends of mine without who will witness your proposal of amends. The friends were called in, the brother agreed in their presence to pardon Blossom,

Blossom,

Blossom, if he immediately performed the engagement which he had admitted. "I am, (he said,) obliged to be out of town to-morrow afternoon, therefore we must finish the calls of honour and justice immediately. There is a coach in waiting, let us now, Mr. Blossom, go to Doctors' Commons and procure a licence for to-morrow morning." Blossom demurred at this proposal, but the stern and peremptory conduct of the brother over-ruled his objections. He accompanied Collings and his companions, the licence was obtained, the brother did not lose sight of the bridegroom; the next day the nuptials were solemnized, and the new-married couple set off for Docktail-Place. Before their departure, the lady being informed that our hero was returned, wrote the following epistle to our hero:

"My

“ My beloved Hamilton,

“ Finding that you are become totally indifferent to your Collings, I have, contrary to my own inclination, listened to the advices of my friends, and accepted the addresses of another. I am now the wife of Bartholomew Blossom, esquire, of Yorkshire, a gentleman of great fortune and merit. As my affection for you and its consequences have been concealed from most others, I have that confidence in your honour, that I am assured no passage will ever escape your lips that can affect the tranquillity of your affectionate and devoted

“ JANE BLOSSOM.”

“ P. S. Though I have made a sort of vow to myself for ever to abstain from your enchanting and dangerous company, I should wish to see you once to convince you, that though prudence
and

and the instances of my brother induce me to accept of Mr. Blossom's hand, my heart will ever remain fondly attached to the first dear object of its virgin love.

J. B."

This letter afforded our hero very great pleasure. He had formed a resolution of relinquishing all intercourse with Miss Collings, but determined to use every effort that might be in his power, in order to promote the interest and advantage of one who had suffered so much from her attachment to himself. Now her situation in point of rank and opulence was much higher, through the vice and folly of another, than any which she could have expected to have attained. He could have regretted the deception or compulsion, if it had been practised upon a man of honour and worth. But in the present case he was
extremely

extremely well pleased, that a profligate, unprincipled debauchee, who had so behaved himself to his beloved Maria, was caught where he had proposed seduction and ruin.

Meanwhile, the party set off for the coast of Suffex; the fair Maria, with her father and brother, betook themselves to the vicinity of Worthing, while Hamilton, his mother, and the rest of their party, took up their residence at Brighton.

Our hero, much as he had been engaged, had still found opportunities of meeting Dr. Strongbrain, who exacted a promise from him, of sending him a written account of Brighton and its environs, according to the impression it made upon him at the time. Our hero was as good as his word, and wrote a description of this celebrated watering-place, which the reader will find in the following chapter.

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