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THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF, &c.

SIXTH EDITION.



VOL. II.

Sir George Royal. 1815

THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF.

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SERIO-LUDICRO, TRAGICO-COMICO

T A L E,

WRITTEN BY

THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF

W H O?

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

SIXTH EDITION.

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THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF, &c.

NOT long after the visit described in the former volume, and the writing of the poem, I strolled down to the Vicarage, thinking in my own mind that I would soon muster up courage to disclose to Emily the situation of my heart. While I was there, my mother and sister called, and, quite unexpectedly to me, proposed taking Emily home in the carriage to pass three or four days at the Hall;—*bump, bump, bump, bump*, went my poor heart directly:—the invitation was accepted, and she actually returned

with them.—I went on to Mrs. Fidget's, with a message from my mother, rejoicing all the way of course at the thoughts of finding Emily at the Hall on my return.

Now I suppose, that any body who *never had my complaint*, would naturally conclude, that all the time Emily staid at Grumblethorpe, I was particularly lively and gay; exerted all my talents to amuse her and engage her attention;—nothing of the kind!—I was ten times more *shy* of *her* than of Miss Twist:—if I spoke to her upon the most common occasion, it was always under some embarrassment, and if I attempted at any time to be witty and facetious, nothing could possibly exceed the nonsense that came out of my mouth, so that at last I began seriously to think of laying aside that organ of speech, and of talking to her merely with my eyes:—with the latter, I

felt far more capable of discoursing with her, and had no reason to think such ocular language was very unintelligible to her;—had *she* had but confidence and assurance enough to *answer* me, (which however, I liked her only the better for *not* having) I make no doubt but that the exact state of both our hearts might have been made known to each other without the utterance of letter, syllable, word, or sentence.

One evening, during her stay, the Twists came.—I believe they wondered to see the companion my sister had chosen.—Nothing could exceed the assurance with which Miss Twist appeared to make me her own;—had she had a spark of *real love* for me, she would have been more *diffident*, as I knew by my own feelings. While we were amusing ourselves all together with *charades*, *riddles*, *thread-paper verses*, and other

such wonderful efforts of genius, she slipped a paper into my hands, which she said was a *comundrum*; when I opened it, I found it to be,—

“ If *you* love *me*, as *I* love *you*,

“ Need these *twain* be longer *two*?”

which I apprehend she had learnt of her housemaid; I pretended to laugh at it, but am ashamed to say, was at the same time inwardly provoked to *think to myself* the following short reply,—

“ If *you* love *me*, as *I* love *you*,

“ I know the reason why we’re *two*.”

But indeed I verily believe that the *twain* were upon pretty equal terms, and that *she* did really love *me* much about as well as *I* loved *her*; how many *twain* under such circumstances become *one* in the course of every year, I pretend not even to guess, but *perhaps, now and then*, riches and coronets *do* meet together under no better circumstances; perhaps

some-times under worse ; I know nothing about it.

I began, however, to be very confident that some *eclaircissement* must take place very soon, but as I studiously avoided giving her any encouragement, I was in hope some of the elders of the party would think fit to begin the enquiry I wished to be made into the state of *my* sentiments. *Emily* staid with us four days ;—during which time, though I had not suffered a *vow* or a *promise*, or even an *enquiry* to pass my *lips*, I yet felt satisfied that I had made many communications of this nature with my *eyes* ;—I was still, however, under considerable alarm about the state of *her* heart ;—she had a cousin who often visited at the Vicarage ;—just about her own age, whose eyes I could have poked out at any time, and given them to the birds, I felt so afraid of them ; for *he*

looked at her as well as *me*, and while she was with us, she was working him a purse. The first time I discovered who this purse was for, I passed the whole night without once closing my eyes, in such an agony of distress, and despair, and torment, that it is a great wonder I was not quite a corpse before the morning.

I have often heard this, and that, and t'other *pain* mentioned, as the *worst* that mortals can endure ;—such as the *tooth-ache*, *ear-ache*, *head-ache*, *cramp in the calf of the leg*, a *boil*, or a *blister* ;—now I protest though I have tried all these, nothing seems to me at all to come up to a *pretty sharp fit of jealousy*.—Give me the man that will lay quite quiet all night in his bed, and sleep composedly, after he has had reason to suspect, that some other man is of far more account than himself in the eyes of his mistress ; for my own part the torture of such a

state of mind always appeared to me so transcendently terrible, that even now I had rather have the *tooth-ache*, *ear-ache*, and *cramp* all at once, with a *blister* on my back into the bargain, than, undergo what I felt, the night of which I speak; I mean, when I found that the purse Emily was netting, (and which I had been every evening admiring,) was promised to her cousin:—I have heard since that he is really a very good sort of young man, and yet that night I could not get it out of my head that he was a *devil*!—a downright *devil*!—a *fiend*! I suppose this was all very natural, but it serves to shew, what blunders nature may make when she goes to work without reason.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, most certainly, “*la raison n'est pas ce qui regle l'amour.*”

What will the reader think was the state of my mind, when a little while afterwards, my sister having called at

the *Vicarage*, brought me back a purse exactly of the same pattern :—"There," says she, "Robert, you are in luck ;—you admired the purse so much that Miss Mandeville was netting while she was with us, that she has been at the trouble of working another for you exactly like it, of which she begs your acceptance ;—it is not *quite* the same, I see," says she, "for I observe she has honoured *you* with *gold* tassels instead of *silk* ones." I leave *you* to guess, *gentle sentimental* reader, whether the purse would have at all risen in value, had it been filled brim full with all Miss Twist's hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Two or three mornings after this dear and precious present was made to me :—(I cannot help stopping now to think how often I kissed it,) while we were at breakfast, the post came in, and my father opened one of the letters,—“the deuce take it,” says he, “it’s come at last!”

Thinks-I-to-myself, what's come?—but my mother said it out aloud;—“*What's come at last, Mr. Dermont?*” —“*Aye,*” says my father, “*poor Mr. Dermont! you must take leave of him, I am afraid, for ever!*”—“*Good God,*” says my mother, “*what do you mean?*” and was near fainting:—my father, God help him, had not the smallest intention of exciting such alarm:—when he saw my mother turn so pale, he was frightened out of his wits;—“*Lord,*” says he, “*how could I be such an idiot; it's nothing but that nasty Scotch Barony that is come; for old Lady Tay-and-Tumble is dead, and I am Lord Kilgarnock!*”

Never did a peerage, I believe, Scotch, English, or Irish, meet with a more unwelcome reception; for we were all too much occupied with the recovery of my mother to take any further notice of it, so that by the time Mr. Hargrave joined

the breakfast party, the *Baroness Kilgarnock* seemed to have quite forgotten it, for as soon as he entered,—“Do,” says she, “*Mr. Dermont*, make *Mr. Hargrave* understand that we are not all crazy, for I am sure he must think so:”—as my mother got better, we of course returned to our seats, and then *Mr. Hargrave* was duly made acquainted with all that had passed.

It was settled, however, that not a word at present should be said about it:—“for God’s sake,” says my father, “let me take breath a little before it is made known, for I fear I shall soon be surfeited with “*my Lord*,” and “*your Lordship*.”—It could not, however, be kept secret long, for in two hours after, an express arrived, requiring my father’s presence in *Scotland*, if possible, or if not possible, at least in *London*, to sign some papers of consequence.—The news,

therefore transpired, and *Mr. Dermont* became *my Lord*,—and for my own part, let the title come as it would, I, of all people in the world, had reason to be glad; for nothing could be more puzzling than my own appellation before my father became a lord, for being not far advanced beyond my boyhood, some of the servants would still continue to call me *Master Bobby*; some advancing a little further, would call me *Mister Bobby*; some, *Mr. Robert*, and some, *Mr. Robert Dermont*;—but now the point was happily settled:—the Honourable Bob or Bobby would never do, the Honourable Robert was quite right in matters of form, but for colloquial purposes and cases of personal address, *Mr. Dermont* became my exclusive property.

It was curious to see how many notes we received in the compass of a few days, directed to the *Right Honourable*

Lady Kilgarnock.—Poor Miss Twist made a blunder that was very natural, but almost laughable from its coming so soon; for on the very evening of the day the news came, my sister received a note from her, directed to the Honourable *Miss Kilgarnock*;—she fancied, poor thing, that we were *Kilgarnocked* from one end of the family to the other, and that *Dermont* was become quite a plebeian name,—a mere cast away.

The first person I saw after the said arrival of the title, was Mr. Mandeville. If the reader thinks he made a lower bow to the *Honourable Mr. Bob* than usual, he will be much mistaken, for he came on the contrary, expressly to chide and rebuke me, almost to insult me:—*Emily*, having made me a present of a purse, I *naturally*, but perhaps still without *reason*, (who ought always to be at hand to check her wayward

sister,) had wished to make *her* some present in return, and because I was far from London and every other place where a sumptuous present might be purchased, I had begged my sister to let me have back a locket I had given her with *my hair* in it, very prettily ornamented with pearls.—This present, Mr. Mandeville in much form brought back to me;—my heart *bumped* as much as ever, though I had become *the Honourable*;—he gave it back into my hand, and begged I would on no account give her such a present:—"If you have some paltry thing," says he, "about the worth of her purse to send back, I'll freely take it, as a present from one play-fellow to another, but as for your *lockets* and *hair*, I must not admit such things."—"My dear Mr. Mandeville," says I, "you shall have what you please, only let me beg, that if *I* give it to you, you will not vainly

fancy that you have the worth of the purse:—how much I value it, I neither dare tell you, nor any body else:”—he shook me by the hand, and wished me good bye, taking with him a mere fancy seal that I had brought from Scotland.

Any body will suppose that we were now seldom without company, but the title, I plainly saw, had redoubled all the attacks of the Twist family, so that at last, I fairly felt it necessary to speak to Mr. Hargrave about it.—As we were riding together one day,—“I see,” says I, “my dear Sir, some things daily happen, that I am afraid will some time or other occasion misunderstandings, if not disappointments:—I see that both at home and at Nicotium Castle, expectations are entertained that I shall one time or other marry Miss Twist;—my good father, I think, has

partly set his heart upon it, but the Twists, I am sure, make certain of it:—it is fit, therefore, I think, that I should, openly and explicitly, explain to somebody, that *that match* never can take place! Nothing, I think, can ever possibly persuade me to marry a woman so erroneously and so foolishly educated:—of her person I say nothing.—If I could love her, I should not care about the frame her soul happened to be set in,—but I *cannot*.—Her father is to me little less than an object of sovereign contempt, except that I pity him, and therefore would go far to do him any good.—Her mother is a weak, vain, fantastical woman, and after this, what can we expect the daughter to be, except indeed, I must observe, that it might be otherwise if Miss Watson had full sway:—then she might be something; but with a father and mother so deplorably ignorant, an

angel of a governess could do nothing. I leave it to you, my dear Sir, to make this known to my father, and that I may be as ingenuous as possible, —I wish to add at once, that my heart is otherwise engaged, and I think indelibly so."

Here I stopped;—and Mr. Hargrave stopped also,—his horse I mean, for as yet he had said nothing;—however, after a little recollection, he rode on:—"I have listened," says he, "attentively to all you have said.—Young men and old men see things so differently, that I cannot pretend even to guess what your father will say to this:—I know that he has, as you observe, partly set his mind on your marrying Miss Twist, and every body else, I can safely say, expects it.—*You* think otherwise, but it is foolish to fancy, that though you are heir to a title, three hundred thousand pounds

are ignominiously to be rejected.—I know perfectly well that they are at your command.—One word from yourself might for ever *unite* these two *noble* and *contiguous* estates.—I am afraid you are weak, though I confess you appear strong.—Your mouth speaks wisely, but I fear your heart judges foolishly.” —“My dear Sir,” says I, “say not this, ’till you know more:”—“I *wish* to know more,” says he, “I wish to know all—I should wish to know, (but there I am sure I shall be disappointed) I should wish to know how and where your heart is engaged:”—“Sir,” says I, “you shall not be disappointed;—I will tell you fairly and openly;—Miss Mandeville is the person I wish to make my wife, if she will have me:”—“*if she will have you,*” says Mr. Hargrave! “I suppose you pretty well know whether she will have you or

not!"—"Sir," says I, "I do *not*:—I know no more of Miss Mandeville's private sentiments than yourself, but I *will* marry her if *I can*:"—"You speak boldly, young Gentleman," said Mr. Hargrave, and, I must confess, he appeared angry, which I was sorry for.

From this time we said little;—he seemed to be absorbed in thought;—for my own part, I felt relieved. We returned to the Hall; and every thing seemed, for several days, to proceed as usual.—My father had been obliged to go to London, and, of course, nothing could be done till his return.—I kept a good deal to myself.—Mr. Hargrave often came to me, but always seemed to behave with much reserve:—he even ventured, one day, to speak slightly of the Mandevilles, so as almost to excite my indignation.

At length, my father returned from London, and I knew that in a few days every thing would be disclosed:—one, two, three, and four days passed, before I observed the smallest alteration:—on the fifth day, I must confess, I perceived a difference:—my father, at dinner, instead of saying,—“What do you eat, *my dear Bob?*” said, “*Robert*, what do you eat?”—and sometimes, (though I think he was absent,) called me *Sir*.—On the sixth day, however, the dreadful business came out:—Mr. and Mrs. Twist called at the Hall; my father sent for me, and I excused myself:—as soon as they were gone, he came up to my room: I saw plainly he was agitated:—“I suppose *Sir*,” says he, “you think it a trifling thing to make fools of your parents;”—“by no means, *Sir*,” says I, “so far from it, that I can solemnly declare, nothing would go nearer to break my heart,

than to be compelled to do any thing that would really distress either my father or my mother." My father looked rather surprised and overcome, and I really pitied him.—" You know," says he, "*Robert*, how much we have been led to think, and to hope, and expect, that an union would, one time or other, take place between the Twist family and our's:—our *estates* are *contiguous*:—the *joint property* would be enormous, and no *expence* has been spared upon Miss Twist's education;"—" Sir," says I, " I grant it all;—but I do not like Miss Twist, and my heart is otherwise engaged:"—" *otherwise engaged!*" says my father, " that is the worst of it:—I might reasonably have indulged you in a choice about Miss Twist, but to have gone and engaged yourself, without consulting me, to a *person quite beneath you*, is such an act of disrespect and disregard that I cannot overlook

it;—"Sir," says I, "somebody must surely have told you that I have engaged myself to *somebody quite beneath me*, else you would not have said it:—" "somebody *has* told me so, undoubtedly," says my father, "and I do not scruple to say *who*, because he did not enjoin me any secrecy:—Mr. Hargrave it was who told me that you not only rejected Miss Twist, but that you had engaged your *heart* at least, if not your *hand*, to a *person quite beneath you*."—"Sir," says I, "I wonder Mr. Hargrave should say so, but it is difficult to know friends from foes;—" "Mr. Hargrave," says my father, "cannot reasonably be judged to be your *foe*, because he has *told me the truth*; they *may* be the *best friends* who do so at any hazard:—" "Sir," says I, "I should not call Mr. Hargrave my foe, had he merely told you the *truth*, but when I hear that he has told you, that

I have fixed my affections on a *person quite beneath me*, I think he has *not* told you the *truth*;"—"that may be, Robert," says my father, "as *you* happen to *think*; a person may appear to Mr. Hargrave quite beneath you, whom you, in the extravagance of a foolish passion, may judge to be your equal;"—"I cannot dispute that, Sir," says I, "but still my feelings may be acute upon the subject, and I ought to be forgiven for *fancying*, at least, that the object of my choice is *not* quite beneath me, as you and Mr. Hargrave seem disposed to believe;"—"that she is really so," says my father, "I cannot but believe now, more than ever, because, *were it not so*, I think, before this, you would have been ingenuous enough to have told me who it was;"—"has not Mr. Hargrave then, Sir," says I, "already told you?"—"by no means," says my father; "he has only informed

me, (which I fear, will go nigh to bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave,) that it is *some person quite beneath you:*”—“then, Sir,” says I, “if you are really so prepossessed, I almost *feel* as if I should *scorn* to name her:”—“you seem to speak proudly, young man,” says my father:—my heart, I must confess, was almost breaking all this time: never had my father, since the day of my birth, addressed me in such distant terms:—“Sir,” says I, “not proudly, but honestly;—the woman I have chosen, is not in *my* estimation quite beneath me; far, very far from it!—and surely I should speak proudly indeed to call her so, if the contrary be the truth:”—“but why,” says my father, “not boldly name her then at once?”—“Sir,” says I, “if you challenge me to speak it boldly, your curiosity shall be satisfied:—Miss Mandeville, Sir, is the person, and I *now*

scorn to conceal it :”—my father ran to the window, and threw it up;—“ *Miss Mandeville,*” says he;—“ *Miss Mandeville, Sir,*” says I:—he walked up and down the room for some time, and at last, turning to me,—“ *Robert,*” says he, “ these are unpleasant meetings between father and son; and as neither your feelings nor mine seem to be under due command, we had better converse upon this subject another time:”—so saying, he gave me his hand, which I most reverently kissed, pressing it to my bosom;—he quickly retired, and left me absorbed in grief.

I remained alone in my room nearly an hour:—at length, somebody knocked at my door;—I opened it, and who should be there but Mr. Hargrave!—I confess I shuddered at the sight of a man, who, I thought, had so cruelly betrayed me:—says he, “ may I come in?”

—“Certainly, Sir,” says I:—“I am afraid,” says he, “your father and you have had an unpleasant meeting;”—“certainly, Sir,” says I, “not the more pleasant, from some *cruel misrepresentations* that I think have been made to him:”—“I suppose,” says Mr. Hargrave, “you mean, that I did wrong in speaking of Miss Mandeville as a person quite beneath you;”—“I have no scruple, Sir,” says I, “to assert that you *did* do wrong, because I avow it to be a gross violation of the truth. Why is a person of such parentage, and education, and singular worth as Miss Mandeville can boast, to be accounted *beneath any man*, merely because she has not large worldly endowments?—I feel, Sir, that you have done *me* an *unkindness*, but by *her* you have acted *unjustly*, and therefore *dishonourably*:—my heart is full, Sir! and for fear I should speak more dis-

respectfully, I wish you would have the goodness to retire ;"—but I could not get him to stir an inch :—on the contrary, he seemed to look at me with a cast of countenance I by no means liked ;—there was a smile upon his face bordering upon ridicule ;—I could scarcely command my temper ;—when at last, to my utter surprize, he took me by the arm :—" My young friend," says he, " how can you be so blind ?"—I knew not what he meant :—" Mine," says he, " is a curious situation to stand in ;—I have disoblged, it appears, both father and son, by the same act, for your father has treated me much like yourself ;—he has equally accused me of deceiving him, and *violating the truth* by speaking so *contemptuously* of Miss Mandeville !"—my heart seemed to revive a little, but I could not yet understand him :—" Shall I disclose to you," says he,

“ the full scope of my intentions ! ” —
 “ Sir,” says I, “ for God’s sake do, for my present suspense is beyond every thing painful. ” — “ Then,” says he, “ listen to me patiently : — I have been long enough at Grumblethorpe to judge of the general aspect of things : — I have long seen that it is your father’s wish that you should marry Miss Twist, in order to *unite* two estates lying so *contiguous*, and in order the better to support a title which he fancies is come to him, without any additional fortune. — I have seen also, of course, that the Twists have all wished it, and in my estimation, done much to *force* and *compel* the match, without much regard to *your private feelings* : — it has been *my endeavour*, therefore, for some time, while I appeared to favour your father’s wishes, (to which I owed every possible respect,) to ascertain, if I could,

the exact state of *your own sentiments*, and I at last, as you know, succeeded:—you explicitly told me all I could wish to be made acquainted with:—when I found that *your* views and *your father's* were so different, I confess, it occasioned me no small embarrassment and sorrow,—for I love and esteem you both, to a degree that I shall not attempt to describe;—finding that your affections were really fixed on a person so *truly amiable* and *respectable* as Miss Mandeville, though without *fortune*, or *high connections*, I judged it would be best, to awaken your father's fears as much as possible;—even to run the risk of making him suffer real anguish and distress of mind, that when the actual truth came to be known, instead of being a disappointment, it might, in fact, be a great relief,—and I am truly happy to say, my

plans seem to have succeeded;—for, though I still labour under the reproach of both, I am able to assure you, that after the dreadful suspicions and apprehensions your father had been led to entertain, the name of *Miss Mandeville* has appeared to him like the name of an angel: you, yourself, could not have more warmly resented, than *he* has done, the slur cast upon her character:—I must now return to *him*, and settle what I have thus put in train, and shall only stop to communicate one other circumstance, which is this:—that while I was at *Edinburgh*, and particularly during our wintry visit to *Aberdeen*, I was able to ascertain, beyond all possibility of doubt, that an estate of more than £10,000 *per annum*, descends to your father with the title of *Kilgarnock*;—it may cost a law-suit, if the parties are weak enough to contest it, but I am told

they will not, if the papers I have examined and secured are known to be producible:”—saying this, he left me, when I threw myself upon the bed, quite exhausted with the conflict I had had to go through;—I found means to excuse my appearance at dinner, and heard no more of it, ’till Mr. Hargrave came up to me in the evening.

As soon as he came in, he took me by the hand:—“Now,” says he, “my dear boy, if you can succeed with Miss Mandeville, every thing is settled here at home;—your worthy father seems only anxious to repair the injury he fancies he has done to Miss Mandeville, by treating her, though only for a moment, and while he was even ignorant of whom he was speaking, as quite beneath the notice of any man alive, he has commissioned me to-morrow, early to speak to her father about it; but I do not see

myself, why *you* should not first, in your own person, make known your attachment to *her*; you are both young, and there's no hurry;—if she should not happen to like you after all, she had better be left free to tell you so;—as you are quite able to marry her, the consulting her father first, would be running a risk, perhaps, of occasioning some other sort of bias;—and if she should not happen to like you, (which I think is improbable from what I have observed, but if it should be so,) her father may be spared a disappointment, by the business going no further;—therefore, if you have no objection, I will propose it to your family, that you shall be at liberty to make your own addresses, and, perhaps, we may have it in our power to produce another agreeable surprize, when we communicate the matter hereafter to Mr. Mandeville.”—I quite as-

sented to what he said, continually expressing to him the sense I had of his most friendly interference.

The next morning when I arose, every thing seemed to smile around me, my father, mother, and sister received me at breakfast, as though *I* had been *making sacrifices* to oblige *them*, rather than exacting any sacrifice on *their* part, to gratify my own wishes;—after breakfast, my father took me aside for a few minutes:—"Bob," says he, "I hope we never shall have such another dispute as we had yesterday;—it is not my intention to renew it, but to satisfy my own feelings, I beg to say, that sooner than have wilfully spoken with any contempt of Miss Mandeville, I would freely have renounced the gift of speech for ever.—Whether you marry her or not, I must explicitly declare, that I most

solemnly beg her pardon."—My heart was too full to answer:—he told me he believed it would be necessary for him to go into Scotland with Mr. Hargrave, to see after some property which he was convinced ought to come to him, with the title he had inherited, and which might, ^{probably,} be recovered:—"I hope," says he, "it will do you *no harm* to be a little richer hereafter, if I thought it would, I would stay where I am, for "*there is,*" as the wise King of Judah saith, "*a sore evil, which I have seen under the sun,*" (and who indeed hath not?) "*namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.*" We returned to the breakfast-room.

My poor mother would, by this time, I believe, have freely resigned all the Kilgarnock honours and estates, she was so thoroughly disturbed at

the thoughts of my father's going into Scotland, and without her :—she wished all the old deeds and papers that Mr. Hargrave had poked out of their lurking places, during his abode in Scotland, at the bottom of the sea, or, at best, like the poor *complutensian manuscripts*, (which never will be found again to settle *any disputes*,) sold to a *Rocket-maker* ;—she threw out many hints, that to go such a long journey upon the mere chance of recovering a disputed inheritance, when, perhaps, the very fatigues of the journey might prevent one's living to enjoy it, was, at best, a very foolish speculation ;—in short, I verily think, that in her own heart, she would most willingly have relinquished, not only what had already come to us, but every acre of the *Tay-and-Tumble* property, aye,—and the *earldom* itself into the bargain, if it could have been had,

sooner than that my father should have slept one night from home; but such a *long* journey without her, was beyond every thing dreadful to her feelings:—"inns," she would say, "*are so different from ones own houses, and chamber-maids are so careless, and there is such a hazard of damp beds, and you may have bad weather, and the North is so much keener than the South, and it is such a horrible way off, and if you should be ill, who is there to nurse you, and how will you get back, and there's no medical man that you have any confidence in, and you may be detained longer than you expect, and have great vexation, and not succeed after all, and so lose all your labour, besides the expence and trouble of your journey, and there is such robbing on the road, and those footpad fellows have got so desperate and cruel;*"--and thus would she run

on enumerating such an endless catalogue of dreadful contingencies, that, for my own part, I almost wondered that my father had the courage even to think of going:—I never, I must confess, in the course of my whole life, saw my mother so nearly in what the world calls, a complete fret;—but, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, “*Honores mutant Mores*,”—that is, (*ladies*,) as one of the *Mores* archly replied to one of the *Rutland* family, who had slandered him by an application of the *Latin* to his particular elevation,——“*Honours change Manners*.”—Till my poor mother became a Peeress, she was the sweetest tempered woman in the world, but this going to look after the *Tay-and-Tumble* property, soured her sadly, at least for the time.

I have no manner of doubt now, but that the very calmest and most dispas-

sionate of my readers, is all impatience to know how I made love to *Emily* after the unqualified permission I had received from my *Lord and Lady Kilgarnock*, so to do; but, really and truly, *making love*, is such a ridiculous business, *especially where one is actually in earnest*, that after writing it all out at length, fact after fact, just as it happened, taking up near forty or fifty pages, I have determined to strike it all out again, and not let you know a word about it;—besides, it was all managed so out of the common course of things, that I don't like any body else should learn my way of conducting those matters; for, if a *Clodpole* could succeed so well with it, what would the *artful* and *designing* make of it?—I think I have done very handsomely to let you know so much about my *bumpings*, while the matter hung in suspense;—I do not believe one lover out of a hundred,

would so plainly have confessed to you, what odd feelings love produces.—I have no objection to tell you, how it was all discovered to Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville, but first I must advert to other things.

Mrs. and Miss Twist were for ever calling, you may be sure, after the arrival of the title, not to ask where it *came from*, so much as to take care where it should *go to*, and I think it would have done any body's heart good to have heard how Mrs. Twist did *be-ladyship* my poor mother :—the *Honourable Bob* had now received full permission to be as little in this particular company, as his *Bobship*, in his discretion, should choose, so that as far as the common rules of civility would admit, I generally got out of their way :—I had, to the best of my abilities, so invariably *slighted*, rather than *encouraged*, the advances of both mother and daughter,

that I felt no hesitation about the conduct I was pursuing:—sundry engagements were proposed, but all in vain:—my mother indeed had a fair excuse for declining them, while my father's journey to Scotland was in agitation.

In the mean time, my visits to the *Vicarage* were frequent;—*how* frequent I won't tell you, for if I should, you will find out how long I was in gaining *Emily's* heart, which is a thing I don't want any body to know;—for if it should seem to have been a very long job, you will think *I* was dull and stupid, and if it should turn out to have been a very short job, people that don't know my *dear Emily*, may fancy *she* was too willing and forward; however, I believe, I promised to tell you how the whole business was made known to Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville, and so now you shall have it.—

One day, in the month of February, (*not far from the fourteenth,*) Mr. Hargrave and myself called at the *Vicarage*, and found upon the table a heap of *painted Valentines*, which had been given to the young folks to send to their cousins, &c.—They were covered, as you may well suppose, with *hearts*, and *darts*, and *cupids*, and *true-lover's knots*, and spite of one's teeth, brought love into one's mind :—Mr. Hargrave had much to say upon the subject, and filled up many of the papers for them with abundance of ludicrous verses,—all in the true cant stile of those elegant compositions,—such as,—

“ Haste, my love, and come away,
This is Hymen's holiday.”

“ 'Tis your's this present to improve,
It's worth depends on you ;
A trifle if you do not love,
A treasure if you do.”

Which, by the bye, is almost pretty enough to send to any body, though it has been so hacked about,—but this don't signify:—I had got nothing but *Valentine* and *love* in my head when I came away from the house, but as *I never had a spark of fun in me*, I could do nothing but write *very gravely* upon it. On the morning of the fourteenth, I found means, (mind, I don't tell you how, but I found means, I say,) to have the following lines laid upon Emily's pillow;—if any-body should say, close to her damask cheek, I can't help it:—as I had a pretty knack at drawing, I ornamented it with a rich wreath of *roses*, *entwined* with certain *other flowers*, famed for their close connection with such exploits, such as *love and idleness*, *heart's ease*, *ladder to heaven*, *lords and ladies*, *love in a mist*, *none so pretty*, *true love of Canada*, and *bachelor's buttons*;—I would have every body begin

to cry, the lines are so truly pathetic:—
 if they don't serve to convince you that
 I was sincerely and deeply in love, you
 have no feeling at all; you are *a block*
of marble, and have no business to read
 them.

I dare say, you'll think they'll never
 come;—well, here they are then:—



What is a Valentine?—Amelia?—say;
 Is it a *lover* of a *single day*?
 Is it a *trifler* who with *flame* and *dart*,
 Of *painted paper*, seeks to win your heart?
 Is it the favourite of a *morning glance*,
 Met with by accident, and seen by chance?
 If so, *I* am not one to serve your turn,
 With no *false flames* or ardour do *I* burn:
 In no *fictitious* sorrows do *I* deal,
 It is no *plaything* passion that *I* feel!
Device I've none, *my* tenderness to prove,
 Without *Device*, in sober truth *I* love!

In short, though much I wish that I were *thine*,
 I cannot wish to be your *Valentine* ;
 To love, and be beloved, for one short day !
 I will be YOUR'S for ever !—if I may !—



Now let the verses be bad or good, it plainly amounts to a regular offer ;—I don't believe that any of the lines are an inch too long, or too short, but if they were, it would be wicked to alter them, for they are *really genuine* ; they came, besides, from the *heart*, not the *head*, and the heart won't be put out of its way by your *dactyls* and *spondees* ;—besides, *it did the business*, and that's enough ; for, as soon as ever the breakfast at the *Vicarage* was over, up comes Mr. Mandeville, again, not to *me*, but to Mr. Hargrave.

“ Mr. Hargrave,” says he, “ I *must* desire that you will, as soon as possible, interfere to put an end to these things.—It is not long since I endeavoured, myself, to hint, as plainly as I could, to *Mr. Dermont*, that I could not suffer my daughter to receive any attention from him, beyond such as might pass between two old play-mates :—I trust, it is an act of indiscretion only, and therefore, I beg of *you*, peremptorily, to put a stop to it :—*Emily* is a good girl, and I don’t like that she should be made to fall into a mistake that may be fatal to her happiness ;—she is very young, and cannot be supposed to know so well as I do, how impossible it is, that *she* should ever become the *wife* of *Mr. Dermont* ; it is *my* business therefore to *protect her* :—I beg you will return this copy of verses to *Mr. Dermont*, and tell him, how sorry I should be to

forbid him coming to a house, which, on every other account ought to be *most open* to him.—Mrs. Mandeville is quite as much distressed about it as myself, and therefore it must be put an end to.”—“ I will certainly do it,” says Mr. Hargrave, “ if *you* desire it;”—“ *I do desire it most earnestly,*” says Mr. Mandeville; “ *only* put yourself in *my* situation, Mr. Hargrave, and I am sure you will see the propriety of my conduct:”—“ my dear Sir,” says Mr. Hargrave, “ you have fallen upon the only difficulty that embarrasses me;—I *do* put myself in your situation so completely, that I scarce know why I am to act as you tell me.—Being of the same profession, I must have some feelings in common with you, of course.—I am not married, to be sure, nor am I a father, but upon *such* an occasion, I cannot help *fancying* that I am *both*;—and therefore, though I promise to

do what you desire, if you urge it, yet I confess, that I think Mr. Dermont is almost old enough to judge for himself, and I hope, wise enough to judge discreetly, even in a concern where many certainly do blunder and mistake;—I feel for *him*, certainly, but I can feel for others too, and I will frankly declare, that if *I* were the *father* of a daughter, as beautiful, and (*what is ten thousand times more*) as virtuous and as well brought up, as *your's*, I should think her worthy of the *greatest man in the realm*, if *he chose* to fix his affections upon her:—“this may all appear very kind, Mr. Hargrave,” says Mr. Mandeville, “and very complimentary, but I am not such an idiot as to fancy we live in a golden age;—when *virtue* and *goodness* are to be reckoned of so great account as *wealth* or *family*;—if you will produce me a *single instance* of a poor, but very virtuous wo-

man, or of a poor, but very worthy man, without great connections, being very cordially received into *any noble family*, then I should be more easy, because I have no hesitation in saying, that I firmly believe, that if any individuals of the nobility are capable of *such true greatness*, Lord and Lady Kilgarnock are the very persons;—but, since the current of things, in general, is so contrary, I will not do *them* so great an *unkindness* as to expect it of them;—I had rather run *no risk*;—I wish Mr. Dermont happy, but I will not have my daughter exposed to the chance of being *rejected*, besides other disappointments.”

“ Lord Kilgarnock,” says Mr. Hargrave, “ has really an high opinion of your daughter, Mr. Mandeville;”—“ Sir,” says Mr. Mandeville, “ it *cannot be otherwise*, if he knew her only

half so well as *I* do, but Lord Kilgarnock *knows better* than to choose *her* for a *wife* for *his son*!"—"I see," says Mr. Hargrave, "it is vain to argue the matter with you, Mr. Mandeville, and that I must be really under the necessity of returning this paper to Mr. Dermont, though I know I shall run the risk of disturbing him greatly in doing so;"—"if, Sir," says Mr. Mandeville, (with much warmth,) "*you are so afraid* of disturbing his feelings, give it back to *me*, and *I* will put it into his *own* hands, be sure of it:"—"you mistake me, Sir," says Mr. Hargrave, "I think Mr. Dermont is *really* and *sincerely* attached to your daughter, and that this paper contains *no untruth*;"—"then, Mr. Hargrave," says Mr. Mandeville, "if that be so, it behoves you the more to interpose, to save *your pupil* from a disappointment, as well as *my child* from what may be still worse:"—

" I see, Sir," says Mr. Hargrave, " you are getting extremely warm, and I will argue with you no longer;—I can only say, *I will not* return this paper to Mr. Dermont ;—he sent it to Miss Mandeville, and it is therefore *her's*;—but you tell me, Mr. Mandeville, that Mrs. Mandeville suffers much about it, pray then, Sir, present my compliments to *her*, and tell *her*, that if *she* can but bring herself to *consent* to its being a match, *I* have fully secured that of Lord and Lady Kilgarnock ;—you asked me, Mr. Mandeville, to produce but *one* instance of a *poor* (I mean unendowed) but *virtuous young woman*, without high connections, being cordially received into a *noble* family, and I now produce *one*:—Lord and Lady Kilgarnock, so far from being *averse* from this match, would *resent nothing more*, than to be thought insensible of Miss Mandeville's

worth;—you are now caught in your own trap;—you cannot now refuse to return *this* paper to *Miss Mandeville*; I think she *values* it;—if she really *does not*, then *I will promise you* to take it *back*, but if she *does*, the business is settled, and I am proud and happy to tell you so.”—Mr. Mandeville was greatly surprized, and not very capable of answering, which Mr. Hargrave perceiving,—“ I wish,” says he, “ you would let me call upon you this evening, and I will talk to you more upon the subject;—at present, only deliver my message to *Mrs. Mandeville*.”—So saying, (as he told me himself,) he almost pushed Mr. Mandeville out of the house.—In the evening he took care to go there in good time, and every thing was settled.—The next morning, as soon as my mother knew what had passed, she drove to the *Vicarage*, and had a

long conversation with Mrs. Mandeville, much to the satisfaction, I verily believe, of *all* parties.

But as it was now almost necessary to make the matter known, for fear the Twists should bewilder themselves too much, it became a great debate among us, how it should be made known, *particularly* and *immediately*, as it were, to *them*:—after various debates about it, in which my father proposed about ten different expedients, my mother, sister, and myself, probably, as many, severally, and respectively, we *ventured* to mention it to *Mr. Hargrave*:—"My stars," says he, "how can you have *any difficulty* about it?—I'll manage it directly!"—so he took his hat, and went straight to Mrs. Fidget;—he pretended to be merely paying one of those delightful *debts* called a *morning visit*,—and, in the *course of conversation*, as it were, in-

introduced the subject, as follows:—"I suppose you have heard the report that is about the country;"—"report of *what?*" says Mrs. Fidget:—"I am sorry for poor Miss Twist," says he;—"Miss Twist," says Mrs. Fidget, "what of *her?*" "Upon my word," says Mr. Hargrave, "I ought not have mentioned her name;—I cannot think how I came to mention it,—pray *don't say a word* about Miss Twist,—only I thought it *might* concern *her*;"—"What might concern *her?*" says Mrs. Fidget.—"The report, I mean," says Mr. Hargrave;—"What report?" says Mrs. Fidget.—"Why, that Mr. Robert Dermont is going to marry Miss Mandeville;"—"Miss Mandeville!!!" exclaimed Mrs. Fidget, and, as I am told, she lifted up her eyes and her hands so high, that they had liked to have stuck there, and never come down again;"—"Miss Mandeville!!!" she repeated;—"Yes, *Miss*

Mandeville," says Mr. Hargrave, "but pray don't tell the *Twists*:"—"Not I," says Mrs. Fidget, "*I would not tell them for the world*:"—"No, pray don't tell *them*," says Mr. Hargrave, "I quite dread *their* hearing of it;—it would be quite *cruel* and *unkind* to acquaint them with it at all abruptly, for I am confident they thoroughly expected him to marry *Miss Twist*;"—"Made quite certain of it, you may depend upon it," says Mrs. Fidget, with no small agitation; "*Therefore*," says Mr. Hargrave, "they will, I fear, be sadly disappointed, and I should be sorry to be the first person to have even to hint it to them:"—"To be sure," says Mrs. Fidget, "*they will be finely disappointed indeed*!—I can't guess how they'll bear it;—I *pity* those who will have to communicate it to them *first*, especially to *Mrs. Twist*, whose temper (*between*

friends) is not the most governable one in the world; how she will conduct herself upon the occasion, I have no idea."—"I suppose, however, it won't be long," says Mr. Hargrave, "before they *do* hear of it, for though *you* and *I* could not find a heart to tell them, Mrs. Fidget, yet I dare say, you know there are kind neighbours enough to be found, who would communicate it in all its circumstances as soon as they hear it."—"True, indeed," says Mrs. Fidget, "a secret of that nature is not long in travelling round a neighbourhood;"—but she now began to be so restless, and so incapable of sitting still any longer, that Mr. Hargrave prepared to take his leave:—"Pray remember," says he, "my dear Madam, not to say a word about it to the *Twists*."—Mrs. Fidget called for her cloak:—"Pray let us, at least, keep the secret from *them* as long as we can."

—Mrs. Fidget was very impatient for her *bonnet* and *gloves*:—"I should not, however, wonder if they knew it by this time," says Mr. Hargrave, as he was parting from her, which so quickened the *valedictions* of Mrs. Fidget, that had she abruptly turned him out of the house, she could not well have more visibly shown how much she wished him to be gone:—at last, they separated;—but, scarcely had Mr. Hargrave reached the first stile, when, upon turning round, (not altogether by accident and undesignedly, but through a certain *presentiment* which the reader probably anticipate,) he saw Mrs. Fidget walking very much quicker than usual, and much beyond her natural strength, in *the direction, as straight as a line could be drawn*, towards *Nicotium Castle*, where she arrived, ready to drop, just about the time that Mr. Hargrave returned to the Hall.

From the report that she very soon afterwards made of her visit, (for when done, nothing could exceed her care to have it universally known, that *she* was the very identical person that *first* told the Twists *the secret* that so nearly touched them,) from *her* report, I say, it appeared, that *Miss* Twist seemed little affected by it, but that *Mrs.* Twist had so little command of herself, that the moment she heard it, she exclaimed, with something very like an oath,—
 “Then, Ma’am, if it be so, Mr. Dermont richly deserves to be hanged!”—
Thinks-I-to-myself, when I heard it, no doubt, quite as much as Tom Dash himself, who shot the father of nine children for refusing to drink a profane toast!—however, the fact really was,—that Mrs. Twist, undoubtedly, felt in her own mind, that *I* thoroughly *did* deserve to be *hanged*:—not that she had a word more to alledge against me

(though all her neighbours, of course, were enquiring about it from morning to night,) beyond her own *fancies* and *suspensions*.—"What, did not he make a formal offer to her?" says one.—"Didn't he make her a solemn promise?" says another.—"Didn't he apply for a special licence?" says a third.—"Were not the wedding clothes ordered?" says a fourth.—"No, indeed," says Mrs. Twist, "he made *no* offer, *no* promise, he applied for *no* licence, he ordered *no* clothes, but, yet he richly deserves to be hanged for all that;—though, indeed, (she would generally add,) I am by *no* means sure that Mr. Twist would have *allowed* him to marry *our* daughter if he *had* made an offer, for he is but a mean-looking youth after all, though he is to be a lord, and his *title*, when it comes to him, is but a *Scotch* one, and of the lowest degree of all, as I have been told, and Mr. Twist,

I know, is *resolved*, in his own mind; never to let Grizilda marry below *such a lord*, as will make *our* grand-daughters *ladies!*"

"I wonder," says *Mrs. Fidget*, (I heard this from another of her neighbours, who promised not to say a word about it,) "I wonder," says she, "*Mrs. Twist*, that *you* can call him '*a mean-looking youth*;'—I have *always* particularly thought *myself*, that, independent of his title, his *person* and *talents* were quite sufficient to recommend him to any young woman, rich or poor, noble or ignoble;—besides, the *estates* are so *contiguous*, that no match could have been so suitable and desirable, it must be confessed, and as for his *barony*, he might easily, with such a fortune as they would have had together, have been made an *Earl*, or a *Marquis*, or perhaps a *Duke!*—Who

knows?—I was *sadly afraid* it would *ver* you, and therefore was *very loath* to come and tell you; only I thought you would rather hear it first from a *friend*, than from any more indifferent person;—if it were at all a doubtful matter, if there were still the *least chance* of his marrying *your daughter*, I should have waited *patiently*, and, on *no account*, have run the risk of disturbing your feelings unnecessarily, but I had it from the very first authority, from Mr. Hargrave himself, indeed, who came to me, so full of it, and seemed to *pity poor Miss Twist* so much, that he could talk of nothing else all the while he was with me.”

“*Pity poor Miss Twist*, indeed,” says Mrs. Twist!!! “I *do beg* and *intreat* that he *will* keep his pity to himself;—*pity Miss Twist!*—*pity our*

daughter!!—pity the heiress of these wide domains, because she is not to marry a poor Scotch baron!!—poor, I may well call him, for I am told, he gets nothing with his title but his great grandfather's picture and a family watch;—*pity poor Miss Twist, indeed!!!*—I wonder, Mrs. Fidget, you could suffer such a low fellow to talk so in your presence.”—“Indeed, my dear madam,” rejoins Mrs. Fidget, “I did not feel inclined to stop him, because he seemed truly and most sincerely to feel for the *cruel disappointment* your daughter, (as he thought,) was about to suffer, *else, indeed*, I should have thought it impertinent, as you say, for such a low man to have pretended to pity your daughter; for, though I believe him to be a good man in his way, every body knows undoubtedly, that some of his ances-

tors were no better than dealers in *drugs*, that is, in *snuff*, or *tobacco*, or some such filth !”

Thus did these two amiable ladies, as I am informed, conduct themselves towards each other, upon this memorable occasion. Mrs. Fidget never rested talking about it, 'till it was known all over the country ; and the more Mrs. Twist *scorned to be pitied*, the more Mrs. Fidget *insisted upon feeling* for her.

Miss Mandeville was now a frequent guest at the Hall, and my father and mother seemed to get every day more fond of her. Captain Charleville was also continually with us, so that we made a large family party. My father's journey to Scotland, however, seemed to become every day more inevitable, so that my poor mother was

very low, and little capable of enjoying herself so much as would otherwise have been the case.

Mr. Twist appeared to be too much engrossed with his dogs and horses, to care much about the business.—On *one* account, he was rather glad than sorry, at the course of things, namely, because it produced a greater shyness than ever between his family and the Mandevilles, so as to render it *highly reasonable* in *his* opinion, that he should *totally and entirely give up* going to church, which he had certainly *never* done *hitherto*, except as a sort of compliment and condescension to the *family at the Vicarage*;—he now easily determined in his own mind, that his visits *there* might be *altogether dispensed with*, and that henceforth, without the smallest let or hindrance, Sunday might be quite as much *his*

own as any other day in the week;—this gave him great content:—"Bob Dermont may have all the sermonising and psalm-singing to himself, *now*," says he, "for me;—I'll let him my whole pew for sixpence a year, and give him all the prayer books and *hassocks* into the bargain;—they are none of your *old, rotten, indented, worm-eaten* commodities, I promise you, but all as good as new, though they have been there these ten years;—knee never touched one of them yet, to the best of my knowledge, saving and excepting, perhaps, *Saint Watson's*;"—(meaning the *Governess*;)—and I fancy indeed Mr. Twist was perfectly correct; for the truth is,—they generally sat close up in the different corners of the pew, engaged in reading novels, sleeping, or making fun of all that was going forward;—I must say, however, they had the *decency* to sit up so

close in the corners, that nobody could see what they were about;—neither the *parson*, nor the *clerk*, nor the *churchwardens*, nor the *sexton*, nor one of the *singers*, nor any of the people up in the *gallery*;—in fact, *only GOD ALMIGHTY!!!*—*Thinks-I-to-myself*,—*possibly*, HE saw them all the while;—*in the church*, and *out of the church*, most likely;—*in the corners of the said pew*, as much as in the very middle of it!

Twist's common practice was, to *keep Sunday for travelling*.—The road on *that* day, he would say, was so unincumbered with *carts* and *waggon*s, that he was determined *never* to *journey* on any other day in the week but *that*, if he could possibly help it;—and surely he was right; for, certainly, *waggon*s and *carts*, with the dust they make in summer, and the splashing

they make in winter, and the certainty of being always in the way, whether you meet them, or come behind them, are most intolerable nuisances;—you may say what you will of their *utility* in carrying *corn*, or *hay*, or *turnips*, or *carrots*, into the metropolis, or bringing *manure* out of it, but it cannot be denied, that to *such* travellers as *Twist*, they are shocking impediments; and I must take upon me to say, that any *nobleman or gentleman*, who is as *rich* as *Twist*, and has as much command of his time, and as much *courage*, cannot do better than adopt his plan:—*double turnpikes* need not stop such travellers:—I confess, I know nothing that can render it *at all* objectionable, except the FOURTH COMMANDMENT; *that*, I very well know, bids us “to keep *holy* the Sabbath day,” and not only to do no manner of work in it ourselves, but

not to let our sons, or our daughters, or our man-servants, or maid-servants, do any ;—no, nor our cattle, or even the stranger that happens to be within our gates ;—but, since *travelling* implies, in the very definition of the word, a quitting of *home*, and, of course, all the relations above enumerated, whether the commandment *can possibly* be intended to *prevent* our *compelling*, or *bribing*, or *seducing other people's sons and daughters, men-servants, and maid-servants, cattle and strangers*, to work on the Sabbath, nay, to do *any* manner of work that the rich may choose to call upon them to do, I leave to be settled and determined by all those who may *wish* and *desire* to avail themselves of the convenience of an unincumbered road.—I confess, I have often considered the point myself, and shall candidly confess, that I think *NOT* ! indeed, I am so much per-

suaded of this, that rich as I now am, I actually never *dare* to travel on a *Sunday*, except in a case of absolute and indispensable *necessity*:—so far, I must confess, our neighbour Twist was a man of more *spirit*, and *resolution* than either *my father*, or *myself*;—he did not seem to care a fig for the fourth commandment, and therefore stood upon no sort of ceremony about violating it, not only by encouraging and promoting all the unhallowed work I speak of, robbing and depriving men, cattle, and strangers, of the rest God would have given them, but by keeping the Sabbath as UN-holy as he *could* keep it, and tempting and forcing others continually to do the same.

There was another thing of which Twist was exceedingly fond:—I mean *betting* upon all sorts of events:—I

have already mentioned his bet with Lord ———, on Bob Gubbins and Big Beelzebub:—if any-body had but offered him the wager, he would have *bétted*, I make no doubt, that he would find “*a camel*” that would “*go through the eye of a needle* ;”—and indeed I wonder, that among the many bets sought out and invented, by the sporting and gambling speculators of the day, *this* has never been attempted ;—for, should it *ever* be attended with *success*, (the *torture* and *agony* of the *squeezed camel* need *never* stand in the way !) it would seem to follow, as a matter of course, that it would be quite as feasible for such sort of “*rich*” fellows as Twist and his associates, to get to Heaven ;—which, I am afraid, will continue as problematical as ever, if things happen to proceed just as they now do.

Of matches *against time* also, (as they are called,) Twist was equally fond.—Now these are, comparatively, well enough;—because, though perhaps in the course of every year, a number of useful and innocent animals may get harassed and tormented out of their lives, yet there is no difficulty in determining who *wins* and who *loses*;—but, matches against ETERNITY, (by which I understand all matches, that *may*, on account of the *cruelty, profligacy, or folly* attending them, be taken account of *HEREAFTER*;) are certainly very silly, because, for what we can ever know, in this mortal stage of our lives, the greatest *winner* may be the greatest *loser after all*! Twist, himself, absolutely killed two beautiful (and *favourite*!) ponies at this very work, and yet he thought he *won*;—but, *Thinks-I-to-myself, perhaps, after all,*

he lost; for, "*the race is not always to the swift;*"—"there is a time to get, and a time to lose;"—"the merciful man doeth good to his own soul, but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh."

I am willing, however, to hope and believe, that Twist was not in his heart a *professed gambler*. A certain degree of self-delusion hid from his view both the profligacy and danger of most of his occupations and pursuits, but I am rather anxious to record it of him, that he was not, as I said before, a *professed gamester*. He would take a bet when offered, and he would play with those who were *accustomed* to play, but he did not go out of his way to *seduce* the young and *unsuspecting*; to take advantage of the *ignorant* and *unskilful*; he did not go the length of wantonly *making havoc of the peace of families*—wring

ing the heart of the fond wife, the helpless orphan, the aged parent, by effecting the rapid and instantaneous ruin of those to whom they looked for support and comfort." He was not "such a VILLAIN as THIS amounts to. I have, on the contrary, more than once heard him declare, that he would go far to save any *youth* from the *snarcs* that are *laid for them* at a *gaming-table*, and to prevent their taking the *first step* into that gulph of *horror* and *despair*. A professed and systematic gambler he ever regarded as a wretch too base to be entitled to the common rights and privileges of society; he knew, indeed, much of their disgraceful and pernicious habits and practices, having himself nearly fallen a victim to their treacherous, seductive, and base arts in his early days; a circumstance which always appeared to have made a particular impression on his mind, and which, though

it had not the happy effect of turning him away entirely from such irrational and hazardous pursuits, yet made him occasionally feel, and even tremble, for others, who were not in the way to know (what *he knew*) of the *barbarous deceptions, low cunning, and base designs* of habitual gamesters, and how liable the *young, the ignorant, and the unwary*, are to be drawn into that sad vortex of dissipation and ruin. What a pity that he could not have gone a few steps farther, and seen the folly and corrupt tendency of his own mode of life, and that of most of his associates; for *bad example* may, and often does, as effectually and as fatally take the *young and unwary*, by surprize, as the most premeditated *design*, or the most studied *dissimulation*.

My father and Mr. Hargrave were now very soon to set off for Scotland;

to the great concern and regret of all the party:—no little boy going to school for the first time, could have more admonitions given him, by his mother, than my father received from mine, as the time for his departure approached; I had had a spice of the same myself when I went into the same remote country:—numberless were the expedients endeavoured to be impressed upon his memory, how to ascertain to a certainty at every inn, whether the *bedding* or *sheets* were *damp*;—*purses* were regularly and systematically made up for *highwaymen*, for fear he should get shot, through any delay in the delivery of what *they* might be *pleased* to ask for;—and the strongest intreaties were made use of, to prevent his ever attempting to *defend himself* in case he should be attacked, for fear it *might* be *misconstrued* into *wilful resistance*;—with a

view to which, his pistols, which had been ordered to be got ready, were put back again a thousand times, my mother never being able to settle in her own mind, whether, in *such rencontres*, the *defence* or *exposure* of one's person were most secure.

But the medicine chest with which he was provided, was the most curious.—My father hated physic,—as well the use as the taste of it;—he generally enjoyed an excellent state of health, and scarce knew the name of one of the diseases with which the bulk of mankind are tormented;—but the medicine chest, which my mother's extreme care and anxiety had induced her to prepare for the occasion, would have led any one to think he was subject to all the maladies under the sun: as the gout had *once* been in his family, *according to tradition*, there was

one whole compartment filled with medicines to cure that complaint, in case *he should have it*, and another with medicines to *bring the gout*, in case he should seem to *want it*, and have it *not*;—there was laudanum to put him to sleep, and emetics and stimulants to relieve and awaken him in case he should happen to take too much, and sleep too long;—there were abundance of *nostrums* to keep off infection, and just as many to cure it in case it could not be kept off;—many *cooling* preparations were added for fear he should ever be *over-heated*, and the like proportion of *cordials* and *carmenatives* in case he should ever suffer from *cold*;—every powder, and packet, and bottle, and box, besides, being regularly labelled and marked inside and out, in a hand the most legible, for fear of any perplexity or mistake in the administration of the several

remedies,—but MY mother was not like other mothers or other wives; such maternal and conjugal feelings as her's are now so out of vogue, that I expect no credit for what I have related;—yet so it was.—At last, the day came for their departure, and the heart-breaking separation took place.

Mrs. Mandeville was a great comfort to my mother during my father's absence, the more so, undoubtedly, from the new situation in which they stood connected with each other;—but she was certainly a most sensible and amiable woman, very different from most of our other neighbours.

In the mean while, Mrs. Fidget did all she could to set *us* against the *Twists*, as she had previously done all she could, to set *them* against *us*: and this upon the avowed pretence of

being the *particular friend* of both parties :—whatever Mrs. Twist, in her disappointment, happened to utter against us, Mrs. Fidget, out of her *extreme friendship* and *regard*, took care to repeat at Grumblethorpe, as quick as she could; and every thing she saw passing at Grumblethorpe, that she thought could at all tend to revive or aggravate Mrs. Twist's disappointment, she was just as careful to make known as speedily as possible at Nicotium Castle :—" I suppose you have heard what Mrs. Twist says," was the general bent of her conversation with us, and, " What a deal of love-making there is at the Hall," her continual remark at Nicotium Castle.

I cannot help mentioning these things, because *this* sort of character is so extremely *rare* and *uncommon* :—in the whole circle of your acquaintance, gen-

the reader, in town or country, in public or in private, I don't suppose you *ever* met with *such a twoman*, as Mrs. Fidget! Her delight was to go from one house to another among her neighbours, purposely to report and communicate at each, whatever she knew to be most likely to occasion distress and vexation; and if there were a chance of any shyness or open rupture between any two parties ensuing from it, so much the better for Mrs. Fidget.—There was nothing too bad for her thus to convey from one neighbour to another.—The worse indeed it was, so much the better for her:—she seemed indeed to be constantly making experiments how far *one person* could bear to be told, that *another person* thought her a *fool*, or a *devil*, or *old*, or *ugly*, or *mad*, or *proud*, or *peevish*, or *covetous*, or *artful*, or *hypocritical*:—though she was careful enough to varnish over the

communication of any such pleasant piece of news with a certain affected laugh, which, though it might be intended to express *her* particular dissent, said, as plainly as possible,—“*And sure enough I think it true!*”

It was thus, in this *light airy* sort of way, that is, that I was first made acquainted with the reflection cast upon my Honourable *person* by Mrs. Twist, and to which I have before alluded:—“I suppose you know, Mr. Dermont,” says she, “what Mrs. Twist calls you;—I suppose you know, that she thinks you a “*mean looking youth,*” ha, ha, ha, he, he, he,—a *mean looking youth*, indeed! and “*poor into the bargain;*”—she says, “you are to get nothing with your title, but your great grandfather’s portrait, and a family watch;”—but did you hear what she says of Miss Mandeville, too:—she

says, “ she looks, for all the world, like a lump of snow ; or a *rice-dumpling*, without any *sweet-meat* in it,” *ha, ha, hū, &c.*

I could mention a hundred other things to the same effect, in which the malice and ill-nature of this *neighbourly friend*, and *friendly neighbour*, were equally conspicuous, but, really, such a character is so very *outré*, so *entirely out* of the *common course of things*, so perfectly *contrary* to one's ordinary *experience* of the *ways of the world*, that I could not expect to be credited on my bare word, nay, surely not on my oath:—Who could possibly believe me, if I were to assert it ever so, that Mrs. Fidget, after trying all she could to set us against Mrs. Twist, could take the trouble of going expressly to Nicotium Castle merely to tell the latter, how much she was *sur-*

prized and grieved to find, that she (Mrs. Twist) was not so great a favourite at Grumblethorpe Hall as heretofore! I say, gentle reader, could you, from your knowledge of the world, and experience of human conduct, ever believe, that any such malicious creature as Mrs. Fidget could exist? and yet I declare I know this to be the fact, nay, and that she would have been very much hurt if any body had been beforehand with her; that is, had got the start of her, in communicating this friendly and most agreeable piece of intelligence.

Three days after my father had quitted us, my poor mother was made superlatively happy by receiving a letter from him to inform her, that he believed he should not have occasion to go farther than London, for that his lawyer had had a letter from the par-

ties in Scotland, to say, that in consequence of the information communicated to them, they should not attempt to contest the point;—that the documents that had been discovered, were, in all likelihood, too clear to be set aside, and therefore, that they were willing to have it settled by reference to counsel in London.—The case was accordingly submitted to certain persons of the greatest eminence in Westminster Hall, and speedily determined, without a dissentient voice, in our favour.—In less than a fortnight, therefore, my father returned £10,000 per annum richer than when he went from us.

It was *well* bestowed; for he was a most munificent, benevolent, charitable man:—if a fellow-creature stood in need of assistance, his purse was open;—he gave freely to the grateful and the

ungrateful; for I am sorry to say, there were many of the latter among those he benefited: — the poor, [in general, were extremely unthankful:—they would receive his bounty; curtsey and bow, and thank him, when they met him, but always covet more, and do him damage without compunction or remorse:—he knew it as well as I do; but, still he *would give*; for, he would say, they know no better; they have not been educated as we have been:—give, and it shall be given you again;—if not by those you serve, yet by God Almighty, which is far better security.

It will be easily supposed, that occasionally we had among ourselves, much conversation and consultation about the approaching nuptials, both of myself and my sister:—all which, being matter of mere private con-

cern and arrangement, I certainly need not trouble the reader with it;—there were many other things also to be thought of;—I was not far now from being of age; don't stare, gentle reader; I say, I was now nearly of age:—“*Tempus fugit*,” you know, or, in plain English, Time flies! you may think what you please about the length of time most accordant with the order of events, as they seem to stand in *this narrative*, but I am almost positive, that I must have been nearly of age, or, if not, that there is no great harm done by *pretending* to be so:—you will remember that I have never once told you how old I was at the beginning of this book, when Mrs. Fidget and the *pug dogs* paid their *first* visit at *Grumblethorpe Hall*, so that of course you don't know how old I was when I went to Scotland;—nor can you tell exactly how long I was upon the road

thither, taking in the excursion to the Lakes;—then I remained in Scotland, if you recollect, full two years, as I took particular care to tell you, and returned from Scotland rather slowly:—then as to the time expended in *making love* to *Emily*, after I had permission to do so, its exact duration has been purposely kept secret from you, so that I am well assured, that let your critical acumen be what it may, you have no fair right to dispute my being now nearly of age.

As a most amazing entertainment was intended to be given at the æra of this joyous event, my father conceived that it would be well, if possible, to bring the two jubilees together; or, as Mrs. Fidget would say, to “kill two or three birds with one stone;”—that is, that I should be married about that time; either a little before, or a little

after;—and, if Captain Charleville and my sister should choose to avail themselves of the same opportunity, they were welcome to do it:—thus the whole business might rather resemble the rich *Camacho's* wedding in *Don Quixotte*, where *Sancho Panza* ladled up, if you remember, *whole ducks*, and *chickens*, and *sucking pigs* at every dip into the *pot*! and now I speak of *Sancho Panza*, my heart almost aches to think I could not invite him to my wedding;—how delighted I should have been to have seen him there;—how I would have stuffed him, his body, and his wallets too, with rarities and dainties, and all kinds of choice things!—but enough of this.

My coming of age led also to other things.—The title and estate that had come to my father, had given him an influence in some of the Scotch Bo-

roughs; and he expressed to me his wish that I should be in Parliament:—*Clodpole in Parliament!*—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, was ever such a thing heard of as a Clodpole in Parliament!!—I actually did not reckon myself quite fit for it, and even ventured one day to tell my father so:—“*Not fit* for it,” says he! “surely you are as fit as *this*, and *that*, and *t’other*,” whom he ran over with such a volubility of reckoning through the A’s and B’s and C’s, quite down to *Izzard*, (I know not how many he enumerated,) ending, unfortunately, with two or three of the *Whip Club*, against whom he had a particular spite:—“Surely, my boy,” says my father, “*you* are as fit to be in Parliament as *such fellows as those!*” I was always sorry, I confess, to hear him say so, of the *Whip Club*; because it was one of the few prejudices he had that could be said to be

at all unreasonable; for I could never possibly agree with him about that particular association of GENTLEMEN;—I always supposed that it must be altogether impossible for anybody to see those illustrious personages quit the metropolis in the way they are accustomed to do, at BROAD DAY, BAROUCHE after BAROUCHE, accoutred as EXACTLY as possible like MAIL-COACHMEN, DRIVING THEIR OWN SERVANTS, &c. &c. &c.—but they must be tempted to *think*, at least, if not to *say* to *themselves*, (as I generally do) what *useful*, what *wise*, what *valuable*, what *important*, what *dignified* members of the STATE!!!!

And now I am upon this most interesting subject, I cannot help adding, that I still more admire the TANDEM Club, because those gentlemen must of necessity be better coachmen than any

of the rest:—the *four* horses of a Barouche are so harnessed and hooked together, that in a great measure they take care one of another, (if, indeed, they should all four happen to agree to run away at once, mercy upon all behind them! not to mention all before them—) but in a *tandem*, I see nothing to induce the leader to keep his course straight forward, but an address on the part of the charioteer, as nearly as can be supernatural; for, if the fore-horse chooses to go to the right or the left *on a sudden*, he may plainly upset the carriage, before any creature upon earth sitting five yards behind him, could be quick enough to bring him to his senses; especially if a pig, or a jack-ass, or a wind-mill, or a pack of gypsies, or a scissar-grinder's machinery, should stand in his way: and, for my own part, I think *leaders of tandems* are *particularly apt* to turn short round, on a sudden,

in the way I describe:—numbers and numbers have I seen perform this manœuvre, so suddenly and unexpectedly, that one would have sworn it must be done on purpose to confound the driver;—and the assurance and impudence with which they do it, in some instances, is past all description; staring all the while full in the faces of those in the carriage, as much as to say, I must have a peep at the fools behind that are pretending to manage me. It is, however, I must confess, a glaring *contradiction*, that *near-sighted* people should drive *Tandems*, (I speak to Scholars;) yet such things are! Heaven protect his Majesty's liege subjects!—

Well, I was to be in Parliament, as soon as a fair opportunity should occur.—I was to represent some six or seven Scotch boroughs, (as the famous *Charley For* once did,) and get acquainted with

my constituents as I could.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, this sounds odd:—but, yet, Why not?—Who knows *all* his constituents, or gets acquainted with them otherwise?—And, *perhaps*, I may be as competent to legislate for the empire at large with but few constituents, and little communication with them; as if I were to represent Westminster, or Middlesex, or London, and held an intercourse with them *daily*, in *Taverns*, or on *Hustings*, or from *triumphal cars*, or in *Westminster Hall*, or from the *top* or *box* of an Hackney Coach. I say, *perhaps*: I had rather of the two have few constituents, and consider myself as representative of the *nation at large*, than a multitude of such whimsical chaps, such *odd* friends of *liberty*, as would never suffer me so much as to *think*, even to *myself*, any thing contrary to their particular whims and caprices, (nay, perhaps their local and

personal prejudices, and, unless I *bowed down to them*, with almost idolatrous worship, would be sure to pelt me with *cabbage-stalks* or *brickbats*, *dead cats* or *dead dogs*, *rotten apples* or *rotten eggs*!—as to the *real patriotism* or *genuine liberality* of such chaps, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it is all a ———! and a BIG BOUNCING ONE, too!—

But, the *minister*,—the *minister*;—he may have an *undue influence* over me:—aye, so he may indeed, and *Thinks-I-to-myself*, there *can*, to be sure, be no undue influence in a *bludgeon*!—in *hissings*, and *hootings*, and *peltings*, and *cat-calls*, and *placards*:—no; these are mighty harmless, amiable, delightful helps to freedom of thought, and speech, and conduct:—Heaven bless the people who wish to call them into action every *three* years instead of *seven*!—Our Scotch boroughs are, at least, (*Thinks-*

I-to-myself,) as well off as the *minority* in any *popular* election, who must, in the issue of things, be contented to be represented, not only by a man not of their own choice, but by one who possibly has, by himself or friends, done all he could to exasperate and affront them!

But *integrity, integrity*;—aye, there's the rub;—*integrity* is every thing:—no corruption;—no place-men;—no!—down with them all!—*integrity* is the only qualification for a Parliament man:—come then, all you *honest* Tom Dashes, drive up to London;—you honest country gentlemen that never breathed the corrupt air of a court, or a royal residence, or wished to get a step higher in the world;—you are the people, the only people;—*you* have no *prejudices*, no *piques*, no *passions*, no *partialities*, no *professional* bias, no *pretensions* be-

yond *integrity*;—let *trade* take care of itself,—and the *army*, and the *navy*, and the *church*, and the *law*;—you can make laws and statutes enough, no doubt, with your *integrity*, without any other aid or assistance whatsoever:—in truth, I believe, you are, for the most part, honest and uncorrupt, and I ever wish to see a good number of you among the other legislators of the realm:—I wish too, that integrity may ever prove as powerful as it is judged by some to be, and perhaps it *may*, when the *Millennium* begins;—then, I think, (but not an hour before,) *honesty* may really become the best *policy*, and (what is more to the purpose) the *only policy wanted*.

I love reform as well as any:—I wish we were all reformed:—not merely the Parliament House, but you and I, and such folks as Mr. Twist, and Bob Gubbins, and Big Beelzebub:—and I love

John Bull too ;—and I love him dearly, and I would have him always live at large in fat pastures, and with as little work as possible all the days of his life ; only I wish him to be as good humoured and civil as he can be, and never to butt or bellow out of mere sulkiness, or pride, or wantonness, or ill-nature, or caprice, or solely for the sake of frightening harmless people out of their wits ;—which I think, sometimes, he has been rather inclined to do.

Before the happy time came for my union with Emily, Miss Twist picked up another *lover*, or *admirer*, or whatever you may please to call him :—it was a young “ Muster Dash ;”—a dissipated profligate youth of fortune, nearly resembling, by all accounts, the most amiable and deeply-lamented *Tom Dash*, of sporting celebrity.—Mrs.

Twist, I am told, was much hurt, when she first discovered, that he had no chance of inheriting even a *Scotch Baronny*, and grieved within herself, that after all, "our *grand-daughters*" stood a great chance of being *plain Misses*.—She ventured once, I am told, to remonstrate against it, but Miss swore "she'd have him, whether they would or no;—she'd buy him ever so great a title, if that were all."—They were continually riding out together, leaping hedges and ditches; particularly directing their attacks against my poor father's fences, to revenge the insult, I suppose, which had appeared to have been put upon the young lady, by the heir apparent's cold neglect.—This trespass, however, continued but a short time, for Nicotium Castle soon became an insufferable bore to these two *Dashers*, so that they worried Mr. and Mrs. Twist down to *Brighton* in the summer, and

up to *London* in the winter ; and then down to *Brighton* again, and from *Brighton* to *Margate*, and from *Margate* to *London* again ; and from *London* to *Cheltenham*, and from *Cheltenham* to *Bath*, and from *Bath* to *Cheltenham* again ; and so on.—Almost every *Sabbath-day*, they changed their place of abode.—The *Twist* property seemed to be going much as it came ;—that is, it appeared to be in a fair way of being dissipated like *smoke* ;—so that Mr. *Twist*, himself, at length, began to get out of humour, and judged it not improper to interfere, before they all got ruined together ;—he determined, therefore, at once, to break off the connection, and with the full weight of his paternal authority, even ventured to open his mind to his gentle and amiable daughter ; that is, the lovely Miss *Griilda*—he peremptorily told her the intercourse must be put an end to, and

that she *must* consent to see "*young Muster Dash*" no more!

Upon this fatherly communication, the obedient and accomplished daughter burst out *a laughing*, as I am told, in his face, declaring, that she heeded none of his threats, for that they had been *privately married* more than three weeks; which was the exact truth of the matter.

As she was a minor, he at first vowed he would endeavour to set it aside, but at length relented, and was reconciled. It would have been a great pity, indeed, if *he* and "*young Muster Dash*" had quarrelled, for, in most respects, they were, undoubtedly, "*birds of a feather*," and perfectly suited to each other.—Miss Watson had long before been sent off; as soon as ever, that is, that Miss Griziida *felt*, (which

was marvellously soon,) that she was herself, *come* to years of DISCRETION!

All these events luckily kept the Twists out of the country while the preparations were making for *Clodpole's* wedding, as well as for the celebration of his coming of age.—I was married just three weeks previously to the latter event, and my sister about a fortnight before it.—The fête that took place in consequence of these three great occurrences, was certainly most splendid, costly, and magnificent:—*Oxen* roasted whole;—*fountains* of wine and ale;—*bonfires* upon all the hills;—*country gambols*, &c. &c. &c. but, no cock-fighting;—no bull-baiting;—no boxing;—no cudgel-playing;—no matches against time;—no ass-racing;—there was plenty of sport and amusement without these:—every thing was provided, in short, that *could be* provided,

to make the *rational* part of the company merry, but nothing permitted that could make *one individual*, either of the rational or *irrational* creation, miserable.

And here I cannot help observing, that my father took delight at all times to make the poor happy, provided they would consent to be made so in a reasonable way;—he never courted popularity by making them *drunk*, or *turbulent*, or *saucy*;—he was a *real* friend to them, and not a *pretended* one;—he never went among them, as many do, merely to urge them to be discontented with their condition, holding forth to them no other relief but the mere *right of complaining*; he endeavoured, all he could, to do away every occasion of discontent and complaint, by administering to the quiet removal of every removable grievance, and teaching them

at the same time, by his own example, patiently to bear all that were really *not* removable;—he was not a *democrat* in the too common sense of the term; that is, a *mean* man with a *proud* heart, who seeks only to pull down the *great* that *he* may be as great as any; but he was a *great* man with an *humble* soul, (which I regard as the true democrat;)—*he* always tried to *elevate* the *low* by such a demeanour towards them as might sink all worldly differences, and make them feel the only sort of equality which God has ordained, an equality of *affection, friendship, and brotherhood*.—The fête at Grumblethorpe was conducted upon these principles, and these principles only:—there was no encouragement given to *licentiousness*, much less to *cruelty* or *profaneness*;—yet as far as expence and munificence could provide “*things lawful and honest,*”

every man was made free, and every man welcome.

So we were married; and so I came of age:—and here my history had better, perhaps, be brought to a conclusion, for the marriage in such works as these, is generally like the falling of the curtain at the play-house;—however, I have a sort of Epilogue still to deliver, and then I shall make my final bow.

My sister's match turned out as happily as my own, so that my worthy father and mother reaped the just fruits of all their kind care of us.—They had treated us like reasonable creatures from our infancy, and therefore we grew up to be such, and I trust have continued so ever since, and this has made the marriage state a happy dispensation to ourselves and our connections.

Captain Charleville had been brought up much like ourselves, and *Emily's* education has been described.—Every accomplishment we severally possessed, either of mind or body, was in its nature *permanent*:—we had been taught nothing *frivolous*, nothing *fantastical*;—nothing likely to *go out of fashion*, or become obsolete: personal accomplishments had not been neglected, nor amusements proscribed, but even these had been so managed and conducted, as to be subservient to the great end and object of our education, namely, the improvement of our minds and intellects: we had learnt nothing superficially, or for temporary purposes; whatever it had been thought necessary for us to learn, we had been thoroughly instructed in, and nothing *had been judged necessary* but what was likely to assist our judgments, to regulate our manners, to temper our passions, and

to render us useful as well as agreeable to our fellow-creatures, from the beginning of life to the end of it.

"Miss Twist had, perhaps, been educated beyond any of us, as far as *expense*, and *variety* and *shew* were concerned; but almost every thing she had thus acquired was out of fashion by the time she got married, and quite so by the time she had a family; so that her husband was no better for it at all, and her children only so much the worse; for as *shew* and *variety* were originally the prime objects of all her pursuits, the love of *shew*, and the love of *variety*, never abated, so that fresh expences continually became necessary to keep pace with the follies and vanities of the day, 'till all the accumulations of the thrifty tobacconist at length dwindled into nothing, and at this moment the *Twist stile* no longer separates the two

domains ;—the *Nicotium* property came to the hammer several years ago, and *Clodpole*, after all, is in possession of the whole!

My being in Parliament laid us under a necessity of being more in London than was quite agreeable either to Emily or myself. The fair face of nature had charms for *us*, which we looked for in vain in the dark and dirty metropolis.—As far as we ourselves were personally concerned, we found no compensation in the noise and bustle of that enormous city, for the quiet retirement, and calmer pleasures of a rural residence.

I fear I should be accounted dull and stupid to the greatest degree, nay, judged to be altogether of a mean and base spirit, were I explicitly to declare how much I do really prefer the one to the other.—I will even acknowledge that

sometimes I have been almost ashamed to confess it to myself, fearing it could only result from a disposition to prefer *nature* in general, to *human nature*; that is, inanimate and irrational objects to my fellow-creatures; for, while the country abounds with the former, it has ever appeared to me, that *human nature* may be said to have *London* to itself:—whoever, therefore, has but one spark of real PHILANTHROPY; that is, whoever can bring himself to love MAN, merely as MAN, in preference to all other beings and earthly existences whatsoever, (which is, it must be confessed, the height of Christianity,) to whomsoever, I say, this can happen, London must needs be the very place in which he ought most to delight; inasmuch as, in all probability, that renowned city, take it all together, contains within it more of human nature, than any other corner of the globe;—I

mean, of *genuine human nature*, such as man really is, not by education, but spite of education, and every other restraint whatsoever, human or divine:—*man*, to be beloved as *man*, ought certainly to be seen and known in LONDON, because there he may be seen in almost every possible situation, and under every variety of character, and therefore, if he does really deserve to be loved as he ought to be, or in other words, as our holy religion enjoins, where can we expect to be better satisfied and convinced of his matchless and extraordinary perfections, than in that general receptacle and resort of the species at large;—therefore, it is, that I grieve to say, that after numberless efforts to the contrary, I still *seem* to prefer *nature at large*:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, there's rather more appearance of *order*, of *harmony*, of *beauty*, of *utility*, of *virtue*, of *innocence*, in the view of almost

any country district, than of the most *thronged, crowded, populous, busy* part of London !

This, I conceive, to be a genuine *Thinks-I-to-myself* : — I don't suppose any body ever thought the like : — I scarcely, indeed, dare avow so singular a prejudice : — I am, in fact, ashamed of it altogether, and would give the world to get rid of it, because, at all events, London is a very useful place, and the difference between town and country is, it must be confessed, so palpably in favour of the former.

Often am I tempted to say, as I traverse the streets of London, on a *fine spring morning*, why cannot I be contented, *as so many thousands are*, to enjoy the bright beams of the sun, as they are dimly reflected from the surface of that long range of buildings of dingy

brick work, the habitations of MAN; spending all their vivifying force on the superficies of this delightful stone pavement, on which so many lords of the creation are delighted to tread, instead of wishing rather to behold that wonderful luminary, enlightening, unrestrained, (that is, in a *careless, loose, and rude* manner,) a mere vulgar expanse of rural scenery, mountain and valley, hill and dale, wood and wilderness, dispersing its rays abroad, to cheer and revive seldom any thing better than mere birds and beasts, herbs and trees, to ripen the fruits of the earth, or adorn the flowers of the field?

Surely, *Thinks I-to-myself*, it ought to be far more gratifying, if I had but a just notion of the pre-eminence and dignity of *man*, to see it insinuating itself with such modesty and humility, and such deference to the multifarious

restrictions imposed on it, into the *cracks*, and *corners*, and *narrow passes* of the crowded metropolis;—making its way with such eager anxiety, as it generally seems to do, though continually turned out of its direct course, into its numerous *streets* and *squares*, *lanes* and *alleys*, *courts*, and *passages*, *shops* and *shambles*!!

The dignity and proud pre-eminence of *us human creatures*, cannot, I think, be placed in a higher point of view, than by the marked subservience of this glorious luminary in this particular region of the globe:—though there is no place on the face of the whole earth in which it is more scurvily treated by man, woman, and child, it yet never wantonly turns away its beams;—it rises many many hours before there is any-body awake or in motion to be enlightened by its rays, and submits

to be put out of countenance by the *preference* almost universally given to *wax* and *tallow candles*;—it submits to shine only by *reflection* and *refraction*, seldom in full lustre into any one street of the metropolis; and if it ever does appear *in person* to the astonished eye, it is most commonly not in its utmost glory, but more like a *dark red ball* shorn of its beams, not near so bright as one of those enormous *show-bottles* in a Chemist's shop, that so often dazzle and confound your eyes, as you traverse the streets at night.

I know not where the SUN receives more marked insults than in *London*, either in the way of neglect or interruption, or open contempt of its use and importance in the system of things: the MOON, poor thing! is not worthy of a thought;—though *Queen* of the *Night*, which latter has more votaries

in London than any-where else, all the honours are transferred to the one without the smallest care or concern being expressed for the other.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, there are OTHER QUEENS OF THE NIGHT at London!

It is a pity but the *sun* and *moon* could be persuaded to leave London to itself, and bestow such portions of their light as are thus uselessly spent upon the metropolitans, to the greater accommodation of the country folks:—the latter alone, in fact, seem to be duly sensible of the great and particular benefits to be derived from these two *great lights of Heaven*; made originally, (as I have read,) the *Sun* to rule the *day*, and the *Moon* to rule the *night*; an ordinance which Londoners have thought proper to reverse, so that generally and for the most part, the *night* of a Londoner

falls under the dominion of the *sun*, and the *day* of a Londoner under the dominion of the *moon*:—Is it not so, Sir?—Is it not so, Madam?—Is it not so, Miss?—Speak out honestly,

Not that *all* London, perhaps, is ever asleep at the same moment;—as there are plenty of disurb-ers, so there are probably plenty of disturb-ed, at all hours;—*sweep!* and *dust O!*—*hare-skeens!* and *rabbit-skeens!*—and *ould clouthes!* no doubt often, at the dawn of day, interrupt the very *commencement* of many a *belle's* repose, just returned from the ball, or assembly, or masquerade! but let these reflect in their turn: how many honest, industrious, hard working citizens, the rattling of their carriages may have robbed of the *end* of *their* repose, at hours still more unreasonable, more precious,

and more allowedly dedicated to Morpheus.

And now I have alluded to these things, I cannot help mentioning another strange and unaccountable prejudice which I could never shake off, though so necessary to my comfort during my attendance in Parliament:—instead of being cheered and exhilarated, as others generally are, by the sweet sounds that are continually saluting you in London, such as the *ratling* of *coaches* just mentioned, the *rumbling* of *carts*, the cry of *sprats* and *mackrill*, *muffins* and *crumpets*, *dust* *O*, *sweep* *O*, *milk-below-maids*, and other such melodious strains, I could at any time have found greater delight in the dull *warbling* of *larks* or *linnets*, *black-birds* or *nightingales*, and other rural noises, such as—

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"The *wild brook* babbling down the mountain side,  
The *lowing herd*, the sheep-fold's *simple bell*;  
The *pipe* of early *Shepherd* dim descried  
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
The *clamorous horn* along the cliffs above;  
The hollow murmur of the *ocean-tide*;  
The *hum* of *bees*, and *linnet's* lay of love,  
And the full *choir* that wakes the universal  
grove."

~~~~~

There must naturally be something so much more noble and important in the "busy hum of *men*," than in the "busy hum of *bees*," or any other inferior animal, that I am almost

ashamed to acknowledge such base prepossessions.

It is often said, and oftener perhaps *thought* of London, as of *Paris* in old time, that the very *air* of the *metropolis*, is necessary to the improvement and perfection of any talent we may happen to possess;—that *those* who have *not* visited the *capital*, cannot be expected ever to excel in any art or any science,—upon which, I can only say, what has been already said also in the case of *Paris* alluded to, namely, that this is indeed very likely to be true, since, undoubtedly, the *air* of London must needs be a *very particular air*;—not any of your meer *simple, uncompounded, insipid* fluids like the air of the country, but evidently and palpably consisting of an immense variety of substances most curiously blended and mingled together;—Lon-

don, as well as Paris, may reasonably be considered as one vast crucible in which divers *meats* and *fruits*, *oils*, *wines*, *pepper*, *cinnamon*, *sugar*, *coffee*, (this for *Paris*, you may add for *London*,) *coal-dust*, and *coal-smoke*, *brick-dust*, *mud*, the steam of a thousand *breweries*, the fumes and vapours of ten thousand *gin-shops*, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. are daily collected, the stomachs and lungs of the inhabitants being the furnaces by which these various ingredients are again decomposed.

It must be evident to all capable of considering the subject but for one moment, that the more *subtle* and *volatile* parts of *every-thing* in the *whole* *town* capable of *decomposition*, must be every moment flying off and incorporating themselves with the *air* we

breathe! what smoke! what flames! what a torrent of vapours and exhalations!

I need not pursue this matter further:—the hint is sufficient to enable any person in full possession of almost any one of the *five* senses, *taste*, *touch*, *smell*, *sight*, or *hearing*, to swell the catalogue, as well as to enlarge his own ideas of the very extraordinary nature and component parts of a London atmosphere.

How can we be surprized if it work effects not to be looked for elsewhere:—who can wonder that the genius should be brighter, the brain clearer, the senses more acute; the faculties (not to mention the *virtues*) of the *soul* improved, in an atmosphere subject to such curious *compositions* and

decompositions, sublimations, fermentations, elective attractions, precipitations, &c. &c. &c.?

There is nothing on which it appears to have a more powerful and wonderful effect, than on the *human voice*.—The energies and operations of which have *here* a value which would exceed all belief, if it were not capable of being verified by an appeal to *facts* notorious to the whole world:—I do not mean to speak of the little trumpery profits of those who *hæck* and *cry* their commodities about the public streets, (though to my soft ears, so wonderfully sonorous are the voices of the very gentlest of those gentle orators, that they seem, most of them, to possess the *fifty-fold* faculties of a *Stentor*;) nor do I mean to speak of the *popular preachers* in the several chapels in London, regular or irregular, (though

for what I know, many of them may be admired, and paid more for the *sound* than for the *sense* they utter;)—nor do I mean to speak of the profits of the gentry of the *long robe*, (though I have heard it rumoured that some are frequently rewarded more for what they *say*, than what they *think*;)—nor do I mean to speak of my brethren in Parliament, (though I know it is thought that many of *them* make some profit of their *voices*;)—nor do I indeed mean to speak at all of the effects the London air has on the lungs of *Englishmen* or *English-women*, to whom it may be considered as at all events natural and congenial;—but I mean most particularly to allude to the very surprising advantage it gives to the *voices* of those who happen to have been born in the fair climes of *Italy*:—the more surprising because a Northern atmosphere might be naturally expected to be ra-

ther disadvantageous to such Southern rarities.

I might adduce a thousand instances in proof of the astonishing value of an *Italian voice*, when exposed to the influences of a London atmosphere; I might amuse the reader, if I chose, with a curious calculation of the probable amount of the enormous sums paid for *every word of every air* that proceeds from the mouths of certain eminent performers, but an article I read this very day in the newspapers is so much in point, that I shall merely transcribe it;—“*Madame Catalani* had *diamonds* on her head to the amount of £15,000—her *voice*, however, is her *richest jewel*.”

A Lady's *virtue* is generally supposed to be her “*richest jewel*,” but you see the voice of an *Italian* lady in

London *outweighs* even *that*;—at least, so the paragraph just cited implies:—most certainly, however, in a pecuniary point of view, it does *always outweigh* the brightest and purest virtues of many of our worthy countrymen, and most amiable countrywomen!

There are several things for which I wish to give London unbounded credit; particularly with regard to all matters of social intercourse:—these are far better managed in London than in the country.—Mrs. Fidget, for instance, and her troublesome dogs, and child, (see pages 11, 12, &c. vol. i.) would never have been admitted in London, while my mother was writing a letter to my sister, unless she had herself, *bonâ fide*, as they say in *Latin*, that is, from the bottom of her heart, chosen it;—she might have looked out of window

herself, and said, "*Not at home*;" so little are these things thought of in that great and polite city.

I know there must ever appear to be something very like a deliberate falsehood, not to say *downright lie*, in such sort of denials, and therefore, I think it would be better for people actually to say it themselves at once, out of the window, as I have hinted above, instead of making their servants their substitutes upon such occasions, that is, their *deputy, pro, or vice-liars*:—London servants, besides, are in general, and when left to themselves, so remarkably pure, so perfectly innocent, and altogether immaculate, that it is a shame to lay such stumbling-blocks in their way;—surely it would, at least, be worth while to invent some harmless *equivoque* for this sort of questions and answers.

And now I am upon the subject of being *at home*, I must observe, that to "*be at home*," means, in London, I scarce know what:—it certainly does *not* mean that you are in your own house, private and disengaged, so as to sit quietly, snug, and rationally, at full liberty, and with complete command of your time, in the enjoyment of the company of your husband or wife, and the little olive branches it may have pleased Heaven to raise up around your family table; but it is rather, I think, as far as I am able to comprehend the matter, the exact contrary of all this:—"*to be at home*," in London, is *any-thing* rather than to sit *snug* and *quiet*, in *full enjoyment of one's liberty*:—it is to open one's doors to every body we happen to know, and to give them permission, by every freedom in the world, to make it *their* home for the time being; so far from

sitting snug and quiet, *you* are, of all the people in such an assembly, the very person most peremptorily forbidden ever to sit snug or quiet:—your servants even must be more at the command of the company than of yourselves; nay, perhaps, by a certain deposit of money under the candlesticks, they must consent to be paid their wages by the visitors, for fear you should not be found fit to be trusted.

The misery is, that when they are all gone, you are *really* left at home; that is, you have your house so completely on your own hands, that, probably, not one of all the company just departed, care a bit more about you or your house*, though you are com-

* The following lines of the immortal Cowper I cite, merely to shew how *little* he knew of the world:—

——— "She

pelled to care about *them*, in the mere anxiety you feel, lest every thing should not have been conducted, as the French say, "*comme il faut*," which admirably expresses a necessity of a most imperious nature, and, in regard to which, any failure, or *faut-ras*, I fully apprehend, would be more disquieting to the consciences of half the ladies in London, than ever so many failings or omissions of any other description.

From all the observations I have been able to make, it certainly ap-

——— " She that asks

Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them
all,

And hates their coming; they, what can they
less?

Make just reprisals, and with cringe and shrug,
And low obsequious, hide their hate of her"

pears to me, that to *be at home*, in London, does by no means imply any private comfort or domestic liberty, but rather public inconvenience, and public distress.—One more observation I must make, before I dismiss this topic.

There is a method of being at home, lately invented, which, if strictly interpreted according to the very letter of the terms, is the farthest possible from being really at home in your own house;—it is, in fact, freely and deliberately to give up your home:—I speak of the custom of lending certain great houses, (so great that I dare not mention them,) to *musical* or *theatrical performers*, who have leave to *sell* tickets of admission, leaving only to the real possessor of the house, a power and privilege of adding a very small proportion of the company.

I have such a high respect for *fiddlers*, and *dancing-masters*, and *opera singers*, and *foreigners* in general, that I cannot, and would not, indeed, for the world, suppose it possible that they could introduce any improper company, but money is money,—and I believe that a Bank-note does not at all lose its value by coming out of the pocket of any vagabond on the face of the earth, any more than it increases in value by coming out of the purse of a Duchess, Marchioness, Countess, Viscountess, Baroness, &c. &c. &c. so that, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, there's a hazard: the lady of the house may be good, super-excellent; but the company may be naught!—what a contrast! — what an inconsistency! — she may “be at home,” certainly, as far as she is entitled to go to bed there when all the rest of the company are gone, but she may depend upon it they

will all think themselves as much at home as herself, so long as they may choose to keep her out of her bed, and are, after all, about as much obliged to her for any entertainment they may have received, as to the proprietor of any *inn* or *hotel*, for the accommodation of their rooms, so long as they may choose to give a pecuniary equivalent for the bows and curtsies, and eatables and drinkables wherewith they may have been furnished for their money:—*Hotel*, in French, is the very word for a nobleman's mansion, (*grande maison d'une personne de qualité*,) what then if we were to exchange the term *House* for *Hotel*, and say D—— *Hotel*, E—— *Hotel*, F—— *Hotel*, &c. &c. &c. that is, in plain English, genteel, (nay, even *noble*) accommodations for those who can afford it.

Neighbourhood, which is a word of great importance in the country, is of no account at all in London.—Every day, in the country, you may hear such complaints as these:—“*I wish such and such persons lived a little nearer,*” or, “*I wish such and such people were further;*” that is, further off, out of sight and out of reach; but no such murmurings or wishes are to be heard in London:—the people we hate most in the world, are welcome to live next door to us, and there is nobody too far off, if any pleasure or profit, amusement or delight, but above all, any credit or *eclat* are to be derived from visiting them.

In London, wherever you are *not*, nobody, probably, of all the company, knows where you *are*, so that you may, with much more facility and far less

violence to truth, than in the country, decline any troublesome or unpleasant invitation; nor are pleasant and unpleasant invitations so likely to clash and interfere in town as in the country; for houses enough are open generally every night to enable you in the way of visiting, to kill *twenty* or *thirty* head of *game* (as Mrs. Fidget would say) in one evening; whereas, either on foot, or horseback, or in carriages, it must cost you a journey of many miles in the country, and all to be transacted by vulgar day-light, and all in regular turns, without one omission, or any notorious preference; whereas in London, preferences at least are possible, as not being very easy to detect.

It is a great comfort also, that in London, whenever they please, "birds of a feather" may get together; whereas all society in the country is, for the most

part, so heterogeneous and unharm-
 nious, that you will generally see *pea-
 cocks* and *sparrows*, *eagles* and *tom-
 tits*, *canary-birds* and *crows*, *gold-
 finches* and *Didappers*, all jumbled to-
 gether; and if *one peacock* would wish
 to find *another peacock*, or *one eagle*
another eagle, perhaps they may look
 the whole country through before they
 find one;—in London there is always
 plenty of all kinds, both of birds and
 beasts, clean and unclean, from the
 highest to the lowest, so that every one
 may find his fellow—*geese*, *owls*, *rooks*,
swallows, *cormorants*, *lions*, *tygers*,
wolves, *bears*, *foxes*, and *asses*! to a
 certainty, every beast of *prey* and every
 bird of *passage*.

The only *equalising* plan to be adopted
 in the country, is, as soon as possible,
 to set the whole party down to *cards*.
 Two whist, cassino, or quadrille tables

will dispose of *four couple* at least of the *elderly birds*, and a good bouncing *round game* will take all the rest off your hands;—by supplying the want of conversation in those who cannot talk, and effectually stopping the mouths of all that *can*, the different measures of talents and information which the several individuals of the company may chance to possess, are so happily brought to a *par* at a *card-table*, that the *wise* can be no longer distinguished from the *weak*, nor the *witty* from the *dull*, nor the *lively* from the *stupid*, nor the *sage* from the *savage*, nor the *saint* from the *sinner*; or, in other words, the *peacock* from the *sparrow*, the *eagle* from the *tom-tit*, &c. &c. &c.—Though no two of the whole *covey* may chance to be of “*one feather*,” they are sure enough to be, (at a *card-table*,) all of *one note*. “*Two by honours and three by cards*,” “*Great cass, little cass, and the spades*,

Ma'am;" or, "*You go up, Miss, and I draw;*" become of necessity as much the song of the *nightingale* as of the *magpie*, of the *goldfinch* as of the *gull*, of the *turtle-dove* as of the *gos-hawk*, though their plumage be as different as it is possible to conceive.—Do but turn, gentle Reader, to *folio* 12 of that learned work, which has lately made so much bustle in the world, and which of course I conclude to be in every library in the kingdom, (except, perhaps, the Bodleian and a few others,) I mean the PEA-COCK AT HOME, and see, what little difference the *plumage* makes, and how much upon *a par* the Dowager *Lady Toucan*, and Dame *Owlet*, Doctor *Buzzard*, and Admiral *Penguin* appear to be, and how perfectly it seems to have been forgotten, by the party themselves perhaps, but at all events by the lady of the house, (or rather my *Lord Peacock*) that they would not be accounted

“birds of a feather” upon any other occasion.

I wonder, for my own part, that I am not more fond of *cards* than I happen to be, for the very essence of the amusement seems to me to consist in *thinking-to-one's-self*—either in the *forced suppression* of the *bright ideas* and *useful information* with which the *witty* and the *wise* might be entertaining the company, were but the common channel of converse and communication left open to them; or in the secret *ponderations*, *hopes*, *schemes*, *wishes*, *fears*, and *designs* of every professed and anxious player: or in the restraint put upon the passions, in *orderly company*, during an occupation in which *irritation*, *veaxation*, perhaps even *envy*, *hatred*, *malice*, *jealousy*, and *revenge* must, in the nature of things, be as nearly as possible inevitable, at least in *some* breasts, from the

beginning of almost every game to the very end of it. Do but look again at the picture, and see, for instance, if the Dowager Lady *Toucan* don't seem, (while she dare not *utter* her feelings,) to be *thinking-to-herself* that she could willingly *claw* Admiral *Penguin's* eyes out, for not being able to save her from being *beasted*; while Dame *Owlet* is more pleasantly, (but not, perhaps, less spitefully,) *thinking-to-HER-self* how fortunate she is to have snug in her own hand, the happy card that is to do the business. The noble Admiral, forgetful of his element and profession, evidently appears to be *thinking*, not of the *fishes* of the *sea* as usual, but of the *fishes* in the *pool*; while Dr. *Buzzard* alone, seems to *turn away*, as though not very fond of *quadrille*, and (*possibly*) may be *thinking-to-himself*, how much rather he would be at home, or visiting his patients, writing prescriptions, and finger-

ing of fees; heartily *WISHING-to-himself*, besides, perhaps, that the pool was out, or his partner Dame *Owlet* at the bottom of the sea, for playing so slow, and looking all the while so stupidly tranquil, patient, and composed.

O Cards!—Cards!—Cards!—

Noble, admirable, valuable invention! so infallibly conducive to the moral improvement of the *young*, and to the peace and satisfaction of the *old*—[Wherever, that is, they are taken up, not *now* and *then* only, for *mere amusement*, once in a month or so, but made a part of *every evening's* entertainment, and *every day's* occupation—] The young cannot fail to learn from it, how to look sharp in time after the *main chance*; to have a *lively regard* for their neighbour's *property*, to be circumspect in all their *dealings*, to win their way,

if not by tricks and stratagems, yet by *art* and *management*, and if not to go straight forward, yet at least to *shuffle successfully* through life.

The *old* it must naturally preserve, (during all the hours *daily* and *nightly* devoted thereto,) as well from any *painful reflections* on the *past*, as from any *over-anxious preparations* for *futurity*; helping all the while to quicken their hopes of *eternity*, by enabling them to *kill Time*, at the very moment that *Time* is doing all he can to *kill them*.—But to return—

In the country you must always visit *in propria persona*; that is, you must actually go yourselves to people's houses; —but in London, if *your servant* goes for you, it is often just as well; or, if instead of making your appearance in person, you honour your acquaintance

with your name only on a card of certain dimensions, it is no affront, and, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, perhaps, quite as agreeable to all parties.—This is a noble convenience, and cuts off a world of disquietude and trouble.

It is no uncommon case in London for a servant to know better than a Lady's own self whom she is acquainted with; and many instances occur, I believe, in which the whole business of visiting passes no further than between the footmen of different families, who having committed to them the entire management of the transfer and exchange of cards, conduct the matter with an ease and *adroitness* that does them infinite credit, and no doubt their mistresses too.

As servants of the present day are not unseldom the subject of conversation

among friends and acquaintance, and as I have more than once had occasion to allude to their merits, and am always anxious to bestow praise where it is strictly due, as besides there are few of my fellow-creatures in regard to whose conduct and demeanour, *I think more to myself*, as I am in the habit of observing them in their different departments, I cannot help offering a few remarks on that most amiable class of persons.—

There is nothing, perhaps, of which this age may more justly boast than of the *very improved* state of these domestic conveniences.—No longer distinguished, except in certain cases, by any articles of *dress*, from their masters and mistresses, they nobly lift up their heads on high, like the other lords and ladies of the creation, and assume, without exception, all the airs, and graces, and

manners of their employers, which makes a gay world of it from top to bottom.

Instead of giving any body the trouble of *hiring them*, in the old-fashioned way, their only mode of coming into service now is, to hire themselves:—they wait not to be asked, what *they can do*, but ingenuously tell you at once what *they won't do* ; and, if upon trial, they should happen to suit their employers ever so well, yet if their employers do not exactly *suit them*, they avoid all disagreement by withdrawing at once.

Formerly, if a servant came into service in his teens, he would do his best to continue in the same service 'till his dotage.—There was no getting rid of him:—he clung to his master or mistress like ivy to an oak tree: but now

they are for ever going and coming, which has introduced such an agreeable variety into this department of life, that there is no saying how many new faces one master or one mistress may see in the course of a year.—All the dullness and monotony of a joint interest and mutual attachment are quite at an end; no master need ever be encumbered long with the same servant, because no servant will long consent now-a-days to live with the same master:—let them be employed by whom they will, let them be indulged, coaxed, pampered, and caressed ever so, yet such is the aspiring nature of their noble minds, that they must soon be gone again to “*better themselves*,” and who could have the heart to stop them?—

There is one circumstance rather unpleasant attending the perpetual change of servants. It is irksome, (to *spy*

people at least like myself,) to sit and be looked at during the hour of dinner by a parcel of *strangers* around one's table; but this is easily to be avoided in small parties by the use of the *dumb-waiter*—a sort of snugery, which I confess, for my own part, I take great delight in, whenever practicable; for a *dumb waiter* can plainly *tell no secrets*, which a *speaking one may*: besides, *the dumb waiter* I mean, is generally both *deaf* and *blind* into the bargain, which *Thinks-I-to-myself*, multiples one's comfort greatly.

Sensible of the heavy charge they must be, in these most expensive times, to those with whom they live, modern servants are careful to guard against waste, by letting you know, as distinctly as they can, what will best suit their appetites, and what not; and as they all eat pretty hearty as long as they have

just what they choose to eat, the quantity of broken victuals is not likely to be so great, as if they were to leave you in the dark as to their particular likings and dislikings:—this then is a modern accommodation of great importance:—if you or your housekeeper make any mistake in providing for the tables below stairs, *immediate murmuring and complaint* soon sets all to rights again, by letting you into the secret of the *necessity of better management*.

Their exemption from taxes and household cares, renders them most happily careless and indifferent to all public and private distresses and calamities, so that they fortunately enjoy, in general, an equal state of spirits, and should any great national misfortune, or family loss, bring sorrow and heaviness into the drawing-room, it must be a great blessing and delight to know, that you

have nothing to do but open the door, and you will be sure at all times to hear the voice of joy and gladness in the servants' hall and kitchen.

Formerly, there used to be great danger of confusion in most households from the perfect indifference with which every servant would perform, when required, every sort of service:—if the master gave but the word of command, or expressed any sort of want, none stopped to enquire whose place it was to obey, but the first that happened to be within hearing would be eager to discharge the duty demanded; and if more than one heard his voice, you might have seen the *jolly footman* tumbling in his eagerness over the *great fat housekeeper*, or the *housekeeper* over the *cook*, or the *cook* over the *old gaily butler*, all anxious to obey the impressive call;—

but now, every servant makes it his business to know his own place so exactly, that it is a matter of impossibility that one should any longer invade the department of another;—let the call be ever so loud, or the emergency ever so pressing, no intreaty, or chiding, no coaxing or commanding, could induce a *butler* to consent to do the work of a *footman*, or a *footman* the work of a *groom*, or a *housemaid* the work of a *cook*, or a *cook* the work of a *housemaid*, but every one will be found to have such an invincible disposition to preserve the order and *etiquette* of things, that the smallest irregularity in this respect on the part of any master or any mistress, is sure to be checked or corrected by the timely advice and memento, that, “*It is not my place to do so and so.*”——This also is an invention of very modern date.

There is one office, duty, or service, of *some* importance to the comfort and welfare of the community, which is now entirely relinquished and abandoned by the whole race and order of domestics; namely, that of informing the master or mistress of any disorderly proceedings on the part of the household in general. —“Ma’am,” says Mrs. *Housekeeper*, “I did certainly know long ago that *Dolly* the *housemaid* did intrigue with *Charles* the *footman*, but I thought it was not *my business* to interfere:”—and “Sir,” says Mr. *Butler*, “I certainly thought that some silver spoons were missing, and that *Molly* the *dairy-maid* dressed too fine; but I did not like to *get anger* among my *fellow-servants*, by making any *piece of work* about it.”

It used formerly to be a matter of *convenience* for any master or mistress

to communicate an order or direction through a *third* person:—to tell the *Butler*, for instance, to tell the *coachman* to wait at table, or the *footman* to ask the *groom* to carry a letter to the post:—but this *round-about* mode of communication is now properly put an end to;—Mr. *Butler* no longer dare presume to tell Mr. *Coachman* to wait at table; nor Mr. Charles the *footman*, Mr. Bob the *groom* to carry a letter to the post; Mrs. *Housekeeper* to tell Miss *House-maid* to help her prepare the sweet-meats; nor the *nurse* to ask the *laundry-maid* to bring up little Miss's dinner. But if these things are to be done for the special accommodation of the master and mistress, it is settled and agreed, that in point of *etiquette*, they are bound to deliver the commands themselves—which is but paying a proper compliment to their supremacy;—and though resistance may be often made

even to the commands of masters and mistresses themselves in such cases, yet one step at least in the disturbance and discomfiture of families is by this means avoided, while the *honour, dignity, pride, and importance* of all the *under-servants* remains inviolate—a point most particularly to be attended to in the present day, by all who wish to live (with the consent and permission of their dependents) in peace and quietness.

In old time, every male servant wore a livery, the best possible badge of his calling and profession, though rather a degrading one, and therefore, of course, better laid aside; and thus we see, that now, none *will wear* a livery that can possibly avoid it; and where livery servants must be kept for show and parade, they are so chosen and selected as amply to compensate the casual degradation of their harlequin jackets;—none being ad-

mitted into the chosen band, but such as are distinguished above their fellows, by extraordinary altitude or beauty of person, or elegance of figure, or gentility of address; the exterior is all that is attended to, and they are generally hired by *measure*.

I cannot pretend to say whether the above improvements are owing most to the masters and mistresses of the present day, or to the servants themselves:—perhaps they deserve to share the praise between them;—perhaps, both have contributed all they could to that happy change of manners and circumstances, upon which I have judged fit to congratulate the public at large.

At times when the servants of other countries were judged to be notoriously bad, the wisest heads seem to have been puzzled to know where exactly to fix

the *blame*;—some thought the masters were in fault, and others the servants:—no wonder, therefore, if I am now equally puzzled to know how to portion out aright the *commendations* that may be due to each.—About thirty years ago, a celebrated French writer thus speaks of the bad condition of servants at Paris, attributing their faults, in a great degree, to the conduct of their *masters*:—

“ Servants in *former days*,” says he, (for the title of the chapter is *Nos Grand Mères*, our Grandmothers,) “made part of the family:—they were treated with less civility, but more affection; of which they being duly sensible, were in proportion grateful and attentive:—masters were better served, and could depend upon them for a degree of fidelity very rare in these days;—care was taken

to preserve them alike from vice and from want; and, in return for their services and obedience, they plentifully enjoyed all the fruits of kindness and protection;—but, now, servants pass from house to house, and from place to place, perfectly indifferent what master it is they serve, and will come into the presence of the one they have just quitted, without the smallest emotion;—they never got together but to reveal the secrets they have been in the way to discover: and are, in fact, no better than spies; and, as they are well paid, and well fed, *but despised*, they perceive it to be so, and therefore are become our greatest enemies:—formerly, they led a frugal, laborious, hard life, but they were held in some esteem and regard, and, therefore, the faithful servant commonly died of old age by the side of his master.

This author does not seem to be quite aware of some of the comforts flowing from the changes he describes;—certainly, his *old* masters were shockingly unfashionable, though his *new* ones might be somewhat to blame.

The other account I have to give, throws the blame upon the *servants*:—the original is in Latin; don't be frightened, ladies; it is Clodpole translates, and it was one of your greatest favourites who wrote it,—even the famous *Petrarch*,—the sonneteer,—the lover of *Laura*,—a great poet, a great lover, and a great philosopher, and what is more than all, a great man, for he kept great company, and, probably, had in his time a great many great servants:—it is worth reading at all events, because it is nearly five hundred years old, and so good as servants are now, you could scarce believe it possible (*Thinks-*

I-to myself,) that they could *ever* have been so bad.

“Seneca,” says he, “has said a great deal in excuse of servants, throwing the whole blame on their masters, and he commends his friend, *Lucilius*, for living familiarly with his domestics:—What can I say?—I do not like to dispute the opinion of so great a man, and yet, I must confess, things appear to me quite otherwise:—possibly, *they* had the advantage, either of greater skill and prudence to *make* their servants *good*, or better luck in meeting with such as happened *to be good*:—to myself, neither of these things ever occurred, though I have been particularly solicitous about both:—let others, therefore, see to their own concerns; as to myself, I cannot praise what I have never known;—to *me*, the race of servants is above all things abominable, and I regard nothing as

more true than the old proverb with which Seneca finds fault, namely, that "as many *servants* as you have, so many *enemies* you have."

"I do not pretend to dispute what he says in particular, or to deny his authorities;—but whether it be owing to the change of times, or mere chance, or my own impatience, I do declare that I never yet saw a good servant, though I am continually upon the look-out for them; and if I were by accident ever to meet with one, I should be as much amazed, as if I had met a man with two heads."

"And lest any should be disposed from what I say, to attribute this either to my particular carelessness or severity, I must protest that I have tried *every expedient*:—Lucilius could not live with

his servants more familiarly than I have done with *mine*; I have *advised* with them, I have *conversed* with them, I have even *admitted* them to my *table**; I have confided to them my *person* and my *property*, and trusted them on purpose to make them faithful;—but this my confidence in them has never answered; every artifice, on the contrary, has been practised against me: not one of my servants but has become more insolent in consequence of my familiarity, and more unmanageable in consequence of my indulgence; and as familiarity has bred contempt, so has my confidence in them only made them thieves:—let Seneca then say what he pleases of *his* servants, I must speak what I think of *my own* and others; for I know not how it is, but if I speak the truth I

* Remember this was written 500 years ago.

think all are alike:—I confess, for my own part, I find nothing in life so vexatious as the obstinacy and perverseness of servants.—Other wars and contentions have their intervals of peace and repose, but with these *domestic* foes, we must fight without intermission.—I am not, however, unmindful” (*Thinks-I-to-myself*, it is as well to add to this, though it does *at present* in *no manner* apply to any of *us*.—) “that we ought to learn to bear with patience what we know to have befallen the greatest and the best of men:—even Ulysses, in that celebrated æra which is termed *heroical*, among the other hard toils and labours he sustained, is said to have been sorely afflicted at the insolence of his servants and hand-maidens; and, in more modern days, as report goes, the Emperor Frederick never ceased, (living and dying,) to complain of the injuries he had sustained from servants.”

How happy, (*Thinks-I-to-myself,*) how superlatively happy we ought to be, that neither of the above accounts do at all apply to the masters, or mistresses, or servants of the times and country in which we live.—No :—now, among ourselves, every thing is correct and comfortable ; masters love their servants, and servants their masters ;—mistresses their maids, and maids their mistresses ;—how much, I do not even attempt to describe ; as nothing can exceed the *quiet, submissive, and civil obedience* of the present race of servants, their *frugality, and diligence*, their *patient compliance and contentedness* with every-thing enjoined them, and every-thing provided for them, so nothing, surely, can ever exceed the care which modern masters have of their servants' interests, both *temporal* and *spiritual* :—in the words of an old author,—

“ They care not what wages they give,
 “ They care not what life ’tis they live.”

See the Epistles of the very learned
Gumble-dumpsius; but N. B. *look*
sharp, or *perhaps*, you will not find it.

When Emily and myself first went to London, we took with us some old-fashioned servants from Grumblethorpe, being willing rather to put up with their odd and uncouth ways, than take a new set merely to please ourselves;—as they have been in the family ever since they were children, they will probably all soon drop off by degrees, and then we shall have a general reform of our whole household: I confess, it will be a happy moment for myself, because then I may feel at liberty;—at present, their continual concern and anxiety about my health and my happiness, and the health and happiness of my wife and children,

and the order and regularity of my house, and the morals and behaviour of the under servants, perfectly prevents our doing many things, that are quite common in other families, though somewhat contrary to the laws both of God and man:—it is very trying to live under such restraints !

The provoking thing is, that notwithstanding all their old-fashioned habits, and troublesome anxiety about one's happiness, long acquaintance naturally produces even a strong degree of love and esteem for them, so that few, I should think, could find in their hearts to turn them adrift, if they happen not to wish to depart of themselves:—the very nurse that nursed *me*, that took me first from my mother's lap, is still an inmate of my house;—though so afflicted with the rheumatism and a defect of sight, and worn down with

age, as to be perfectly and entirely useless, I have been weak enough to promise that she shall have her run for life among us, and that I will deposit her remains, when she dies, somewhere near her old master and mistress, in the church-yard at Grumblethorpe.

Luckily for her, Emily and my children find amusement in her old stories, and I believe, often encourage her to talk of past times, which is her greatest delight:—they have learnt from her, I find, the exact pattern of the cap and frock the *Clodpole* had on at his christening; who made the *cockade* to denote my boyhood; how many yards of lace there were in it, and what sort of lace it was;—she remembers the colour of my first pair of breeches, and the very pattern of my buttons, which, by all accounts, appear to have been of the su-

gar-loaf shape;—often do the tears trickle down her cheeks when she relates what shocking *chilblains* poor little master *Bobby* had in the hard weather, and how she used to bathe them, and anoint them, and chafe them with her hands, and wrap them up in her apron as I sat, crying and sobbing upon her lap, before the nursery fire;—she knows exactly how many nights she sat up with me when I had the measles, and the small pox, and when I cut my eye teeth; she can recount, and I believe often does, all the pranks of my childhood, and boyhood, and youth.

But she is in all her glory when she describes the splendid and costly dresses which she remembers my *grandfather* and *grandmother* to have worn; such *gold* and *silver lace*, as broad as one's hands! *rich silks* that would have stood

an end of themselves!—"Aye," (she will say sometimes,) "things were very different then;—*then* a *Duchess* might be distinguished from a *Milk-maid*, and a *Duke* from a *Valley-de-sham*;—then the wages and hire of servants and apprentices were not all spent in *dress* as it is now a-days, but was sent home to the relief of their *aged parents*, to prevent their becoming *dependent on*, or a *burthen* to their parishes, or laid up for times of sickness or want;—but who can wonder that things are as they are, when a shoemaker's apprentice can have the assurance to dress like a lord, or a washer-woman's daughter like a lady, and not be ashamed of it, and their parents or their employers be such fools as to encourage it?"—So will she continually run on, shaking her head, and lifting up her hands at the *sad* times and *sad* changes.

she has lived to witness ;—for as such *she* regards them.

I had great apprehensions at first, that she would have been the occasion of the death of my wife, or some of my children, not only from her *overfond* attachment to *them*, but to *certain ancient nursery prejudices*.—When my eldest child was born, though it was in the very middle of the month of July, she would have an enormous fire lighted in the room, and a warming pan held within the curtains of the bed, whenever there was any necessity to undraw them, so much as the space of two inches, for the purpose of introducing any supply of food, or drink, or medicine ; so that had not the apothecary interposed pretty peremptorily, I verily think both Emily and her offspring would have been entirely suffo-

cated:—then, the pap she made for the infant, thick enough for the spoon to stand upright in, was to be forced by *boat-fulls* into the tiny stomach of the new-born, to prevent the *wind* getting in; and when it had been introduced in such unmerciful quantities, as necessarily to occasion a degree of *distension*, so uneasy as to throw the poor child almost into convulsions, more fuel was to be added to the flame, because it was a case proved in her own mind, that *wind* had got in nevertheless, and that a child could cry for *nothing* but *wind*, and *wind* could come from nothing but *emptiness*;—so that the more she kept stuffing, the more the child cried,—and the more the child cried, the more she kept stuffing it.

When, at last, by dint of stuffing and cramming, she had brought it to such

a state of continual suffering and continual crying, that nothing seemed likely to appease it, she revealed to us this great nursery mystery, *videlicet*, that Providence had provided for such sort of infantine cryings, *but one only cure* in the whole compass of the universe; and that this one and only cure and remedy was, A BIT OF A YOUNG ROASTED SUCKING PIG!! for which she would have had of course a special messenger sent out, upon the fleetest horse in the stables, to rummage and explore all the pig-sties in the country round.

It was in vain that I tried to laugh or to argue her out of any of these prepossessions:—I even took the pains to describe to her, as well as I cou'd, the narrow dimensions of an infant's stomach, and the minute vessels on which all its nourishment depended:—in a

joking way, though most seriously convinced of its truth, I used often to tell her, that in all likelihood, *old nurses* and *gossips* had sent more human creatures out of life than either *guns*, or *swords*, *plague*, *pestilence*, or *famine*, and that but for the blunders and mismanagement of such sort of good folks, half, if not two-thirds of the infants that have perished, would, probably, have lived and done well;—but I might as well have talked to the wind:—it generally all ended in a,—

“ Don’t tell me, my dear young gentleman, of your *halves*, and your *thirds*, and your *narrow stomachs*, and *small vessels*, how should *you* men know any-thing about it?—Didn’t *I* bring up *you*, and *your sister*, and *Master Tommy*, and *Miss Jenny*, (till they were *near six months old*,) and should have brought up all the whole *eleven*,

your mama had, had they not turned out so *sickly* and *fitty* that there was no rearing them any-how?"

She spoke truly enough, for, by all accounts, we *were* all sickly and fitty, and, I verily believe, nothing but a very accidental strength of stomach in the case of my sister and myself, prevented our going the way of the other nine, that is being *killed* with *kindness*;—*stuffed*, and *crammed*, and *coddled* out of this wicked world almost as soon as we were born into it.

Much as I love and esteem the good old lady herself, and many of her contemporaries, I cannot but feel satisfied, that it will be a great blessing to posterity, and future generations to be born, when, in the course of nature, and revolution of things, the whole

race of *stuffers*, and *crammers*, and *coddlers**, are defunct and done away from the face of the earth:—I cannot call my *nine* brothers and sisters back again, but I will take all the care I can to prevent any of their nephews and nieces following them in the same premature manner, by seeing that they are reared in a way more evidently consonant to the plain dictates of nature; and I would advise every body else,

* I include *Coddlers*, not that I would have infants *starved* either by cold or hunger, but that I conceive *hot*, and *soft*, and *crowded* beds, and *heaps of flannel folded over their mouths*, and *ears*, and *noses*, cannot be *over favourable* to the due admission of that aerial fluid on which most of the functions of life have hitherto been thought to depend:—possibly, also, the *stomach*, and *mouth*, and *throat*, which often suffer the direst evils from being over-heated, might stand some chance of being a *little cooler* and more *comfortable* in the absence of such overwhelming incumbrances.

who happens to feel any desire to have their children to live and do well, and to grow up healthy and strong, to do the same that is, to keep an eye upon these particulars, and to be careful that every infant either has its *own natural food*, not prepared by old nurses, but by *young nurses*, that is, by *Providence*; or, if they be by any *invincible necessity* deprived of that *blessing*, (nothing less than invincible necessity should deprive them of it,) that then the substitutes for that natural food be *as like it as possible*; thin, light, never given too hastily, never in too large quantities at one time; how like to all this, *boats full of pap as thick as mud*, and perhaps as *hot as fire*, and as *sweet as syrup*, poured down a child's throat while *lying flat upon its back*, *spirituous liquors*, *spices*, *beer*, *wine*, incessant doses of *Godfrey's Cordial*, *Dalby's Carminative*,

&c. &c. &c. are, I leave every body possessed of common sense, and hitherto unprejudiced, to judge and determine.

I have inserted all this, merely, that nobody may grudge the money they shall have paid for my book, because, though I believe almost every physician in the kingdom would now give the same advice, yet not without a *guinea fee*, at least, half as much again as my book is to cost; and besides, if any infants in consequence of this hint, should be saved from the *thrush*, or from *fits*, or from *humours*, or from *painful dentition*, so much *crying*, and *roaring*, by *day* and by *night*, will infallibly be prevented; so much more peace and quiet, of course, will take place in every family; good mothers will be made more happy, and bad mothers will be less teased; good

nurses will get more rest, and cross nurses will be the seldomer provoked, and every poor little infant that comes shivering and shaking into this strange world of our's, will be sure to have, not only all its pains and perils exceedingly abridged, but by giving less trouble, and being better enabled to make its own way, will stand so much better a chance of having more friends and fewer enemies, more good words and more good wishes, than could ever be the case under the old *stuffing, over-feeding, crying, fretting, dying* way of going on;—add to all this, *less physic* will be necessary, and therefore less of the plague and trouble of administering it, and now judge what valuable advice I have given *you**; though certainly at the expence

* By *you*, I mean, at least, all persons already married, all that are *going* to be married, all

of a large digression from my main work,—to which it is highly necessary now to return.

The reader will easily suppose from what I have expressed of our dislike to the bustle and noise of the metropolis, that the principal part of our time was passed at Grumblethorpe, especially as long as my worthy parents lived.—No events in the whole course of my life

that *expect* to be married, all that *mean* to be married, all that *wish* to be married, all that *ought* to be married, and all that have any influence over those that are married:—I scarce think that even professed old maids and professed old bachelors are quite excluded, because I am confident, many of the latter have nerves liable to be affected by the cries of an infant either in the way of sympathy or provocation, (I hope, mostly of the former,) and, I verily believe, *half*, if not *two-thirds* of those piercing, and penetrating, and pitiful cries might be prevented, not in great houses only, but in our cottages, and poor-houses, if a proper system

affected me more deeply (as I hope my readers will believe) than those which bereft me of my excellent parents:—whenever I had allowed myself to dwell upon the painful prospect of their separation, it had always occurred to me, that which ever went *first*, the other would not long survive;—and so it turned out to be:—they had lived together from the first mo-

were generally adopted in regard to the *food, mode of feeding, clothing and management* of infants; while the grand secret of such an improvement, I will venture to say, merely consists in causing a little *common sense* to prevail over inveterate *prejudice*, and *nature* over *superstition*;—a hard undertaking, I know, but not hopeless, with the assistance of such advice as modern practitioners have done well to communicate in very sensible and perspicuous publications.—As little tiny infants and brute beasts cannot speak for themselves, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, why mayn't I speak for them, if an opportunity offer?

ment of their union, in such a state of complete harmony and agreement, that it was a most obvious conclusion to draw, that separate and apart from each other, they could not possibly exist on this side the grave.

My poor mother died of a lingering illness, the foundation of which was laid, probably, in her close attendance on my sister, the third year after her marriage, during a violent fit of sickness.—Nothing could prevent her sitting up with her, night after night, though it was in the depth of winter, not only that she might be in the way to administer to my sister's own wants, but that she might superintend occasionally what was going on in the nursery, where there were two young infants ill also, whom my sister could not bear, (as is too commonly the case,) to leave *entirely* to servants.

Just as my sister began to recover, my mother became ill, and from one failure and ailment to another, gradually sunk into a state of debility, from which, no care, nor art, nor remedy could possibly restore her.

There never existed a better mother, there never existed a better wife! —I dare not attempt to draw her picture myself, it has already been delineated by another, whose painting I shall adopt, most happy to avail myself of it.—

“ She had a love so great for her lord, so intirely given up to a dear affection, that she thought the same things, and loved the same loves, and breathed in his soul, and lived in his presence, and languished in his absence; and all that she was, or did, was only for, and to, her dearest lord.

“ As she was a rare wife, so she was an excellent mother ; for, in so tender a constitution of spirit as her's was, and, in so great a kindness towards her children, there hath seldom been seen a stricter and more curious care of their persons, their deportment, their nature, their disposition, their learning, and their customs ; and, if ever kindness and care did contest, and make parties in her, yet her care and her severity were ever victorious, and she knew not how to do an ill turn to their severer part, by her more tender and forward kindness,—and, as her custom was, she turned this also into love to her lord ; for she was not only diligent to have them bred nobly and religiously, but also was careful and solicitous that they should be taught to observe all the circumstances and inclinations, the desires and wishes of their father, as thinking that virtue to

have no good circumstances, which was not dressed by *his* copy, and ruled by *his* life, and *his* affections; and her prudence in the managing her children was so singular and rare, that whenever you mean to bless a family, and pray a hearty and profitable prayer for it, beg of God, that the children may have those excellent things, which (my mother,) designed for (*us*,) and provided for (*us*,) in her heart and wishes; that they may live in her purposes, and grow thither, whither *she* would fain have brought *us*;"—she was in short, "in her house, a comfort to her dearest lord, a guide to her children, a rule to her servants, and an example to all."——This, I can safely say, is an exact portrait of my dear and excellent mother.

My father, as a man, a husband, and a parent, was, in all respects, as cor-

rect, as amiable, and, (I had almost said,) as rare and singular.—*His* attachment to my *mother* was exactly in proportion to *her* attachment to *him*, and, in regard to his *children*, the same struggles of care and kindness were conspicuous in his whole deportment;—when reproof was necessary, he was not backward to administer it, but his love and kindness were still so predominant, that it was plain to see, that chiding was his “*strange work*.”—I *must* say, that neither my sister nor myself gave him much trouble in this way;—the chief thing I have to reproach *myself* with, is, a sort of inattention arising from the disparity of years between us, which, I am sensible, must at times have interfered with his enjoyments. I would gladly recal now, if I could, many opportunities I suffered to pass, of being more in his company

and more in the way of his advice and instruction:—I may mistake, but it seems to me, now he is gone, as though I certainly omitted attentions of this kind, which, I fear, the best of children are liable to do; a failing, Cowper has so admirably touched in his Task, that I cannot help reminding my reader of so beautiful a passage.—

“ Some friend is gone,—perhaps——
 A *Father*, whose authority, in show
 When most severe, and must’ring all its force,
 Was but the graver countenance of love;—
 Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might
 low’r,
 And utter now and then an awful voice,
 But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
 Threat’ning at once, and nourishing the plant;—
 We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand
 That reared us,—at a thoughtless age, allured
 By every gilded folly, we renounced
 His shelt’ring side, and wilfully forwent
 That converse which we now in vain regret.

How gladly would the *man* recall to life
The *boy's* neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps, more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of
Death?"

When I reflect on these things, it appears to me one of the strongest natural arguments for the immortality of the soul, and the renewal of our earthly relations, in a world to come, that even where the greatest possible attachment subsists between parents and their children, the mere disparity of years inevitably prevents that complete association of feelings, and intimate fellowship of heart and soul, which is the cement and prerogative of all other friendships; in a world to come, but no-where else, these things may be set to rights, and such attachments receive their full completion.

For many years my father acted as a magistrate merely for the sake of doing good; thinking it possible, as he used to say, that in a low degree, it might give him opportunities of becoming "a refuge to the needy," "eyes," perhaps, "to the blind," "or feet to the lame," and, indeed, this was the bent and aim of all his proceedings.—While his personal character and rank in life gave him weight with his higher neighbours, so that he could easily prevent all oppression and partiality, his strict justice, extreme courtesy, and known benevolence to those below him, had the effect, upon all occasions, of animating the good, and intimidating the base;—which intimidation arose, not so much out of any dread of his power, or apprehension of his severity, (for the milk of human kindness flowed through all his veins,) but from the mere feel-

ing and persuasion that to do wrong would disoblige *the squire*, or *my Lord*, as it ran latterly ;—he made a point of hearing every complaint and every defence with the utmost temper, patience, and civility, and when he had discovered to the best of his apprehension where the fault really lay, he gave sentence in such a manner, as should serve at once to vindicate the equity, propriety, and necessity of the law, convince the guilty of the atrociousness and folly of his conduct, and reconcile the parties for the time to come :—my father's chosen motto, indeed, seemed to be — “ *Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos,*” which I shall take leave to translate,—“ *To aid the lowly, and restrain the proud,*” but I have often heard him say, he was not unfrequently puzzled ; for he did not always find the *superbi* among

the rich, or the *subjecti* among the poor.

His death was almost sudden to those that were about him;—that he never enjoyed himself after the decease of my poor mother, was evident to us all, but what he actually felt and suffered, he kept a profound secret;—he complained of nothing; but it was very perceptible that his old amusements had lost all their attractions; that time hung heavy on his hands, and his appetite failed;—that he himself foresaw that his end was approaching, I conclude, from many conversations he had with me, and from some particuar directions and advice he seemed more than commonly anxious to impress upon my mind.—A few hours only before he died, (which happened, at last, suddenly, as he sat in his chair,) he called me to

him, and formally thanked me for my attention and kindness to him; spoke in raptures of my mother, and expressed a hope that they should soon meet again;—he exhorted me to be kind and indulgent when he was gone to all his tenants and servants:—"As a *Nobleman*," said he, "I hope you will always act *nobly*,—which is almost all I can say upon the subject;—degrade not yourself by low company, or low amusements, yet be condescending; a great man is never so great as when he stoops to those who are only below him in the accidental circumstances of fortune or station;—endeavour always to be reserved without pride, and familiar without meanness.—As a Peer, if you ever come to sit in the House, be independent; not vexatiously thwarting and harassing the Executive at every turn, (which it is as easy for *him*

to do who *deserves* no place, as for *him* who scorns to *solicit* one,) but preserve such a clear freedom of opinion, as may fully satisfy your own mind, that you have not bound yourself by any irrevocable obligation to vote one way or the other;—give no proxy; it will be your privilege, but it seems to me a mere burlesque upon the *debates* of the House; a fair one, perhaps often, but not creditable; vote and decide for yourself:—I hope I need not say, be *religious*;—I trust you have ever had such examples before your eyes in this respect, as may have made an indelible impression upon your mind, —yet be careful; the world abounds with snares and temptations;—the more you possess in *this* world, the more you *must* have to *account for*, and the more you *may* have to *lose* in the world to come, where *earthly* delights, and *earthly*

riches and *earthly* pretensions will be utterly unknown."

These were among the last words he uttered; in three hours after, he was carried a corpse to his chamber, and the glittering coronet, with all its dangerous accompaniments and weighty incumbrances, descended upon my head.

In looking over his papers after his death, the following lines were found, blotted in places, and evidently written in haste. Being in his own hand, and having in one corner of the paper a date corresponding nearly with the period of my mother's death, I can scarce doubt but they were written upon that occasion, though he certainly never showed them to any of us, and does not appear to have even taken the pains to write them out fair; on which account, per-

haps, I ought not to make them public ;
but I cannot quite reconcile it to myself
to suppress them, as they manifestly be-
speak a most resigned temper of mind,
under one of the sorest calamities inci-
dent to human nature.



How without rule are the decrees of God!—
How He chastises!—How he spares the rod!
Scarce does it ever seem that *right* prevails ;
How oft, Guilt *flourishes*, and Virtue *fails* !
What must I think of this severe decree,
Which, thro' the will of God, now humbles ME?
Am I to think HIM *kind*, who could destroy
Every fond hope I had of lasting joy?
Am I to think HIM *merciful* who knew
The pangs I felt, and yet his aid withdrew?—
Am I to think HIM *good*, who could ordain
To innocence and worth, disease and pain?—

Am I to think *Him* wise, who could withdraw
 The fairest pattern that the world e'er saw?
 The best example of the purest life;
 The fondest mother, and the chastest wife?
 The mildest mistress, and the warmest friend?
 Could bring such virtues to an earthly end?
 HE who could re-illumine the languid eye,
 And have deferr'd at will the parting sigh?
 Have turn'd aside the threatening dart of death,
 Have help'd the feeble pulse, the short'ning
 breath?

Am I to think HIM *gracious, good, and kind*,
 Who saw the bitter anguish of my mind,
 And yet alike unmov'd by pray'r or tear,
 Tore from my bosom all I held most dear?
 Yes—GOOD HE IS!!—and on this hope I live:
 HE knows the scene's *unfinish'd*—HE can give
 In some superior world of peace and bliss,
 A compensation for the pains of this!
 Perhaps, the sorrows that we here endure
 May make the *happiness of heav'n* more sure:
 To part so soon perhaps, whate'er the pain,
 May make it happier to meet again:
 Perhaps the very stroke that caus'd my grief
 May have prov'd kind to *her*, and brought re-
 lief.

*I'm left to suffer what I scarce can bear
 She is in shelter, and above all care!
 She left her children innocent and free ;
 I have to guide them through life's stormy sea !
 She left me safe ; and, (for I hid my woe)
 She saw me look at ease, and thought me so ;
 But had she known my smiles were all pretence,
 Scarce Heav'n's high summons could have call'd
 her hence !*

*Almost, had she but seen my aching heart,
 She would have given up heav'n, not to part !
 To comfort me she would have shunn'd no
 pain ;*

*To comfort me she would return again ;
 But that she knows, perhaps, my better doom ;
 Sees in my present pangs a bliss to come ;
 Sees, for the chasten'd, God reserves the best,
 And for the heavier-laden, sweeter rest !*



*Some of the lines undoubtedly do not
 exactly apply to the period and circum-
 stances of my mother's death, so that*

perhaps, after all, they *may* relate to some other event ; but it must at least have been one extremely similar in most points. They were *certainly written* on the *loss* of a *beloved wife*, and that wife a *mother* also.

I shall dwell, however, no longer on a subject so melancholy, but proceed to the winding up of my family history.

Nothing made me happier than to find that my marriage with *Emily*, was of great benefit to her father and the rest of the family.—The singular worth of this excellent divine, would, in *all probability*, have been left without any *earthly reward*, and he might have mouldered away the rest of his life in the *Vicarage* of Grumblethorpe, had it not been for this *alliance* ;—this seemed immediately to give him a *more*

than ordinary claim to the *higher appointments* in the *Church*; which jointly or successively, he obtained, 'till he arrived at a station which has enabled him to provide well for all his other children.

Nor let any ever pretend to think, that because I happen to have thus dwelt upon the *claim of high alliance*, that Mr. Mandeville had *no other pretensions or claims*, for I am bold to say, that *his* elevation, however obtained, has been in no manner likely to have the effect of *excluding or keeping back* any other Divine of *better pretensions*; an event, certainly to be apprehended in cases of this nature, and which, *Thinks-I-to-myself, (perhaps,) sometimes happens.*

And I might confidently say, quite as much with regard to the promotion

of my revered and valuable friend, Mr. Hargrave,—who began to rise in his profession from the very moment my father became a *Peer*, and acquired an *interest* in the Scotch *boroughs*,—and has obtained excellent preferment, evidently *not* so much on account of his *own private virtue and merit*, as because he had the good luck to be *tutor* to one of us *noble Clodpoles*; as *such*, I acknowledge he might very well have deserved it, for such an appointment bespeaks *talents*, at least, and the more *Clod-pole* the more labour;—I must, however, confess, that I am honest and public spirited enough to feel *some* alarm upon such occasions; for there is such a *number* of us *noble Clodpoles* always growing up, (though all the nobility are not such *Clodpoles* as myself, Heaven forbid) but there are *so many of us* altogether, bright and dull, whose tutors

and instructors have all the same claims and expectations, that I fear, what with this *never-ceasing* demand on the *dignities*, and *revenues*, and *snug* appointments of the CHURCH, together with that of natural or accidental *alliances* into the bargain, modest worth, unobtrusive merit, and unprotected talents may *sometimes* be overlooked and debarred of their fair rewards.

The Church besides, (*Thinks-I-to-myself*,) is expected to pay tribute to every other profession, without receiving any thing in return;—to the State, to the Law, to the Army, to the Navy;—nay, even to the *Physical* line; for, if any man's brother, uncle, son, son-in-law, or nephew, wife's father, or wife's brother, happens to become LORD CHANCELLOR, OR SECRETARY OF STATE, or is killed in the command of a FLEET

at *Sea*, or of an *ARMY* in the *Field*, or cures, or pretends to cure, or is supposed to cure, a *Prince*, or a *Peer*, or a *Prelate*, He, (*that is*, the relation of said distinguished person,) may forthwith rise as high in the *Church* as ever he pleases, without any further ~~qualification~~ (I was going to write *qualification*, but you see I have scratched it out; any other—*ation* may perhaps do as well, as *examination*, *probation*, &c. &c. &c. &c.) *Stalls*, *Deaneries*, nay even *Bishoprics* are immediately put *within his reach*, though undoubtedly the *very same pretensions* could never have elevated him to the *Bench* in *Westminster Hall* without *some* superior knowledge of or practice in, the *Law*; nor procured him the command of a *fleet* or of an *army*, without *some* naval or military *talents* or *services* into the bargain.

I do not say these things, mark me, gentle reader, out of any spite whatsoever to the *aristocracy*, (for I must, of course, be *naturally* a friend to it) nor merely because I happened to marry a *Parson's* daughter, but because I was bred up from a child to feel sensibly for the *honour* and *credit* of the *established* CHURCH, and therefore could not help falling occasionally into *reflections* of this nature, as upon other topics;—else, as a *Peer*, I know that I should do most wisely to let things remain *just exactly as they are*, for as there is now a great prospect that my dear Emily and myself may have several little *Clodpoles* to provide for, and as *sinecures* must needs be the fittest things in the world for such *sine talents*, I might as well leave the Stalls, and Deaneries, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. to help *us* out in the way of such *family accommodations*, as they hitherto have done;—besides, that *now* and

then, (to speak honestly,) for the very credit of the Church, I would heartily wish to see persons of *high* birth and distinction preferred; I say *now* and *then*; but to return to my *text*, to speak ecclesiastically.—

Mr. Mandeville has now been for some time, (solely as I believe in virtue of *my* marriage with *Emily*,) Dean of A——, Canon Residentiary of B——, Prebendary of C——, Chancellor and Archdeacon of D——, besides holding *two* livings in (*what is commonly called*) the KING'S Gift!

Mr. Hargrave I hope soon to see a *Bishop*, if the present administration continue in,—not that I am quite sure that I shall not *support* their successors if they should happen to go out—so, that his chance is good either way.

I would not have you fancy, however, worthy reader, that I am prepared to vote with any minister through thick and thin ;—no, nor yet with any opposition in the *same way*.—I do not like to clog the wheels of the Executive Government unnecessarily ; there is always much, much *hard work* to be done, and *somebody* must do it, and whoever does do it, must have the patience of Job, at least, to bear the abuses to which they will be subject, *right* or *wrong*, and *Thinks-I-to-myself*, one man is much like another when once in office, and if any great or *out-of-the-way* occurrences come to pass, I am still free to judge for myself, for *place* or *pension* I have none ; —I am *pledged* to no *mob*, and I have not one friend or dependent who wishes to be served at the expence of my integrity.

I have not mentioned a word about

my introduction at *Court*, because every body will conceive it to have taken place as a matter of course:—I can only say, I have never *much* frequented that august assembly, partly because I hate crowds and parade, and partly because I never wish to be considered as a *mere courtier*,—and as for going to Court, merely for *going-to-court* sake, *so many* have found their way there *of late*, who, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, were, probably, neither *wanted* nor *expected*, that *Peers* and *Peeresses*, I should think, might well have leave to stay away, if it were merely to make room.

I shall, however, take upon me to assert, (though, *Thinks I-to-myself*, millions, perhaps, of my fellow-subjects may be ready to dispute such *high* pretensions,) that whenever I *have had occasion* to approach the *person* of my

SOVEREIGN, he could not have had near him, a more ATTACHED FRIEND, a more DEVOTED SERVANT, or a more LOYAL SUBJECT.—

HEAVEN BLESS HIM! — MAY HE LIVE LONG, AND MAY HE BE HAPPY, HERE AND HEREAFTER!!!!!!

——The REGENT too——

Why, HEAVEN BLESS HIM also!

And, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, since it is the way with Kings and Princes, to have the speeches they are to deliver on great and solemn occasions, prepared to their hands, I have one ready for our noble *Prince*, which, I think, most people will account particularly fit and suitable, when the time comes for his surrendering up his present *high* and *most important* TRUST, into the hands of his recovered Parent.—


~~~~~

——“ There is your Crown,  
And he that wears the Crown immortally,  
Long guard it your's; if I affect it more  
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit  
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.”

~~~~~

I defy any minister to provide one more appropriate.—A few words about my Parliamentary duties, and I have done:—I never spoke while I was a member of the House of Commons, and I never speak now in the House of Peers, (though I have for some time had the honour of being one of the sixteen,) but, while other members and other Lords have been speaking, I confess, I have

often *thought to myself* a great deal, and almost wondered that I never drew the attention of some of the orators to the part I must have *appeared* to be taking in the debate:—I have sometimes almost felt as if some speaker would say,—“As the noble Lord there *by the fire* (or on the *opposite bench*, or near the *wool-sack*) *appears* to be THINKING.”—the fact is, perhaps, I have generally been *thinking*, what none of them would much like to confess.

Another thing, however, which has much deterred me from *speaking*, is the newly-erected little house of parliament in a *certain city*, for which (generally speaking,) I entertain the highest respect. But where, of late, the speeches and acts of the members of both the Lords and Commons' house, have been arraigned, criticised, and *condemned*, with such *extreme severity*, *rancour*,

and *contempt*, that, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, surely *legislating* must be ten times easier than weighing out of plums or brewing of beer;—both very important callings at all times, and while *pudding* and *ale* have any charms and influence, far more likely to be popular than any higher callings or professions whatsoever:—my hope is, therefore, that we shall soon have no need of *Courts* and *Cabinet Councils*, and *Privy Councils*, and *grand Councils* of the *Realm*, but that all the business of the nation, and all the affairs of Europe, may be far better settled by the COURT of COMMON COUNCIL of the CITY of———.

ENVY, HATRED, MALICE, and all UNCHARITABLENESS; from ALL SEDITION, PRIVY CONSPIRACY and REBELLION, &c. &c. &c.

Comm. Pray. B. fol. 17.

There is nothing to which I have ever paid more attention than to all cases of public or private grievance submitted to Parliament, because I hold it to be one of the first principles of our constitution, and one for which I will ever most strenuously contend, that the meanest subject has a right to complain of any real injury, and strictly deserves to be heard; and that Parliament is most imperiously bound to redress all such injuries and hardships when duly proved and made known.

True it is, that I have occasionally heard cases so aggravated as to end in the arrantest "*Parturiunt Montes*," that ever could be conceived:—many a mountain of this kind has brought forth scarcely so much as a mouse, after such *pangs*, and *throes*, and alarming *labours* of *parturition*, as would have led one at least to expect

some great *Behemoth* or *Leviathan*, and the *noise*, and *parade*, and *fuss* of which has often gone near to scare me out of my wits;—still, I am for stopping no mouths:—aggravated or not aggravated, if grievances are, but supposed to exist, I would have the case heard:—when I was in the House of Commons, there was a certain set of members, who were for ever entertaining us with grievances, and as the name of one of them happened to be *Warble**, I used to call them my *warblers*; so sweetly did their notes accord with my feelings;—but while I say this in their praise, I must explicitly declare, that there is nothing I hold in greater abomination, than *mur-*

* So full was this Gentleman's hands at one time of such sort of business, that it was said by some, (I apprehend only in jest) that he actually kept a *Clarke* to collect and supply him with materials.

muring, and *grumbling*, and *complaining* for mere *mischief-sake*; to excite unnecessary alarm, and unreasonable discontent;—such people I hold in utter abhorrence, but as none such are to be found at present, I shall scarcely be understood, perhaps, unless I more particularly describe the exact character;—about *seventy-three* years ago, the character seems to have been well understood, and, perhaps, much earlier; for what I am about to transcribe, is from the *eleventh* edition of the work I refer to, the date of my particular copy being 1738.—

“At first,” says the author, “He (that is, *the mischief-maker*,) sets up for a mighty patriot, and pretends a great concern for his country; then he descants upon the great advantages of liberty,” and runs through all the changes of property; in his way he has a fling

at the Prerogative; and sets the subject above the Sovereign;—these discoveries work upon the rabble, who constitute him guardian of their privileges; they give themselves up to his conduct, and for a pledge of their blind obedience, present him with their eyes and understanding; he is the only patriot in the nation, he alone *stands in the gap*, and opposes arbitrary designs, and prerogative innovations: the Atlas that sustains liberty and defends property against state encroachments.

“ Now has this man more zeal for his country, or more religion, than his neighbour?—Not at all:—his concern is interest, and his religion mask and artifice; his vanity at court exceeded his force, and his merit or fortune kept not pace with his ambition; the wind blew in his teeth, and now he tacks about and makes for a Republic:—

now these popular men, these men of applause, have two-thirds of a traitor; and I take it for a general rule, that he is no good subject who *runs away* with the heart of the vulgar, their intellectuals are too weak, or their passions too strong to distinguish truth:"—so far the book of 1738:—I shall only say, *Caveat Auditor*, therefore,—let him that hath ears to hear, *continual complaints from the same mouth, and nothing but complaints from year's end to year's end*, BEWARE, for *Thinks-I-to myself*, "He that seeks perfection on earth, leaves nothing new for the saints to find in Heaven; for whilst *men* teach, there will be mistakes in Divinity, and as long as no other govern, errors in the State;—therefore, be not *over-licorish* after change, lest you muddy your present felicity with a future greater and more sharp inconvenience."

With *one* eye upon these hazards, and the other upon the imperfections incident to all human undertakings, I ever most conscientiously apply my best efforts and influence, to rectify and ameliorate whatever appears to me really capable of rectification and amelioration, without exciting or fomenting a greater spirit of discontent and uneasiness, than the real state of the case, after all fair allowances, shall seem to warrant.—Clodpole as I am, I am not so blind or stupid as never to see any thing that wants mending or putting to rights in the great vessel of the state, but knowing the extreme delicacy and beauty of the machinery on which all its movements, and all its advantages depend, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, Heaven forbid that any very rough or inexpert hands should ever be entrusted with its repair or renovation!

~~~~~  
“ Thee,—native nook of Earth ;—though  
squeez’d

By public exigence ’till annual food  
Fails for the craving hunger of the State,  
Thee I account still happy, and the chief  
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,  
And being free, I love thee; for the sake  
Of that one feature can be well content,  
Disturb’d as thou hast been, poor as thou art,  
To seek no sublunary rest beside.”

~~~~~

And now, I have fairly brought my narrative to an end; (*Thinks-I-to-myself*, how glad will you all be to hear it!) if, however, any-body should wish to know more about *me*, as for instance, the very year when I succeeded to the title, how many children I have, how

old I am now, in what street I live, &c. &c. let them look to the list of Scotch Peers in the *red* book under K, or into any of the Peerages under-title KILGARNOCK, and, of course, they will find all these particulars at full length; and if they should have heads clear enough to make out what relation I am to the first Earl of *Tay-and-Tumble*, I will freely acknowledge them to be much cleverer than I ever pretend to be.

What, for instance, will they make of the following *string* of *parentheses* which occur in the very middle of my grand pedigree? (which *John*, son of the said *James*, by his third wife, *Bridgetina*, daughter and co-heiress of Archibald Frazer, cousin-german to *Simon*, fourth Earl of *Tay-and-Tumble*, in virtue of his descent in a *right line*, from *Margaret*, grand-daughter of

O'Brien, the second Earl, (which Margaret, (who died in childbed of her thirteenth child,) was wife to Sir David *Carnegie*, of *Carnegie*, in the County of *Clackmaman*, Knight, second son of *Montgomery Carnegie*, of *Kincardin*, by *Dorothea Eliza*, daughter of *John Gordon*, Earl of *Tullibumkin*, and niece to the first Lord *Baldonemore*, sometime grand-huntsman to King *Malcolm II.*) (from whom are descended the *Baldonemores* of *Craigraddock* in *Kincardistine*,) by whom she had five daughters and seven sons, *videlicet*, *Clotilda*, (married to the Lord *de Nithesdale*,) who died, leaving issue, *Charles*, (married to *Eleanora*, grand-daughter to *Robert*, fifth Earl of *Belgaray*,) *Robert*, and *Alice*,—*Mary*,—*Isabella*,—*Jemima*, (who all died young,) *Anne*, (married first, Sir David *Bruce* of *Fin-gask*, secondly, *Constantine* Lord Viscount *Lochmaben*, by whom she had

three sons and as many daughters, and thirdly, a common Soldier named Duncan Macleod,) Alexander, (first Lord of *Strathbogy*,) Charles,—William—Patrick,—Adam,—James,—Thomas,—David,—and Cosmo,—from which *Cosmo*, (who married Jemima, fourth daughter of *John*, son of *Robert*, Earl of *Tay-and-Tumble*,—nephew of Nicodemus Baron *Kilgarnock*,) is derived the present noble family of *Kilgarnock*, (who intermarrying, &c. &c. &c. &c.) *that is*, some how or other got among the *Dermonts*, and so finally settled in *me*, the *Clodpole*, now head of all this illustrious house;—who, I hope, all sleep quietly in their graves, for if any of them were to arise, I am sure I should not know one of them.

In short, I suppose the Heralds know who I am, and how I came to be what I am, and therefore I am satisfied:

otherwise, if my honours all depended on my own understanding of my own descent from my great ancestor the first Earl of *Tay-and-Tumble*, I will freely acknowledge I should give up my peerage at once; for upon the most diligent search I can make into matters, it still *appears* to me, that all my dignities depend, first, on my father's great aunt having neither father nor mother, and secondly, on my great great *grandmother's* being *brother* to the *sister* of one of the old Lord *Tay-and-Tumble's* uncle's cousins:—there may *possibly* be *some misprints* and *perplexities* in the peerages I have examined, as *I find many of the like kind in those of other families*, and therefore who knows but that other Peers have been about as much puzzled as myself:—I confess, how my father's great aunt could have neither father or mother, seems to me, as nearly as can be, inexplicable, yet so the matter stands

according to the books; and I therefore feel bound in honour to mention it, for fear any of my readers should think I am deceiving them.

On looking back I see there is one important matter I have accidentally forgotten to mention, viz. that in a little time after my grand *hymeneals*, and Miss Twist's *stolen wedding* with young *Muster Dash*, poor Mrs. Fidget died of a cancer on her tongue!

And now, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I have quite, entirely, done.

GENTLE READER! As you and I may never meet again,

FARE THEE WELL!

FINIS.