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THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF, &c.

SIXTH EDITION.



VOL. I.

Mr. John Rogers 1815

THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF.

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602.

SERIO-LUDICRO, TRAGICO-COMICO

T A L E,

WRITTEN BY

THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF

W H O ?

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

SIXTH EDITION.

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THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF, &c.

I WAS born of very honest, worthy, and respectable parents:—at least I *think* so. They were certainly fully as much so as their neighbours: their circumstances were affluent; their rank in life conspicuous; their punctuality as to the discharge of all just debts, and regular payment of their tradespeople unexceptionable. They generally appeared to be regarded by all around them in a very respectable light, being in the habit of receiving and returning according to the customs of the world, all the usual compliments and civilities, of visits, entertainments, &c. &c. Divers

personages of all ranks and denominations used occasionally to resort to the house: some in carriages; some on horseback; some on foot; some, in a formal, stiff, ceremonious manner; some, upon a footing of intimacy and equality; some, upon special invitation; some, quite unexpected.

Not having very good health in my early days, I lived much at home, and generally kept my good mother company; so that I was present at most of the meetings and greetings of which I have spoken; privy to all the preliminary arrangements of chosen and select parties; and a witness commonly to the *reception given* to the *several invitations* that came from all quarters of the neighbourhood:—as Lord and Lady *this*;—Sir Timothy and Lady *that*;—Mr. and Mrs. *T'other-thing*, &c. &c. &c.—all *in* their turns, and *out of* their

turns, *welcome* or *unwelcome*, friends or foes, were, in the course of the year, admitted or invited to the Hall.

For we lived, you must know, in a HALL! that is, our house was called so:—not when I was born, nor 'till long afterwards; nor ever very seriously; rather indeed as a nick-name than any thing else. The case was this;—my sister happened to have a correspondent at a school near London, who finding it essentially necessary to the support of her dignity among her school-fellows, always directed her letters so:—for the parents of one, she found, lived at something HOUSE; and of another at what's-it's-name PLACE; and of another at thingumme LODGE; of another at the GRANGE; of another at the CASTLE; of another at the PARK: some lived on Mount PLEASANTS; some on ROSE Hills; some on PRIMROSE Banks; some

at BELLE-VUES; some in PARAGONS; some in CIRCUS'S; some in CRESCENTS; in short, all boasted of a title and distinction, which our poor old mansion seemed to want: whether it were the dwelling of a Duke, or a Cheesemonger, it was all one:—so that in her own defence, she thought it fit to aggrandize her correspondent in the eyes of her school-fellows, by conferring a *title* of some sort or other on our old mansion; and as HALL appeared to be as much unoccupied as any, she determined to direct to us, not at simple "*Grumblethorpe*," as formerly, but at GRUMBLETHORPE HALL, which certainly sounded much grander.

And for the House's sake, I must aver, that it deserved a title far more than half the *Lodges*, and *Places*, and *Parks*, and *Mounts*, and *Hills*, and *Banks* in the kingdom: for it

was a regular, good, old-fashioned mansion; situated in a very reverend and venerable park; with a stately avenue of lofty elms, reaching near a quarter of a mile; a handsome terrace in front, and a noble prospect from the drawing room window; so that I have often thought it no less than a degradation of our venerable residence to be tricked out in this manner;—but our friend could not, it seems, well help it: to live at only "*Grumblethorpe*," sounded so *base* in the *refined* ears of her associates, that she was in no small danger of being contemned and despised for having such a correspondent; especially by Miss *Blaze*, the daughter of a retired tallow-chandler, whose father lived at *Candlewick Castle*; and who was continually throwing out hints, that *not to live*, at a *Castle*, or a *Park*, or a *Place*, or a *House*, or a *Lodge*, manifestly and unequivocally bespoke so lowly an origin,

and so Plebeian a parentage, that, for her part, she wondered, how any person, so meanly connected, could possibly have found her way to so genteel, and *select* a seminary;—in short, our friend found, that the only way to allay the degrading suspicions which had been excited, was, to new-name our old mansion, and *Grumblethorpe Hall* became its established designation.

Well,—to this mansion, this HALL, as I said before, divers persons and personages resorted. The neighbourhood was tolerably large, and the neighbours themselves, what is commonly called, SOCIABLE;—so that what with stated, and settled, and *pop* visits, we were *seldom alone*.

I know not under what particular planet I was born;—I never asked any cunning man to cast my nativity, and

not being born under *Mercury*, I was never cunning enough to find it out of myself; but if there be any one of them, that has any particular influences in the way of *consideration*, *reflection*, or *soliloquy*, no doubt I was born under *that*; for being more given to taciturnity than loquacity in my boyhood and early youth, and being sickly besides, the part I generally bore, in most of the companies I speak of, was, to sit quite quiet, and make observations and remarks to myself, upon the conversation and conduct of others; and by degrees I got into a habit, not only of thinking, but of *talking* to myself: and if any thing was done or uttered at any time, that suggested certain *un-utterable* remarks, I fell into that particular state of soliloquy, and mental reflection, which I cannot possibly define or describe otherwise, than by the vulgar and trite, but

significant phrase, "THINKS-I-TO-MY-SELF."

It is past all conception, how continually I was driven to have recourse to these mental remarks;—scarcely a word was uttered that did not suggest something odd and whimsical to my watchful mind;—often did it make me quite tremble for fear I should, by any accident or inadvertency, utter *aloud*, what was passing only in my *thoughts*; I suppose, had it happened, it would at any time, and on a sudden, have made such a groupe, as nothing but the pencil of an *Hogarth* could have adequately described;—for in our neighbourhood, as in *most* others, (though a *very sociable* one), the truth is,—there were such likings and dislikings, such jealousies, and suspicions, such envying and emulations, such a *contrariety* of feelings

and sentiments, as would have set every thing in an uproar in a moment, had not the utmost and most unwearied attention been paid, by *all* parties, to the preventing any discovery of the *truth*.

My poor mother had not a spark of ill-nature in her disposition, no pride, no uncharitableness;—but was certainly as well-bred, and as ready to make allowances for others as most people;—but *she* could distinguish, as well as any, between *agreeables* and *disagreeables*, and be as much affected by them; and thought, I believe, that take it altogether, there was *rather* a predominance of the latter, in the affairs and occupations, and common pursuits of the world:—she did not open her mind to me so fully upon this subject, as to enable me to state what was the exact nature of her feelings, but I could col-

lect a good deal from her conduct and manner occasionally.

The first tendency to indulge myself in the lucubrations and reflections I describe, arose, from the strange circumstances that seemed to me, to attend her intercourse with her neighbours;—that is, the *giving* and *receiving* of visits!

One day, when I was sitting quite snug with her, and she was occupied in writing to my sister, who was absent from home, I spied at the end of the avenue, a groupe of pedestrians slowly making up to Grumblethorpe Hall, apparently dressed in their best bibs and tuckers for a moraing visit: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, here's some agreeable company coming to my dear mama: how kind it is of her neighbours to call in upon her thus, and not leave her to mope away her time

by herself, as though she were buried alive!—Not being willing, however, to run any risk of *disappointing* her, I waited patiently to see whether they were *really* coming to the Hall, for part of the avenue was the high-way to the village; I kept watching them therefore with no small anxiety, *for fear* they should *turn away abruptly*, and deceive my expectations; but when I saw them *happily* advanced beyond the turning to the village, and was therefore certain that they were really coming to see my dear mother, I hastily turned round to her, exclaiming, “Here’s ever so many people coming, mama!” thinking to delight her very heart:—“People coming,” says she; “I hope not!” “Yes, indeed, there are,” says I;—“one, two, three, four ladies, a little boy, and two pug dogs, I declare!” “Bless my soul!” says my mother,—“how PROVOKING! it is certainly Mrs. Fidget and her

daughters, and *that* troublesome child, and now I can't finish my letter to your sister before the post goes!—I wish to goodness they would learn to stay at home, and let one have one's time to one's self!" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, my poor mother seems *not much* to like their coming; I am afraid the Mrs. and Miss Fidgets will meet with rather an unkindly reception! however, I plainly saw that there was no stopping them;—they got nearer and nearer;—the walking was not over clean, and my mother was the neatest woman in the world.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, the *Pug dogs* will dirty the room. At last they arrived;—the servant ushered them in:—sure enough it was Mrs. and Miss Fidgets, and the *troublesome* child, and all! Mrs. Fidget ran up to my mother as though she would have kissed her, so glad did she seem to see her. My mother, (bless her *honest soul*!) rose

from her seat, and greeted them most civilly. "This is *very kind* indeed, Mrs. Fidget," says she, "and I esteem it a *great* favor!—I had no idea you could have walked so far; I am *delighted* to see you!"—

Thinks-I-to-myself, — she wishes you all at Old Nick!!!—

Mrs. Fidget assured her she *might* take it as a *particular* favor, for she had not done such a thing, she believed, for the last six months; and she should never have attempted it now to visit *any body else*!

Thinks-I-to-myself,—then Mrs. Fidget you have lost your labour!—"And now," says she, "how am I to get home again, I am sure I cannot tell, for I really am thoroughly knocked up:"—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, my dear mother

won't like to hear that!—but I was mistaken; for turning to Mrs. Fidget, she said, with the greatest *marks of complacency*, “that’s good hearing for us; then we shall have the *pleasure* of your company to dinner; Mr. Dermont will be *delighted*, when he comes home, to find you all here:”—“O you are very good,” says Mrs. Fidget, “but I *must* return whether I can walk or not, only I fear I must trouble you with a longer visit than may be agreeable;” “the longer the better,” says my dear mother. *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—that’s a——!!

While my mother and Mrs. Fidget were engaged in this *friendly and complimentary* conversation, the Miss Fidgets were lifting up the little boy to a cage in which my mother’s favorite canary bird hung, and the boy was sedulously poking his fingers through the

wires of the cage, to the great alarm and annoyance of the poor little animal. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, my mother will wish you behind the fire presently, young gentleman!—but no such thing!——for just at that moment, she turn'd round, and seeing how he was occupied, asked, if the cage should be taken down to amuse him: “he is a *sweet boy*, Mrs. Fidget,” says she; “how old is he?” “just turned off four,” says Mrs. Fidget;—“*only four*,” says my mother, “he is a remarkably *fine strong boy* for that age!” “he is indeed a fine child,” says Mrs. Fidget; “but don't my dear do that,” says she, “you frighten the poor bird.”—As the Miss Fidgets were about to put him down, my mother ventured to assure them, that he would do no harm; “*pretty little fellow*,” says she, “pray let him *amuse himself*.”

All this while, the two pug dogs were

reconnoitring the drawing-room and furniture, jumping upon the sofa continually with their dirty feet, and repeatedly trying to discern (by the application of their pug noses to our feet and knees) who my mother and myself could be, barking besides in concert at every movement and every strange noise they heard in the passage and Hall:—Mrs. Fidget sometimes pretending to chide them, and my mother as carefully pretending to excuse them with her whole heart:—often did I catch her casting, *as I thought*, a wishful eye on the letter to my sister, which lay unfinished on the table; nay, *once even* when her attention had been particularly solicited to some extraordinary attitudes into which the little dogs had been severally bidden to put themselves *for her express amusement*.

But these canine exhibitions were no-

thing to the one with which we were afterwards threatened; for my mother's high commendations of the little gentleman of *four years old*, induced his sisters to propose to their mother that he should let "Mrs. Dermont hear how well he could *spout*."

Thinks-I-to-myself, in some confusion, spout what? where? how?

I soon found, however, that it only meant, that he should entertain us with a specimen of his premature memory and oratorical talents, by *speaking* a *speech*. Strong solicitations were accordingly made to little Master, to begin the required display of his rhetorical abilities, but whether it were on account of shyness, or indolence, or sulkiness, or caprice, or in short, merely that little Master was not in a *spouting* cee, he betrayed such an obstinate re-

pugnance to the task imposed upon him, that it required all the entreaties of the rest of the party to induce him to make the smallest advances towards the exhibition proposed. Each of his sisters went down on her knees to coax him, while Mrs. Fidget huffed and coaxed, and coaxed and huffed by turns, till she was almost tired of it. Now promising such a load of sweetmeats as soon as he got home if he would but begin; and in the same breath threatening the severest application of the rod if he did not instantly comply. At one time kissing him and hugging him with a "Now, do my dearest love, be a man, and speak your speech;" at another, almost shaking his head off his shoulders, with a "stupid boy! how can you be so naughty before company?"

At last, however, upon my mother's tapping the pretty child under the chin,

and taking him *kindly* by the hand, and expressing (Heaven bless her!) the *most ardent wish* and *desire* to be so *indulged*, he did condescend to advance into the middle of the room, and was upon the point of beginning, when Mrs. Fidget most considerably interposed, to procure him to put his right foot a little forwarder, with the toe more out, and to direct him about the proper motion, that is, the *up-lifting* and *down-dropping* of his right arm during the performance. One of his sisters, in the mean time, seating herself near to him, for fear of any accidental slip or failure in the young gentleman's miraculous memory.

His first attempt was upon *Pope's Universal Prayer*, but unfortunately, of the fourth line, he managed constantly to make but one word, and that so odd a one, that the sound but ill atoned for the manifest ignorance of the sense.

Father of all, in every age,
 In every clime ador'd
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jovajovalord !

Jovajovalord ! This was the word, and the only word that could be got out of his mouth, and *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it would be well if no greater blunders had ever been committed with regard to that insidious line ; however, in consequence of this invincible misnomer, the Universal Prayer was laid by, and other pieces successively proposed, till it was at length unanimously determined, that what he *shone most in*, was King Lear's Address to the Tempest, and this was accordingly fixed upon as his *chef-d'œuvre* in the art of oratory.

Some preliminaries, however, in this instance appeared to be necessary. It was not reasonable to suppose young

Master could address a storm without some sort of *symptoms* at least of a *real* storm. It was agreed upon, therefore, that he should not commence his speech till he heard a rumbling noise proceed from the company present, and we were all desired to bear our part in this fictitious thunder; how we all thundered I cannot pretend to say, but so it was, that in due time, by the aid of such noises as we could severally and jointly contribute, the storm began most nobly, when the young orator stepping forward, his eyes and right hand raised, and his right foot protruded *secundem artem*, he thus began:

“Blow winds and cack your cheeks!”—

“Crack your cheeks,” my love, says his sister, in great haste and agitation; “What can you mean by “cack your cheeks?” what’s that pray?”

“Aye, what is that,” says Mrs. Fidget; —“but I believe, ma’am,” adds she, turning to my mother, “I must make his excuses for him; you must know, he cannot be brought yet to pronounce an R, do all we can, so that he always leaves it quite out, as in the case of *cack* for *crack*, or he pronounces it exactly like a W.

Thinks-I-to-myself many do the like.

“We choose speeches for him, therefore,” continues Mrs. Fidget, “in which there are many R’s on purpose to conquer the difficulty, if we can; begin again my dear,” says she, “and pray remember not to leave out your RR’s;” so he began afresh.

“Blow winds and c~~rack~~ your cheeks!

“*C~~rack~~*,” says Mrs. Fidget, “why that is almost as bad, try again—”

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! wage

"*Wage*, my dear," says Mrs. Fidget,
"do pray try to say rage."

"*Wage*

You cataraacts and hurwy canoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, dæwn'd
the cocks!"

"Bless me," exclaims Mrs. Fidget,
"you might as well not speak at all as
speak so; I defy any body to under-
stand what you mean by "dæwn'd the
cocks!" The little gentleman, however,
proceeded spite of the RR's.

"You sulphurous and thought executing fires,
Vaunt—cowars of oak-cleaving thunder-
bolts,

Singe my *white* head—and thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at
onces

That make ungateful man,
Wumble thy belly-full, spit fire, spout wain!"

"O dear, dear, dear," says Mrs. Fidget, "that will never do; *wumble* thy belly-full, spit fire, and spout wain! who ever heard of such things? Better, my love, have done with that, and try the Bard," but the Bard beginning

"*Wuin* seize thee wuthless king,"

put us too much in mind of "*wumble* your belly-full," to be proceeded with, and therefore little Master was at last bidden to descend from such flights, and try *his Fable*; but even his *Fable*, which happened to be the first of *Gay*, happening, most unfortunately, to begin with an R, his setting off here was as bad as ever, viz.

"*Wemote* from cities liv'd a swain--"

however he got through about ten lines, making, as I observed, a dead pause at the end of every one, and not disposing very discreetly, either of his *accents* or his *stops*; his delivery being as nearly as possible, just as follows; his accents falling on the words printed in italics; and his pauses as noted by the perpendicular and horizontal bars.

“ His *head* was | *silver'd* | o'er with age—
 And *long* ex- | *perience* | made him *sage*—
 His *hours* in | *cheerful* | labor flew—
 Nor Envy nor | *Ambition* knew—”

At the beginning of every couplet I also found his right arm regularly went up, and precisely at the end and close of every rhyme came plump down again. Most happily at the eleventh line the young gentleman's miraculous memory was *non-plus'd*, and neither mama, nor any of his sisters, nor either of the Pug-

dogs could at all help him out.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*—"I could if I would"—but I *did* not, Would you?—N. B. There were seventy more lines to come, and an R in almost every one of them, and time, as usual, flying briskly all the while.—

This stop and impediment, however, was fatal to the young orator's progress, and therefore, at last, Mrs. Fidget being rested, they all prepared to go. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, now my poor mother will be happy again! but she, good soul, seemed to have got quite fond of them in consequence of the extraordinary length of their stay:—she could not now so easily part with them:—she was sure Mrs. Fidget could not be thoroughly rested:—the clock had but just struck two:—if they would but stay a little longer, my father would be come home from his ride, and he would be

greatly mortified to miss seeing them ;—
 but nothing would do :—go they must :
 —*Thinks-I-to-myself*, now a fig for
 your friendship, Mrs. Fidget :—what,
 not stay when my mother so earnestly
 presses it ! not stay, when she declares
 your going will mortify my worthy fa-
 ther ! No—nothing would stop them ;—
 away they went ; not however indeed
 without sundry promises on their part
 soon to call again, and divers *most*
earnest entreaties on my mother's, on *no*
account to forget it.

They were scarce got out of the front-
 door before my father entered :—“ Are
 they really all gone at last ? ” says he,
 “ I thought they would have stayed 'till
 dooms-day :—Who in the world, were
 they all ? ” —“ O dear,” says my mother,
 “ why Mrs. Fidget and all her tribe ;
 girls and boy, and two pug dogs : ”
 “ thank my stars I *escaped* them,” says

my father;—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, great symptoms of *mortification* my dear father shews at having had the *misfortune* to *miss seeing* them!—"I declare," says my mother, "it is abominable to break in upon one in this manner:—it was impossible to entertain such a groupe; so while Mrs. Fidget and I were in conversation, her young people and the dogs had nothing to do but to tease the bird, and dirty the furniture;—that little monkey of a boy is always in mischief;—I could freely have boxed his ears;—I thought he would have killed my poor bird;—I was in the midst of a letter to Caroline, and now its too late for the post;—how Mrs. Fidget can spend all her time in visiting and walking about in the manner she does, I cannot conceive:—I am to take it as a *great and singular* favor, she tells me, as she always does every time she comes, thinking I suppose that I don't

know she is never at home ;—I think she'll lose that boy ;—I never saw such a *puny sickly child* in my life :—*Thinks-I-to-myself*,—O poor Mrs. Fidget ;—*fine stout boy of its age !*

My father, with a great deal of good breeding in general, was a plain, blunt man in the mode of expressing his sentiments ; so that my mother had scarcely finished what she had to say, but my father burst out—“ tiresome woman,” says she, “ she ought to be confined ;—she's always wandering about with a tribe of children and dogs at her heels :—there's poor Mrs. Creepmouse is quite ill from her visits ; you know what a nervous creature she is.”

My father would have gone on ever so long probably in this strain had not the servant entered with a note ; which my mother immediately opened, and

read aloud; the contents being to the following effect:—

“ Mr. and Mrs. Meekin presents their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Dermont, and shall be *extremely happy* to have the *honor* of their company to dinner on Saturday next at five o'clock.”

Thinks-I-to-myself, how *civil*, *polite*, and *obliging*!—The servant was ordered to withdraw, and tell the messenger to wait:—As soon as he was gone, “ good God,” says my father, “ those *people* will never *let us alone*;—surely we dined there last;”—my mother thought not;—my father thought they were forever dining there;—my mother convinced him by a reference to her pocket book, that Mr. and Mrs. Meekin were quite right as to the balance of debtor and creditor;—“ well, only take care,” says my father, “ that we do not

get into a habit of dining there above once or twice a year at the utmost; — it is really too great a sacrifice.” — “What do you mean to go then?” says my mother. “Go,” says my father, “why I suppose we *must* ;” — “I wish they were further,” says my dear mother; — “I wish they were at Jericho,” says my dear father; — “I had rather do any thing than go on Saturday,” says my mother: — “I had rather be hang’d than ever go,” says my father, “it is such an intolerable bore;” — “well,” says my mother, “but the servant’s waiting;” — so she took the pen, and away she wrote two or three lines in a moment; — “there,” says she to my father, “will that do?” *Thinks-I-to-myself, short and sharp* probably! my father, happily for me, read it aloud: — “Mr. and Mrs. Dermont return their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Meekin, and will wait upon them with the *greatest*

pleasure on Saturday to dinner."—
Thinks-I-to-myself, well done my sweet
 temper'd mama! how *mild* and how
forgiving! but my father surprised me
 most; instead of throwing it into the fire
 as I expected, he declared it would not
 only *do*, but *do vastly well*:—he there-
 fore sealed it himself, rang the bell,
 gave it to the servant, and desired that
 they would give their best compliments;
 —“and mind,” says he, “you ask the
 servant how they all do; be sure you
 make him understand.” *Thinks-I-to-*
myself, what heavenly - mindedness!
 what christian charity!

I expected the servant every moment
 to return with an account of our friend's
 health;—but no such thing: my father
 and mother seemed to have quite forgot
 they had made the enquiry. I ventured
 to remind them of the servant's neglect.
 “Ah!” says my father, “my boy, you

don't know the world." *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—what's that to the purpose;—but I never went further than necessary. It seemed unaccountable to me what could be the nature of my father's and mother's sentiments and feelings, to send with such earnestness to ask how their friends did, and never want an answer:—however, the servant did return soon after to bring some sandwiches, and my mother immediately asked him whether he had been careful to enquire how they all were, which the servant answered in the affirmative:—Well, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, and how are they all then?—no, not a word further,—dead or alive, it seemed to be all one to my father, my mother, and the servant,—not an item about the health of master or mistress, son or daughter, though I knew there was a house full of them:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, as sure as can be that fellow knows something of the

world :—but my contemplations were again broken in upon by the entrance of the servant with another note, which my mother broke open as she had done the other, and read as before.

“Sir Henry and Lady Lydiard beg the favor of Mr. and Mrs. Dermont’s company to dinner at five o’clock on Saturday next.” *Thinks-I-to-myself,* what’s to be done now?—“let the man wait,” says my mother;—“was ever any thing so unlucky, Mr. Dermont; had it come but a moment sooner we should have been totally disengaged;”—“the deuce take the Meekins,” says my father;—“what can we do?” says my mother;—“go by all means,” says my father, “and send an excuse to the others;”—“but it will be so rude,” says my mother:—“oh, never mind that,” says my father, “write a note, and I’ll send it;”—“but what can I say?” says

my mother;—"O say we were previously engaged, and had forgot," says my father:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, what a bounce! "Well, but then we must accept *this* invitation," says my mother;—"by all means," says my father, "we always meet a pleasant party at Sir Henry's;" so a note was written which I neither saw nor heard, but I dare say it expressed great pleasure at being *completely at liberty* to wait upon them, for that seemed to be the reply they had agreed upon between themselves.

The next thing was to write an excuse to the others: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, how will my dear mama manage that! says my mother, "to be sure, if we *can get off*, it will be *delightful*!" "Get off," says my father, "we *must* get off,—it is bore enough in common to go there, but to give up a pleasant party at Sir Henry Lydiard's, to dine humdrum with the

Meekins is too much." By this time my mother had made some progress in her note of apology. — *Thinks-I-to-myself*, to be sure she is telling them the exact truth, for she takes no time to frame any fudge or falsehood:—well, it was soon finished, and as soon read to my worthy father, while I had the happiness to hear, and to treasure up the exact contents of it:—they were I apprehend precisely as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Dermont present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Meekin, are *extremely sorry* and *concerned* to be under the *necessity* of informing them, that when they answered their *obliging* and *kind invitation* for Saturday, they had, *by accident*, *forgotten* a *previous engagement* to dine at Sir Henry Lydiard's, which will *entirely prevent them the great pleasure* they had *promised* themselves of dining on

that day at Meekin Place. They hope another time to be more fortunate, as it is with extreme regret that they feel compelled to send this excuse."

Thinks-I-to-myself, Lord have mercy upon me, how well my dear mother seems to know the world!—I actually began to be alarmed;—I loved both my father and mother sincerely;—I had judged them to be above all deceit, and yet what was I to *think* now; I pondered and ruminated upon it a good deal, when the servant entered a third time:—"Ma'am," says he, "there's some company coming down the avenue, will you please to be at home?" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, please to be at home?—Why where else can she please to be?—"Oh," says my father hastily, "*not at home, not at home*, unless it should be so and so, and so and so," enumerating rapidly a select list of worthies. As

there was a necessity for the carriage to pass the window of the room where we were sitting, and it was too near to admit of our going elsewhere, my father and mother got both behind a great skreen, while I was hastily hurried up into a nook by the bookcase:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, I suppose this is *being not at home*!—as the servant had inadvertently left the door open, I observed that it was judged necessary, for fear of discovery, to stifle all sorts of natural or other noises, even to the inhalation and exhalation of the breath of life, so that my father stood with his pocket handkerchief stuffed into his mouth, and my mother with her lips pressed close and flat against the back of the skreen, while I poked mine as well as I could behind the book-case, whence a little dust seemed to arise that made me fear greatly that a *sneeze* would be inevitable;—while we were thus grouped, expecting every

moment that the carriage would drive off, in came the servant with two of the finest ladies in the neighbourhood, who actually discovered my father and mother behind the skreen, and who were obliged accordingly to come out, which they contrived to do with the greatest apparent delight, so that *I* of course apprehended the visitors must be some of the *so* and *so*'s that were doomed to be admitted:—"I was sure you were at home," said they, and so they might well be, for another servant whom they had met in the avenue had told them so, as it turned out in the end:—"we could not think who it was," says my mother, "had we had the least idea of its being *you*, we should have been at home of course, but we had intended to deny ourselves if it had been any body else."

I would have given any thing to have

known *enough of the world* to have determined whether I ought to come out of my hiding place or not, for my father and mother in their confusion had quite forgotten me, and the company had managed to seat themselves so as to be wholly incapable of investigating the contents of the nook in which I happened to stand.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, they talk so loud I may at least breathe more freely, but at length what I was most afraid of, actually befel me;—some dust, or some smoke, or some sun-shine, or something or other, or the mere expectation and alarm of it, got up my nose, and so affected the olfactory and other nerves of that noble organ, as to produce an indispensable necessity of taking some measures to stifle the storm of sneeze with which I seemed to be threatened,—unfortunately I had not time to go to my pocket, so that I was,

obliged to let it all depend upon the weak resistance to be produced by the interposition of my five fingers, which having, as every body knows, as many interstices as there are fingers, had no other effect but that of ramifying and dividing the noise into as many parts as there were fingers, so that out it all came *five-fold* louder than there was any natural necessity for ;—the sounds, besides being severally of a description by no means fit for the refined ears of a courtly company ;—the effect was such as might be expected ;—the two strangers were nearly thrown from their seats by the shock and alarm of so unexpected a salute, while my father and mother were little less surprised, and at the same time much more confused ; I was of course obliged to come out, and an attempt was made to laugh the matter off, but one of the ladies was really so alarmed as to be near fainting, and though she made every

effort to seem to forgive me, yet I was sure by her looks that she wished me dead, or worse, if possible;—they took the earliest opportunity afterwards of ordering their carriage to the door, and as they quitted the house, I secretly gave them my blessing; it then first came to my knowledge that instead of being any of the *so* and *so's* that had a fair claim to be admitted, my poor father and mother would as willingly have seen the witch of Endor, and that the whole visit had been the effect of accident and blunder.

But what made it worse was, that as they got into the carriage, some still more disagreeable people came to the door, at that very instant, whom it became therefore an equal matter of impossibility to refuse, and who were accordingly forced upon us for a full hour:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, nothing can exceed the patience of my dear father and mother, when I

saw them bow and curtsey to these additional guests, expressing joy rather than sorrow at their untimely visit, and giving them every other testimony of a hearty welcome. These were new comers into the neighbourhood, and it was the return of their first visit.—My father and mother knew as much of them and they of my father and mother, as the Emperor of China knows of the Cherokee Indians. They were not in that elevated rank of life that excites confidence even among strangers, nor did they appear to have much more knowledge of the world in general than myself; I did not think it worth my while to stay very long in the room after their arrival, having no great prospects either of edification or amusement from the conversation of the whole groupe taken together. Mrs. Fidget and her party, and the fine ladies whom I was near sneezing into fits, had plenty to say

for themselves, but the gentleman and lady that had succeeded to them, seemed to have not much larger a vocabulary at their command than a poll-parrot. The utmost efforts of my poor father and mother to get them to make a few advances of themselves towards conversation seemed entirely to fail ;—so that all that was uttered was by starts and jumps, with long intervals of dead silence ;—as the sun was shining full into the room, and had been so all the morning, my mother *ventured to remark* that “ it was a beautiful day,” to which both assented ;—“ but rather too warm,” says my father ;—“ rather too warm certainly,” said they both at once ;—and a dead silence followed. “ Are you fond of the country ?” says my father ; “ very fond,” said they both, and another dead silence ensued.—“ Are you a sportsman ?” said my father ; “ No ;” says he, and a dead silence :—“ Are you any thing

of a farmer?" "No;" dead silence.—
 "Are you fond of fishing?" "No;" and
 another dead silence:—while exactly in
 the same manner was my mother en-
 gaged in pumping the lady:—"Are you
 a great walker?" "Yes;" and a dead
 silence.—"Do you draw at all?" "No;"
 and a dead silence.—"How many young
 folks have you?" "five;" and a dead si-
 lence. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, surely they
 fancy they are being tried for their lives!
 I could bear it no longer, but found
 means to depart, and yet I learnt after-
 wards that they had the conscience to
 pay quite as long a visit as if they
 had been the most agreeable people in
 the world.

It was from such scenes as these, con-
 tinually repeated, that I acquired the
 habit I speak of,—of soliloquy and sup-
 pressed remarks; often have I wished to
 get the better of it since I have been

grown up, but it still haunts me,—for every ten words that I utter out aloud, twenty or forty perhaps are mumbled in silence to myself;—the worst of it is, that though nobody can have been more disposed than myself, from my very childhood, to love my fellow creatures;—my mental remarks, spite of my teeth, will be continually suggesting something bad or ridiculous concerning them:—I have detected such deliberate falsehoods, such atrocious inconsistencies, such barefaced hypocrisy, such base dissimulation, that often my very hair has stood an end, when I felt a “*Thinks-I-to-myself*” coming upon me.

As I have ever been a dutiful and most affectionate son, the reader may easily suppose my concern was not small to gather this mortifying experience of the ways of the world, most immediately and expressly, indeed for some time,

solely from the conduct of my beloved
 parents, for it was from them that I *first*
 learnt, that it was *possible*, to be *ex-*
tremely happy to have the *pleasure* of
 seeing the *most tiresome people in the*
world!—that it was *possible* to be *much*
mortified at being *prevented* the *happi-*
ness of dining with a whole heap of *in-*
sufferable bores;—that it could be ne-
 cessary to *hope* to be *favoured* or *ho-*
noured with the company of persons,
 whom in our hearts we thoroughly
 wished at Jericho.—These things in-
 duced me to say at the beginning of my
 book, that I *believe* I was born of honest
 parents:—honest I really think they
 were, only that their honesty was mixed up
 with a large quantity of dishonesty:—
 that is, they were as honest as it is pos-
 sible for people to be, who can be *happy*
 to be *made miserable*; *pleased* with *dis-*
agreeables; *mortified* by what is *delight-*
ful;—who can *hope* for what they most

dread; ask as a favour, what they would give the world not to receive; and accept with great pleasure what they would give the world to decline. I was uneasy, as I have said, as long as these discoveries all tended to the reproach of my beloved parents. Surely, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I am born of a race of hypocrites and deceivers. There cannot be a molecule of honesty left in the whole current of the blood of the Dermons!—many uneasy days and nights I passed in endeavouring to think better of people I loved so much;—but it was long before I had any fair opportunity of being at all undeceived, and perhaps I never should, had it not been for a little bit of stratagem, which upon any less occasion, I should have disdained.

One day when I was sitting with my mother, as usual, but a considerable

time after the scene I have been describing, the identical party I have before spoken of, came again;—videlicet, Mrs. and Miss Fidgets, the *troublesome child*, and the *two pugs*.—Again was Mrs. Fidget *delighted* to see my mother, and my mother her;—again, did the one intend it as a *great and singular favour*, and again did the other receive it as such;—again was the *troublesome child*, instead of getting his ears boxed, as I thought he deserved, pronounced to be a *sweet child*, and a *very fine boy* of his age, though in reality as *puny and sickly* as my mother really thought him when he was with us last;—again, were the dirty *pugs* admired and caressed;—again, were they *pressed to stay longer*, thanked for their *kindness*, and urged to come again:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, what can all this mean? Is my mother that downright hypocrite, that artful deceiver, deliberately to impose upon all her

friends in this manner; and are they all such silly dupes as to be so easily taken in? *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I know what I'll do;—so I jumped up from my seat, hastily quitted the room, and ran into a field near the house, which happened to be separated from the avenue by a high and thick hawthorn hedge, which continued a considerable way, and where I knew I should be able to hear all the friendly remarks of the company as they quitted Grumblethorpe Hall.

I had not been long there before out came the whole groupe, and as good luck would have it, they came quite near enough to me to admit of my receiving into my poor innocent ears, every soft and gentle expression that fell from their amiable tongues. “Thank my stars,” says the worthy Mrs. Fidget, “*that visit’s over! we need not go there again for some time; it is all so formal,*

and so prim, one's half afraid to open one's mouth:" "Poor little Tommy, how do you like that old lady?" "Not at all," says the pretty child; "nor I neither, my dear," says Mrs. Fidget; "nor I neither," says Miss Fidget: "nor I," says Miss Matilda; "nor I," says little Miss Nancy;—"what a strange creature," adds Mrs. Fidget, "is that hopeful son of her's! he never speaks a word;—I believe he's an idiot! and yet to see the foolish fondness and credulity of parents, I verily believe they fancy him wise enough to be Prime Minister;—but he'll die, I think:—he's as thin as a threadpaper, and looks for all the world in that black jacket of his, like a half-starved chimney sweeper.—Did you see how he muttered something to himself as he went out of the room? It will be a great mercy if he is taken out of the world, for it is a shame for such *clodpoles* to be born to such an inherit-

ance: — here Matilda, we must turn down here; I may as well go and see old Mrs. Creepmouse now I am so near, and then we shall have killed two birds with one stone."

Thinks-I-to myself, so you will, Mrs. Fidget, or perhaps *three*; for she seemed to have taken pretty good aim at myself as well as at my mother, and old Mrs. Creepmouse, and I confess I felt so utterly astonished and confounded, that I did not quite know whether I stood on my head or my heels;—however, the first thing that struck me was, that my poor dear parents were quite exonerated: *Thinks-I-to myself*, it all comes of their knowing the world! no, there's nothing in it beyond self-defence. Mrs. Fidget's singular favour and prodigious friendship, is evidently no better than a deliberate attempt to kill my poor mother with the same stone she

kills Mrs. Creepmouse, and to rejoice all the way home at having done it effectually. I returned to the house, heartily glad to have made so successful an experiment, though instead of curing me of my malady, I plainly saw it would increase it abominably. I went back to my mother, and as might naturally be expected, found her as much delighted to be left alone again, as the Fidgets were to get away. I was almost tempted to say, do you know that you and Mrs. Creepmouse have both been by this time killed by one stone? but I must have, by doing so, betrayed my plan of listening, which I had great reason to think would have excited her displeasure; for she had always discouraged it as a matter of great impertinence, great disingenuousness, and great meanness, both in myself and my sister, adding the old proverb, that "*listeners never hear any good of them-*

selves," which I had pretty well found to be true, in the compliment paid by the lovely Mrs. Fidget, to my poor thread-paper form, chimney-sweeping jacket, and clod-pole.

It would be impossible to recount but the hundredth thousandth part of the strange scenes to which I was witness, and the strange remarks they suggested, before I was grown up to be a man:—but most of them till then were of a nature I have alluded to. My enmity to Mrs. Fidget soon wore off as I made greater progress in the knowledge of the world. I soon found that Mrs. Creepmouse could just as willingly have killed Mrs. Fidget, as Mrs. Fidget could have killed Mrs. Creepmouse, and that in the true way of visiting, the more havoc and destruction one stone could make, the better to all parties. I soon found that people were troublesome to

each other by settled compact, treaty and agreement, not signed, sealed and delivered indeed in any form, but concluded to be so, and therefore never to be violated. I soon found that none were duped, none really taken in, none really deceived :—that “I am extremely happy to see you,” meant no more in reality than, “that I am come because I could not help it,” and that “pray stay longer,” implied little else than “I wish you were gone,” or some such elegant valediction :—still I could not break myself of my soloquies ; they were for ever recurring :—in the mean time, I tried to be as civil and decent as I could in my reflections ;—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, that’s a *lie* !—never once passed the very threshold of my thoughts ; —but when any thing very contrary to the truth seemed to strike me, especially where ladies were concerned, the utmost asperity of thought indulged, was no

greater than, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, that's a *bounce* ;—or a *fib* ;—or a *hum* ;—and so on.

I have never yet told the reader, though Mrs. Fidget in the avenue had nearly let the cat out of the bag, that I was born to a considerable inheritance and a *title* ; my father, through his mother, who was the daughter of a Scotch Earl, being heir after the death of a distant female relation, to a Scotch Barony. You may be pretty sure that all this was not unknown to many of the visitors at Grumblethorpe Hall ; and that the poor clodpole was an object of interest to others besides my worthy parents :—in the very next parish lived a gentleman and lady, who had inherited an over-grown fortune from a most distinguished ancestor, namely, John Twist, Esq. the great tobacconist :—seventy or eighty thousand pounds were

nothing:—they were thought to have got from him in all as much as three or four hundred thousand, with which they had purchased a magnificent seat in the neighbourhood, and unluckily for me, their lands joined my father's:—I wish every acre of it had been in *Nova Zembla*. These good folks happened, as is generally the case, I think, not to be over-burthened with children:—had they been day labourers, they would have had a hundred:—but all their progeny was *one only daughter*;—heiress of course in the eye of the world to all the leavings of the rich tobaccoist.

My father, God bless him, was not covetous, but he knew that a title brought with it large and ungovernable expences;—he had no more pride than he had covetousness, and I believe would as willingly have seen the expect

ed Barony branch suddenly off from the main stem of his inheritance, into ever so distant a collateral ramification, as come down either perpendicularly or zigzag exactly upon his head;—but come it would;—and who could help it? while the lands originally attached to it, were expected, some of them to stick to the earldom, which went into another line, and some to an elder barony, and some to this, and that, and t'other, till nothing but an *empty coronet* seemed left to my poor father:—his own estate was excellent for a private gentleman, but he did not like this poor Barony that was coming down to make him more conspicuous.

Miss Grizilda Twist was just three years younger than myself;—all the pains that were possible had been taken to make her extremely disagreeable;—

she had been indulged from infancy in every whim and caprice that could enter her weak mind, and *over-loaded* with *accomplishments* that filled her head with conceit ;—she was abominably proud, as might be expected, and by no means of an amiable temper :—I would describe her person, but it may seem invidious ;—for, perhaps, many more amiable persons may jointly or severally have similar features, and as I mean that every body in the world shall read this book, I wish to give no personal offence to any. I leave you all therefore, gentle readers, to guess whether her hair was black, brown, or *bright red* ;—whether her eyes were hazel, blue, or *emerald green* ;—whether her nose was Roman, Grecian, Aquiline, or *turned up in front with large open nostrils*,—whether her teeth were ivory white and even, or *black and jagged* ;—I will

fairly say, I did not myself admire her person, but nothing more ;—ladies are ladies.

One day, as my father and myself were walking round the grounds, he began about the peerage that was likely to come to us: says he, “Bob, you know you are to be a Lord;” “I have heard so, Sir,” says I: “so much the worse, my boy,” says he; “certainly, Sir,” says I, (for I never contradicted him)—but, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, all the while,—Why so?—“You know, I suppose,” says he, “that no estate comes with it?” “Not till you told me, Sir,” says I:—“A title without an estate is a sad incumbrance,” says he.—I assented, though I cared no more about it, than the man in the moon:—“*This* property is great enough in its way,” added my father, “but not sufficient

for a *Peer*;"—I forget what reply I made to this, for just at that moment, he turned his right leg over the upper bar of the stile, and there he sat, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, — "We'll ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross:"—What in the world makes him sit so? says my father, slapping his *left* thigh, "*this* leg Bob, is in Grumblethorpe domains:"—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, he is going mad! then slapping his *right* thigh,—"*in what domain is this leg, Bob? Thinks-I-to-myself*, he foams at the mouth!—however he went on:—"This stile, Bob, you must know, exactly divides our property from Mr. Twist's." I was delighted to hear him talk like a rational creature again: he looked at me, however, as if still waiting for a reply, though I had said, "does it, Sir," or "yes," or some such thing in answer already: he repeated the remark.

Thinks-I-to-myself,—what can my father mean?—"Many estates, Bob," continues he, "pass down strait forward through a long long line of lineal descendants;—some go off at right angles one knows not where, for want of children to succeed;—some gently and smoothly glide into other families as by adoption, sale, or *marriage*;" he again made a solemn pause. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what next?—"What a pity," says he, "Bob, that poor Mr. Twist should have no son!"—I said not a word:—"a *daughter*," continues he, "must carry it all into some other family;"—I said nothing:—"I suppose," says he, "there's many a young man looking out for Miss Twist:"—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, let 'em look!—Just at this moment we were interrupted. My father was called home to some persons who wanted him upon business, so recommending it to me to

continue my walk on the *Twist side of the stile*, he quitted me and returned to the house.

The Twist side of the stile was the way to the vicarage. There were none of the neighbours I liked better than the family there. Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville were most amiable and worthy people, and not being over rich, had a large family:—some of the boys had been occasionally my play-mates, as the daughters had at times visited my sister. I found myself got very near to their gate before I was aware even of my own designs. It happened that in my ignorance of the world, as it is called, I was in some points as much unacquainted with *myself* as with other people. I had long perceived that the vicarage was the only house I really liked to visit. I had also perceived, but I could not

quite account for it, that when Emily Mandeville, which was the name of the eldest daughter, either went out of the room, or came into the room, spoke to me, or I spoke to her, I had the *queerest* sensation about the region of my *heart*, that could be conceived. It seemed to beat and bump ten times quicker than common. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it's St. Vitus's dance.

These symptoms I knew to be greatly and rapidly increasing, so that I had a great mind to ask the apothecary about it: we had always been great and particular friends:—Whether *her* heart *bumped* as much as mine, I had never yet asked her,—but she always appeared happy in my company;—her temper was the sweetest in the world, and as to her person, I certainly need be under no such scruples as I was about Miss

Twist's, if I could but describe it; for let all the females in the world read my book, none of them could wish to be more elegantly beautiful than Emily Mandeville;—every one would of course desire to resemble her in “voice and feature, form and gait:”—let every one therefore only *fancy* her as *beautiful* and *amiable* and *lovely* as *themselves*, and I need say no more.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, that's enough.

I found Mrs. Mandeville and her daughters all busily engaged:—some working, some reading, and some drawing. Mr. Mandeville, though not rich, nor over-well endowed, had in his early days kept much good company, as had Mrs. Mandeville also, so that, in a simple and plain manner, every thing had an air of elegance;—there was no vulgarity;—every thing was equally dis-

tant from a vain display of finery, and a shabby meanness. Mr. Mandeville had travelled, and was well acquainted both with books and men. He had a fixed and rooted respect and reverence for every thing connected with religion, without the smallest tincture of enthusiasm or bigotry. He was, perhaps, altogether the most polished man in the neighbourhood, though many looked down upon him from above: while from below every body looked up to him; that is,—the poor all loved and respected him, for they knew the man:—the rich knew in general only his office; some were too great in their own conceits to associate with a country vicar, and some were of too mean capacity to be even capable of associating with him:—as for my father and mother, I *must* say *they* thoroughly understood his worth, and in their intercourse with him, I can venture

to assert, thought of nothing else. My father found him much above the common run of his country associates, and my mother found in Mrs. Mandeville, a friend she could trust ;—for she was free from vanity, and disdained all parade of forms and pretensions.

During my visit at the vicarage the morning I am speaking of, something led us to advert to our *great* neighbours, the *Twists*. Mrs. Mandeville observed, that Miss Twist was extremely *accomplished* ;—that she had had masters of all descriptions, and of course must have learn't a great deal : I confess it surprised me always to hear any body speak well of the absent, and therefore, (though as for poor Miss Twist, I abominated her) yet I heartily joined in the encomiums. I agreed with Mrs. Mandeville in all she said, for how could I do otherwise ? Miss Twist *had* had many

masters, and therefore might naturally be expected to know much;—far more than I thought it necessary for her to know:—she had learnt I know not what;—music, dancing, painting, these were common, vulgar accomplishments:—she had attended a world of *fashionable* lectures, and was therefore *supposed* to understand Chemistry, Geology, Philology, and a hundred other *ologies*, for what I know, enough, as I thought, to distract her brain:—however, I observed that when I agreed so much with Mrs. Mandeville, my dear friend Emily, suddenly arose and quitted the room:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, she's gone to fetch her thimble, or her scissars, or something or other, but I immediately felt *that* bumping at my *heart*, of which I have spoken, come on so much, that I wished Miss Twist and all her accomplishments at the bottom of the sea.—As it was growing late, I found it ne-

cessary to depart, and therefore getting up and shaking them all by the hand, I wished them good morning, adding, as I shook the last hand of the interesting groupe, pray tell *Emmy* I wish *her* good bye,—which brought back all the bumping to so great a degree, that as I walked away I could scarce move or breathe. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it's certainly an apothecary's concern.—I must ask Mr. Bolus about it, as sure as can be, in a day or two.

When I got home, I found that among the visitors that had been at the Hall that morning, were Mr. Mrs. and Miss Twist, and her governess: I thought my father and mother seemed somewhat concerned that I had been out of the way, but reproof I received none. — They appeared to be in no manner displeased that I had been at the vicarage;—but the visit of the

Twists, I found, had ended in an invitation, particularly extending to myself.

We were in three days from that time, to go to dine at *Nicotium Castle*. On the morning of the day we were to dine there, I found my mother prone to dwell upon the beauties of *Nicotium Castle* :— what a delightful place it was, adding also, as Mrs. Mandeville had done, what an *accomplished* girl Miss Twist was ; how very *learned*, and how very *clever* ! It is amazing what a relief I felt to the bumping at my heart, whenever the conversation took this turn ;— so that I began to take a pleasure in talking of Miss Twist. I was so easy and comfortable the moment *her* name was mentioned, that anybody would have been encouraged to go on with it :—had Emily Mandeville been mentioned, my malady would have returned

so immediately, that no doubt the conversation would have stopped at once :—but this never happened. Nobody thought of mentioning her to me, and I could have died upon the spot sooner than have mentioned her name to any body else.

The day came for our visit to Nicotium Castle. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll ask if I mayn't dine at the vicarage : so at breakfast I humm'd and haw'd, and ventured to say, "I had rather be excused going to Nicotium Castle." My father looked black ;—my mother looked I know not how :—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, it don't seem agreeable.—"You cannot with propriety stay at home," says my father, "because you were so particularly invited:" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what if I say I had the misfortune to be previously engaged!—so says I, as bold as brass,—but I was previously en-

gaged to dine at the Vicarage ;"—“ previously engaged !” says my dear mother, “ that cannot be :—it would be a great act of rudeness to put off the Twists with an excuse like that.” *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I don’t know enough of the world to understand the exact nature of these put off’s. My father said, “ I *must* go ;”—I made therefore no further objections.

The hour came, and away we went. —Every thing at the castle was most splendid. — There was every sort of rarity :—every thing that it *was not easy to get* : I would have given the world to have sat by my dear mother, but as *accident* would have it, I got exactly between Miss Twist and her governess. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I hope she won’t ask me about any of the *ologies* :—as it happened she did not ;—but she talked to me very often ;—offered me abund-

ance of nice things, and as for Mr. and Mrs. Twist, nothing could possibly exceed their attention. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, a fig for Mrs. Fidget:—Clod-pole is somebody of consequence at last! In the evening, as more company came, we found that it was to end in a ball. I would have given ever so much to have danced with my father or mother:—not that I was so ignorant as not to know that this was impossible, but I felt so inexpressibly shy as to dancing with any body else. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll go and sit with the fiddlers:—but unhappily, just as I was going, Mr. Twist came behind me:—“Young Gentleman,” says he, “you must open the Ball with my daughter:” *Thinks-I-to-myself*, if I *must*, I *must*;—so away I went, up to the top of about twenty couple.

I had learnt plenty of Latin and Greek of my tutor, but as for dancing,

I knew but little of it:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, I wish I were a cow, or a sheep: for if ever *they* dance, they are not particular about steps; whereas I scarce seemed to know whether I was to begin with my heels or my toes: however, away we went, and with a little pulling, and hauling, and pushing, and shoving, I got at last to the bottom of the room: Miss Twist twisted in and out so adroitly, that we happily arrived at our journey's end, without any lives lost or limbs broke, though I thought all seemed to be in danger: "Pray," says Miss Twist, "don't engage yourself to any body else;"—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, I wish I could:—in the mean time, all the young men in the room I observed came to ask her to dance, but she was engaged for the whole evening to Mr. Robert Dermont:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll let you off!—but nothing would do;—I was fixed for the evening; and

at supper, had to preside with the *amiable* heiress of the castle, at the second table.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, I wish I was at home, and a-bed, and asleep!—however, at last, the entertainment happily came to an end, and away we all went,

As we were upon our return, my mother observed how much I had been honoured in having had Miss Twist for a partner,—intimating that all the other young men that were there, envied me. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, well they might! but another time, I had rather *they* than *me*:—however, luckily I escaped all my bumping at the heart: Emily Mandeville was not of the party. Mr. and Mrs. Twist's invitations did not extend to the *Vicarage*;—but what was particularly provoking, when I got to bed at night, I felt a great bumping, because *she* was *not* there. *Thinks-I-to-*

myself, I must certainly take some physic.

The very day after the ball Mrs. and Miss Twist called upon my mother again. Much of the conversation, of course, turned upon the company that had met together the night before. Mrs. Twist expressed great satisfaction that her daughter had had so *proper* a partner: — “ I don’t like her to dance, ma’am,” says she, “ but with people of family !” *Thinks-I-to-myself*, — “ You know, Bob, you are to be a lord !” — and now it’s out ! — I began now to have some suspicion how the land lay, as they say : — I began now to discern, that the Twists knew something about the *stile* as well as my father. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, — as sure as can be, they are inclined to replenish my empty coronet, and interweave a few leaves of tobacco with the Baronial balls : — however, no-

thing of all this was suffered to pass my lips. I looked upon it all as, a good scheme, and admirably calculated to cure my bumping of heart ;—for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it is impossible I could pass my life with Emily Mandeville, since my heart bumps so dreadfully, even at a distance.

It was amazing the number of civilities and invitations that passed now between Nicotium Castle and Grumblethorpe Hall. They were continually coming to us, or we going to them. Mrs. Twist was always talking of people of family ;—my father and mother always lamenting to me the expectation of the *unendowed* Barony. All this while, I continued in the habit of visiting at the Vicarage, though my heart bumped so excessively, whenever I was there, that I thought I must entirely give it up.

One day, as I was walking in the garden with Mrs. Mandeville and the females of the family, it came into my head that Emily would like to have a beautiful moss-rose, that I had just gathered: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll go and stick it in her bosom:—at that very moment, I had such an extraordinary seizure of the bumping at my heart, that I was ready to drop;—but what appeared to me more strange was, that I *could not* go to her, do what I would,—for the first time in my life, I felt a sort of dread of her: while Mrs. Mandeville had been questioning me about the ball at Nicotium Castle, a little before, I thought she looked displeased with me, and when I expected it of her *as a friend* that she would have *liked* to hear of the notice that had been taken of me, I observed she walked quite away:—I had never quarrelled with her in all my life,

nor she with me:—I would have done any thing to have served her, or pleased her; and now that I felt afraid of her, I still seemed to want to serve her and please her more than ever: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, certainly I am bewitched;—soon after, she came up to us of her own accord: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, now I'll give the rose;—so I went to her with it, and was going to offer it, but my tongue suddenly got so perfectly dry in my mouth, that I'll be hanged if I could speak a word. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I am certainly going to die. I was so frightened, I got away as soon after as I could;—but the bumping continued all the way home, worse I think than ever. I was afraid to tell my mother of it because I knew she would send for Mr. Bolus, and that always ended in such severe and long-continued discipline, generally beginning with an emetic, which tore me to pieces, that I always

kept my maladies to myself as long as I could.

As my sister was just come home, I asked her about it, but she only laughed at me, though I could not tell why: I got into my father's library one morning, in order to *try* if I could *find my case* in any of the physical books there, of which he had a store;—I looked into a good many, just running over the symptoms of each, which caught my eye, as being in capital letters, thus,—SYMPTOMS,—and it is past all conception, what a variety of diseases I seemed to have;—for to look for *bumping* only, was nothing;—the more I read, the more *symptoms* I detected;—I was not aware of a hundredth part of what I suffered, *'till the book suggested them*;—I plainly saw my case to be (at least I thought so then) a complication of all the classes, orders, genera, and species of disease,

that had ever afflicted the race of man. As I went along and questioned *myself as to the several symptoms of the different disorders as laid down in the book*, I found I had not only *bumpings*, but *dreadful pains* in my head and loins, with a *weariness of limbs*, *stretching*, *yawning*, *shivering*, and *shaking*, which are pretty plain signs, as any body must allow, of an approaching fever: I had a *rigor* or *chilliness*, *pains in my back*, *difficulty of breathing*; I had a violent *pricking pain* in one of the sides, deep down among my ribs, which was manifestly a *pleurisy* or *peripneumony*;—I could not exactly discern which:—I had violent *flushings in the face*, *disturbed sleep*, and a *singing in my ears*, which seemed to me, to indicate a *phrenitis*:—I had a painful *tension* on the right side also, just opposite the *pricking pain* on my left, under the *false ribs*, which I knew at once to be a *disordered liver*:—

in short, I kept looking and looking, 'till I was evidently convinced, that I had not a sound part about me, and I should, I am persuaded, have taken to my bed and died, to the great joy of Mrs. Fidget, if it had not been that I rather *wished to die*. Ever since Emily Mandeville had looked grave at me, I had felt as bold as a lion about dying, and I will venture to say, could have resolutely walked into the very arms of old Dry-bones with his hour-glass, had I but met him any where in my walks.

I did, however, take a *little* medicine, by advice of the *books*, picked up *here and there*. I managed to buy some *ipécacuanha*, *asafœtida*, *Glauber's salt*, and compound tincture of *Senna*, which mixing up with a small parcel of *jalap*, and some *succotrine aloes*, (not very regularly, I confess, for I knew nothing of the proper proportions,) I took a tea-

spoonful night and morning, for three days, which so effectually moved my stomach, as to give me, as I thought, the fairest chance of a perfect recovery;—however, not so: I could not reach the *bumping* after all, which occurred so instantaneously upon the smallest recollection of Emily Mandeville, that had she been old and ugly, or had she ever been seen in the air on a broom, must have convinced me that she was the exact person that had bewitched me. I continued in this state for some days after my sister's return home; during which time, Miss Twist came often to see her in her carriage, and Emily Mandeville once on foot: I could plainly perceive, that though the latter did not at all mind coming on foot, the former was very proud indeed of coming in her carriage: but what was odd, even this difference between the two, as soon as I perceived it, brought on the

bumping at my heart ;—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, Emily shall ride in her carriage too.

I know not how long I might have remained in this miserable uncertain state, had it not been for the most unlooked-for accident, that ever befel one in my sad condition. One day that Miss Twist had dined with us, she and my sister, in the evening, were playing and singing at the piano-forte. They both sung extremely well, only Miss Twist was so abominably affected, I could not bear to look at her, while she sung, but stood at a distance generally, listening to the words. Music I delighted in ;—especially I found since the first attack of my *bumping*—there were some tunes so exquisitely soothing and delightful, I could scarce bear them ;—and some of the words of the songs seemed to me to touch my complaint : Miss Twist, I

perceived, had a particular knack in fixing upon such songs :—at last there came one that completely opened my poor dull eyes; the two first verses were sufficient, I had not made complete experiment of all,—but my eyes were opened, as I say: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, “that’s enough:” as I whispered to my sister to beg her to repeat it, I could not help marking every word the second time, and accompanying them with my usual soliloquies.

“When Delia on the plain appears.”

Sung Miss Twist :—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, when Emily Mandeville walks in the garden :—

“Awed by a thousand tender fears,

“I would approach, but dare not move.”

Thinks-I-to-myself, SYMPTOMS!—the ex-

act case to a hair!—never was any thing more plain!——

“ Tell me my heart if this be LOVE !”

Yes, undoubtedly!—Neither *fever*, nor *pleurisy*, nor *peripneumony*, nor *phrenitis*, nor a *diseased liver*, but LOVE! downright love.—My eyes were opened, I say.—

As ill luck would have it, however, Miss Twist, I believe, thought *her* eyes were opened too. She had no questions to ask her heart about love, for I believe she was perfectly incapable of that amiable passion, in any serious degree; nothing, I am confident, would ever have made her heart bump as mine did; but having been instructed and tutored at home, to lay siege to my expected Barony that was coming from the

North, and having fully learnt to believe from Father, Mother, Governëss, Nurse, &c. &c. &c. that there was nothing she could purchase with her riches, half so valuable, as a coronet and supporters for her carriage, having the Twist arms in the full middle of all, as an heiress, she was interested in all the love-symptoms that could, by any means, be discovered in the heir apparent of all these valuables, and therefore she thought it worth her while to make that malady her study, and as she could not fairly ask to feel my pulse, she could only judge at a distance as it were:—so she had made already almost as much of this one verse, as I had:—“*When Delia on the plain appears,*” was to her, when Miss Twist comes in her carriage;—“*Awed by a thousand tender fears, I would approach,*”—she put, *He* would approach;”—that is, me, (me myself,

me) the *clod-pole*, "HE would approach, but dare not move."

I don't wonder she was mistaken;—for certainly I was "*awed*," though not by "*tender fears*:"—I was *afraid* of her *ologies*, and *heap* of vain *accomplishments*;—and though I certainly did not *wish* to *approach* her, yet as I certainly did *not* approach her so much, as *she* wished and expected, it was a fair conjecture to think I *would*, but could not, and that I dared not *move*, and so, take it altogether, no wonder her pride and prepossessions plainly told her, that this was love;—love in *me* towards *her* own *sweet* person;—she therefore made sure of her game: the song being asked for again, convinced her that it was by way of enabling her to discover the precious secret; so that she felt quite assured of being her Ladyship already, and wondered what could make the old peo-

ple in the North live so long: my father and mother also, I apprehend, she wished somewhat older, though perhaps she would have allowed the latter a little respite as a Dowager.

I thought, however, I had made *two* discoveries from this song:—the third stanza pleased me as much as any;—for by applying it to Emily Mandeville, I began to flatter myself I had discovered a reason for her turning away, when her mother and I were talking so much about the ball at Nicotium Castle, and the accomplishments of Miss Twist.

“ If she some other youth commend.”

Thinks-I-to-myself, why not—“ If *he* some other *maid* commend?” “ Though I was once his fondest friend;”—“ Why not,” says I, “ *her* fondest

friend?"—"His instant enemy I prove;"—"Why not," says I, "*her* enemy," and so on;—surely, *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—*symptoms* again:—my heart bumped more than ever, but it was become quite a pleasant sensation;—I had quite given up all thoughts of asking the apothecary about it;—I meant henceforward to ask nobody about it, but Dr. Emily Mandeville.

I had not time yet to think the least in the world about Miss Twist's disappointment;—indeed I could not care a halfpenny about it;—for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, love won't kill *her*, and there are coronets enough to be had for money; who knows but she may buy an Earl or a Duke;—but poor Emily Mandeville can't buy even a Baron; and thus I ran on whenever my thoughts took that turn:—however, I could not help now beginning to make comparisons between

the heiress of Nicotium Castle, and the meek-eyed maiden of the Vicarage.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, what's all her Chemistry and Geology, and French and Italian, to the plain sense and rational understanding of Emily Mandeville? What are all the airs and graces, and conceit and affectation, of the haughty Miss Twist, to the artless simplicity and unassuming innocence of the Vicar's daughter? She may ride in her coach, and have necklaces and bracelets of the choicest jewellery, she may sing like a *Catalani*, or dance like a *Dogalani*, but I want not to pass my life amidst diamonds and rubies; I want something better to associate with, than the puppets of an Opera House.

But there was one circumstance with regard to the Twists that had a great tendency to set me against them:—they seemed to me to have no sense of reli-

gion;—their pew at church was generally empty, or if they chanced to come there, they were too late, or there was such a talking in their pew, or they seemed none of them to have any books, or they knew nothing of the sermon afterwards, or something or other happened to convince me, that they had not any of them any proper sense of religion at all;—Church was a bore to Miss Twist;—Mr. Mandeville's sermons were shockingly long;—her papa always took a novel in his pocket, and Mrs. Twist wished she was close to the parson with a spur, to urge him on a little quicker: now I shall make no scruple to say, that I had ever a propensity to hold such sort of people in absolute contempt and abhorrence;—my father and mother had each of them a just sense of religion;—they were christians, not in form only, but at heart;—they never disputed about it, or made a parade of it,

but any thing that in the least offended against the sacredness of place, person, or thing, connected with religion, excited their displeasure;—so that I was bred up from a child to entertain a reverence for whatever belonged to it; and it is no wonder that this should have led me to look more narrowly into these matters, and make it no subordinate object of my studies:—I was fond of books always:—I had been admirably instructed:—Mrs. Fidget thought me a clod-pole because I could not talk in the way *she* did, but while *she* talked *without thinking*, I thought *without talking*; —I would not be so uncivil to Mrs. Fidget, as to insist upon it without farther argument, that I had the advantage, but it appeared to me, I must confess, that I was no clod-pole for what I did. I never shall regret the want of language that may have excited Mrs. Fidget's spleen;—want of thought would

have given me more concern :—but to return to what I was discoursing upon.—

Bred up as I had been, it may easily be supposed, Mr. Mandeville's house and manners, and way of going on, were more congenial to my feelings, than the empty glare and glitter of Nicotium Castle : — at Mr. Mandeville's every thing was regular, comfortable, and consistent ; one could have stepped at any time out of his house into the other world without confusion, but at Nicotium Castle, nothing was regular, nothing comfortable, nothing natural ;—all artificial, and as for stepping out of that gawdy Castle into the other world, it was quite horrible and shocking to think of it. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, —(often,) What will the angels say to thee, Mr. Twist, when thou appearest at the gate of heaven? Alas! *Thinks-I-to-myself*; surely I

know:—"Thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, likewise Lazarus evil things:"—I had not so little charity as to be ever able to proceed; for after all, the melancholy thing was,—Mr. Twist *knew nothing about the other world!*—he knew much more of the *Sporting Calendar* than of the *Bible*. He thought, probably, (if he ever thought at all upon the subject) that there was a regular *Nicotium Castle* prepared for him among the *many mansions* we read of in the *Book of God*;—and that if there were any thing that might not come to him in the way of inheritance, merit, or grace, *money* could *purchase* it.

I am afraid I have fallen deep into a digression: well then, gentle reader, if you don't like *this* digression, burn all the rest of the book, but don't touch the digression itself:—give it me back.

again;—I value it;—I don't care what you like or dislike,—upon that particular topic, I *will* speak *my mind*:—If I am to be a *Clod-pole*, let me, for God's sake, be at least a *religious* one.

My worthy, good and kind mother, thought the ball at Nicotium Castle was too pointed, not to render it strictly incumbent on her, to give a ball at Grumblethorpe Hall; at which, good soul, I make no manner of doubt, she looked forward, with feelings something like those of Mrs. Twist, (only not so vulgar,) to the pleasure of seeing Miss Twist and me dance together. She spoke of it to my father, and as he thought it quite right, to be sure it must be done directly;—for the only thing in which I think my poor mother might be vulgar and unfashionable, was that of having a perfect deference to the opinion of my father,—so much so, that I

have often thought she really loved him;—but what made a great puzzle and combustion among us sometimes, was, that my father had just as great a deference for my mother, so that if by any untoward accident, any project, business, or engagement hung upon a balance between them, it was almost impossible that it should ever get settled;—*each* insisting so strenuously *not* to have it *their own way*, that I am confident, that had it been left to them to settle the planetary system, and the dispute had been about the right and left course of the orbits, that glorious luminary, the sun, might have stood still for ever, without a single body to revolve around him.

Well, the ball was of course determined upon, and the day fixed; and in two days after the determination, a pack of printed cards having been pro-

cured, numberless invitations were written, many of them by *Clod-pole* himself, but here a great difficulty arose;—my sister wished all the Mandevilles to be invited, and to have beds at the hall; my mother assured her they were not of the party at Nicotium Castle; “not,” says she, “that I think them unworthy of having been there, for on the contrary, I think it would have been better had Mrs. Twist invited them, but only now they will not expect to be invited;—but I will see what your father says:” I said nothing, and I *thought nothing!* for I was, as it were, *flabbergasted*;—what that means, I don’t know, but having heard it used upon occasion by very elegant people, I adopt it, as it seems to me, to mean something very applicable to my feelings.

I shall cease to describe the *bumpings* I had at my heart, because I now under-

stood them, and thought them quite natural. I confess, I felt anxious about my father's coming home, though neither my mother, nor my sister said a word about it: at last, however, he came;—he had been out a riding with Mr. and Mrs. Twist, of all the people in the world, so that I augured rather unfavourably as to the issue of the business:—he was not long returned before he came into my mother's room: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I wish I was dead and buried. I expected them to begin upon it immediately;—but no such thing:—the deuce of a word was uttered either about the Twists or the Mandevilles, for a full quarter of an hour at least:—at last, my sister began;—says she, “Papa, don't you mean that the Mandevilles shall be invited to the Ball?”

Just at this moment, the servant entered, and my father was called out of

the room ;—I could have freely knocked the fellow on the head ;—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, he did it on purpose :—however, the business was not urgent, and my father came back again ;—says my sister, as before, “ Papa, don’t you mean to have the *Mandevilles* invited to the Ball ? ” “ Who *are* invited ? ” says my father. “ Every body,” says my mother, “ that was at Nicotium Castle ; ”—“ the Mandevilles were there,” says my father, hastily !—“ no, not one of them,” says my mother :—“ then,” says my father, it’s a d——n’d shame ! !—My mother, and my sister, and myself, all slunk back ;—such an expression from such a mouth bespoke an earnestness we were unaccustomed to !—says my father, “ Are *you* sure they were none of them there ? ”—“ Indeed,” says my mother, “ they were none of them invited ; ”—“ then,” says my father, “ send to them directly, and tell ’em,

we have beds for them all, and tell 'em we'll send the carriage for them, and tell 'em to bring my favourite young Tom, and tell 'em they had better come to dinner that they may be in time;"—so saying, he quitted the room, and banged the door after him, as much as to say, "I'm almost in a passion:"—my mother said not a word, but went and got some paper;—says she, "don't send a *card*, it's too *formal*; here write what your father said," holding out a sheet of paper;—my sister gladly took the pen, and scribbled away the full amount of my father's liberal invitation:—I wished very much to be the messenger to carry the note to the Vicarage, but I could not muster up quite courage enough to propose it;—so it was sent in a common way.

My mother was particularly anxious not to be at any extraordinary expence

about the Ball, though my sister had heard a great deal about the splendor of that at Nicotium Castle, and wished, of course, that our's should be as grand; I am not sure but she had some bumpings at the heart about it, she seemed so earnest;—but my mother took pains to convince her, that *extravagance* was no real mark of *gentility*;—that it was better to appear to want some things that might have been procured, than to go much out of the way to procure things that might reasonably be dispensed with;—says she, “my dear, the Twists sent for every thing from London;—surely it is better to have it supposed that *we need send for nothing!*”

It may easily be imagined that 'till the day came, not much else was thought of;—it was amusement to my mother and sister, it had much in it to produce

my bumpings at heart, and as for my father, he waited patiently for it, I believe, without giving himself a moment's concern about the business. Though I had not ventured to ask to carry the note to the Vicarage, I could not help going there soon after, over *Twist stile* and all:—when I got there, I said, “I hoped we should see them;”—for they did not immediately answer the note, not knowing how to arrange about the dining and sleeping, &c.;—says I, “I hope you will all come,” and, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I hope my dear Emily will dance with me, but as for *uttering* it, I might as well have been born dumb:—it passed *in* my mind freely enough, to and fro, upwards and downwards,—but *out of* my mind, not a hair's breadth:—I looked and sighed, and like Alexander the Great, “sighed and looked again.”—“Pray,” says Emily, “Do

the *Twists* dine and sleep there?" says I, "O no, God forbid!"—I was afraid I had spoken too hastily, but I took particular notice that she looked uncommonly happy:—I took my leave soon after, and returned home.

At length the day of days came. The carpet was taken up in the drawing-room, and the floor all chalked in fine coloured figures and compartments. All the *Mandevilles* came to dinner, but it was rather bustle and confusion, for the dining-room was to be the supper-room, and so, *soon wanted*:—however, I was much pleased with some conversation that took place between my father and Mr. Mandeville after dinner.

"I wish, Mr. Mandeville," says my father, "every body would bring up their family, as you bring up your's."

"I don't know, Sir," says Mr. Mandeville, "I bring them up to learn all that I think really necessary, and all that it is in my power to teach them."

"That's just what I like," says my father; "Why should our children be made so much wiser than ourselves?—Why should it be thought necessary that because there happen now to be a profusion of teachers, in all branches of knowledge, every thing that is to be taught, must be learnt?—Why am I to be bound to give guinea after guinea to have *my* daughter taught every thing that other people choose to learn, and *merely on that account*, without the least regard to her natural genius, taste, or capacity; and when I am perfectly assured that more than half of what she so learns, can be of no benefit to her husband, or her children, or her children's children, and can only be acquir-

ed by a profligate waste and expence of that time, which not only might be bestowed on studies of real importance, but on such as must tend to the use, and benefit, and delight of all connected with her?—there's our neighbour Miss Twist,—to be sure she knows, in some way or other, abundance of things;—she is, what the world calls, highly accomplished;—nor am I disposed to blame her parents for any care or cost they have bestowed on her,—but the effect of it is, in many cases, absurd and preposterous,—if it tends to set off the daughter, it tends as much to degrade the parents; for it is self-evident, that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Twist have sufficient knowledge of half the things their daughter hath been taught, to be able to judge of her progress and acquirements;—it is fifty to one but that in merely talking of them, they continually expose themselves by their ignorance

and blunders, and what is worse than all, their *daughter* must know that they do so, *if* she know any thing as she should do:—now *your* daughters, Mr. Mandeville, learn of you and Mrs. Mandeville, nothing but what is, and ever will be, *essential, useful, proper, and becoming*;—and learning it of *you* and *you* only, they never can come to look down upon you; they must look *up* to *you*, as children should do, with respect and reverence, and esteem, and the utmost of their aspiring must be, to be as wise and as good as yourselves;—besides, Mr. Mandeville, as to the great and only knowledge, that is of real importance to us all, *you* must know better than me, that it is almost the only kind of learning they never take much pains to acquire:—I don't suppose any of *your learned profession* were ever called upon by father, mother, or guardian, to teach their son, or

daughter, or ward, *Divinity*,—that is, I mean, *Christianity*; and yet a few guineas so bestowed, might, perhaps, go as far to help their appearance in the other world, as many guineas in this,—aye, and benefit some fellow-creature, possibly, of more worth, than fifty fiddlers or dancing masters.

“ I wish, Mr. Mandeville, you could get the Twists to attend church a little oftener :—I hate to see their pew empty almost every sabbath day ; it is quite a pity :—Twist is a good-natured rattle, and as for Mrs. Twist, I am confident, that if any body could ever once convince her, that there were one or two accomplishments wanting to set her *daughter off to advantage*, (for that is the great object of all mothers, now-a-days,) in another world besides this, which I fear has neyer once entered Mrs. Twist’s head ; I am persuaded, I say, that she would

not neglect to enquire after some *teacher* or other, who *might* render her *not deficient*, in the courts above."

Mr. Mandeville was preparing to reply, when a solemn message was brought from the *upper* house, which was privately delivered to my father:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, a motion to adjourn,—and so it turned out,—for the Speaker immediately quitted the chair, and after asking Mr. Mandeville if he would drink any more wine, he publicly announced the summons he had had to the drawing-room, and we prepared to follow him.

When we went up stairs, the room was almost full. My father, of course, went boldly into the middle of them all:—Mr. Mandeville and myself remained near the door. I cast my eyes round and round, and round again, before I

could fairly discern what I most wished to see;—at length, I espied, on one side of the room, behind a number that were standing up, Mrs. and the three Miss Mandevilles sitting close together, like a hen and so many chickens;—I felt an irresistible desire to go to them, but though there was a near way of doing it, I found, upon attempting it, I could not stir;—I felt just as if my right leg wanted to go, but my left leg pulled it back;—*Thinks-I-to myself*, “I would approach but dare not move;”—“Tell me my heart,” &c. At length a fresh party arrived, and we were fairly pushed further into the room:—I then did sedulously endeavour to keep in that direction, and as Mr. Mandeville seemed to have no other object as well as myself, we gradually got nearer and nearer, though continually interrupted of course by the greetings and salutes of divers persons and parties whom we passed.

Nothing ran in my head but the being in time to ask Emily to dance with *me* the two first dances, but as for *hastening* to her for this purpose, it was quite out of question;—my left leg still kept pulling me back, as I *thought*.

Some preparations now began to be made for beginning the ball, and I felt quite sure that I should be too late to accomplish my end, when, as good luck would have it, Mr. Mandeville made a bold push to get at them, and I followed close in the rear:—the point now seem- to me to be accomplished:—I had got close to Emily, and was just in the act of *stooping to ask her to be my partner*, (for human threadpapers you know are generally pretty tall,) when I received such a horrible pinch just on the tender part above the elbow of my right arm, that I had liked to have screamed aloud: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, spring-guns

and steel-traps, as sure as I am born!! —It was my father in fact, who leaning over two benches, said in great haste, “Bob, come here, I have engaged you to Miss Twist:”—being too confused to think or say any thing to myself, as customary, I mechanically answered, “I’ll come directly, Sir,” possibly, with an appearance of joy rather than sorrow, for these contradictions were among the *symptoms* of my complaint:—I was just going to say to Emily, “pray dance with me the two *next* dances,” but alas! at that instant, a tall dashing young man came up to her, and asked her to dance, and she *assented, as I fancied, with peculiar satisfaction.*

I now had to find my father and Miss Twist, which I was not long in doing:—the music had begun to play, and all was in a complete bustle. I found Miss Twist, standing before Mrs. Twist, who

seemed to be looping up her gown, and making other preparations for dancing;—I went to her, putting on my gloves. “Miss Twist,” says I, “I believe I am to have the honour of dancing with you;”—she bobbed something at me, which I suppose she called a curtsey, and was soon ready to be led into the ranks;—but here, fresh difficulties again ensued:—my mother had carefully invited all that she had met at Nicotium Castle, but being much better known in the neighbourhood, and willing that none should be excluded, *her* invitations had extended *upwards* and *downwards* to many more:—at the lower extremity, besides the Mandevilles, there was another Clergyman’s family, three young ladies who lived with an old aunt, just by, that *never went out*, and poor Miss Creepmouse, who also seldom got such a holiday:—there were some young men, whose parents were worthy, but not

over genteel, and a few officers from the barracks, particularly and respectably recommended to their notice;—(Mrs. Twist had invited them all indiscriminately);—at the upper extremity, there were the additions of Lord and Lady Charleville, the two Miss Charlevilles, a niece of Lord Charleville's, and his eldest son, a Lieutenant in the Guards;—there were Sir Henry and Lady Lydiard, their three daughters, and two sons;—there were besides, a Mr. Wentworth, and Lady Maria Wentworth, the sister of a Scotch Marquis, and their daughter, Miss Wentworth. Lord Charleville had thought it proper to engage my sister, and led her to the top of the room :

Poor Miss Twist having began her own ball, very much wished, I believe, to begin our's too;—she sidled up close to my sister, and seemed evidently to

wish to stand at least next to her :—the order of precedence, I believe, had never yet been duly studied at Nicotium Castle :—I began to be frightened because at one time the Miss Charlevilles, who were not what I call *high-bred*, but *thorough-bred*, seemed disposed to overlook her attempt to get above them, and to give way to her, which would have made her so conspicuously wrong, that I should have been quite distressed ; my sister managed to prevent it by gently retaining the Miss Charlevilles next to her, we were obliged to cast down two couple ;—that brought us to the Miss Lydiards :—they were by no means so well inclined to part with their places ;—they well knew that they must come next to the Honourables :—as they hung together we were here obliged to cast down three couple more ;—and then came another hitch, for there stood Miss

Wentworth, but the youngest Miss Lydiard, grasped so fast hold of her hand, just at the moment Miss Twist made her last effort to insert herself among the grandees, that we were compelled to cast off one more couple, and did not therefore fairly get a place 'till we were the eighth couple from the top.

As I had nothing to do but to keep pace with her on the gentleman's side of the party, I at length got my proper station opposite to her:—*Thinks-I-to-myself,—mortified!*—as it manifestly proceeded from ignorance, I felt sorry for her, though it was well for her to gain such experience any how: Mrs. Twist feeling if possible more for her than she felt for herself, came up to her, and I overheard her whisper,—“they are the Honourable Miss Charlevilles, and Sir Henry's daughters, you know,” and so

on,—which I apprehend, gave her some comfort and consolation; how much I cannot pretend to say.

The ball had now actually began. I ventured to cast my eyes frequently down towards where the Miss Mandevilles stood, and every time it struck me, that Emily seemed particularly happy with her partner;—how much I wished her to be walking in the garden at the Vicarage! *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll never go there again:—as we drew near to the top, it struck me that whenever we set off, we should make a rattling like that of a team of horses with their loose harness returning from plough; for Miss Twist had on her neck such a profusion of pendent ornaments, that it looked as if in dressing she had taken no other care but to avoid leaving one trinket behind;—she had on first, an exceeding handsome pearl necklace;

then, suspended to one gold chain, a locket, richly set in diamonds, in which appeared to be twisted and entwined, the respective ringlets of her honoured parents; then suspended to another gold chain, an agate essence bottle set in gold, filled with otto of roses;—and besides that, though she was about as near-sighted as a lynx, suspended on a third gold chain an eye-glass, surrounded with large pearls;—how all these things were to be safely conveyed to the end of thirty or forty couple, appeared to me to be a mystery, and as it happened I was right, for we had scarcely got down three couple, before the gold mounted essence bottle fell foul of the pearl eye-glass and broke it all to pieces;—the glass itself was of course no loss, and as it drew the attention of all the company to the splendour of the setting, it had a most desirable effect: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, that will be mended before the next ball, and

perhaps the essence bottle will be left to dangle just as near to it as ever.

As soon as this little interruption was settled, which brought up Mrs. Twist, and seemed to interest her exceedingly, we went on, turning and twisting, generally so separated from each other, that I had little occasion to talk to her, (and I was heartily glad of it):—when we got to Miss Mandeville and her dashing partner, I had to set corners with her, and turn her: I had determined to give her a little gentle rebuke for her indifference, but when I touched her hand, my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and I could not utter a word:—I had the resolution, however, to swing her off with a remarkable air of unconcern, and I flattered myself that she seemed *hurt*; *Thinks-I-to-myself, — affronted!* when we had really got to the bottom, Miss Twist fanned herself, and breathed hard:

I said, "it is very hot, but it was a pretty dance;"—"too crowded;"—and a number of other common-place ball remarks, which did very well, and were quite enough, I have a notion, to satisfy her that I was in love with her:—we danced down the second dance together, and then she bobbed a curtsey, and I bobbed a bow, like Mother Hubbard and her Dog, and it was all very well settled.

As I went up to my sister directly afterwards, I was amused with the *different* manner in which I found all the party came to ask her the *same* question:—of course, as in all other balls, there was a certain sprinkling of fine ladies, and quizzzy gentlemen, as well as of quizzzy ladies and fine gentlemen, so that the several partnerships were, as it might be, ill or well-arranged;—those that happened to be well mated, and to have found partners to their satisfaction, came

slowly up to my sister, and rather plaintively, and *timidly* addressed her, "Do we change partners, Miss Dermont?"—but those who were ill-matched, and wanted to shake off a quizzical partner, came boldly up, "We change partners, don't we, Miss Dermont?"—I made many observations of this nature, though nobody guessed what I was about;—I saw abundance of untoward circumstances, though well disguised, that convinced me, it might be very neighbourly, but was in reality the cruellest thing in the world, to make such a party.

During the two first dances, I was sorry to see poor Mrs. Fidget, who had two daughters, in the room, quite unable to get a partner for either:—they were, in truth, very cross-looking girls, and by no means popular in the neighbourhood: she came repeatedly behind me, during

the dance, with Miss Matilda hanging upon her arm, complimented me about my dancing, and my *good looks*:—as I never had any malice in my disposition, I really should have been glad to have asked her daughter to dance, but while I had resolved in my own mind to die, rather than ask Emily Mandeville, yet I could not help wishing to keep myself disengaged, for fear I *should* die if I by any means put it *out of my power* to dance with her.

All the Mandevilles were so pretty that they never wanted partners;—beauty brings down pride as well as money, or any thing;—had there been fifty lords in the room, I'll be bound Emily Mandeville, might have danced with them all:—I studiously avoided taking any notice of her, (though it occasioned horrible *bumpings*,) and for the

two second dances I engaged myself (by my mother's desire) to Miss Charleville.

I was surprised to see with how much greater ease and civility *she* conducted herself all down the dance than had been the case with Miss Twist;—and having no dangling ornaments at all, we got safely and without interruption to the bottom:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, either Emily Mandeville, or Miss Charleville, and I gave myself great credit for having *the resolution* to compare *any-body* with the former.

It would be absurd to go more than necessary into the detail of the ball, but before it was over, one or two things occurred which I cannot leave unnoticed:—when Miss Twist had regularly surmounted all the seven couple that

originally stood above her, and seen them safely removed to the bottom of the set, and had herself fairly attained the summit, so that according to the etiquette of things, it was her turn to call the two next dances;—lo! and behold, she had no partner; I had been wandering about the room, watching *Emily* and *her partner*, and had not attempted to engage myself, when my mother came up to me, and desired that I would by all means, if not engaged, go and ask Miss Twist;—at the moment, I am confident, she had no thoughts of any thing but that of shewing a civility to her company;—had any other been in that situation, she would have done the same, but now the business was out;—I had occasion to know afterwards, that divers shrewd persons among the kindest of her neighbours, had noticed the *close siege* she seemed to be laying to the Twist domains;—Mr. Robert Dermont,

it seems, had danced twice with Miss Twist, but not once with either of the Miss Fidgets!—twice with Miss Twist, but not once with any of the four Miss Gogmagogs;—they might have added, twice with Miss Twist, and not once with either of the three Miss Mandevilles; but had I danced but once with any of the latter, a different sort of wonderment would no doubt have been excited, and perhaps still more degrading insinuations thrown out; as it was, my mother's *artful designs* upon *Nicotium Castle*, were judged to be as evident and as capable of demonstration, as if the settlements had been signed and sealed: all this I found out afterwards:—what added considerably to these foul appearances was, that as ill luck would have it, the two dances called by Miss Twist were the two last before supper, so that I was doomed to have the addi-

tional *felicity* of handing her to the supper room, and sitting next to her at that awful solemnity ;—when every thing that is done, said, or seen, is sure to be taken strict account of, and made the subject of conversation for the next half year.

When supper was over, we returned to the Ball-room, where we continued dancing “ ’til Phœbus ’gan to rise :”—I still sedulously avoided all the Mandevilles :—I felt sure that Emily would dream of nothing but her smart partners, and that she did not deserve another bump of my poor heart ;—before it was all finished, however, she appeared to be indisposed, and therefore quite retired from the set :—I had many doubts and misgivings whether I should *condescend* to go and ask her how she did :—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, she has been smitten at

first sight by some of her dashing partners, and why should not I leave her to suffer?

While I was *thinking* all this, Mr. Mandeville came and shook me hastily by the hand, "Good night," says he, "Emily is not very well, and lady Charleville has been so obliging as to insist upon her carriage taking us home:"—had I been shot through the heart I could not have felt more!—the Ball was nearly over, and all my happiness had been frustrated: I went with him to the party, where I found them all *cloaking* up, being in haste not to keep Lady Charleville's carriage waiting.

I offered Emily my arm, which she accepted. "I am sorry," says I, "you are not well; I was in hopes it had been particularly pleasant to you, you had such a heap of smart partners:"

—“They were all *strangers to me*,” she said in some haste; “why you did not like them the worse for that, surely!” said I;—“Indeed,” says she, “I should have liked old friends and acquaintances better, and *you don’t know me*, if you *think otherwise*!”—she had no sooner said it, than I fell into one of the most dreadful fits of *bumping* I ever felt:—I had only time to press her hand, and help her into the carriage, and when I returned into the ball room, every thing looked stranger than I can describe; I felt that all *I* cared for, was on the way to the Vicarage, and that I had fairly been making a fool of myself during the whole evening:—to mend matters, Mrs. Twist came up to me, and asked me how the Mandevilles were to get home, plainly insinuating that they had no carriage, but never offering her own:—“Ma’am,” says I, “my father’s carriage brought them here, and would

have conveyed them home, had not Lord and Lady Charleville been so good as to insist upon their taking *their* coach :”—then Mrs. Twist, for the first time, began to say, they should have been welcome to her's; but I knew better.

The Ball at length ended; every body went home to bed, and to sleep, except probably myself, who had the *heart-bumping* all night, besides pulses in my ears, and a hundred other love-sick affections.

It was some time afterwards that it came into my head to take some account of this Ball, which my good father and mother had given solely with the view of contributing what they thought incumbent on them to the *amusement* and *happiness* of their *neighbours*, but which, in fact, or at least, in all probability, turned out quite otherwise :—in the first

place, by endeavouring to extend their invitations as far as they could, for the sake of pleasing as many as possible, they invited *some* to whom they were *scarcely known*; this of course, affronted *many* who were *entirely strangers*, but who conceived that *they* might as well have been asked as the others:—by endeavouring to mortify no persons who had any pretensions to be invited, though not in a rank of life to associate generally with the neighbourhood, they let loose upon them abundance of persons still lower, who judged themselves to be not only *equal*, but *superior* to those who were invited.

I cannot describe to you how low we might have gone, had we endeavoured to satisfy all these prejudices and pretensions;—I am confident that in the course of things, the blacksmith's wife would have felt *insulted* to have been left out;

then as to the real pleasure and happiness afforded to those who came:—above half undoubtedly went away *dissatisfied*; some envying us things that they could not command at home; some attributing all that they saw to the mere love of show and parade;—there were *some* sorry their daughters had not found partners for every dance;—some sorry they had been introduced to such *low* partners, quite beneath them;—while, probably, those *very* partners thought they had *condescended greatly* to dance with *them* at all;—Mrs. Twist was evidently jealous of my mother's being able to get certain *grand* and *titled* visitors that were not to be seen at Nicotium Castle, while those *titled* visitors had a hard matter to assume even their proper places without offence; some thought themselves neglected, some caught could, some sat too low at the suppertable, some could have sung after

supper if they had been asked, some were affronted because they were asked, in short, take it altogether, though nobody would have been absent, none were entirely satisfied with being present, and my poor father and mother were answerable for every thing.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*,—mighty sociable!—delightful neighbourhood!—amiable people.

The next morning when I was in my mother's dressing room with my father and herself, my father said, "Have you sent to enquire after Miss Mandeville?"—*Says-I-to-myself*, "I'll go;"—so I turned round abruptly to my mother, and as much as could be, *thought* I was going to offer to go, but a sudden overwhelming confusion came across me, and the words that really came out of my mouth were, "Shall I go and send Thomas?" Not one of the three last words having been in my mind before; I had merely

intended to intimate that I would go and enquire after her myself:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, such *blunders* as these *can't* be *love*;—this *must* be *peripneumony*, or *phrenitis*, and I had better take some more physic for it.

Thomas was sent, and Thomas returned:—many thanks;—Miss Mandeville was something better:—*something* better, *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—Why cannot I go and nurse her, and sit up with her night and day!—My father proposed a ride, and when we had mounted our horses, he further proposed riding directly to Nicotium Castle, to know how they were after their fatigue;—I made no objection:—as we rode through the woods in our approach to the castle, my father threw out a thousand hints that I very well understood, but beyond mere hints he did not venture to advance:—²“It is the beauty of our consti-

tution," says he, "Bob, that though there may be said to be in it, a distinct aristocracy and democracy, yet means are provided for the continual *union* and *junction* of these two branches;—they are distinct in themselves, but yet by a thousand circumstances, they get *mingled* and *blended together*, to the evident advantage of both;—as a commercial country, every branch of trade is so favoured, that the lowest person among us may by industry become as rich as the highest, and, by so doing, can raise his family to such a pitch of splendour and elegance, that they gradually and naturally *slide* into the *stream of nobility*; while the nobility, who have no such rapid means of repairing the wear and tear of their estates, and who are never excused from keeping up a certain degree of state and parade, are willing enough to assist in the elevation of their *rich inferiors*; and thus,

as I said before, provision seems to be made, by the very circumstances of our excellent constitution, for the occasional amelioration of both branches, and the junction of the two extremes."

After this curious diatribe on our admirable constitution, we rode for some time without exchanging a word;—I knew what my father meant:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, "War begets poverty, poverty peace: peace makes riches flow, fate ne'er does cease, war begets poverty, poverty peace:"—tobacco is a bewitching drug: the trade in tobacco therefore brings great riches; riches naturally lead to great pretensions; therefore a tobaccoist's grand-daughter is fit for a Peeress,—or, a Peer may be poor; poverty may disable him from supporting his proper state and splendour;—without Stat: and splendour, he is no bet-

ter than a tobaccoist;—let the poor Peer then but marry the proud tobaccoist, and all is properly settled.—
 “War begets poverty, poverty peace.”

As we approached the *Castle*, many remarks were made on the beauty of the situation, &c. &c. and some projects hinted as to the improvements that *might* be made, if *both estates* were ever to come by *any accident* into the hands of *one* and the *same individual*!

When we were shown up into the drawing-room, we found that none of the ball party had yet made their appearance;—there was nobody to receive us but Miss Watson, the Governess;—she was a very sensible worthy woman, the daughter of a deceased Clergyman; we sat with her some time, before Mrs. and Miss Twist came to us; upon their entrance, Miss Watson arose, and Mrs.

Twist took *her* chair, Miss Twist at the same time seating herself without farther ceremony; my father got up to set another chair for Miss Watson, but Mrs. Twist very considerably interfered, and by a certain look and motion with her head, directed the poor humble Governess to retire.

We did not stay long, as they had their breakfast to take: Mrs. Twist said she meant to drive to the Hall to enquire after my mother, which we did not prevent: but after having received a thousand compliments about the extreme delight they had received at the ball, both from mother and daughter, took our leave.

As we rode away from the Castle, my father said all of a sudden, "Poor Miss Watson?" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, "Why poor Miss Watson?" we rode on;—not

a word 'till we got near a quarter of a mile further : when my father could contain no longer.—“ Did you see, Bob,” says he, “ how Mrs. Twist sent Miss Watson out of the room ?—Surely it is wrong to degrade a Governess in that manner, in the eyes of her pupil ! the *tutor* of any *young man of fortune or family* may become Archbishop of Canterbury, and, why are the teachers of the other sex to be kept down below par, as they generally are ? What can be meant by it ? Is not the mere having a Governess for their daughters, a tacit confession, that the mothers themselves are not able to teach them ; and if so, is it not an even chance at least, that the Governess is far the most wise and deserving of the party ? as for the *want of time*, which is the excuse too generally made, time itself was intended only for *such* ends, and therefore so far from this being a fair excuse, it is the

very excuse a mother ought not dare to make."

"But," continues he, "if *hirelings* of that description *must* be employed, it should at least not be forgotten, what *sort of hirelings* they are;—they are, in fact, hired *Mothers*;—*Mothers' substitutes, deputies, representatives*, and I fear too often better mothers than the principals: I don't like such an appendage to a family in general, for where they are bad, they are the very worst of evils; but if *we must have them*, let us do them every justice they may deserve. Such are the changes and chances and revolutions of life, that it is often probable that a Governess may become dependent on a person naturally and originally far below her in the order of society, not to mention again the probability of far greater mental and intellectual

endowments; how grating must it be to such a person to be not only treated as dependent by such mothers, but as inferior to them:—I confess, I wish the *worthy* among *these substitutes* had but their fair chance of becoming Archbishops, and then they might have their revenge.”

My poor father, when any thing touched his feelings, spoke out freely;—he forgot all his former hints and innuendoes upon such occasions; I saw plainly that in his heart he could not bear the *Twists*, in regard to some traits of their character.

When we got home, we found that many persons had been there to enquire after my mother;—*every one*, without exception, telling her, it was the *pleasanteſt evening* they ever spent.

I am now coming to a remarkable period in my life, though I shall skip over most of the particulars. My father had long thought of sending me to a Scotch University:—he much approved of Edinburgh particularly, and he thought as I was one day or other to be a Scotch Peer, it might be conducive to my interests to send me thither:—of course, this greatly interrupted all the proceedings at Nicotium Castle and the Vicarage, and a long suspense ensued both of my *hatred* and my *love*.

The day being fixed, I took leave of several of my neighbours, as I thought it became me, the *Vicarage* being the first and the last place I went to for this purpose; for indeed I could not help twice taking leave of that amiable and worthy family, and I saw so much reason to be satisfied, that my approaching absence

was really a matter of regret to them all, that I can scarcely say, when I quitted them, whether my heart was most heavy or most light, it seemed weighed down with grief because I was going from them, yet elevated to a pitch of extreme joy by the manner in which my departure seemed to be felt: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, as I quitted the door for the last time,—

“ The benediction of these cō’ring heav’ns

“ Fall on their heads like dew, for they are
“ worthy

“ To in-lay Heaven with Stars !”

Every thing having been duly prepared for my journey, the day at last came for my leaving Grumblethorpe for a longer period than had ever been the case before. My mother and my sister were very much depressed upon the occasion, though they did all they could to conceal

it, and as every thing that they felt, my father felt also, it was a dismal morning altogether. There was much real and genuine grief indeed felt by us all, so that there was no room for the affectation of it.

At Stamford, I was to be joined by my old tutor, who had been absent from Grumblethorpe for above a year and a half:—he was to accompany me into Scotland:—a trusty servant attended upon me, who was to wait upon us both during our sojournment at Edinburgh:—I need not describe the last parting; those who have any feeling will know the precise circumstances of it; those that have none would not believe me if I described it ever so faithfully.—The carriage at last drove from the gate, and I bestowed a secret valediction and blessing, as I passed, on every tree and every path, and every gate and paling;

the sheep, and the geese, and the turkeys ; and for the moment, could fairly have envied them all *their dull privilege* of staying where they were.

I need not carry the reader along with me from stage to stage, during my long journey ; suffice it to say, that at Stamford I met my worthy tutor, Mr. Hargrave, and whom it was a great satisfaction to me to join :—he proposed going westward into Scotland, and taking the Lakes in our way, which would also give me an opportunity of seeing Glasgow, and other parts of Scotland, with ease, before I took up my abode at Edinburgh :—from Stamford, therefore, we proceeded through Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, entering Yorkshire at Sheffield ; Mr. Hargrave was extremely careful to carry me to all the manufactories that we passed upon our road, and I confess I was highly amused ;—he took

care that I should not observe these things in a careless cursory manner; he explained to me, before I saw any of them, the immense advantages to be gained by the division of labour, which made me take the greater interest in examining the gradual progress of the several productions of art which came in our way, from the first rude material to the utmost state of perfection in which it was sent out of the hands of the manufacturer; he made me acquainted with the natural properties and qualities of the rude materials themselves, whether mineral or vegetable; he made me notice what manufactures were entirely dependent on the products of our own country, and what required the further aid and assistance of foreign and imported commodities:—by these means, I insensibly gained a knowledge of more than can easily be supposed, by any person who has not had the advantage of such a com-

panion in their travels;—I became *interested*, before I was aware of the ends he had in view, in the study of *Mineralogy, Chemistry, Botany*;—in things relating to the *Trade, Manufactures, and Commerce* of the state;—nay, of the whole world.

Mr. Hargrave had a happy talent of placing every object that drew my attention, in various and distinct points of view, so that I might learn from it all that could possibly be said upon the subject. The china at Derby, and the cutlery goods at Sheffield, led him equally to expatiate upon all the several branches of knowledge I have enumerated;—he would not only explain what different species of *earths* had been used in the several manufactures of china ware, but he would give me a general idea of the classification of minerals;—shew me what rank the earths held among them,

how many different sorts had been discovered;—what were their distinct natural properties;—what the general effects of their mixture and combination;—he would not only make me observe how they coloured the pieces, but he would explain how those colours were prepared;—what were derived from the mineral, and what from the vegetable kingdom;—what were prepared at home, what foreign materials entered into their composition.

Not content with this, he would often give me the exact natural history of distinct materials; explain to me from what countries they came, how they were procured, what connections we had with those countries, how the trade between us was conducted and carried on;—he would sometimes enter into the particulars of the geographical and poli-

tical circumstances of those countries;—how situated;—under what climate;—how governed;—and from hence perhaps take occasion to converse upon the different forms of governments that were known to subsist;—he would tell me, what other manufactures of the same kind existed in other parts, foreign and domestic;—the comparative estimation in which they were severally held;—which were still in repute;—which had fallen into decay;—he would remark upon the prices of labour, as regulated by the price of provisions, scarcity or abundance of hands;—capital necessary for carrying on such works;—wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of different manufactures; nature of the complaints produced by them:—in short, it was perfectly incredible to what an extent he would carry his observations in order con-

stantly to keep my mind awake to that marvellous concatenation of circumstances by which all the several branches of knowledge might be said to bear upon one point;—a Derby tea-cup was at any time sufficient to lead us far into *Mineralogy*, *Botany*, *Chemistry*, *Natural History*, *History*, *Trade*, *Commerce*, *Economicks*, *Politics*, *Geography*, *Navigation*, and I know not what besides;—and though this may appear to some rather a desultory mode of instruction, I am confident it had the effect of more thoroughly expanding my mind, and enabling it to comprehend at one view, a multiplicity of objects, not confusedly, but by a regular concatenation of particulars, and general association of ideas.

From Sheffield, we proceeded by Barnsley, Wakefield, Leeds, Ripon, into

Westmorland. In most of these towns, the *clothing business* excited our attention, and engaged us in very different studies from those suggested to us by the *China* and *Hardware* manufactories, but still with equal advantage:—all nature animate and inanimate seemed to be brought before me;—I could not put my foot to the ground any longer with the indifference I used to do: every clod of earth, and every weed I trod upon, appeared to have some history belonging to it; it seemed scarcely credible that I could heretofore have passed so carelessly over objects so replete with wonder, so curious, so useful, and of such infinite and inexhaustible varieties.

From Ripon, we visited Studley, Hackfall, and Fountain's Abbey. These were objects of a totally different nature, and yet Mr. Hargrave found means to

expatiate upon them as largely as he had treated of the manufactories. From our visit to Fountain's Abbey, I imbibed a taste for the study of Antiquities;—he made me acquainted with the different styles of Architecture that had severally prevailed in various parts of the world;—described to me particularly, the different properties and supposed beauties of the *Gothic*, and gave me a circumstantial account of it's history;—he entered deeply also into the particulars of the Monastic institutions to which we owe so many of our finest ruins, and from thence would take occasion to compare the manners of former times with our own, observing as he went along, upon the superior advantages we enjoyed from the vast acquisition of knowledge since the reformation of Religion, the discovery of the art of Printing, the encouragement given to learning, and the great accumulation of valuable dis-

coveries by means of experimental philosophy.

Thus did we pass our time till we arrived at the Lakes, where my mind at first seemed to be fully absorbed in the beauties of the scenery. Nothing could exceed my delight and surprise upon my first arrival at that most interesting part of the kingdom. Not content with skirting the different lakes, or visiting select points, I ascended all the mountains, visited every precipice, viewed every cataract from above and below, explored every valley, landed upon every island;—I saw every lake under every circumstance that was possible, by day and by night, at sun-set and at sun-rise, at dawn and at twilight, in the serenity of calms and the turbulence of storms;—I was so struck and fascinated with the delicious scenery, so different from the southern parts of England,

that I could scarcely be brought to sleep a whole night in my bed ;—often would I get up by moon-light, and repair to the edge of the lake, to observe the peculiar tints occasioned by the radiance of that luminary, or if the wind blew strong, or the thunder roared aloud, nothing could keep me in my bed ; for, notwithstanding the insinuations of Mrs. Fidget, I am apt to hope, that the poor Clodpole “was no vulgar boy.” His picture, I think, is well enough drawn in the following lines :—

“In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene:
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight,
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shene,
E'en sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to con-
trol.”

For it must not be supposed that I thought of nobody but myself in these romantic indulgences:—continually did my thoughts hurry me back to the happy mansion of my beloved father:—often did I wish my poor mother and sister could know how much amusement I had found on my journey;—often did a tender recollection of Emily Mandeville steal across me, and give a check to the transports of my soul;—often have I thought as I gazed upon the moon, that she must be, probably, shining in like manner, on those so dear to me at a distance, and that perhaps even the eyes of some of them might be fixed on her at that very moment. As often as these ideas came across me, my old complaint returned;—my heart beat quicker, my breast heaved, till a sigh or a tear, or a succession of both, came to my relief.

Mr. Hargrave seeing the delight I took in the peculiar nature of the scenery of these parts, indulged me with a longer stay there than he had at first intended;—he was himself, indeed, little less interested than I was, and would frequently visit the lakes at untimely hours. In one of our night excursions, we passed many hours in a boat near one of the islands (I think they call it the *Hermit's* island) in *Keswick Lake*;—the night was calm and serene;—the moon shone beautifully,—reflected from the surface of the lake in a long glittering stream of light,—gently agitated through its entire length by the undulations of a most refreshing and delightful breeze:—the fall of *Loudore* was to be heard at a distance, dashing down its rugged channel. At the extremity of the boat we had placed a small cannon, which in the very depth of night we ordered to be

discharged, that we might enjoy in full perfection, the reverberation of the sound from the surrounding rocks and mountains. The effect was exceedingly striking and grand, varied probably by the different features of the several objects, from which the sound was returned upon our ears:—first, perhaps, in an abrupt and sudden crash:—then in a long and distant murmur:—then in a loud roar, as it were nearer to us;—as it was successively re-echoed from the different mountains, we could regularly count seven distinct *thunder*-strokes, as produced by each discharge:—the deep shadow cast by Skiddaw over a part of the scenery to the north-east, added much to the beauty of the landskip.

The time at length came, however, for our quitting this delicious spot, much to my regret and concern. The reader

will easily guess how much mental soliloquy, I had occasion to indulge, as I passed over these charming scenes. How often I must have *thought-to-myself*, that in this island, or this valley, or on this side, or at the foot of this or that mountain, or at the point of this or that promontory, hid for ever from the world by the deep shade of plain-tains or of sycamores, I could delight to pass the rest of my life, with the innocent unassuming Emily:—the reader will easily guess how many romantic spots I fixed upon for this purpose;—how frequently I exulted in the thought of boldly preferring such a retirement, (if any obstacles to our union should occur,) to all the glare and glitter and false pride of Nicotium Castle;—but it was time for us to go. I believe Mr. Hargrave himself began to suspect that if I staid much longer, I should inevit-

ably become either a fool or a poet;—so at last he rather hurried me away.

We took our leaves of the lakes at Ullswater, proceeding by Penrith to Carlisle, and from thence by the celebrated *Gret-na Green*, to *Glasgow*:—we stopped of course to visit the falls of the Clyde in our way, and were highly delighted with them;—many people, we were told, were curious to see the officiating minister of the *Gretna Chapel*, but we passed on without this gratification.—I questioned Mr. Hargrave about him, but he cut me short, by saying, “We are *all* upon a par, in regard to *that* ceremony;—probably in the course of the year, he does just as much good as harm, and just as much harm as good; which, for what I know, is the case with us all;—licit or illicit, equal or unequal, public or private, given or stolen,

find me the *minister* that can make *all* couples happy, and I will go far out of my way to see him." *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—my tutor is *probably* right.

In our way through *Moffat*, we were much entertained by the arrival of a large drove of cattle, late in the evening, attended by many drovers with their bagpipes. This unexpected influx of national music, seemed to raise the spirits of the inhabitants:—many parties assembled to dance to the sound of these strange but favourite instruments, and more than half of the night was expended before the sound of them ceased to disturb our rest:—though disturbed, however, the novelty and nationality of it, inclined us freely to forgive them. In consequence of some letters Mr. Hargrave received at *Moffat*, and owing to our long stay at the Lakes, we were obliged to hurry through Glasgow, and

make the best of our way to Edinburgh, where we arrived safely after rather a long but pleasant journey.

It is particularly my design to pass over almost every thing that occurred during our residence here, as not necessary to the history I have undertaken. We received great civilities from many eminent persons and distinguished families, in and out of Edinburgh, my letters of introduction being many, and my connections well known. We travelled further into Scotland as opportunity occurred, and the vacations admitted. We visited Aberdeen, and some of the northern lakes:—the Highlands also, some of the Western Isles, and particularly Staffa, with which I was delighted, as so extraordinary and grand a specimen of that singular natural production, the Basaltic pillar.—None of these things do I attempt to describe here;—

it is necessary just to touch upon them, because, *Thinks-I-to-myself*; how shall I otherwise get the reader to consent to skip over two years of my life?—

In the correspondence that passed between my family and myself, during my residence at Edinburgh;—I heard not much of the neighbourhood of Grumblethorpe. The first letter I had from my sister announced the death of Mrs. Creepmouse, with all the particulars of her last paralytic seizure, where she was to be buried, &c. *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—vastly interesting indeed! I looked in vain for any thing about the *Mandevilles*, except as far as they were included in the following comprehensive clause,—“All the Neighbours are very anxious in their enquiries after you.”—I was wicked enough to fancy an *erratum* ought to have been added, namely,

for "*are*," read "*appear*;" for that Mrs. Fidget for instance, or the Miss Fidgets had really made any very anxious enquiries after *me*, (the *idiot*, the *Clodpole*, the *half-starved chimney-sweeper*,) was, I confess, a matter of much doubt. — *Thinks-I-to-myself*, my dear sister knows little of the world, or she would have written *appear* at once. I learnt that Miss Twist frequently called there in her rides, and had paid two long visits, since I came away. "I believe," says my sister, in her letter, "You are rather a favourite, for she is continually singing, '*When Delia on the plain appears*,' since I told her it was an air of which you were particularly fond." The second letter I had, *did*, however, mention the *Mandevilles*:—"You will be sorry to hear," says my mother, "that your old acquaintance, Emily Mandeville, has been long ill;—her

complaint is thought to be *nervous*; poor Mrs. Mandeville is in much care about her :—the rest are all pretty well."

Now in what manner I shall be expected by the reader to have borne this shock, I am not able to say ; for I shall (no doubt,) have a vast number of different sorts of readers :—some *very sensible souls*, perhaps, will think I swooned away immediately ;—some, that I fell back lifeless, with my eyes fixed, and my mouth wide open ;—some, that I fell a sighing ; and some, that I fell a crying ;—some, that I turned sick ;—some, that I opened the window, and was going to precipitate myself from it immediately, but was prevented ?—[N. B. One of the *back* windows in the *old town* of *Edinburgh*, fifteen stories high.]—some, perhaps, will fancy I ordered a chaise directly, or a horse, or took a place in the mail coach ; they

would be all mistaken; for I only know that *I put the letter in my pocket*, and, as breakfast was waiting for me, I went directly to Mr. Hargrave:—he said “You have a letter from Grumblethorpe, how do they all do?”—“Quite well,” says I, “and desire to be remembered to you.”—As Mr. H. had the newspaper to read, I had no occasion to talk, but I saw him every now and then look very hard at me, and I concluded I had, in a fit of absence, done something strange; I determined therefore to be more attentive, but no attention would do, for all of a sudden, poor Mr. Hargrave jumped up, two yards I believe, from the ground.—“Zounds!” says he, “Mr. Dermont, What is *all this*?” Poor man, he had great reason to complain, for in filling the tea-pot, I had totally forgotten to turn back the cock of the urn, and there being an unfortunate breach on the side

of the parapet of the tea-board, the overflowings of the hot water found vent there, descending regularly, but very rapidly, in a grand parabola, directly upon his breeches below; luckily the scalding quality of the water was somewhat abated, as the breakfast was nearly over, but it was quite hot enough fully to justify the extraordinary altitude of the jump he took from his seat, as well as the horrible word that issued from his reverend mouth: had it been a little hotter, or had it happened a little sooner, it would have killed him.—As it was, the sop he was in, and the fright he had suffered, justly deserved to be classed among the *miseries* of the tea-table.

Now if any body should be at all disposed to fancy that this accident was connected with the passage in my mother's letter, they are welcome to think

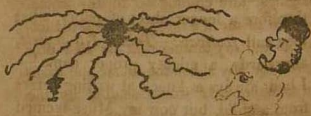
so :—I found afterwards from Mr. Hargrave, that he had judged me to be going mad before, for that I had twice, as near as could be, when my cup was empty, made *his* cup my slop-bason, and successively bit one great mouthful out of six pieces of toast, without once eating the remainder, which of course, lay littered about the table.

Before I had quite recollected myself, I retired again to my chamber, telling Mr. Hargrave, I must answer my letter by return of the Post ;—he said if that was the case, he should walk to Leith, so that I got all the morning to myself :—I took my pen and immediately began,—“ *My dear Mother ;*” after looking at these three parts of speech, for a quarter of an hour, I took another sheet, and began,—“ *My dear Sister,*” and then I looked at these three words as I had done at the other, for a second

quarter of an hour:—at last I took a third sheet, and began,—“ *My dear Father:*”—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, if I tell *him* all about it, perhaps I shall get leave to write to Emily herself:—but I kept looking at these three words longer than ever, without being able to stir a step further:—then I thought, what if I boldly write to the dear girl herself at once, in verse! tender verse?—Who knows but it may recover her, *if she pines for my absence*, which I could not help fancying, or forbear hoping, was the exact cause of her malady:—I took therefore a longer sheet of paper, what they call *foolscap*:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, afterwards, a mighty proper name!—I had always a knack at writing verses from a child, but now my Muse seemed to be most desperately unkind:—I walked up and down the room, I verily think, for two hours together, at the very least, and as the reader perhaps

might wish to see a specimen of the fruits of my prolific brain at the end of these two hours, he or she shall have a correct copy of the whole.—

Emily
~~Richard~~ ~~Dear one~~ ~~Idol of my heart~~
~~Lonely~~ ~~Angel's~~ ~~Aspect of my soul~~
~~Side of my heart~~ ~~Angel's~~ ~~face~~ ~~and say~~
~~what~~ ~~loads~~ ~~of~~ ~~anguish~~ ~~beating~~
~~heart~~ ~~of~~ ~~torment~~ ~~swell~~ ~~my~~ ~~throbbing~~
~~come~~ ~~heavenly~~ ~~Mind~~ ~~!—~~ ~~heart!~~
~~Thy~~ ~~dear~~ ~~God's~~ ~~faithful~~ ~~glorious~~ ~~glorious~~



This is a faithful draft of the fond effusion of my overflowing heart, in which my readers may (if they study it close) discern, that in the whole two hours, I

had not accomplished any thing like a beginning. I had invented, by much straining, about ten different apostrophes to stand at the head of my epistle, but not one would do;—the blots at the bottom, drawn out into some resemblance of a spider and an old man's head, shew the workings of my fancy, while my Muse was in labour.

Luckily for me, before I had quite and entirely lost my wits, Mr. H., driven back by bad weather, returned to the lodgings, and coming up to my room, begged of me if I had not sealed my letter, to tell my mother that he had procured for my sister the music she wished to have, and would send it by the first opportunity:—this gave my mind relief directly; I sat down, began another letter, as before,—“My dear mother,” and scribbled on without once stopping till I got to the end of the

paper:—all the obstacles were overcome the moment Mr. H. gave me something for a beginning, and I very fairly inserted in my letter the following clause, in plain, sensible, unsophisticated language:—“I am extremely sorry to hear Miss Mandeville is so unwell; pray, when you write next, mention how she is.”—I was quite astonished to see with what ease I wrote it, and by how much the best way it appeared, of expressing my anxiety.—It seemed quite to revive my heart, and I joined Mr. Hargrave, after finishing my letter, with my spirits quite exhilarated. I kept the dawbed sheet of foolscap, thinking if ever I saw poor Emily again, I would certainly give it her, as a proof of the folly and madness of my passion for her.

It was nearly three weeks from this time before I heard again from Grumblethorpe.—At length came a long letter

from my mother, which I opened wide, and turned and twisted about, but without seeing the name I wanted.—I read it:—it contained thanks to Mr. H.;—a long account of a concert at the Twists, at which *my* company was much desired;—many directions to take care of myself, and to remember that the North was bleaker than the South. My hopes seemed to be at an end;—I felt like a person listening to the reading of a will, by which he had expected to have inherited a large fortune, but without hearing so much as his name mentioned:—at length, just as I was going to put it in my pocket, I spied something written on each side of the vacancy that had been left for the seal.—It was just as though my fortune was at last made, by the discovery and operation of a twentieth codicil;—for lo! and behold, there it was, written in small characters indeed, but delightfully legible:—“I had

almost forgotten to tell you, that your old playfellow, Emily Mandeville, is thought to be better.—I read to her the part of your letter in which you enquired after her, and she desired me to say you were very good to think of her at so great a distance.” *Thinks-I-to-myself*, distance indeed! I kissed the letter over and over again;—put it in my pocket and took it out again;—opened it, read it, put it up again;—opened it again and read it;—opened my waistcoat, and laid it upon my heart while it was bumping,—and at night, I slept with it under my pillow. Now every thing had become easy to me. I had only to pray that she might *not* get well:—as long as she continued ill, I found I could ask after her, express my concern for her, get my letters read to her, and even receive messages from her in return. I was now as happy as a lark, and had I had wings, could have

soared as high in the sun-shine, whistling and singing all the way up to Heaven, my thoughts were so full of my old play-fellow, (as my mother called her,) that it was a great mercy I did not do Mr. Hargrave some serious mischief;—either by scalding him to death at breakfast, cutting off his head with the carving knife at dinner, or burning him in his bed at night, by sitting up to read my mother's postscript over and over again.

Luckily he did all he could to cool my passion;—for though it was in the depth of winter, he chose the very next day to set off upon an excursion to Aberdeen:—on one day of our journey we were overtaken by a dismal fall of snow:—as Mr. H. was not very well, he stopped at a house we came to, just as it began, while I went forward to the Inn; he told me he would follow me when it ceased,

but that if it continued, he would join me the next day.

I rode on, and at length was compelled to stop at a most dreary inn, (if inn it could be called,) just on the skirts of a wide heath, which I did not dare to pass, as the road was totally obliterated. I therefore dismounted, and being blessed with money enough to command all the accommodations the house could supply, I got a roaring fire, and plenty of eggs and bacon, &c. for my early dinner;—but I confess, when I saw the snow continue to fall, and reflected that I was separated from my companion, and had nothing to amuse me and engage my attention, but the dismal expanse of heath before my window, my spirits began to flag;—I begged a book to read, but what was rather surprising in Scotland, they had but one in the house, and that had been left there by a traveller;—I

greedily caught at it when it arrived, but alas! it was but of small comfort:—I wonder what the reader would guess it to be:—perhaps a volume of *Shakespeare*, or *Ossian*;—perhaps *Cherub-
Chace*, or the *Battle of Flodden Field*, or *Marmion*! No, none of these, I can assure him:—perhaps the *Spectator* or *Guardian*, or the *History of Mary, Queen of Scots*;—no, none of these, but a plain and unadorned edition of the *London Directory*!! in which the exits and entrances of all the coaches and waggons, out of and into the metropolis, in the course and compass of every week, with every inn they put up at and depart from, were most charmingly registered, and all the information communicated that could be given upon topics so *highly interesting*!

My despair was now complete.—
Thinks-I-to-myself, I shall certainly die

of the vapours. I sat at the window till my heart quite ached. I had not long before been reading *Burn's Winter Night*, nor was it possible to forget *Thomson's* beautiful but dismal description of the poor lost cottager. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, as I cast my eyes over the heath, *just what follows*, which you may call a poem if you please. If it had *fourteen* lines it might perhaps pass for a *Sonnet* :—how it came into any shape but that of a soliloquy, I should be puzzled to tell you.

THE SNOW STORM.

I.

STAY thy forebodings, busy busy Mind!

Why need'st *thou* feel the bitter blasts that
blow?

Why need'st *thou* shudder at the Winter's wind,
The petrifying frost, and driving snow?

Do not for *thee* reviving embers glow?

Is not for *thee* the ready table spread?

Does not for *thee* the horn of plenty flow?

Thou art no beggar of thy daily bread!

II.

Yet thou sitt'st trembling o'er thy brooding
thought,

As if thou wert unshelter'd and forlorn;

Shudd'ring at scenes of woe, all fancy-wrought;

Some shiv'ring soul to luckless fortune born,

From weeping wife, and famished children
torn,

'Wildered and lost in trackless depths of
snow!

At such self-painted prospects must thou
mourn?

Must the sigh heave, and tear of sorrow
flow?

III.

It is perhaps full human so to do,

For, what were life if pity took her flight?

It is full well to feel for other's woe,

Yet let thy *faith* persuade thee "all is right!"

The wretch that sinks may rise from his dark
night,

To brighter scenes of bliss that shall not
cease ;

Meet his fond friends in realms of endless light,

Perpetual sunshine, and perpetual peace!

I think they are tolerably pretty and
pathetic for a *Clod-pole* ;—but of this
you may be well assured, gentle reader,

that you will not find one fault in them, of which I am not myself aware, only I leave them to your *civility* and *feeling*, rather than stop to mend them, as they were written so long ago.

The next day Mr. Hargrave joined me;—if I were to tell you what happened to him at the place he put up at, it would make both your ears to tingle, and you would certainly split your sides with laughing;—but you see I have got to go to Aberdeen to night, if possible, and so cannot stop to tell it you; none of you can expect that I should, who knows how precious a thing time is:—we made the best of our way to Aberdeen, after we had got together again, though at no small risk of being lost from the drifting of the snow.

Mr. Hargrave was well known to one of the professors at Aberdeen, who re-

ceived us most civilly. We staid there but a very short time. While we were there, Mr. H. intimated, that the journey was undertaken solely on my father's account and mine, though he would not explain himself farther, I learnt the whole history of it afterwards:—nothing very particular occurred at Aberdeen, (the account of the place itself may be found elsewhere,) nor upon our return to Edinburgh. When I got back to the latter place, I found another letter from Grumblethorpe, written very soon after the former:—all it said of Miss Mandeville, was, “they are all well at the Vicarage;—Emily gets better daily.”

I know not whether the reader will have taken any pains to calculate, how long I have been at Edinburgh. I have looked a little over the foregoing pages to see if I could make out, but, I must

confess, it seems to me to be rather a mystery :—I wish it to be so, and that s the truth ; because as I know I shall be made responsible for all these things, if my book falls into the hands of any of those catchpoles the Reviewers, I wish to do things decently at least, and not fall into any violent anachronism or breach of consistency.

I want to have been at Edinburgh two years, and to be supposed to have studied hard, and to have become a proficient in *Mathematics, Jurisprudence, Chemistry, Anatomy, Nosology, Botany*, &c. and I am not sure that I have taken quite time enough for all this :—it seems somewhat strange to me, but it looks, I must confess, as if I had not received above *three* or *four* letters from home, during the whole *two* years, which would be preposterous ;—however, upon examining the bundle I

have got, I find that this is a mere deception. In fact, I received many from my sister and father that I have not mentioned. I have merely noticed *those* that had any thing in them concerning my *dear, dear, dear, dear, dea, de, d r r r r r r Emily ! ! ! !*

The time came in short, (for time will come, whether we will or no,) for our return into the south of Britain. Mr. Hargrave began to call in his accounts, and I saw plainly that we were beginning to depart:—we had large packages to send away of fossils and other natural curiosities, for the whole of Scotland abounds in such things, and we had meddled with them pretty much.—They were not mere baubles, or cabinet specimens, that we sent home;—we had collected abundance of things illustrative of different *theories* of the earth. We were neither of us disposed to become

Huttonians, and that is all I wish to say upon *that* subject at present.

On the eighteenth of March, one thousand seven hundred and BLANK, (for I don't wish to let you too deeply into the secret,) we took our leave of Edinburgh. Journeying home eastward, as we had entered it westerly:—we stopped at Dunbar to see the Basaltic Columns there, which are certainly extremely curious. We passed one day at “our town of Berwick on Tweed,” as the Briefs say. We visited the Holy Island also, (but heard no tolling of the midnight bell,) and proceeded on to Newcastle, after visiting Alnwick Castle, the seat of his Grace of Northumberland:—the figures upon the top of the Castle, in the act, as it were, of sustaining a siege, amused me much;—perhaps they are all removed or decayed before this.

At Newcastle we visted the collieries, and descended in their mine-buckets, (or *baskets* rather.) We stopped a whole day at Durham:—I believe Mr. Hargrave wished to examine into the circumstances of that great prize in the Ecclesiastical Lottery;—not with any expectation of it, for though no man could be more worthy of it, yet undoubtedly no man could be less covetous or ambitious, but by way of seeing what he might have attained to in his profession, had he been *less* worthy or more *covetous*, or more *ambitious*:—*Nota bene*, however, that just as I am writing this, that See happens to be in the hands of a most munificent Prelate, and I wish it may never be in *worse* hands;—for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*,

“ He that does good with his money and pelf,
 “ Is a help to his neighbour as well as himself.”

From *Durham*, we went regularly on

upon the great London road. Mr. Hargrave had promised to see me safe home, otherwise we should have parted in Lincolnshire, where we first met.

As I got nearer and nearer to Grumblethorpe, I will leave any one to guess how my heart felt. It did not *bump* for Emily Mandeville only, it *bumped* for my excellent father, my dear and invaluable mother, and for my sister, whom I loved like myself. Mr. Hargrave himself felt delighted at the thoughts of seeing Grumblethorpe again, for nothing I believe could possibly exceed his regard, respect, and veneration for my father and mother.

The driver, whom we took from the last stage, had never been at Grumblethorpe Hall before, so that instead of going strait as he should have done, to

the end of the avenue, he managed to make for an entrance of the park, which inevitably carried us past the *Vicarage*, by a road seldom travelled. The novelty of a carriage coming that way, naturally drew all the family to the window, and I had the pleasure of beholding the whole groupe, as I supposed, for I could not quite *distinguish* them:—I would have given the world to have got out, but I felt it to be little less than sacrilege, to deprive my good *father* and *mother* and *sister* of the *first greetings*:—I therefore contented myself with only kissing my hand over and over again to them, and passed on.—We at length drove up to the very steps of the Hall;—immediately the doors flew open, and there stood my father, mother, sister, and many *old servants* ready to receive us. I ran into their arms, and was for some time quite overcome with the

affectionate and sincere caresses I received.

Mr. Hargrave demanded much of their attention, and helped of course to disembarass matters ;—in short, we were at last safely landed at the Hall again ;—the trees I had wished good-bye to, stood where they did ;—the posts and the palings also ;—but probably all the geese and turkies that I had envied so much, as I parted from them two years before, had been killed and eaten, so that upon the whole, I was by far the best off after all :—all envy probably is of the same nature, and equally ill-founded.

We had, of course, a long list of enquiries to answer, nor had I a few to make. I found that the neighbourhood in general remained as it was, only that Mrs. Creepmouse was dead, as I have

mentioned, and Miss Fidget had gone off with the footman;—the lovely, fine, puny, sickly, troublesome boy was gone to school, and Miss Charleville, with whom I *partly* fell in love, as I have described, was married to the Earl of Fitz-Arlington.

The next morning, many messages of enquiry were sent, to know how Mr. Robert Dermont did, &c. and the next morning to that, I had the honour of receiving many visits; for now I was no longer regarded as a boy. I was the heir apparent to the Hall, come to years of tolerable discretion:—perhaps the reader will wonder whether I have been to the Vicarage yet;—actually not! I was close to it, and I felt *that* to be almost enough;—sooner than precipitate matters, I chose to stay away. I even visited Nicotium Castle first;—if any body takes this for *indifference*, they are

fools.—I say it without scruple.—They know nothing of the strange *inconsistencies* and *mysteries* of *love*. They were all extremely glad to see me at Nicotium Castle, but to say they were highly delighted might exceed the truth :—Miss Twist bestowed upon me nothing warmer than a few bob curtsies, and Mrs. Twist was more formal than familiar :—nevertheless I saw plainly, with only half an eye, as the saying is, that Nicotium Castle was mine if I chose to ask for it.

After visiting Nicotium Castle, my father himself proposed going to the Vicarage :—he little thought what was the state of my poor heart.—We rode there, therefore, and found them all at home, except Mr. Mandeville :—Emily, I thought looked shockingly, but she seemed heartily glad to see me, only ashamed to shew it ;—we behaved to

each other as shyly as possible:—we just shook hands, and that was all.—I said I was glad to see her better; Mrs. Mandeville observed, 'that she had been very ill indeed, and had I spoken my mind honestly, I ought to have said that I was very glad of it, for so I really was on many accounts;—had she continued in rude health and high spirits all the while I had been absent, my love probably might have abated, but as it was, I felt more than ever attached to her, because *she had been ill*, and because *she looked ill*.—What a monstrous strange complaint love is!

Miss *Twist* had been as well as possible all the while; I don't think she had even a cold or a cough, nor had her spirits once changed; she had talked about me, I believe, and sung *Delia*, and thought often probably about my *Coronet*, but had any news arrived of the

Coronet's having flown away, I very much question whether Delia would ever have been sung again;—however, I must not be too severe, for I verily believe, had Nicotium Casle flown away, or Miss Grizilda been disinherited, my good father would have thought nothing about her;—she was certainly not altogether a favourite.

Mr. Hargrave surprised me very much one morning, by letting me into a secret of which I had before no suspicion at all, namely, that in my absence, my sister Caroline had had an offer from Capt. Charleville, and that it was likely to become a match. I was heartily rejoiced at this news, because the family was truly amiable, and I was very certain that my sister was not likely to have fallen in love merely with his Peerage and Coronet, which I too

justly suspected to be the case with Miss Twist.

My father and Mr. Hargrave, of course, passed much of their time together, and I suppose *my* future fortunes and destinies occupied much, if not most, of their attention. I managed as I could to visit the Vicarage, which was seldom; nor (had I had ever so good an opportunity) did I feel sufficiently at liberty to avow my attachment openly. I certainly often looked and sighed and sighed and looked, in a way that must have excited great suspicions, and I am doubtful whether I was always sufficiently careful to avoid pressing her hand, and saying what some people call "*soft things*" to her.

In the mean time, the communications with Nicotium Castle were fre-

quent;—they were continually coming to us, and we going to them;—in all our evening amusements, Miss Twist and myself seemed by some fatal circumstance or other to be brought together;—if we played at cards, we were always placed next to each other;—if we danced, she was to be my partner;—if there was music she sung *Delia*, and He that “*would approach but dare not move*,” was sure to be *me*;—if we played at forfeits, we were doomed to go behind the curtain together,—and if we played at *consequences*, we were sure to meet in a wood, and the end was *kissing*.—All these things produced remarks, and insinuations, and suspicions, and reports, and expectations, so that I doubt not, many thought the ring was bought, and a special license sent for, and Nicotium Castle thoroughly settled upon me and my heirs, whereas never had *my* consent been in any manner whatso-

ever thought of:—they were all reckoning without their host.

But *one day*, contrary to all my expectations, I was put into a considerable fright; for who should attack me, but my dear friend, Mr. Hargrave. As we were walking together one day, towards the memorable *Twist stile*, he began upon the subject:—says he, “How happy am I to think that your sister is likely to marry so well:—what a comfort will it be to your worthy father and mother to see her not only so well settled, but united to so near and so respectable a neighbour:—the marriage of a daughter is a matter of extreme anxiety, what then must be the marriage and settlement of an only son, heir to the whole paternal inheritance? Upon *your* choice, in this particular, my dear young friend, must depend far more than your *own* happiness,—the honour

and happiness of those now alive, and by reflection, the honour at least of that long list of progenitors, from whom you are likely to inherit title and dignity :— in *your* choice, one thing seems chiefly to be considered ;—to degrade yourself by a connection in every way below you, would be base indeed ;—to be *particular* about *family*, seems unnecessary ;—your own being already sufficiently conspicuous, *fortune* then is the thing that seems most to be attended to ; riches tend to break down many distinctions, and why should the great be backward to assist in *ennobling* those who may be willing to *enrich* them ?"— I surely thought the whole business was coming out, and at this moment I dare say, the reader expects the same,—but no such thing ;—he soon after ended his discourse, by saying, " Therefore, my good friend, when you begin to look out for a wife, think of these things."

“ My dear Sir,” says I, taking up the conversation, “ suffer me to make one remark:—if every man was to be supposed to be equally at liberty, deliberately to *look out*, as you call it, for that *accommodation* called a *wife*, I might promise to obey your injunctions, but I have heard that some people can pop upon a wife before they are aware of it, without any “ *looking out*” at all:—that some people have been known to marry for *neither* honour nor riches, and to be *unable to do otherwise*, spite of their teeth:—you seem to me, my dear Sir, to have proposed *but two* cases to my consideration;—first, to look out for a wife when necessary, and next, to make such a choice as may help to enrich myself, while I ennoble my elect:—now what am I to do, if I find a wife without looking out for one, and she should happen to be poor,—*is* it quite forbidden me to take a wife that I find

by accident, be she never so good, or *if I feel disposed to it, to ennoble the unendowed?*—I am not talking of persons *in every way below me*, which to marry, as you say, would be base indeed,—but what am I to do, if while I am, “*looking out,*” with all my eyes for a *rich heiress of low degree*, to *raise and ennoble*, the twentieth child of some poor gentleman should come in my way, endowed with every virtue under the sun?”—Mr. Hargrave had no idea that I meant any thing serious, I believe, so that he only laughed at my method of parrying his attack.—We soon after returned to the Hall, where the Twists were engaged to dine with us, in a snug sort of way.

They came a little before five.—I had as usual to sit next to Miss Twist, and to bear as well as I could, many jokes, hints, insinuations, &c. as well as many plain advances on the part of the young

lady, not at all in the way of love and regard, but of affectation and vanity, as though presuming upon the irresistibility of her *three hundred thousand* charms.

Unfortunately, (that is, I mean, for three such terrible noodles as my father, Mr. Hargrave, and myself, who were no *amateurs* of the art of *boxing*,) just as the ladies had retired, my father happened to ask Mr. Twist, what had carried him to London in such extreme haste five days ago? for as we were going to church on the preceding Sunday, he had passed us in his chaise and four, as if he had been on an errand of life and death:—"O," says he, "I went to be present at the famous match between *Bob Gubbins* and *Big Beelzebub*,—I had a bet with Lord ———, of seven to four upon Bob.—It was a tight battle, I assure you:—Bob had the best of it for seventeen rounds at the least, and

would certainly have *bet*, only Big Beelzebub happened to put in such a confounded hit under his left jaw, just as he was returning to the eighteenth rally, that knocked him over and over, and I verily thought that all the *sport* would be at an end, and that he must have died on the spot:—it was noble sparring 'till then;—I never saw Bob fight better:—Big Beelzebub, at one time, bled at every channel,—nose, mouth, eyes, ears, neck, shoulder, back, breast;—it would have done your heart good to have seen it.”

Thinks-I-to-myself, my Father's heart, indeed !

“ The first round,” continued Mr. Twist, “ both sparred with great caution; Bob began with a neat right handed hit, which being smartly returned, they fell to: Bob seemed to give way at

first,, but in a short time, rallied and threw such a devil of a parcel of straight blows into Beelzebub's throat and breast, that his mouth burst out with blood, and down he fell;—so that to my great joy, the first blood and first fall, were both completely in Bob's favour:—Big Beelzebub rose weak and sickish;—Bob threw several blows away by round hitting, but at length overset Big Beelzebub again by one of the sharpest right-hand facers I ever saw:—Big Beelzebub rallied, and put in a tight blow on Bob's mouth, which broke two of his grinders, but he kept his ground, and again threw his opponent, after boring him all round the ring. I am confident Bob would have got the best of it, but for his last unlucky fall:—but I'll tell you what;—you may depend upon it, if he don't die, (which is ten chances to one but he does) and Big Beelzebub ever recovers his sight, (which is at present thought

impossible,) I will make another match between them as soon as I can, and shall have no scruple to take the same bets on Bob; for I never saw a fellow throw in his blows better in my life than my friend Bob did, or do more to cripple his man:—I'll be bound he'll completely do him next time."

Unluckily, the effect this delicate and delicious display of Mr. Twist's eloquence had upon my father, Mr. Hargrave, and myself, was to make us completely silent, not only during the whole of its continuance, but when he had got fairly to the end, so that before we could recover, from the state of disgust (and sickness almost) into which he had thrown us, he abruptly turned aside to a fresh topic little less interesting——

"But, only think," says he, "Mr. Dermont, of poor *Tom Dash!*"—

“What of him?” says my father; “Shot himself!” says Mr. Twist;—“I had not heard a word of it,” says my father;—“*It must be him,*” says Mr. Twist; and pulling a newspaper from his pocket,—“Here,” says he, “is the only public account I have seen of it;”—“*It is with extreme concern,*”——“Aye, well they may say so, indeed; poor Tom! a better whip did not exist; such a stud of horses!!” “*It is with extreme concern we hear, that a Gentleman very celebrated in the sporting world, (aye, celebrated he was indeed, the finest and boldest rider you ever saw, and such a shot!) put an end to his existence yesterday at an inn not very distant from the metropolis:—aye, at Salt-hill, he was a member of the Whip Club; four beautiful roans he used to drive, so steady in harness, he was one of the best whips among them;*”—“but,” says my father, “how do

you know it was him, his name is not mentioned?"—"O, but I have it here in a *private letter* from a *friend*," says Mr. Twist, pulling one from his pocket, of such a shape and colour as I scarcely ever saw before ;—"it is from Sir Harry Hark-away's *huntsman*, with whom I occasionally correspond ;—here, at the bottom of his letter, he says,—“ I suppose your Honner will have heered of pure Muster *Dash*!! (Muster Dash, he writes, for he can't spell very well, and indeed I can scarce read his writing ;)—“ I suppose you will have heered of pure Muster Dash! what a Moll and Colly event has be, be, be, be,”—the Devil, the fellow writes such a hand, I can't really read it, “be-wappered him,” I think it is ; “perhaps,” says my father, “be-fallen him?”—"O, aye, befallen him,” says Mr. Twist, “so it is :—What a Moll and Colly event has befallen him at Salt Hill!—Aye, that's the

place you see exactly,—an *Inn not very distant from the Metropolis*—there he shot himself, certainly :”—“ But why shot himself ? ” says my father ; “ I don’t see that you have learnt that yet ; ”—“ What do you think he’d *hang* himself,” says Mr. Twist, hastily, “ like a scoundrel, or go through the tedious ceremony of *poisoning* himself ? If his existence is terminated, as I too much fear, depend upon it, it was by a bullet, and from his own hand ;—Tom was not a bungler ;—I wonder, what will become of his stud ;—I should like to have his roans myself ;—when I was a member of the Leicester hunt, he used to ride a famous colt of Eclipses, so like, that O’Kelly himself offered him 400 guineas for it, merely on account of its likeness ;—not a hair different :—if you had but seen that horse take a leap ;—it was quite a grand sight ; so cool, so steady ; a child might have rode him !—he used to rise

and look round, as it were, to see if there were any stakes or bad ground on the other side, and whatever there might be, he was sure to clear it.—I never shall forget a run we had one thirteenth of November;—bitter cold morning; long time before we found:—we were sitting on our horses together, under a wood, and I pulled out a hunting flask I had full of brandy, that I would not have lost for the world;—just as poor Tom had got it to his mouth to drink, they unkennelled the fox;—instead of returning my poor bottle into my possession, he threw it from him into the thickest part of the wood, behind him, and off he went;—I never got near him again the whole day:—the horse was fitter for a race horse, but he would not run him, except for the hunter's plate once at Ascot, where he won hollow:—poor Tom! well, it's well he came to no *worse* end! he was

as near *hanged* once as could be;”—
 “How so?” says Mr. Hargrave.—
 “Why the case you see,” says Mr. Twist, “was exactly this:—I had it from one that was there:—At a Tavern dinner at Liverpool one day, Tom being in the chair, proposed a *profane* toast;—the man that sat next to him refused to drink it;—Tom insisted;—the man would not: he declared he would not only not drink it, but if he knew the inventor of it, he should be disposed to chastise him:—“*Not if it were me, myself, Sir,*” says Tom, “I suppose?” (for in fact, it was his own invention);—
 “Yes, Sir;” says the other, “if it were *you yourself, you,*”—upon which, Tom, who had plenty of pepper in his blood, threw a glass of wine plump in his face;—you may be pretty sure it was not easy to hush *such* a matter up;—pistols were procured by the *friends* of each party, and they went out immediately;

—at the very first fire, Tom's ball passed through his heart, and he dropped just as dead as a pancake.—Tom made off, as you may suppose, and it was well he did, for the fellow he killed was much beloved, and was well connected, and had a wife and nine children, so that you may easily think it made a pretty dust:—Tom got abroad some how or other, and there he staid 'till all the proceedings against him were supposed to be at an end, but as he certainly gave great provocation, had he been caught and tried, before *some illiberal old woman of a Judge*, he would certainly have been hanged."——*Thinks-I-to-myself*, hanging would have been a thousand times too good for him.

"But, pray," says my father, "How can you call it a *better* end than he is come to *now*, if it should be true that he has *shot himself*?"—"He could not

possibly, my dear Sir," says Mr. Twist, "have done a better deed;—he was completely *dished*:—he could never have appeared again;—the rest of his days must, probably, have been passed in the King's bench:"—"I don't quite know, Twist," says my father, "what you mean by *dished*, but I should just wish to ask, where you think the *rest of his days* will be passed *now*?"—"O," says Mr. Twist, "faith, I never thought of that; my neighbour here, Mr. Hargrave, perhaps, would answer that better than me, but poor Tom, I must confess, I believe, did not *much think of* passing his time any where but *here*, and when he was tired of it, he made his bow, and away he went;"—"and left," says my father, "all his brother whips to follow, I suppose;"—"follow *where*?" says Mr. Twist—"I don't know," says my father, "but not I think where they used to follow him, which

was generally, I apprehend, to the *stable*;"—"aye, often indeed," says Mr. Twist, "they did; it would have done your heart good to have seen the style in which he kept his horses:"—"Well," says my father, "I am glad of that for the sake of the poor horses, for, for what I know, *they* might be very *sensible* and *worthy* horses, and *deserve* to be *pampered* and *high fed*;"—"they did, indeed," says Mr. Twist, not at all seeing the drift of the insinuation.

"Well," says my father, "~~but~~ what do you really think Tom Dash will ever do in *a world* without *horses*, or *stables*, or *whips*, or *hounds*, or *birds*, or *guns*?"—"I don't think he'll go there," says Mr. Twist:—"hold," says my father, "remember Twist, he *must* go, if he's called, and he can't shoot himself *out of the other world* as he has shot himself out of this;—"that I can't tell," says

Mr. Twist:—"but surely," says my father, "you can't think he will have that power;"—"I tell you," says Mr. Twist, "I don't know, but of this I am very certain, that he had power to go out of this world when he chose, and he made use of it."—"It *seems* to be just as you say," says my father, "and yet I much question the truth of it."—"How so," says Mr. Twist, "what didn't he shoot himself?" "Oh! I don't deny that," says my father, "but I much doubt whether he can fairly be said to have had *power* to do it;—you, yourself, could certainly shoot me at this moment if you chose it, but do you think the *Law* has given you *power* to do it? Do you think you could safely do it, without any chance of an after-reckoning?" "O, O," says Mr. Twist, "I *smoke* you now;—*you* think *suicide* not *lawful*!"—"I do," says my father, "can you think otherwise?"—"To be sure," says Mr. Twist, "and it

is but fair, that as we came into this world without our own consent, we should not be compelled to stay in it if we don't like it ;"—“that's very good indeed,” says my father, “so I suppose you think when a culprit is put upon his *trial*, because he is brought to the bar against his own consent, he may quit the court at his own discretion, and not wait for the sentence of removal.”

“I'll tell you what,” says Mr. Twist, “I am no Parliament man, (I was going to say no *Parson*, but I would not for the world be rude to Mr. Hargrave here,) but I say I am no Parliament man, or *Speechifier*, and therefore I cannot undertake to argue the point with you, but I have at home, a Poem, written I do suppose by one of the cleverest chaps in Christendom, where the business is proved to a nicety : it begins, “*Averse from Life, nor well resolved to die,*”—

“ I wish I could repeat it, but I’ll give it to my friend Bob here, to-morrow, and he shall read it to you ;—if you can answer *that*, then I will be ready to confess that poor Tom Dash had better have staid where he was ;”—“ you had better,” says my father, “ give it to Bob, for if you give it to *me*, fifty to one but I put it in the fire ;”—“ I would not part with it for the world,” says Mr. Twist, “ so don’t play tricks with it, I only say, *answer it*.”

My father begged he would send it ;—“ it will surely be pleasant,” says he, “ to any of us, nay, an extreme happiness, to learn that we may shoot ourselves whenever we please ; only ’till I see the Poem, be assured, Twist, that I won’t believe we possess any such power or privilege ;—no, not if ten thousand *Tom Dashes* were to shoot themselves before my face.”—Just at this moment a sum-

mons to tea arrived, and we arose to go to the drawing-room.

My father, I really believe, felt glad to have inveigled Mr. Twist, as it were, into an argument of this sort, hoping in time to be able to open his eyes a little to the extreme folly, worthlessness, and absurdity of the life led by himself, and too many of his acquaintance.

After tea, we had *Delia*, which made, I suppose, its usual impressions upon us both;—that is, it made Miss Twist think of me, and me of Emily Mandeville; I confess, I could not help thinking more than ever of the latter. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, surely, nothing can render it very *decorous* in me to *ennoble* the daughter of a *stable-keeper*, a *groom*, a *hunter*, the friend of *murderers* and *suicides*!

The next day the poem came, directed to the reader's most humble servant, that is, to me, the clodpole, and fitly enough; for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, Mr. Twist surely fancies I shall never consent to marry his daughter unless I have free leave from God and man, to quit the world at any time afterwards that I please! Upon running my eye over the poem, I began to think it might be quite safe in Mr. Twist's hands, for it seemed to me much above both the extent of his comprehension, and the measure of his taste;—the lines were nervous, strong, and apparently from the hand of a master:—I carried them to my father, he read them very attentively:—"Have *you* read them?" says he.—"I have, Sir," says I:—"Do you like them?" says my father.—"I think the lines are certainly strong, and the poetry good;"—"but the *argument*," says my father,

—“ I should wish, Sir, to consider it more,” says I ;—“ do, my boy,” says my father, “ and mind put down upon any scrap of paper, your objections as you go along, if any occur.”

I took the poem from him, and, as was generally the case, when I wanted to consider things with particular attention, I walked into the park with the poem in my pocket ;—while there, I perused it again carefully ; noted my objections with a pencil, as my father had desired, and was going to return, when, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, why not answer it in verse ?—I retired into a more secluded part of the park, and taking stanza by stanza, went through the whole, ’till I had written a regular reply.

I carried it in haste to my father, and he ran with it eagerly to Mr. Hargrave ; as they both approved of it, I wrote it

out fair, and as they seemed to think it a proper reply to a mischievous poem, which, for what I know, may still be travelling about the world alone, as was the case when it came into my hands, I shall here present the reader with the companion I ventured to provide for it, sincerely hoping that no 'Tom Dash will henceforward shoot himself, 'till he has carefully read both:—as for the *poetry* of the latter, I care not a fig about it; I can only assert, which I do most positively, that the argument it contains will for ever prevent my *Tom Dashing* my own brains out, yea, though I should happen to be wedded to such another as Miss Twist,

THE SUICIDE.

AVERSE from Life, nor well resolv'd to die,
 Us'd but to murmur I retain my breath;
 Yet pant, enlarg'd from this dull world to try
 The hospitable though cold arms of Death.

What future joys should bid me wish to live?
 What flatt'ring dreams of better days remain?
 What prospect can obscure existence give,
 A recompense for penury and pain?

Is there an hope that o'er this unton'd frame,
 Awakened Health her wonted glow shall
 spread?

Is there a path to pleasure, wealth or fame,
 Which sickness, languor, and remorse can
 tread?

Why therefore should I doubt, what should I fear?
 Why for a moment longer bear my grief?
 Behold!—my great Deliverer is near,—
 Immediate as I wish his prompt relief.

Oh! Instance strange of free but blinded will,
 Discuss'd so much, so little understood!
 To bear the certainty of present ill,
 Before the certain chance of ill or good;

But what that chance?—Why be it what it may,
 Still 'tis a chance,—and here my woes are
 sure;
 —“ Yet think these woes are sorrows of a day,
 While those to all eternity endure !”

Think of the horrors of eternal pain !
 “ Imagination startles at the name ;
 Nor can impress upon the labouring brain,
 Duration endless still, and still the same.”—

Well hast thou said;—nor can it be im-
 press'd;—

Has blind credulity, that abject slave,
 Who thinks his nothingness, for ever bless'd,
 Shall hold eternal triumph o'er the grave?

When oceans cease to roll, rocks melt away,
 ~ Atlas and Ætna sink into the plain ;
 The glorious Sun, the elements decay,
 Shall Man, Creation's flimsiest work remain?

What shall remain of Man? His outward frame?
 Soon shall that moulder to its native dust!
 Or haply that unbodied subtle flame,
 Which occupies and animates the bust?

Let but a finger ache, the kindred Soul,
 Its intimate alliance shall perceive;
 Let ultimate destruction grasp the whole,
 The Soul immortal and unchang'd shall live?

Stop but one conduit, and the tone is lost,
 But, burst each pipe, and tear up every key;
 Then shall the decomposed Organ's ghost,
 Swell the loud peal of endless harmony!

So shall that quality whose pow'rs arise
 From various parts by nicest art arrang'd
 With every shock they suffer, sympathise,
 Yet after their destruction live unchang'd!

So much for argument, the Legend's vain
 Of Priestly craft, reach not th' ingenuous
 mind;
 Let knaves invent, and folly will maintain,
 The wildest system that deludes mankind.

Did there exist the very Hell they paint,
 Were there the very Heav'n they desire;
 'Twere hard to choose, a Devil or a Saint,
 Eternal Sing-Song, or Eternal Fire?

Ye idle Hopes of future joys, farewell!
 Farewell ye groundless fears of future woe!
 Lo! the sole argument on which to dwell,
 Shall I, or shall I not, this life forego?

I know the storm that waits my destin'd head,
 The trifling joys I yet may hope to reap;
 The momentary pang I have to dread,
 The state of undisturbed undreaming sleep!

Then all is known,—and all is known too
 well,
 Or to distract, or to delay my choice;—
 No hopes solicit, and no fears rebel,
 Against mine ultimate determin'd voice.

Had I suspicions that a future state
 Might yet exist, as haply I have none;
 'Twere worth the cost to venture on my fate,
 Impell'd by curiosity alone.—

Sated with life, and amply gratified
In every varied pleasure life can give,
One sole enjoyment yet remains untried,
One only novelty,—to cease to live.

Not yet reduc'd a scornful alms to crave,
Not yet of those with whom I live, the sport;
No great man's pander, parasite, or slave,
O Death! I seek thy hospitable port!

Thou like a Virgin in her bridal sheet,
Seemest prepar'd consenting kind to lie;
The happy bridegroom, I, with hasty feet,
Fly to thy arms in rapt'rous extacy!

ANSWER.

NEVER more modulate with your sweet aid,
 Ye gentle Muses! such unhallow'd strains!
 "Resolv'd to die;"—shall this by *Man* be said?
 Thankless for pleasure, shall he bear no
 pains?

To Him who from the cold tomb *hopes* to
 rise,
 Death's icy arms full "hospitable" are;
 But who, averse from this world, murm'ring
 flies,
 Thy sting, O Grave! mistakingly may dare!

Why dost thou ask, if flatt'ring hopes remain?
 If to thy "unton'd frame" health may return?
 Sure to *new* scenes of pleasure or of pain,
 Some hand may burst the cerements of thy
 urn.

The varying seasons, expectation give:

Go to the clos'd-up buds in winter's gloom;
Ask by what recreating pow'r *they* live,
In gay spring-tide *who* renovates *their* bloom!

This is experience:—but the grave's unknown!

From pain, from sickness, and from penury,
From earthly tribulations, when thou'rt floun,
How dost thou know Death will deliver thee?

It is no instance of a blinded will

To shun a chance so little understood;
Better to bear the weight of present ill,
Than risk the certain loss of future good,

What is thy chance then?—Here thy lot is sure:

“The days of Man are threescore years and ten,”
And seldom more;—how long they *may* endure
The wisest knows not, if we live again,

Why does Eternity so startle you?

Say is it easier to comprehend,
What pow'rs this mighty system can undo,
And every-thing annihilate and end?

Exert thy reason, surely that's no slave ; [*knock?*
 Why should'st thou trust, to what thou *can'st not*
Thy thoughts destroy us, reason tries to save,
 And unpresuming, says, it *may* be so.

Should " Oceans cease to roll, Rocks melt away,
 " Atlas and Ætna sink into the plain,
 " The glorious Sun, the elements decay,"
 Man, the Creator's image, *may* remain !

All *may* remain of Man ! His outward frame
 May for the present moulder and decay ;
 But yet not *lost*, if God remain the same ;
 He *hath* called *uniform'd* beings into day !

Let but a finger ache, the kindred soul
 Its intimate alliance *may* perceive ;
 Yet cut off limbs, the mind continues whole,
 Uninjur'd, unimpair'd, it yet may live !

Stop but one conduit, and the tone is lost ;
 And, burst each pipe, and tear up every key ;
 Still for some new-form'd frame, the " Organ's"
 May yet exist ; unalter'd Harmony ! [*Ghost,*"

So may "that quality," whose pow'rs arise
 Not from man's feeble and decaying frame,
 With every shock it suffers sympathise,
 Yet after its destruction, live the same.

May this be argument;—th' ingenuous mind
 Builds not on Priestly craft, or legends vain;
 Sure the sad system that destroys mankind,
 Knaves have invented, folly does maintain!

Is there the Hell that Holy writ declares,
 The Heav'n we hope for, is it really such,
 Thewretch that *shrinks* from *this* world and its cares
 In such a choice, would hesitate not much.

"Shall I, or shall I not, this life forego?"—
 This is the argument on which you'd dwell;
 Yet sure 'tis weak, unknowing where you go,
 To bid the *chances of this* world, farewell.

The will of Heav'n's conceal'd from human eye!
 How dare you say, you "know the storm to
 The parting pang *may be* but momentary, [come?"
 But may there be no *dreaming* in the tomb?

All is *not* known;—yet sure enough is seen
 Much to delay and counteract thy choice;
 Hopes *should* solicit, fears *should* intervene
 Against thy rash and ill-determin'd voice.

Thy curiosity will soon be o'er;
 Why should'st thou go in danger all alone?
 Can'st thou not tarry one short moment more?
 The term of *this* Life's limited and known.

Sated with Life, and all its varying joys,
 Try no new scene, you cannot judge of well;
 God in his own good time will raise his voice,
 If you *believe* not *Heav'n*, yet *risk* not *Hell*!

"No great man's pander, parasite, or slave,
 "Nor yet of those with whom you live, the sport;
 "Nor yet reduc'd a scornful alms to crave,"
 Why like a fugitive to death resort?

Death's arms are hospitable but to those
 Who have fulfill'd on earth *Heav'n's* high decrees;
 The *Good* in the cold grave *may* find *repose*,
 And wake at last to Heavenly ecstasies.

My father would have the answer sent to Nicotium Castle, and he got Mr. Hargrave to carry it:—what Mr. Twist said to it, Mr. Hargrave would never exactly tell us, but he assured us, that before he left him, Mr. Twist expressed a wish that poor Tom Dash had read it;—he afterwards acknowledged to my father, that he would look sharp himself before he ever took such a leap; so that altogether, I believe, it did good;—but as for arguing the matter much, he was certainly not very capable of it either in prose or verse.

END OF VOL. I.