THE

ENGLISHMAN.

A Novel.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

MISS BYRON,

AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN; HOURS OF AFFLUENCE AND DAYS OF INDIGENCE; MODERN VILLA AND ANCIENT CASTLE, &c. &c.

My affections
Are then most humble; I've no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,
FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.
LEADENHALL-STREET.
1812.

THE

ENGLISHMAN.

CHAP. I.

We love some men, we know not why. Our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns. We excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

THIS spontaneous friendship is not more the offering of liberality than of humility. It is liberal to shew leniency to venial errors; while the least observing and earth-spelled mortal of our sphere must internally acknowledge that perfection of character is a *lusus naturæ*, which does not often grace our sublunary state.

To the commingled character, in which the virtues outbalanced the foibles, there can be no moral impropriety in my introducing my readers; as such, it is to the hospitable mansion of sir Ormsby Wentworth I must transport them, where, in the library, was seated Mr. Sidney Wentworth, the baronet's only child.

Sidney was an unexpected guest at Adderfield; and having arrived rather late on the preceding evening, he had enjoined the few domestics who were apprized of it not to mention the fact to his father. There are numberless little devices that occur to a domestic mind, which would appear wholly uninteresting to the fashioned heart, where form supersedes affection.

Sidney owned all this locality of feeling. He had often, as a schoolboy, surprised his father by his presence; when a college vacation gave him liberty, had fled to Adderfield, in preference to London; and now, prompted by filial love, hastened to the Hall; and this in consequence only of a few

a few words, which had been rather strongly marked in the baronet's last letter.—"Sir George Beverly says you are thin, and look pale. It is long since *I* saw you, my son."

Wentworth wrote half a dozen apologies to ladies whose attractive parties were the theme of general panegyric; *one* extenuating billet, where it would have been dangerous to have trusted himself orally; gave a few bachelor-like injunctions to his little household, to which they all paid implicit attention before his face, and as unanimously ridiculed on the instant they quitted his presence; then taking the only trust-worthy servant he owned into his travelling chariot, he set off, fully resolved on sleeping at Adderfield.

Few circumstances are more satisfactory to a vivid imagination, than that of discovering that the weather smiles on their projects. I believe this feeling to be peculiarly applicable to the English. Be that as it may, Wentworth was truly grateful, as he

looked on the scene before him; it was that season

> "When well apparell'd April on the heel
> Of limping Winter treads."

He had gazed on the studded lawn which spread beneath the window, had recognised some of his favourite authors, when the sound of his father's voice met his ear.

The door opened. "My son, my beloved Sidney!" said the baronet, as he folded his arms round this relic of his house. "This is kind, my dear boy. When did you come?—you are fatigued—you look ill." Sidney explained. "I will send the carriage for your cousin Grace, as soon as breakfast is over," continued the baronet; "there is nothing like the attentions of women in these cases. I know that Grace will attend my summons, though her present visit may very readily be allowed to own great attractions."

Sidney smiled—sir Ormsby shook his head.

"My

"My dear sir," interrupted Wentworth, "I cannot consent to your recalling my cousin. I am merely a little deranged by late hours. The air of Adderfield, and good Mrs. Corbet's herbal knowledge, to which I will willingly submit, will soon perfect my cure."

"Corbet is very clever, no doubt—an excellent nurse," rejoined sir Ormsby; "but Grace will understand my feelings; her society will cheer us. In short, Sidney, I am already beginning to experience a portion of that vacuum which will too soon be realized. Silly boy, had you but seen with my eyes, how different had been the state of things!"

"Forgive me, sir," said Wentworth. "I had imagined that the destiny of my cousin was now so finally arranged, as to make all references of the sort to which you allude unseasonable."

"Sir, I perceive that I must yield my right as a father," said the baronet; "the young men of these days are above pa-

rental authority. It is very well, Mr. Sidney—mighty well, sir! but I thank God that *I* have no qualms of conscience in this respect—I was content to be directed. My father brought me to the presence of the lady; we were told to love each other, and we did. Yes, sir; and though you smile at it, we were happy, excessively happy."

"But you might have been happier, sir," said Sidney.

"Then I suppose that I do not know what constitutes happiness," interrupted the baronet, petulantly. "Ah, Sidney, all rationality is destroyed. So, sir, you are to be happier than happy; it is to be all rapture, bliss. Pshaw! silly boy, you have thrown a pearl away; and you will live to repent of it."

"It was a gem of which I was unworthy," replied Sidney. "Grace deserves an entire, a devoted heart; and I trust she has found one."

"A devoted heart!—there it is. These are the perversions of our language; but I really

I really believe it is the only devotion of which a modern man takes account. But beware, Sidney, that you become not the worshipper of a painted idol, an *automaton*. I had fondly fancied that I was already acquainted with my daughter. Poor Grace —poor girl !"

"You compel me to smile, my dear father," said Sidney, "when you attempt to deplore the fate of my cousin. Is not sir George Beverly the most amiable of men? are not his family the fondest admirers of Miss Wentworth's character? in short, is not the union, in every point of view, a most promising one?"

"Granted," said the baronet; "yet Grace would have preferred a Wentworth. I know it, sir—do not attempt to contradict me. She has loved you from infancy. Nay, your strangely altered looks half convince me that *you* have come down, with a secret hope of being able to destroy the projected alliance."

"On my honour as a man," replied Sid-

ney, with a look which strongly expressed his offended virtue, "I never loved Miss Wentworth with other than a brother's love; and though your partiality has led you to imagine that my cousin has distinguished me by her preference, I must beg to contradict you. She possesses too much delicacy to betray such a feeling, even admitting that she owned it; and she is too well acquainted with my sentiments with respect to the sex in general, not to know that I should actually abhor the woman who claimed, rather than won my affections."

"You will be a miserable man, Sidney," interrupted sir Ormsby. "These absurd notions might occasion a smile, if uttered by a boy; but at your age, sir, I had hoped better things. Let me tell you, Sidney, if a man is not reasonable at seven-and-twenty, he makes but a sorry figure in the world."

"My dear father," replied Wentworth, "we will not argue this point. I believe that my reason is yet in its infancy, if marriage is the emanation which is to establish its

its bounds. Love, pure love, a feeling I am ever anxious to avow, has brought me hither. I thought your last letter seemed to express a wish to see me; and I am here in obedience to that idea."

"It was well judged, my son. Sidney, Heaven is my witness that your happiness is the paramount consideration of my life. I project and dismiss my plans, yet ever conclude with one wish—to see you settled, by which I mean married. You are the last prop of our once-numerous family. I cannot consent to believe that our name is to die with you;—no, you will bless the declining age of your father, and give him a daughter. Could you once bring yourself to love a woman of virtue, even so as to preclude your poor old father from his present share in your affections, could I see that moment—behold you arranging your home to receive her, I should be the happiest of men; and take my word, Sidney, there is no bliss like that which a rational domestic home dispenses."

"I am assured of it, sir," replied Wentworth, thoughtfully. "A woman of virtue is a creature who improves the sphere in which she revolves; and—and none other are worthy of our consideration."

"Spoken like a man of honour," said the baronet, grasping the hand of his son. "A father, my dear boy, who knows the world for what it is, must be forgiven if his fears mix even with his hopes. You have passed through the dazzling scene of youth with credit to yourself. Not a vice has marked your career; never have I had occasion to reprove you. I have, and I must continue to regret, that your cousin was not the object of your choice. The match, in every point of view, was desirable; the contiguity of the estates; her rational and unfashionable education; in short, I had set my heart upon it, and I am disappointed."

The very thoughtful cast which clouded the brow of Wentworth during this harangue of the baronet, excited the curiosity

sity of the father. It was the most natural thing in the world for a son, thus eulogized, either to disclaim the redundant praise, or express his gratitude.

Wentworth did neither. He seemed lost to the present; and sir Ormsby, whose affection for his son was unbounded, took fright at this apparent apathy. He feared that his recent upbraidings made his present sentiments irreconcileable; and, with all the submission of a doating parent, he besought his son not to think of what he had said; that Miss Wentworth would very shortly be lady Beverly; and as he did not know any other woman worthy of him, it was most probable he would be spared all further importunity.

Sidney smiled languidly at these transitive conditions; at the same time candidly avowing that he had not the most remote idea of marrying. He was unwilling to cast a general censure on a state ordained with so much considerate tenderness for the happiness of man; but of the few he knew

who had wooed the silken bonds of Hymen, scarcely any but had ultimately discovered them to be galling fetters.

The baronet contended these unhappy results were the natural consequences of London manners, London education—marrying for estates in place of hearts.

"Yet, my dear sir," said Sidney, "you have pointed out an union of this sort to me. If personal beauty or interest could have influenced my feelings, I should have found no hesitation in complying with your wishes; but I am so persuaded I have formed very erroneous, not to say romantic, notions of a married life, that in order not to prove myself a visionist, I must remain a bachelor."

"Poh! ridiculous!" replied sir Ormsby; "you will be ashamed of these sentiments a month hence. Come, you shall drive me in your curricle over to the Hall. We will surprise Grace; and, indeed, my excellent friend, lady Layton, claims your acknowledgments. She is one of your warmest admirers;

admirers; and I very shrewdly suspect that *she* would have no objection to a double union taking place in our families—I mean between Louisa Beverly and you."

Sidney parried this new alliance with much cheerfulness. He declared that he was as well disposed towards her ladyship as her niece, Miss Beverly; but as he felt it was a passion not likely to endanger his peace, he had not the least objection to facing the danger.

Accordingly the curricle was ordered; and our hero, with all the expedition of a practised whip, soon brought the baronet to the avenue which led to Layton Hall.

The equipage was distinguished by Miss Wentworth from the breakfast-room. She fled to meet her cousin. "My dear Sidney," and "my dear Grace," were the expressions which were interchanged ere Wentworth had given the reins to his groom.

"How she blushes!" said the baronet, in a low voice, to his son.

"Joy

"Joy has her roses distinct from Love," replied Wentworth, as he descended from the carriage, and with unrestrained freedom saluted the cheek of his fair kinswoman.

The arrival of a welcome visitor in the country, is announced by means less formal, and infinitely more sincere, than those used in London.

Lady Layton's butler had recognised our hero; and with that zeal inseparable from an attached domestic, had made the pleasing communication, that Mr. Wentworth and sir Ormsby were approaching. The ladies instantly quitted their immediate engagements, and met their friends in the saloon.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said lady Layton. "My nephew will share our feelings; and, indeed, I almost think he has procured us our present gratification."

"That I must contradict," said the baronet, while an animated glow passed over his cheek. "Sidney is here in compliance with a *half* wish of mine. He was always an

an adept in anticipating these sort of things; but somewhat tardy where I was most anxious," continued the baronet, lowering his voice. "How are we to account for this?"

"I really feel too happy," replied lady Layton, "to seek into causes. I see the happiest effects growing out of that liberality and confidence which has marked your conduct towards all those who have claim on your affections; and while I allow this, I do not disown that a portion of selfishness is mine. Had you been arbitrary, where would my dear Beverly have found his consolation?"

"Upon my honour," said sir Ormsby, with an air of affected gravity, "you are doing an irreparable mischief. Observe this attentive group, who are translating your sentiments to their individual situations. Fanny is, in idea, confiding her long-concealed feelings to your lenient judgment; whilst my little Louisa seems already in the presence of her lover—if blushes indicate truly in such cases. Sidney, it is you

you or I," continued sir Ormsby, addressing his son; "and without vanity, I believe my right to this girl's favour is prior to your's."

Wentworth, somewhat oppressed by the raillery of his father, replied in a way which rather increased the confusion of Louisa, whose varying cheek told a tale which two in the circle were at no loss to interpret.

The gallantry of our hero might certainly be questioned, when, in the presence of a young and beautiful girl like Louisa Beverly, he could calmly yield his right to a distinction so flattering, and declare, with a smile, that he honoured Miss Louisa's discernment. Now whether to impute this to the natural candour of his disposition, or to that phlegmatic trait so generally attached to the character of an Englishman, must be determined by those who follow us through the ensuing pages. The effect of that reply, however, would of itself form a little episode, so various are the comprehensions of the human mind.

Lady

Lady Layton, with the calm foresight of a dispassioned heart, beheld in it a decided rejection of an offered love. Fanny Beverly thought Wentworth undeserving of a heart so gentle; for his manner was cold, not to say unfeeling. Miss Wentworth felt assured that no new tie was necessary to bind her affections more firmly to the absent Beverly; but she had fondly indulged a hope that Sidney could not be insensible to the preference of a mind so gentle and amiable as that of her friend. It is true, that *her* knowledge of the favoured Wentworth was more critical than that of almost any of his associates; and she *had* owned a hurried pulse, as her uncle, with his usual bluntness, betrayed the interesting fact.—Yet were there a few trivial circumstances, on which her active imagination had reflected. She remembered that Sidney had once saved Louisa from a serious accident by fire; that he had, at another period, fled with incredible speed to attain medical aid for her fair favourite, when a sudden attack

of

of fever had succeeded to a boating party, in which they had mutually partaken. These reflections of Miss Wentworth's, though not actually presumptive, were such as soothed her feelings, because she wished Louisa to become the wife of Wentworth; and what we wish will at times assume a questionable form.

It is only upon this principle that the sanguine friendship of Miss Wentworth can be defended; for when she reverted to her own individual opinions upon this most important attendant on the life of woman, love, she might, with modest pride, have avowed that the sunbeam of hope had smiled on her first and only preference—had wooed her confidence by gentle and persuasive advances; and so efficient and consistent did the gradations appear to the grateful and happy Grace, that it is probable she had no faith in a contrary system. But friendship is a more generous passion than love. A friend can say a thousand things, which a lover cannot.

Thus

Thus Miss Wentworth had, in idea, projected the happiest consequences from that intercourse which must result between the families when she should give her hand to sir George. The unfortunate *badinage* of sir Ormsby alarmed the quick sensibility of his niece, while the calm indifference of Sidney greatly diminished her cherished hopes.

The fair object of these varied, yet equally interested, feelings suffered inconceivable distress during the introduction of her aunt's visitors; and though the baronet had, by his cheerful sally, occasioned a half development of a fact so delicate, it would be unjust not to state that the effervescence of his disposition alone led to an explanation so ill-judged.

Louisa had "never told her love," though its existence was not doubted, by those best acquainted with her character; but when thus surprised into the presence of her heart's master, and attacked in the way we have related, her unguarded manner caused a suffusion

a suffusion and agitation, too much in unison with the natural facetiousness of sir Ormsby, not to provoke his observation.

Lady Layton, with discriminate caution, drew the baronet into conversation. She apprized him that sir George was expected to arrive at Beverly by the dinner-hour on the ensuing day. "We cannot doubt his punctuality," continued her ladyship, smiling, "though Miss Wentworth pretends to assert that he will remain until lady John Nugent's party takes place, which is announced for to-morrow. I know that Charlotte will endeavour to detain him; but George is so well aware of her talent for ridicule, that had he no other motive than an escape from its influence, he would not fail to be punctual."

"I will not believe that Beverly could have a wish to stay one moment longer in London than is necessary to arrange the business for which he went there," said sir Ormsby. "No, no, my dear madam, Grace's prudery

prudery may lead her to discredit his return, but she knows better."

Miss Wentworth smiled incredulously, while Fanny Beverly declared she really thought it probable that her brother might be detained, though certainly against his inclination; "for Charlotte, in her letter of yesterday, avows her intention of using stratagem," continued Fanny, "in order to prove that her power over my brother, and his natural taste for gaiety, is superior to that implicit obedience and devotion he has been in the habit of amusing us with at Beverly. So you see, my dear aunt, that Grace has some reasons for her assertion."

"I will venture to predict," said Sidney, "that sir George will keep his appointment. Lady John is highly attractive, no doubt; and it was on this account that I chose rather to write my apology for the gala in question, than trust myself to her eloquence; and, indeed, this should serve as my excuse for not being the bearer of her commands;

commands; but I knew that Beverly was in Grosvenor-square, and would receive more extensive credentials."

"Charlotte had no idea of pressing you into her service," replied Fanny Beverly, "for she actually wrote a postscript to one of George's letters, in which she says—'Poor Wentworth is quite out of spirits; I really believe he is home-sick. Do tell my dear sir Ormsby that I wish he would command his grown baby to go to Adderfield, and be nursed by dame Corbet.'"

"What charming spirits lady Nugent has!" said Sidney, addressing lady Layton. "I never knew a woman in whom wit and innocence were so happily blended. Her sallies are those of a heart at peace with all the world; and if she were not so, what woman dares look for such bliss?"

"She was always an amiable girl," said the gratified aunt. "I own I used to tremble lest her spirits should prove too much for lord John; but he has conformed himself so intirely to her ways, and seems so happy in

in his union, that I begin to think similarity of disposition is not an essential requisite to married comfort."

"I know not how to assent to that opinion," said Wentworth. "Are we not first attracted by congeniality of sentiment?"

"In some cases I believe we are," rejoined lady Layton; "yet a very little reflection will prove, even to you, whom I know to be rather sentimental, that this lover-like quality is very rarely the *visible* attribute of marriage."

Wentworth, smiling, declared he feared he must yield to her ladyship's remark; yet he was unwilling to do so; "for in that case," continued he, "what becomes of the lover's vows and protestations? where he has acknowledged, until *she*, the elected and intelligent soul to whom only his vows could be given—till she proved his heart, and by reflecting the image his fancy had raised, gratifies his lover's vanity, by being the good he sought. If this similarity of sentiment, which I have been endeavouring

ing to believe the groundwork of domestic happiness, is proved to be fallacious, it is robbing life of its dearest and most bewitching charm."

"You are wrong, Sidney," said the baronet; "it is only a petty larceny upon the fancy of an enthusiast; nor is he robbed at all, who is brought to his reason by being purloined of his follies."

"I must hug my treasure yet," replied Wentworth. "I cannot consent to forego the dear delusion. I may never tempt the danger; and I may be greatly deceived."

"Absurd, ridiculous!" rejoined sir Ormsby. "My friend, lady Layton, could testify to the happiness which once was mine. Yet your mother was of a character and disposition wholly opposite—she was gentleness personified: and here I might appropriately remark on the wisdom of Providence; for had she been other, my happiness must have been diminished. She qualified the petulance of my character. You see that I know myself," continued the ba-

ronet, with an expression of lively sagacity. "But had she been contentious or arbitrary, how wretched had been our fates! Sir, I tell you that it is the admixture of character which, like the light and shadow in a portrait, gives the colouring to every thing which partakes of nature; and if you expect miracles to be wrought in your favour, you are very presumptuous, and will live to lament that folly which has led you to expect perfection in a state that never yet exhibited a perfect model.

"Too surely we are 'here to-day, and gone yesterday,'" said Fanny Beverly, with an arch smile. "But, my dear sir Ormsby, do observe how we are alarming poor Grace, who seems actually ready to recant her vows, and resolve on a life of celibacy."

Grace smiled through a blush, and refuted the charge. "I must make some discoveries from my own discernment," said the attached girl, "ere I apply any general comparison with an individual preference."

Wentworth took the hand of his cousin. "This," said he, "is the unequivocal decision of an attached, of a fervent mind. —How I rejoice, my dear girl, that you avow so much, and for a man so worthy of your heart!"

Sir Ormsby beheld this action of his son's as a tacit proof that he sincerely coincided in the approaching union—a truth which his sanguine mind had scarcely allowed to be possible. The nieces of lady Layton were neither light or incompetent observers of the peculiar character of our hero. Fanny certainly allowed Wentworth to be a very handsome interesting man. Louisa's sentiments have already been elucidated. Retirement, which naturally leads to reflection, had strengthened her partiality for Sidney; but never had her hopes appeared less smiling than on the present visit. Wentworth seemed to have acquired a decision in his manner, a boldness of opinion, which cast her to a greater distance than ever. He was not less sentimental, but

but in avowing those sentiments, he seemed to depict a character to which *she* had no pretensions; and though her system of love had actually been built upon the foundation which he seemed to approve—viz. a belief that their minds were congenial, she sank into the veriest artizan of the profession as she listened to his accents; and remained a convicted believer that the *plan*, in all cases of this sort, should be drawn by the man.

Thus far have we elucidated Louisa Beverly's topography of love; and we believe the sketch would, with a few exceptions, meet general approbation.

The baronet and his son remained at the Hall until late in the evening. Sir Ormsby's original intent of recalling Miss Wentworth was rescinded. He had not gathered any additional motive for a deprivation so unwarranted; nor could any than a mind constructed like that of sir Ormsby's have entertained an idea of the sort.

The protection of lady Layton was, at

this era of Miss Wentworth's life, particularly desirable; and though it had been fixed that sir George should ultimately receive her hand at Adderfield, her residence with the females of his family until that period was in every point of view proper.

The observations of the father and son, in their ride home, turned chiefly on the characters of the Miss Beverlys. Sir Ormsby depicted the gentleness of Louisa as truly interesting. Sidney believed her amiable; but he preferred the *enjouement* of Fanny.

"You do not understand the road," said the baronet, petulantly. "Give me your seat, Sidney—I can manage the reins better."

Sidney resigned his seat. He saw that his father wished indeed to take the reins; but he wisely declined all controversy.

We will leave them to their journey, and return to Grace, who though perfectly happy in the smiling perspective of her fate, was sensibly alive to that of her friend.

Yet

Yet the solitude of her chamber did not in the least exhilirate her hopes. On the contrary, she recollected Sidney had exhibited equal traits of sympathy towards a female servant, to whom an accident had happened; she remembered that his humanity had dictated those attentions and exertions which, to his equal, would have been highly flattering. "Oh, no," said Grace, as she dismissed the painful subject from her mind, "woman may suffer, but she must suffer magnanimously. I think," said the animated and *selected* girl, "that I could be a Spartan in such a case—nay, I am sure I could."

That Miss Wentworth thought as she said, admits not of a doubt; but she was not qualified to judge. She was sought, and Louisa sued; we grant it was in secret. Oh may all women own this reserve! may they ever rely on the love rather than on the gratitude of man!

It seems a satire, not to say a reflection, on the sex, to use such an apostrophe; but

I would sooner cling to the cypress which shadowed the tomb of hopeless love, than share in the transient happiness to which an unsought heart must submit.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

"Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

A PROFESSED novel-reader is in a manner prepared for all contingencies. They possess a sort of prescience, and from habit can unravel the plot, long before its appointed termination. This foreknowledge has always appeared to me to deduce from the interest of the novel; and so anxious am I to avoid this error, that I would, if possible, crush the vanity of every speculator who should dare to anticipate my plans; and here, lest a few words in the preceding chapter should have led to a belief that lady John Nugent was the lady

whom our hero more especially feared to meet previous to his visit to Adderfield, I must beg to contradict the supposition.—That gallantry with which he spoke of her ladyship to her aunt and sisters was perfectly applicable to her character, and consistent with the habits of a fashionable man.

Wentworth, though, strictly speaking, not an immaculate being, was certainly a paragon, compared with others of his age and fortune. From the age of twenty-one, he had been the master of a very competent income. He was a stranger to the vices of the gaming-table; he did not bet at Newmarket, nor run his barouche, to the hazard of his neck, and the certain subjugation of every quality which could dignify his character. Yet there was a species of error into which he had nearly fallen; and though precedent makes proselytes, and will often disarm vice of its guilt in appearance, he had paused, and the suspension saved him from endless remorse. He made a discovery which is seldom made until repentance

ance awakens the slumbering faculties—namely, that infatuation is not love; that there is more real courage in resisting the advances of unhallowed love, than in leading even a willing victim to perdition.

The honourable Mrs. Marnley was young, handsome, and in some respects accomplished. She had married, in very early life, to the younger brother of a noble family, much her senior in years. If love had no share in the lady's feelings, gratitude should have bound her to her husband, by whom she had been raised, from a dependant and unprotected estate to her present rank in society.

Mr. Marnley was profuse in his establishment, and indiscriminate in his associates; yet his wife possessed his intire affections. She had unbounded power over his purse; and as her happiness consisted in being admired, she did not omit to avail herself of this advantage. Wanting those resources in which a reflective mind finds its happi-

ness, she sought amusement from the never-ceasing influx of dissipation.

The contrast in the ages of this ill-suited pair was growing more and more visible. A few young and handsome men had smiled at the disparity; and one or two had affected to mistake Mr. Marnley for her father. Whether this was the era which awakened the sentimental feelings of the lady cannot be ascertained; but her manner, by those who knew her best, was observed to acquire a childishness and timidity, which would not have been inapplicable to fifteen.

Wentworth was one of Mr. Marnley's visitors. In London, if a man gives good dinners, there can be no possible doubt of their being well-attended. Sidney was a favourite of Mr. Marnley's; and his lady, to prove that she could unite in sentiment, thought proper to distinguish him by a thousand insidious means.

If she attempted to venture on horse-back,

back, she requested Mr. Wentworth would devote one hour to the most timid, yet ridiculous creature in the world. He would be generous to her weakness, as he knew she was exactly of his way of thinking, that whatever we make the object of our pursuit, we should endeavour to acquire properly.

A young and disengaged man could not possibly object to accompany a handsome woman in her morning rides; and there it was so easy to develop the plans for the evening, and to offer a seat in her box at the Opera, or learn from the unconscious Sidney how he purposed to dispose of himself.

This system had been growing almost into a habit, when lord John Nugent remarked its singularity and tendency to Wentworth. Our hero was surprised. He felt so secure, that it had never entered his imagination any other person could consider it as a matter of any consequence; besides, Mr. Marnley always appeared so

well pleased to see him, and in fact rather furthered the intercourse. Yet it is more than probable that the reflections of Sidney gave a colour to the subject, which coincided with the opinion of his friend Nugent.

He began by absenting himself as a morning visitor. This only increased the number of dinner tickets. He declined these occasionally, but was sure to be upbraided by Mr. Marnley, whenever they met.

Whether the lady discovered that an open siege would not succeed, or, from her knowledge of what was interesting, thought it most safe to harass the enemy, is immaterial. She now appeared with cheeks of lily white; she was no longer an equestrian; and the papers, with affected sympathy, began by lamenting that the fashionable world were unanimous in their regrets occasioned by the indisposition of the lovely and interesting Mrs. Marnley.

Wentworth read the paragraph; and as he walked towards Hyde Park next morning,

ing, he left his card in Grosvenor-street. The act was in itself that of friendship; no sinister motive lurked in his mind. He had no idea that his fair friend was able to receive visitors; he took the fact literally as it was penned. Great, therefore, was his surprise upon his return home, when he learned that Mr. Marnley had called; and having assured himself that Mr. Wentworth had ordered dinner, and would be a *solitaire*, had written a note, requesting him to bestow his charity, and take his meal in Grosvenor-street.

It was impossible to refuse, without giving some good reason; and perhaps (for vanity, though not equally distributed, is certainly an inhabitant of almost every breast,) he wished to discover if lord John had drawn his conclusions upon any actual foundation—at all events, it could do no harm; nay, his humility dictated that nothing but arrogant conceit could justify an implicit belief that he was of so much consequence to a woman who might command the

the attentions of half a thousand men whom he could name.

Thus it was the humility, and not the love, of Wentworth which led him to the drawing-room of Mr. Marnley. It was thus he reasoned; the result proves that we are very supine judges of ourselves—that we are lenient where we should be scrupulous; and that, in order to qualify our imperfect nature, we distinguish our foibles by terms which should only be applied to the better efforts of our reason.

The fashionable invalid was not only visible, but attired with a studied though simple elegance, which added greatly to her beauty. She affected to be deeply offended at the estrangement of Mr. Wentworth; and with a look of calm dignity, declared that *she* would have persuaded Marnley not to seek him any more.

Sidney felt his cheek glow—it was not from *humility*, but disappointed *vanity*.—Should he make his peace, or believe her sincere? He chose the former; for at this moment,

moment, such is the contrariety of mere human nature, Sidney would rather have been reassured, than convinced that he was in error.

If such were his hopes, he was not disappointed. The lady relented, and received him into favour; he was not to relapse, or she would wholly discard him; and in making these terms, she threw so much softness into her manner, and appeared so interested in the arrangement, that our hero forgot lord John and his advice, and thought only of how he should appear sufficiently grateful for a condescension he so little deserved.

The entrance of Mr. Marnley called the attention of Sidney from this seductive woman; and it was perhaps at this instant he first became acquainted with that most forcible and imperious voice—the voice of conscience. As he gave his hand to the unsuspecting Marnley, a feeling not unlike to suffocation nearly suspended his utterance.

We

We may allow that this emotion, on an occasion like the present, is not a peculiar feature in the character of a *modern* Englishman, "who can "smile, and smile, and be a villain;" yet the attribute would not diminish the beauty of the human portrait, but might, if graciously improved, hand the sketch down to posterity, with a fastness of colouring which mocks the depredations of time.

That watchfulness which can alone secure us against the approaches of error, was, in a manner, torn from the half-consenting bosom of Sidney; for ere the trio had quitted the dinner-table, a note was presented to Mrs. Marnley.

"What a cruel tempter!" said the fair dissembler. "Only hear, Marnley;" and she read as follows.

"Lady Linburne offers her sincere condolence in the indisposition of her dear

dear Clara. Would have made her inquiries in person, had she heard of it sooner; but, unfortunately, did not see the *Post* until she had commenced her toilet. If her dear friend has not lent her box for the Opera this evening, would esteem herself favoured by her permission to use it. She fears to offer in return her *private* box at Covent Garden, which might lead the dear invalid to tempt a little danger, where she would be so sure to meet a sentimental feast. The play is 'The Conscious Lovers.'

"*Tuesday evening.*"

"How shall I act?" asked the docile Clara.

"Lend your box, by all means," said Mr. Marnley; "but I would not advise your exposing yourself to the night air."

"Ah! I see how it is," replied the lady, with a half smile. "You are getting so fond

fond of home, that you wish to persuade me it is the only place in which I shall be secure from colds, &c. &c; but that cannot always succeed: so, my dear Marnley, prescribe a more palatable regimen. I wish just now that you would order me to recruit my spirits, by an attendance at the mimic scene. You will consent?—yes. I will disguise myself, by my caution to preserve my health; and if you are not disposed to take the charge, consign me to the care of Mr. Wentworth. Positively I have a very great idea that this same play would tend greatly to the amusement of your poor sombre Clara."

Wentworth heard this arrangement with a mixed sensation of surprise and regret. He avowed himself ready to attend the lady; yet ventured to express his fears that she might increase her indisposition.

"Not a word," said Mrs. Marnley, and she laid her white hand upon the arm of Sidney;—he was not awed, but he was flattered.

tered. Clara conquered; and dispatching a hasty answer to lady Linburne, she soon after quitted the dinner-table.

When the carriage was announced, Mrs. Marnley folded her shawl round her figure, so as almost to obscure her person. "This," said she, "will not only secure me from cold, but from detection, as I should not wish to be seen out until I have sent to Boyle to issue my cards of thanks."

"Observe how fashion, and a taste for sentimental writing, will lead a woman to finesse," said Mr. Marnley. "Do these facts lead you to think of marriage, Wentworth?"

"They have not, as yet, tempted me to contemplate the subject," replied Sidney. "I suppose I shall be caught, and in time wear my chains with due humility."

"What a hideous inference you have drawn from the remark of my *cara sposa!*" said Mrs. Marnley. "I do not allow such sarcasms in my presence. *Allons,*" continued the now elated Clara, as she descended to the carriage.

This

This evening's association opened the eyes of Sidney to the finesse which *some* women practise. He beheld his companion so wholly subdued by the pathetic parts of this comedy, as to be, or appear to be, unconscious of the extent of her weakness. He thought it possible to be affected by a genuine sentiment of feeling; he allowed that the mind might be captivated to a degree which should give the fiction an appearance of reality; but in all pre-arranged expression, there is a correctness, not to say an hyperbole, which, upon examination, owns less of nature than suits with domestic scenery.

Thus when Mrs. Marnley turned from the comic interval, and reverted to the sentimental exhibition, he was internally arraigning her affected taste, if not dissecting her real from her assumed character. As if to recal, or rather to pervert, his just analysis, a folded paper caught his eye; he raised it from the carpet, and without thought opened and glanced over its contents. He knew

knew not that Mrs. Marnley had observed the action; he had never considered it might have fallen from her pocket; but now its purport had met his view. He looked inquiringly towards his companion, and not perceiving that she appeared to have done so, he hurried it into his pocket.

To trace the progress of moral error is a task truly painful; nor is it a province in which a *female* pen should embark too deeply, even admitting that the present is a period in which warmth of colouring and glowing sentiment is highly appreciated, and this upon the worst of all principles, the unfeminine avowal that it is constitutional to the fair vendor to disseminate such sentiments.

That vice should ever be depicted in odious colours, needs no new proof to establish its propriety; yet I must believe that it is not by the diffusiveness of description a delicate mind could be guarded; but, rather by pourtraying the consequences, by placing every perverted principle in that point

point of view in which it is regarded by those for whom they step aside. It is by these means I presume to think a tale of error may convey a judicious moral.

The paper which had fallen (accidentally, as it would appear) into the hands of Wentworth, was a love-sick sonnet "On Absence," with the signature "Clara" subjoined. Sidney had not scanned its merits, nor allowed himself to dwell upon the incident; at least he persuaded himself that he had not applied its subject specially. He did not remain long in doubt; for on the succeeding morning, a note, penned under the impression of alarmed sensibility, claimed at his hands, a paper which it was hoped would not wholly destroy the fair writer in the opinion of the generous Wentworth.

When a lady had given him credit for this quality, it was not in nature that he should deny the attribute. He did more—he answered her note, and added *gratitude* to the list of his virtues. The sonnet was detained; he no longer fled from the danger

ger which environed him; he became the constant attendant of Mrs. Marnley. Lord John Nugent again expostulated—it was in vain. Wentworth was infatuated, and he believed he was in love; his conscience slumbered.

From this dream he was awakened, by means which wholly staggered his resolution. Mr. Marnley, in confidence, sought his advice. He trembled for the health of his Clara; he was convinced she was unhappy; he was certain she was consumptive.

Sidney heard the unaffected anxiety of his friend in silence; his heart smote him. "Am I the wretch who has caused this?" sighed he, mentally; "and do I meditate to wound your honour, as I have already destroyed your peace?" His resolution was taken. He suppressed, as much as possible, the real agitation which almost unnerved him; and, in a few words, advised Mr. Marnley to remove his wife from the metropolis, as an expedient worthy of trial.

Wentworth had congratulated himself upon

upon this triumph of principle, and was reflecting on the *inverted* order by which he had been led to a precipice so fearful, when a billet from the rejected Clara was presented to him. It was in the imperative mood, and commanded his instant attendance. The philosophy of our hero was somewhat subdued by this mandate. It would have been virtue to refuse, yet the whole schedule of modern gallantry offered not a precedent in this case; he had not time to digest new plans. Thus, like another Alexander, he went, but he conquered *himself*.

His fair upbraider was eloquent in her distress; she pronounced him the most ungrateful of his sex. He admitted her censure to be just in part—while he opposed the virtues of her husband, his friend, to be such as demanded his esteem, and claimed from him any thing than a return so ungenerous.

She was prepared to meet his indifference, she avowed, but not his malice; the idea

idea of quitting London was insupportable.

Sidney was proof against her anger.—That very confidence which Marnley had in his honour, the simplicity with which he had reported *his* advice to his unworthy consort, were so many proofs of the unsuspicious nature of his friend, as armed the now guarded Wentworth against all the blandishments of the perfidious Clara. They parted more in anger than in love.

Scarcely two days had elapsed, when our hero was summoned to the chamber of Mr. Marnley, who had been seized with an apoplectic fit, and in his first lucid interval had expressed a wish to see Mr. Wentworth.

Deep and compunctious were the feelings of Sidney. He dreaded to learn that the internal anguish of his friend had accelerated his disease; but on this head the decision of the medical men proved highly satisfactory; it was not the first attack, and Mr. Marnley's habit was plethoric. But how greatly was the delicacy of our hero's si-

tuation increased, when he heard himself named, by the lawyers who attended the sick man, as one of the trustees of the blooming widow! The scribe actually glanced towards our trustee, as he penned the required codicil.

"He is my senior in all that is solid and praiseworthy," said the dying man, who had observed the manner of Mr. Wimbush, the attorney.

Sidney was overpowered by an eulogium so unmerited. He would have begged a release from an engagement so unpropitious, had not the physician proscribed all conversation.

To pass over matters irrelevant to our story, Mr. Marnley died that night; and the *inconsolable* Clara was consequently invisible, until the proper season for her appearance; she then, in "customary suit of solemn black," received her trustees with due form. She was amiably uninformed in the most trivial matter that related to money concerns. Thus she had frequent occasion

casion to call upon the deputed agents of her fortune.

Wentworth saw all the inconveniences which would attach to the nomination, and uniformly refused to offer an opinion or advice, but with his joint trust, Mr. Carberry.

The widow was not slow in observing the tardiness of the ungrateful Sidney, yet she hoped; for she remembered a thousand instances in which widows had borne away the prize from girls of acknowledged beauty. Yet, again, memory whispered the ladies had in these cases been experienced dames, and the men, for the most part, very youthful; and it is probable that amongst the reflections to which her imperious attachment reverted, not the least irreconcileable was that which assured her Sidney really possessed a mind of uncommon delicacy.

In this conclusion we must support her; and though Wentworth had nearly fallen from his hitherto upright character, and had

actually contemplated the seduction of Mrs. Marnley, though this had been the exact state of things, and she was now free to chuse, she was at this moment the last woman to whom he would address himself; nay, he reflected on the past with strong feelings of shame. That systematic hypocrisy with which he had recently treated the departed Mr. Marnley appeared now in a just point of view—it was vile dissimulation. Can it be supposed he could esteem the woman who had caused him thus to wander from the open path of truth? She was not only an object of indifference to him, but almost of disgust; and had Mr. Carberry been a man in whom he could have confided, he would have shackled him with a more than proportionate share of the irksome trust.

Six months had elapsed since the death of Mr. Marnley, and Sidney had never made one reference to those unequivocal proofs of favour which he had received from the unreserved Clara, who, seizing an opportunity,

nity, when the absence of Mr. Carberry made her address decorous, began by requesting Mr. Wentworth to give her his advice on the subject of a proposal which had been suggested to her, viz. lord Osterly, the nephew of her deceased husband, had written to know if she was disposed to let *Marnley*, the elegant country-seat of Mr. Marnley?

Sidney replied, in a short note, that he thought she would prefer retiring to a spot where she was known; and as the summer was advancing, he considered that she would be wise in rejecting the proposal.

Mrs. Marnley was pleased with the tenor of this reply. It looked like supporting her in her rank; and she accordingly decided instantly, by rejecting the offer of lord Osterly.

There was, in truth, very little to flatter the widow in the advice given her by Sidney. He wished her absence, and concluded, that if she fell into the terms of his lordship, her plans for the summer would

be unfixed; and he knew not how adventurous her ill-concealed partiality for him might make her; and as he well knew that the generous heart of Mr. Marnley would have been deeply wounded had he believed it possible that his Clara would hold communication with a family who had wholly neglected him in consequence of her admission into it, he considered that in his advice to Mrs. Marnley he had not been intirely guided by self-love.

Mr. Carberry, on his return, paid his respects to Wentworth. They had never been familiar; but it was the character of his colleague to exercise towards those he esteemed a warmth and zealousness of friendship perfectly well intended, though somewhat obtrusive in its appearance.

Mr. Carberry had made a discovery which he fondly imagined would be highly gratifying to our hero—namely, that the lovely widow did full justice to the graceful figure and conciliating manners of her youthful trustee. Mr. Carberry was unfeignedly surprised

prised when Sidney treated the communication as a jest. He adduced proofs innumerable, not omitting to name the riches of the fair candidate for Hymen.

Sidney was firm—nay, more, he requested Mr. Carberry would not countenance such a report by smiling at it.

"You are a very extraordinary young man," said Carberry, smiling. "I have heard that in my friend Marnley's time you were an attentive escort of his wife's. It is therefore quite incomprehensible why you should be so alarmed by the bare mention of her partiality. Take my word, Mr. Wentworth, the widow need not sigh in vain."

"Certainly not," replied Wentworth; "but I beg to disclaim the implied preference."

"I am yet incredulous," retorted Mr. Carberry. "Why, sir, it is one of those fortuitous chances which few young men would reject; many a plan will be laid to

ensnare that fortune which actually waits your acceptance."

"Those who condescend to lay plans in an engagement of the sort to which you allude, have no right to expect, nor do they merit happiness. For myself, I confess that my feelings, not less than my principles, lead me to discredit such things in women, though I can readily believe our sex very frequently adopt the system."

"We will not argue this point," interrupted Mr. Carberry. "I yet entertain strong hopes that our lovely charge is doomed to make your happiness. Mr. Wentworth, I am almost tempted to abuse that tyrant Time, who precludes *me* the possibility of a distinction so flattering."

Sidney laughed at the vague prediction of Mr. Carberry, and with equal sincerity wished he might succeed to that favour he appeared to estimate so highly.

The elucidation of Carberry was an additional reason for our hero's absenting himself

himself from Mrs. Marnley. It was truly an "enforced ceremony" which ever led him thither. Thus, though, agreeably to the *pure* acceptation of the word *love*, there could be no reduction in that which never existed, yet Wentworth had been the slave of infatuation. He had hovered on the brink of error, and believed himself interested in the entanglement; his good fortune absolved him from this dilemma, and his gratitude was proportioned to his escape.

Not so Mrs. Marnley. She, it is probable, might not regret that her actual fame was unsullied, though, in that case, *honour* might have effected what *love* disowned, for the thing is usual; but she relied on those convictions of which Sidney could not but be sensible. Alas! it was trusting to the aberrations, rather than the sincerity of man. Gratitude must be an inhabitant of a good mind. I speak not of pecuniary gratitude, which fetters a generous soul, and makes it "poor indeed," but of that species of gratitude to which friendship and *solicited* con-

fidence give birth. These are the soothing emanations of exalted feelings; and to these the noblest natures gracefully demean themselves. The Circean dame, no more than the pining virgin, can claim from man more than a qualified and short-lived devotion.

Wentworth could have illustrated this truism specially; and it was to Mrs. Marnley we alluded when we avowed that our hero chose rather to address a few lines apprizing her of his departure for Adderfield. It is true, his resolutions were fixed with regard to this lady. He wished not to tempt her anger; and he felt that her reproaches might alarm his conscience. To avoid the danger seemed desirable. Thus, merely naming his journey as a casualty which their relative situation made consistent, he left the widow to London and its attractions, and sought the abode of his father.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

"A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile,
And well it fed him—he look'd plump and fair."

THE underlings in a comedy should never be suffered to make too conspicuous a figure in the piece; they may be necessary to the effect; but if the audience are too sensibly interested for this class, we reserve our heroes for a very inadequate portion of that applause which should especially attach to the principal personages. Thus, though I might, agreeably to the expression of a modern statesman, *kill-off* a few of my people, I chuse a more happy method, and beg to marry off one couple, being convinced that my determination will be more likely to gain a majority, unless I could pro-

mise to accompany my murders with soul-harrowing incidents, and terrific images.

Sir George Beverly arrived at Beverly, his paternal estate, some hours before that named in his letter to Miss Wentworth.—Without waiting to change his travelling-dress, he mounted his horse, and was at Layton Hall in a period which love will easily calculate, when the distance is stated to have been three short miles.

Fanny Beverly drew her watch from her side, and, smilingly, remarked the over-punctuality of her brother, while the beating heart of Miss Wentworth evidently proclaimed that there is a mechanism in the human construction which antedates time, and reckoning by affection, relies upon possibilities.

As the baronet's visit to London had been for the purpose of arranging marriage-settlements, &c. &c. his return now hastened the completion of his happiness.

Our hero attended the nuptials of his cousin, with a heart which took the liveliest

liest interest in the union. He was attached to sir George from principle They had been friends from their youth; their habits were similar, though their characters were distinct.

Lady Layton and her nieces regarded the connexion as highly honourable, while sir Ormsby, now convinced beyond all doubts that Sidney was heart-whole, cast aside his useless regrets, and gave loose to the natural urbanity of his character.

Some weeks had elapsed, and the bride had passed the ordeal of county visiting, which is a trial somewhat formidable; for in the country, as in London, there are the friendlys, the curious, the observing, and the envious; yet lady Beverly appeared to retain that place she had ever held in the sphere of her little circle.

Sidney was so engaged in the family plans, so busily happy in that distinction which his new connexions claimed, that he was in absolute danger of being spoiled. That approbation which is so bountifully bestowed

bestowed upon an independent and personable man in London, can never flatter any but a trifler, who values himself only as he is conspicuous; but where the social feelings are called into action, and a man feels his own importance in a circle which his reason must approve, he yields to the soothings of unfashioned friendship, and is amiably alive to all the happiness of his situation; but the least diminution in his prerogative, the introduction of a competitor, sensibly affects his pride.

This trait in the manly character would be disowned by thousands who are at the moment acting under its influence. Yet it were folly to refute the charge; and happy would it be for this lordly creature, if he possessed not a vanity more objectionable than that of wishing to be estimated where it is honourable to be esteemed.

Wentworth had passed the morning with the Beverlys, and was riding slowly up the avenue to Adderfield, when the appearance of a travelling carriage, from which the horses

horses had been loosed, attracted his attention. Sidney inquired who had arrived during his absence?

"Lord Osterly and Mr. Supple," said Watkins, the butler, as our hero passed on to the sitting-room of sir Ormsby.

A confused idea of the probable cause of his lordship's visit crossed his mind. He believed Mrs. Marnley capable of exerting a very extensive system of speculation; and that lord Osterly, who was a light and inconsiderate young man, would take great pleasure in any plan of the kind.

"Sidney," said the baronet, as Wentworth entered the room, "here are two of your friends."

Sidney welcomed his lordship with politeness, while towards Mr. Supple he observed a more marked, yet respectful demeanour.

"You are surprised," said his lordship; "but, my dear uncle-elect, I could not think of passing so near the Hall without making my bow with due submission."

Mr.

Mr. Supple smiled. His smiles, like the whispering echo, were ever waiting on the last sound.

"You distinguish me by a title to which I never gave a thought, or *can* have a *claim*," said Wentworth; "so pray, my lord, be sincere, and tell me that you knew I was at home, and thought I should be glad to see you."

"Poh! this is folly," replied lord Osterly. "Wentworth, you are considered a very blunt fellow. I have broken the ice," continued the peer. "Sir Ormsby has heard from me a most interesting detail of your very delicate situation; so you need not deny it."

"Had there been the most remote foundation for the report to which you allude," said Sidney, "my father would have heard it from me; but——"

"This is devilish odd," said the peer, turning to Mr. Supple.

"Excessively so," my lord; "but that amiable feature of character which you attribute

tribute to Mr. Wentworth, by the term of bluntness, I beg to observe that the ingenuousness of his reply wholly does away the delusion. The lady has calculated erroneously."

"Impossible," said lord Osterly. "My dear sir," addressing the baronet, "can it be believed that a young widow, with three thousand per annum, and a person really above mediocrity, should have been so blindly infatuated as not to feel her own importance?"

"We are traversing dangerous ground," replied sir Ormsby. "A woman's fame is of a texture so delicate as to claim our forbearance, even where our conclusions may be supposed to be accurate. All unmarried men are the property of the ladies. I hope very few are *purchased;* and for my son, I confess, while I feel assured of his confidence in all cases which relate to a parent, I do not hesitate to say that I should prefer the daughter who had not known a first love."

"There

"There is infinite justness and delicacy in your remark," said Mr. Supple; "and the pretensions of Mr. Wentworth to such a distinction cannot be doubted."

Sidney regarded the speaker with a stern countenance; and turning to lord Osterly, proceeded to ask some questions concerning their mutual acquaintance.

"The town is full of fascination at this moment," replied his lordship; "and I ought to account for my migration. Positively, Wentworth, you are one of the causes which propelled my visit to the shade. The fair widow actually languishes for your return; and I half-promised her that I would whisper the gentle truth in your ear. But the ostensible motive of my journey was to pay my respects to Beverly's bride. I hear she is devilish handsome; and I wish to make my observations, and carry the report into a certain circle, for the pure purpose of exciting envy, malice, &c. &c."

"A most benevolent intention," said Wentworth, smiling, "though scarcely inferior

ferior in error to your first avowal. I am surprised to find you visit in Grosvenor-street; but must beg of you to speak of Mrs. Marnley as the wife of your respected uncle. It is always dangerous to tamper with the characters of women; and when I assure you that you wound rather than flatter my feelings in the present instance, I am certain you will desist."

"My poor rejected Ephesian!" sighed lord Osterly, with a whimsical smile. "Oh, I forgot to mention, that being resolved on gaining my point with respect to hireing Marnley's villa for the season, I made my appearance in Grosvenor-street, and was most graciously received by my aunt. Upon my soul, she is a pretty creature; and as I am at liberty to act for myself now, I accepted her general invitation, and have laughed away many an idle hour with the fashionable Clara. But *you* are her theme. *She* would have consented to let the estate, but *you* had advised her not to do so: and then she is so prettily confused, and blushes

so,

so, when I call you a sly fellow to have engrossed so fair a prize to yourself, that—"

"The lady feels the delicacy of her situation, sir," interrupted sir Ormsby.—"Such allusions must be particularly painful to a heart so lately widowed."

"Poh! my dear sir, you are wholly mistaken," continued his lordship; "it is seven long months since my uncle died."

"If you had been on terms of friendship with him," interjoined Sidney, with a countenance in which reproof was evident, "I am persuaded you would not have committed yourself so much as to speak thus lightly of one whom he loved with unexampled tenderness."

"I am perfectly of your opinion, sir," replied Mr. Supple. "My friend, lord Osterly, is so generally happy in his *badinage*, that he suffers his spirits to carry him beyond his original intention."

"I believe this is the usual quality of the talent you name, sir," said Sidney.

Mr. Supple bowed profoundly, and turning

ing to the baronet, complimented him upon the uncommon solidity and acquirements of his son.

The baronet was vulnerable in this point; and Sidney, in order to draw his immediate feelings from a conversation to which he could not listen, and preserve the rights of hospitality, entered into a desultory conversation with the young lord.

"But tell me, my dear Wentworth," said his lordship, "is lady Beverly such a divinity?"

"A mere mortal, I assure you," said Sidney; "quite the woman to foil your spirits, if not to oppress you with *ennui*."

"Hah! a moralist I suppose; a country miss, full of sentiment and romantic theory. But is she not to be naturalized? will not London, by teaching her the value of her charms, make her more amenable, more like *us*?"

"I sincerely hope lady Beverly will ever remain what she now is—an unaffected woman. As such, no example unworthy of

her imitation will have the power of effecting any change in her sentiments. But I believe, my lord, you have forgotten this divinity is my cousin."

Mr. Supple, who was not so much engaged but that he had an ear for this remark, turned, with a most conciliating smile, towards our hero. "I have experienced an inconceivable degree of apprehension," said this ductile toad-eater, "lest my amiable friend should, in the warmth of his heart, utter a sentiment irreverent to the very perfect character of the elegant lady Beverly."

"Is she known to you?" asked Sidney, with a look of cool surprise.

"I have not that honour, sir," replied Supple; "but that she was a Wentworth is sufficient to claim the respect of all who value goodness."

"How do you support yourself under this torrent of affected sentiment?" asked our hero of lord Osterly, in a low voice.

"Faith, if he was not very useful in a thousand

thousand points, I should have cut with him long since; but at this time he is a necessary evil."

"What an exorbitant interest you pay for his services," replied Sidney, "by suffering him thus to draw upon your time!"

"Your remark bears a very extensive latitude, my dear fellow," said his lordship, with a smile; "he is devilish high in his charges."

Supple, who by no means approved of the apparent familiarity of the young men, nor the very repulsive manner which Sidney observed towards him, became alarmed lest the discernment of Wentworth should lead his hitherto ductile pupil to think for himself.

Strictly speaking, there was scarcely a young man in the whole circle of his numerous acquaintance of whom he stood in awe, save our hero. He had applied himself successfully to the ruling passion of his victims; and though a few had thought the system bad, as they looked on and beheld

held the versatility of Mr. Supple's genius, though hypocrisy had sometimes been obvious, not one had proved himself a sceptic when the remedy was specifically applied.

Wentworth's was a truly independent mind. His nature was generous, and his heart open to the liveliest impressions of friendship. No man was more likely to discover, even at the expence of his fortune, that he had calculated too favourably, and bestowed his favours unworthily. A pecuniary error might diminish his self-importance as a man of the world; he could bear these disappointments with philosophic firmness; but when he had more than once been deceived under the garb of seeming virtue, his heart sickened at the discovery, and like a mere trusting son of humanity, he breathed his distempered feelings.

"Alas!" said the wounded Sidney, "are these the creatures to whom my heart spontaneously turned? Is it by these fatal discoveries

coveries in the characters of my fellow-beings that I am to acquire a knowledge of human nature, which is to check my fondly indulged hopes?—forbid it, Heaven! I will not 'seek in man for more than man;' but the moment that tells me all my actions must be weighed by the cold medium of caution, that hour which checks the warm impulse of humanity, and fills my breast with doubts, leaves me a desolate being, though surrounded by myriads of my species."

That a heart thus fashioned should feel indignant in the presence of a Supple, will create no surprise; nor that the smiling miscreant should be anxious to quit a society in which he saw himself in a manner detected, is by no means wonderful—repeating his usual exordium, "My dear lord," interrupted this satellite, "I believe you have forgotten that our dinner must be nearly ready; you ordered it at five."

"Supple should have been a parson," said lord Osterly, laughing, "he has such

a fine scent for the good things of this world."

Sir Ormsby expressed some disappointment that the young lord should have used such ceremony.

"*I* am tempted to regret it," said lord Osterly; "but the fact is, my dear sir, I am pressed for time. I have but three days, and in that short term must make my bow to lady Beverly, steal the heart of one of her sisters, flatter the old dowager who has charge of them, learn their plans, take another peep at Adderfield, in order to be the bearer of a billet, or a sigh, or a look, either of which shall be given with due effect, on the instant of my arrival in town. Thus you perceive, my dear sir Ormsby, that I have my hands full of business."

"If my father sees your statement with my eyes," replied Sidney, "he will laugh at you as I do. You have taken some trouble to tell Beverly and myself what we already knew—that you are a thoughtless animal. But I fear your expedition, like most modern

dern achievements, will prove a most abortive scheme."

"Ah, I understand you," said the peer. "My poor little widow! Wentworth, you are guilty; I see it. You are making love in the hamlet, and forgetting the courtly dame."

"My affections are certainly limited to the hamlet," replied Sidney; "further I say not."

"But if you were more copious," said sir Ormsby, "the explanation could not but be honourable; for here, my dear Sidney, there are none of the dangers which attach to the passion in London. The manners of the women are more pure; they are almost strangers to the undermining flattery which constitutes the leading trait in the character of a fashionable man. Nor can I understand the nature of that love which will not bear avowal. I speak not of those evanescent passions which are sometimes distinguished by the name of

love; they are unworthy of our consideration; but——"

"Worthy sir," interrupted Mr. Supple, "I fear if we exempt that little band which most probably owes its happiness to the influence of your good example and enlightened sentiments, if we except the Arcadian demesne of Adderfield, there will not be found, in an equally independent circle, the rare but blissful perspective of unsophisticated love."

Sir Ormsby looked grave, and fixing a steady eye upon the palpable flatterer, "Sir," said the baronet, "I believe you take me for a very young man;" and he walked towards an open window, as if to calm the rising indignation which filled his breast. "I have grown with those oaks," continued the animated sir Ormsby, pointing to some stately trees which ornamented the avenue, "and like them I am firm—not to be shaken by every light blast that crosses my path, believe me, sir."

"My

"My dear sir Ormsby," said lord Osterly, "let me complete your metaphor.—Supple is the creeping ivy, which winding round the oak, would willingly obscure its beauties in his evergreen mantle; but the oak towers above, and looks down upon the insidious wanderer with tremendous majesty."

"And what are you?" thought our hero, "who can thus discriminate, yet bear the garish deceit?" Might *he* not have added to the allegory, and likened his lordship to that apple which grows upon this patriarch of the woods, and which, when *separated* from the *tree*, owes all its value to its bitterness?

The awkwardness of Mr. Supple's situation had been considerably increased by the remark of lord Osterly; yet this pipe, on which "Folly might sound what stop she pleased," owned only a momentary degradation; he knew his power over his immediate victim, and trusted to his hitherto successful peculations. The dinner-hour,

as had before been observed by this osier-like friend, had actually arrived, and lord Osterly appeared indisposed to retire.—Drawing his watch, and suspending it to the view of the peer, he made an obsequious bow.

"Wentworth," said his lordship, as he seized his hat, "you are a churl. I would have taken my dinner with your good father, had you seconded the invitation."

"You are my prisoner," replied Sidney, as he arrested the egress of his guest. "I am unconscious of the omission you name; but you go not under an impression so hostile to my feelings."

Sir Ormsby renewed his intreaties, which, with a tempered civility, were extended to Supple.

"My lord," said the anxious reptile, "have you forgotten that you have letters to write this evening?"

"That is true," replied the peer, thoughtfully. "Yet you know what to say. Go," continued lord Osterly, "get your dinner, and

and pledge the gods to inspire you with eloquence."

Supple was not slow in obeying the commands of his pupil, but gladly withdrew from a circle in which he felt ill at ease.

Lord Osterly, emancipated from his now *willing* thraldom, became pleasant and entertaining. He possessed not those claims to esteem which captivate the attention, and bid us look to the rich harvest of coming years. Of him it might be said,

> "In youth, of patrimonial wealth possest,
> The *love* of science faintly warm'd his breast."

Yet sir Ormsby, who ever leaned to the fair side of the portrait, saw something to esteem, while he inwardly, and with the partiality of a father, contrasted his heart's treasure, with a scrupulousness that left a balance too decisive to be calculated by any judge less lenient than a parent.

CHAP. IV.

"'Tis vain to seek in man for more than man."

A BETTER feeling than vanity may lead a man to regret that triflers gain an ascendancy in society; nor, if vanity stood the prominent feature in this case, need he blush to own it. The culture of intellect, like the exercise of mercy, "blesseth twice." The toil capacitates the mind to comprehend and appreciate enlightened sentiments, while it repays the mental exertion, by increasing its internal resources.

To such a mind there can be no heavier tax, speaking of mere casualties, than that of being called upon to approve such a character. Considered as a visitor *en passant*, lord Osterly appeared the most insignificant

nificant being imaginable; but when Sidney saw three days pass away, and his lordship yet lingered in the vicinity of Beverly; when he beheld Fanny Beverly pleased with his attentions; and, above all, found the morning parties at the Hall arranged previously to his arrival, his pride took alarm. He *had* been valued, because he was the *only* cecisbeo at hand; it *had* been highly flattering, for they had appeared to esteem him; but now the most egregious idler had superseded him, and his vanity sunk in proportion to his disappointment.

To betray jealousy where we own no individual preference, appears arrogant; yet I fear this blemish cannot be erased from the character of an Englishman. An Irishman can be the slave of half a thousand bright eyes, and remain wholly exempt from this too scrupulous feeling. Shall we impute this to his vanity, or his *nonchalance?* That he is a creature capable of every noble impulse, admits not of a doubt. Then I would say, that the latter is all heart,

the former all nerve; that the Irishman sees no ill, for his buoyant spirits balance the ills of life, thus avoiding a preponderance; while the Englishman, tinctured with that variation which distinguishes his clime, fluctuates, hopes, and desponds, is vulnerable and inaccessible, yet ever valuable, for a polished Englishman is a reflective being.

Wentworth could not look on calmly. If by chance he called at Beverly, he was greeted with some salutation which bespoke lord Osterly's importance. Some party had been projected, and he was solicited to join them; and, contrary to all his idea of probabilities, Supple had gained an established footing in the family. While he deplored this, he was too much absorbed in disappointment to understand that by his occasional seclusions these uncongenial associations had been formed.

Sir Ormsby, whose petulance was easily aroused, grew severe in his remarks. To lord Osterly he was considerately lenient; but

but he saw no reason why Mr. Supple should incroach upon the hospitality of sir George.

As a host, no man evinced higher ideas of liberality than sir Ormsby. He was not, however, so prodigal of his time. Even when blessed with the society of his son and his niece, there were hours in which he sought the retirement of his closet—hours which, dedicated to rational pursuits, fitted him more immediately for the charm of intellectual converse.

The little festering irritabilities which are comprehended and felt by the nice observer, by the heart possessing sensibility, these subtle underminers had completely deranged the so late happy life of our hero. In a fit of vexation, he had half resolved on quitting Adderfield, and returning to London, when the benevolent countenance of his father met his eye. "He has not disappointed me," said Wentworth, mentally. "Oh no—he is the kindest of parents;"

and for the present his London journey was wholly forgotten.

Lord Osterly, whose aim was notoriety, appeared fully sensible of the favour he enjoyed. He rode with sir George, projected amusements for his lady, made love to Fanny Beverly, and affected a sentimental taste whenever Louisa Beverly bestowed her time upon him; to lady Linburne he was the assiduous and respectful attendant, and would quit the girls to escort the aunt.

Yet though his lordship timed his services so adroitly, there were two in the circle who wanted faith in the motives which induced his assiduities; these were lady Beverly and Louisa.

Sir George Beverly, warm-hearted and undesigning, not prone to deep observation, saw the peer with that indifference with which he would have beheld any other man of equal rank and similar sentiments. He knew that lord Osterly was received everywhere,

everywhere, therefore it could not be wrong in him to entertain him as his guest.

Sir George, like half a thousand of his sex, believed he had a taste for rural scenes. He was mistaken. His estate required his occasional presence, and he willingly visited it every year. Love had united his power to bind him to the scenes of his childhood. To his bride he was most affectionately attached; he loved her for herself; but he prided himself upon the firmness of her character; yet he was the last man in the world who could have sat him down content to improve the land which his "forefathers tilled;" nay, he was already looking forward to the period of their appearance in London.

Still the virtues of sir George were not of a negative sort. Human nature is ever mutable; and we profess not to speak of men as angels, lest we should be compelled to doom them to celibacy, for I know not where we could mate them.

The

The baronet and his son were conversing on the subject of sir George's visitors, sir Ormsby evincing in every remark that jealousy which occupied his mind; for the feeling, though various, is general; and a *parent* is not the least prone to this foible. I have seen its ebullitions, from the lisp of infancy to that period when the full grown scion supersedes the parent in the eye of the world. Nay, it has gone further. When the person, from becoming a legal property, has lost claim to particular devotion, it has passed from the *person* to their *possessions*. It is not known by the name of jealousy—it is called ambition; and we are contented to deceive ourselves thus.

Sir Ormsby thought his son superior to all other men's sons; and he was pointing out the many frivolous traits in lord Osterly's character, when a servant entered, and announced a gentleman.

"Has he no name?" asked the baronet.

"He says he is a stranger to you, sir, and requests to see you alone."

"Alone!"

"Alone!" repeated sir Ormsby. "I hate mystery! I can see no reason for your quitting the room, Sidney," he continued. "Yet go—perhaps he is right."

Wentworth retired. In his egress from the library he met a young man of prepossessing appearance. His countenance, though animated, had more of sorrow than joy in it; and in his manner there seemed a trepidation which spoke forcibly to the heart of Wentworth. He paused, and raising his large dark eyes, with a look of benignity perfectly in unison with his feelings, "My father will have the pleasure of receiving you directly, sir," said he; and turning back, he preceded the stranger, opened the library-door, and ushered him in. A silent bow from the young man expressed his thanks.

Sidney walked towards the vestibule. He wished to ascertain whether any equipage awaited the return of the stranger. He learned from the servants that a hired chaise had brought the gentleman; and further,

that it was ordered to an inn contiguous, where horses were to be ready for his immediate return.

Whether Wentworth, like the baronet, hated mystery, we know not, yet his curiosity was excited; for his father's visitor appeared agitated, and apprehensive of his reception. The general manner of sir Ormsby was conciliating; Sidney therefore concluded that the stranger had some matter of a distressing nature to reveal, and it was to this cause he must impute the evident anxiety of their guest.

These reflections had passed over his mind, and he was yet musing on the subject, when sir Ormsby, following the stranger, appeared before him.

The baronet looked ruffled. He waved his hand, with a most repulsive and inhospitable movement. "*You* are deceived, sir," said he; "but I am not so credulous as to attend to this," and he referred to an open letter which he grasped in one hand.

"I have stated a fact which that letter corroborates,"

corroborates," said the stranger, with calm dignity. "Whatever the *pride* of sir Ormsby Wentworth may suggest, *mine* never reduced me to supplicate, where I had hoped to meet attention and respect; nor was I ever the agent of villany."

Sidney advanced—"Allow me to mediate," said he, in a voice of persuasive softness—"you are both warm;" and he glanced towards his father, with an expression that was not lost upon the stranger. It seemed to ask his forbearance, his consideration, for a man who was easily roused, and, we might add, as easily appeased.

The young man advanced a few steps, and with an open brow requested to know if the baronet had reconsidered the subject, and would allow him to be the bearer of a more propitious answer?

"Forgive me, sir," said sir Ormsby, "I must believe you—you speak like a man of honour; but you are credulous—it is you who are deceived. Solve the matter, sir, and you will soon discover your error."

"Impossible,"

"Impossible," said the stranger, with a mournful air; "it is past conjecture. But I will not detain you longer, sir," and bowing hastily to the baronet, and most cordially to Sidney, he quitted the house.

Wentworth was on the eve of following. His heart impelled an instant communication with this ambiguous stranger; but sir Ormsby, who saw the purpose of his son, opposed it. Wentworth stood gazing after the stranger, who more than once looked back towards the house.

It is here we might, with Rousseau, say—

"There is a certain similarity of disposition, which is discovered in a moment, and which soon produces intimacy."

But in the present instance, the parties, however well disposed, were precluded from a chance so propitious; for the stranger was on his road to London, and Sidney left to bear the fluctuations and caprices of his father. Yet was our hero persuaded that he should know more of their late visitor. He had been interested by his appearance;

pearance; he anticipated that he wanted a friend; and though there is always much difficulty in administering comfort of a pecuniary nature to a man, Sidney was assured that he could serve without wounding. A species of jealousy mixed even in this feeling, but it was purely national; for an Englishman is a most tenacious being in his friendships. He can serve munificently, but he avoids communication; and while his charity fertilizes the little sphere of his action, the secrecy with which it is bestowed enhances its value, for the favoured remain free—at least, he is less a slave than he might be.

Now Wentworth, in idea, had wrested the name, character, and pretensions of the stranger from his father, his copious heart was planning extensive means of service, which were to be exclusively his own, when on entering the library, he found Mr. Supple making his bow to the baronet.

The tractable genius of this gentleman was of a nature not to be repressed by trifling

trifling obstacles. He could slide in at any door in London. His knowledge in all culinary matters made him the most *convenient* creature in the world. He would chuse a dish of fish for the widow Clavering, taste the claret for lady Bronze, write a bill of fare for two or three of his friends whose sudden elevations made them incompetent to arrange a fashionable dinner, &c. &c.

It had been whispered that Mr. Supple was in some danger from a conspiracy formed against him by the men-cooks, on whose privileges he infringed. A stray pheasant, well larded, had been seen upon the road to Mr. Supple's lodgings; and as the poulterer was recognised, the second-table gentry very readily concluded it was a *job*.—They hated all jobs, more especially such as abridged their enjoyments; and upon a scrupulous interrogation of Mr. Supple's valet, groom, &c. it was discovered that their master had no open accounts with any tradesman, that he rarely dined at home, but received many presents of game, &c.

"Proof

"Proof positive," said these professional gentlemen; and they vented some resolutions perfectly in character. One was for choking him in his curry; but this was rejected, as the danger might be extended to others. A second knew his *goût* for noyau, and proposed infusing poison into *his* glass; but an *Italian*, whose knowledge of *English* patronage was more judicious, wisely suggested that the brotherhood, more especially *foreigners*, should unite, and draw up certain resolutions, setting forth their *talents*, &c. &c. desiring an increase of salary, or their long-established salvage on the property of their masters.

The scheme was successful. Not a master but was convinced that the poor devils had been wronged; for an epicure is seldom gratified by the cheapness of his fare. They instantly perceived their error. It was the easiest thing imaginable to give up a friend such as Supple, but by no means so easy to replace a knight of the palate.

The cooks conquered, and Supple soon saw

saw his ejection, in the long faces of his acquaintance. Many were the calls he made; not a commission fell in his way; and he was absolutely in danger of becoming a burthen upon his own little property, when lord Osterly, a full-plumed pigeon, just emerging from the restrictions of a very rigid father, crossed his path.—The young peer fell into the snare; and Mr. Supple, since his engagements with my lord, had been seen more than once turning stock.

Curiosity, low-minded curiosity, is almost always an accompaniment of the designing character. Now the eye of Mr. Supple was particularly keen. In his way to Adderfield this morning, he had encountered the stranger. Why the *rencontre* surprised him, it is not now necessary to relate. The meeting gave rise to some uneasy sensations—yet he passed on; but, as he perceived our hero leaning over the terrace, he made a circuit through the grounds, in order to avoid him, and, if possible, meet

the

the baronet alone. He had a few questions to propose respecting the stranger; and such was his fear of our hero, that he actually blushed, and looked confused, as Wentworth discovered him in the library.

The familiarity which had induced an intrusion so bold, appeared to Sidney a new motive for his coldness. He therefore threw into his countenance all that calm surprise which the character of his features was eminently calculated to produce; and bowing formally to the salutation of their visitor, proceeded to regulate some volumes on a shelf, with no purpose save that of being employed.

"I met a young man at the entrance of the copse," said Supple, addressing the baronet, "whom I was astonished to see in this neighbourhood."

"Do you know him?" said the baronet and his son in a breath.

Supple felt his importance—"I would have it understood that he is not an acquaintance of mine," said the traducer. "In fact,

fact, he is a person whose habits of life are entirely out of a certain rank; and it is whispered, (but I beg to be understood as merely repeating what I have heard,) that his means are very precarious."

Wentworth, who had given the stranger credit for qualities truly estimable, stood anxiously awaiting the elucidation of Supple, yet firmly resolved on judging for himself.

"My dear sir Ormsby," resumed Mr. Supple, "London, in its present state, is very different to what you and I remember it."

"If you mean by this that its luxuries have increased," rejoined the baronet, "I can readily believe it; yet a metropolis like ours, while it exhibits strong and lamentable causes for regret, at the same time shelters so much worth as to leave a balance favourable to a man's natural predilection for the country in which he was born. But you were speaking of the young man you met; what do you know of him?"

"Why my knowledge of this Mr. Durweston,

weston, in fact, amounts to no more than this—I was under the painful necessity of negotiating a friendly loan for a young nobleman, an acquaintance of mine, some months since. Being myself new to these sort of transactions, I was particularly scrupulous of being seen at the house of Mr. Prince, though he is a man whose extensive connexions make him very generally known and esteemed. I however was shewn into an adjoining room to that in which Mr. Prince was, as I heard, engaged with a gentleman. Without the smallest intention or desire of knowing the business in question, I was compelled to be a hearer, for the partition was a thin wainscot, and the parties talked loudly. I heard a voice, more like intreaty than that confidence which is necessary to insure the services of this class of people. Mr. Prince seemed desirous of getting rid of the business. I heard him plead engagements, and the utter impossibility of listening to proposals so vague as those of *strict principles, honour, pure in-*

tentions, &c. At length I heard a final negative put upon the business; and feeling a degree of curiosity to see the person who had formed so ridiculous an idea of a money-lender, I marked his appearance as he passed through the hall; and a card which he had left upon the table of Mr. Prince, as he said, in hopes that he would make the inquiry he had suggested, and finally accede to his proposition, put me in possession of his name. I have since seen him in public many times. His appearance is always that of a gentleman; but I, who am acquainted with his necessities, have been astonished at the presumption of his conduct. He has once or twice dined at tables where I visit. His language is that of independence; he professes the most liberal sentiments, rails at the follies of the day, and addresses females, even of the most exalted rank, with a *sang froid* truly unaccountable. These concurring circumstances did certainly excite a portion of surprise in my breast; and I took the trouble to ascertain his

his residence. I found it to be in an obscure part of the town; but I could make out no direct way by which he attained his living. He would have fallen from my remembrance, had I not met him one day with a female of extraordinary beauty."

"Go on, go on, sir," interrupted sir Ormsby.

Supple paused for a moment—"Yes, my dear sir, even I, who am really difficult to please, must truly confess that Durweston's wife is the most lovely woman I ever beheld."

"His wife!" interrupted the baronet. "Has he married her?"

"I know not to whom you allude," rejoined the narrator, with a sarcastic smile; "but Mrs. Durweston is certainly a lovely creature. Such, however, is the poverty of this young man that he cannot support her; and she is now gone into a family, as companion or *femme de chambre* to a lady of rank."

 "Impossible!"

"Impossible!" said sir Ormsby; "he dares not to suffer such a degradation."

"*I* am unfortunately ignorant of the lady's claim to a higher rank in life," continued Supple, with a significant emphasis; "but as I was observing, it is truly astonishing to see how people of no consideration, in fact, persons wholly unknown, how they mix in society."

"Yet I thought you seemed to insinuate Mr. Durweston was a man whose habits of life were distinct from a certain circle?" said Sidney.

"Did I say so?" replied Supple. "Well, that took rise in my conviction that he did not deserve the consideration he seems in a degree to have attained."

"And he is married," interjoined sir Ormsby, with a thoughtful look.

"Why there again I beg to be understood," resumed Supple, "I do not exactly recollect how or where I first saw the young woman, but I perfectly remember that

that the association seemed very familiar; and that more than once I have seen them purchasing articles of a domestic sort; and one evening, in particular, I saw them issue from a jeweller's shop, when the lady was evidently in tears."

"I have been too hasty," vociferated the baronet, in a tone of anguish.

"I fear you have," replied Sidney.—"Shall I follow him?"

"No, no—I know not where they live; besides, he has married her, and withholds it from me."

"Permit me to observe, my dear sir Ormsby, that I am not in possession of the fact. The matter seemed probable, from the situations in which I have seen them; and having by chance addressed the lady one evening, she took exception at it, and with all those high-flown notions of delicacy which usually attaches to proud poverty, she expressed her resentment, in a tone which brought Durweston to her side, who, it seems, was discharging a coach from

which they had alighted. My temper is warm, and I could not brook the authoritative voice in which he spoke. I asked him who he was? He said, 'That lady's protector.' The term made me smile, for it has, in London, a very ambiguous meaning. He saw my thoughts, and added, 'Her natural protector.' It is from this, and the subsequent observations I have made, when I have found him included in a few parties in which the lady was sure to make her appearance in the course of the evening, either at the Opera, whither we sojourned, or in some assembly. They seem, in these cases, to observe a distant civility; yet I find him ready to come forward in any little contingence which places her in a conspicuous point of view. Nay, the girl did not reject the appellation of Mrs. Durweston when a friend of mine addressed her by the name. Thus you perceive that though the fact is not conclusive, it is highly probable."

"Not in the least, sir," replied Wentworth.

worth. "To avoid the indiscriminate gallantries of such idlers as take pleasure in discountenancing virtue, must be the wish of a delicate woman; and though she might disclaim an assumption that was inconsistent with truth, there might be moments when the shield was offered to her, and she rejoiced to embrace its security."

"Eminently refined, Mr. Wentworth!—these are the sentiments of the moralist; yet forgive me if I add, that the enthusiasm of youth makes you figurative. You take up the gauntlet for a stranger, and in your warmth are, perhaps, unconscious that you bespatter a party who, from their *distinctness*, might reasonably hope to be spared."

"Sir, I would willingly apologize to you, if I considered I had given cause for offence," said Sidney; "but you must pardon me if I observe, that for a person of whom you think so contemptibly, you are remarkably well-informed with respect to Mr. Durweston's situation, habits, &c. I grant there is a want of connexion in your

history; and I am led to believe that your fancy has given a fashion to the tale not exactly suitable to the original text. Yet I thank you for it; and I perceive my father feels himself your debtor. It is on the common contingencies of life, in the simple events of the day, that all our fortunes take their rise. There is nothing wonderful under heaven;—the temper of mind in which we receive these casualties alone makes the difference; and, for my own part, I must consider this morning as one of peculiar promise," and he looked towards sir Ormsby, entreatingly, though silently.

"The sun shall not go down on my anger," replied the baronet, in a hurried voice.

"I cannot too much applaud that lively humanity which graces your character, Mr. Sidney," said Supple; "yet permit me to add that your danger is incalculable. I know the world for what it is; and while I would hail and encourage every generous sentiment in the young, my experience would

would make me tremble for a disposition thus moulded."

"I have been upon my own hands some years," replied Wentworth, coolly, "and without professing much discernment, I cannot say I was ever greatly deceived. I love happiness, and I look to the fair side; I can understand misery, and know it may be assuaged."

"There is no arguing with a mind thus constructed," interjoined Supple, addressing sir Ormsby; "but you and I, my friend, who can detect the garish cheats, who can bring the hypocrite to light, tear off the mask of sentimental libertinism, and disconcert the plans of the gambler—it is we who, acquainted with the shoals, must endure the mental anguish of watching and guarding these youthful mariners on life's perilous ocean."

"You have conjured up a strife of passions more terrific than an elemental war," replied the baronet. "Thank Heaven, my bark, saving *one* gale, has been a most pros-

perous vessel. I believe I set sail with a good compass—it never varied, as I have observed, but once; and even now I reckon upon its consequences. But my son owns no such alloy; he entered the world with tempered expectations, and has conducted himself as a rational being. I should despise a young man who distrusted every man as a villain; it is destroying that sunshine which gilds the season of youth. A man of sense, with sound morals, buys experience at a fair price; a fool always pays too high a price for all he possesses."

"Very just, perfectly correct; yet the influx which society now sanctions makes the danger infinitely greater."

"By no means, sir; I cannot understand your colouring as generally applicable.—That there are vices which deform the human character, I admit; but I do not consider them as the specific growth of this era. I think there is a laxity in our morals, yet I hope better things; for we are the creatures of Hope. But when you ask

me

me to revert to my juvenile days as the golden age, my memory tells me it is good for man to compare the *past* with the *present*. If he is impartial, he either lessens his vanity, or confirms his hopes; while he who looks upon the present hour as a cynic, disqualifies himself to enjoy life, and ultimately deduces from his natural term. With regard to that admixture of company which you seem to deplore, I regret that a man who feels his own inferiority should brave the contumely of the rich by joining their society; but I should be sorry the mere want of fortune excluded the man of genius from the delights of social intercourse."

"I honour your sentiments, my dear sir," replied Supple; "nor will I presume to argue the point with you. You may indulge them here; but should you visit the metropolis, I shall find you a convert to my opinions."

Sir Ormsby looked incredulously, while Sidney, whose thoughts all tended to one

point, perceiving Supple was retiring, evidently disappointed that his elucidation had made no lasting impression, requested to know where Mr. Durweston lived?

"He did live in lodgings at Pentonville, Islington, some months since, but I believe he has removed into the town."

"Allow me to ask, sir," continued Wentworth, "if your knowledge of Mr. Durweston's pecuniary embarrassments are the sole motives for your considering him unfit to mix in the higher circles?"

"Why I confess, since you press the subject, that they are. I know that the man of sentiment will extenuate, and by a liberality which perhaps does honour to his heart, justify such admissions; but I presume to see the matter differently. The man who has no stable income, who, in fact, depends upon his talents for his support, and is known to resort to such aid as I have named, must be classed as an adventurer; for when did mere genius feed its possessor, much less remunerate a money-lender? Then I assert

assert that we err in making such persons our associates, inasmuch as we increase their expenditure, and lead them into deeper difficulties."

"Your remarks are perfectly consistent with that system which should regulate our moral conduct in all its bearings; but as a degree of turpitude, of wilful blindness, attaches to that arrangement which the world calls 'fashionable society," resumed Sidney, "I should deplore that a man was ejected, (if he can find pleasure in the scene,) for a reason which, by comparison, would prove to be as a 'drop in the ocean' of dissipation; nor can I understand the nicety of your distinction. Have you not heard of a son's post-obit bonds, of mortgaged properties, of numbers supported by gambling, of *women* trafficking with Jews? or is it that you wink at splendid infamy, and cast the sins of thousands upon the undefended head of plebeian misery?"

"I make every allowance for this warmth,

my dear sir—I even wave the retort which my feelings might justify; yet I insist that where there is no property, the man becomes a suspicious character, and should be treated as such."

"How many whose means are beyond all doubt contemptible, how many mix in the mass!—what hangers-on, what stale retainers, scandal-mongers, vile traducers! Yet you point the finger of scorn at an individual because he is poor. My dear father," continued our hero, turning to the baronet, "there are creatures in the rational world who, like the polypus, will adhere to you; cut them off in one way, and they will cling to you in another. To avoid these reptiles, the heart must select its friends; and though sudden prepossessions are attended with dangers, I am sanguine in the present instance."

"Heaven forbid that *I* should frustrate an intention so well-meant!" said Supple, rising. "Experience alone can convince in some cases. Adieu, worthy sir," taking the

the hand of the baronet. "Mr. Wentworth, I am your humble servant; you will do me justice at some future period.—Adieu."

"I do so now," thought Sidney, as the door closed. "I know thee

"For one that courses up and down on errands;
A stale retainer at lord Timon's table;
A man grown great by making legs and cringes,
By winding round a wanton spendthrift's heart,
And gulling him at pleasure."

The inquiring eye of our hero, though frequently directed towards his father, attained not the answer it sought. The baronet continued thoughtful, and somewhat silent, during the day; he neither spoke of the stranger or his concerns. The sun was sinking in the west; Sidney cast his eyes on the orient beam, and again he glanced at sir Ormsby.

"Be at peace, my son," said the baronet; "I can forgive, but I ask time to teach me to forget."

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops."

To impart our feelings, is, in many instances, a matter easy to accomplish; and where an habitual confidence has been observed, all restraint is painful. Sir Ormsby Wentworth, at this period of our history, experienced an anxiety of mind, to which he had long been a stranger; he beheld his son awaiting that elucidation which his uniform candour towards him fully entitled him to expect; and he felt himself unequal to the task. To confess that a sudden impulse of passion had led him to treat a stranger in the way we have related, might be in a degree humiliating; but

but in this case, Sidney was competent to judge, for he had witnessed a part of the scene; he must do more, much more; if he admitted his son to his confidence, he must avow himself vindictive, harbouring a resentment for a series of years; and now, when a medium for retribution offered, rejecting the opportunity, and cherishing a passion always unamiable, but peculiarly ill suited to the aged traveller on life's fleeting journey. Conscience, thou silent, but imperious reasoner, thou wilt (though distanced for a time) catch up the scattered hours, and with a dread precision, place them before the "minds' eye."—The man who is in arrears with virtue, like him who owns a pecuniary obligation of long standing, may frequently calculate, and in idea put the matter into a state of adjustment—but when he *seriously* sits down to make up his accounts, when the world has lost its consequence, and ceases to rank *him* amongst its votaries, the calculation becomes infinitely

nitely more difficult; he sees things clearly; he neither qualifies his errors by the medium of inordinate vanity, nor lulls his feelings by a latitude which his declining age would make presumptuous.

It was a settlement of this sort which our baronet was called upon to discharge;—he met it, it is true, somewhat unprepared; yet, in extenuation, we might state, that it is probable he knew not such a bond existed—that such an unequivocal appeal to his honour and his humanity could be offered; and there should be some allowance made for a man who had not reckoned upon such an attack. This sort of reasoning suits the mind, which shrinks from self-examination, and takes refuge in the yet remaining dregs of time. It is but charity to believe, *many* trusting mortals are less erroneous than they appear to be, or how greatly should we deduce from the chosen family of Providence!—but if a speck will tarnish the outward surface, if we are sedulous to offer

to

to the world an appearance which shall give us a claim to its respect, let us not be unmindful in embellishing, chastening, and proving, that part which fades not when we fade, which is seen of an eye that "searcheth all hearts," and which can bring to light the "hidden things of darkness."

That there are degrees of error, must be admitted; and that the turpitude of some are greatly encreased by their attaching to persons, from whom better things might reasonably be expected. The sum total of this exordium amounts only to this simple and often propounded truth, "where much is given, much will be required:" and in proportion as the man blessed with means neglects to exert these graceful attributes of his character, he degrades the rank in which he is placed, and runs counter to an institute against which there is no appeal.

Sir Ormsby Wentworth had, on the preceeding evening avowed, that the "sun had

had not descended on his wrath?" "he had forgiven, but must take time to forget his injuries."—Now a new day had arisen upon this pompous child of earth, and his vaunting had left no traces of superiority on his countenance; nay, our hero, as he made his morning salutation, thought the opportunity only was wanting to make his father a suppliant, where he had been a stern and relentless censor.

A bachelor's habits may give a man a degree of expertness in the offices of the tea-table; yet where a woman's attentions have been experienced, there can be no doubt that she will be missed. A remark of Sidney's, addressed to the baronet, in which he referred to his cousin's removal, and the vacuum it had caused, called a reply from sir Ormsby. He coincided with his son in opinion; and now first recollected, that until Miss Wentworth's marriage, he had never sat at a breakfast-table in his own family, at which some female friend or connexion had not presided.—

"I remember

"I remember my mother, my aunt, and Anna Tracey"—he paused; "then followed your mother, Sidney; and after her, my little Grace assumed the honours, and by her lively artless manner, disengaged my thoughts from that melancholy into which I had nearly fallen, when my poor Maria died. Had she remained single," said sir Ormsby, after a pause, "I could have borne it."

"My dear sir," replied Wentworth, "is it possible that you, who are such an advocate for marriage, can regret the establishment our dear Grace has made?"

"I was thinking of Durweston's wife," said the baronet, "She might, upon inquiry, have been a very eligible person, and my house a proper asylum for her—that is, if they could have brought me the proofs I should require."

"Have you sought for proofs, my dear father?" said Sidney, in a persuasive tone of voice; "make me the messenger of your recantation, nor doubt my zeal."

"That

"That must not be, Sidney. If the young man's statement is correct, it would require much caution to arrange a plan for their comfort, without wounding their feelings; and in fact, if *he* is right, *I* am greatly in error. No, no, I will not believe it," ejaculated the baronet. "How have they existed for eighteen years?"

Wentworth made no reply, but his looks seemed forcibly to express it was impossible for *him* to form any idea on a subject so wrapt in mystery.

"It is woman, my son," said the baronet, as he cast away a book, with which he had been endeavouring to fix his attention; "it is woman, Sidney, from whom most of *our* unhappinesses proceed: yet are they our bliss, our solace, in this transient scene."

"I have always considered them as such," replied Sidney; and he looked towards his father, as though he hoped to gain some clue to the stranger's story. A tear stole down the cheek of the baronet.

The

The soft intruder awakened a sympathy in the bosom of Wentworth, yet the presage was favourable.

"I know not to what cause to impute this anxiety," said he. "I wish I was worthy of your confidence."

"You are worthy, Sidney, every way worthy," replied the baronet; "but your father is an erring man, and wants courage to tell you, that he has shrunk from self-examination, until the account has become almost too vast for settlement."

"The final, and all-efficient arbiter hath not denounced a sentence so depressing, my dear father," rejoined Wentworth; "on the contrary, how encouraging are the promises which our holy faith holds out to all whom sincerity and contrition actuates!—You, who I have witnessed so eminently just and good, you, my dear sir, deem casual neglects as serious omissions, and try them at a stricter bar than mercy would assume."

"It has been my supineness, my wilful security,"

security," replied sir Ormsby, "which has led to this just degradation; I cursed where I should have pitied, and left those to perish, whom my honour, if not my *gratitude*, should have cherished."

"Till this moment, I have ever considered your lot in life as a peculiarly happy one," said Wentworth; "rich in the goods of fortune, blessed in your domestic circle by the society of my respected mother; and, I trust, not less happy in your son, whose duty, even in infancy, was not more perfect than at this moment."

"I believe it, Sidney, I believe it; but at present I would ask of you to desist from inquiry; I am unequal to the task; perhaps a day or two may bring us further intelligence—till then, spare me."

Sidney bowed to the decision. The gracious tears of a self-arraigned penitent, and that penitent his father, carried to the bosom of our attached son a promise grateful as nature could implant.

And nature is an all-powerful advocate; a mirror,

a mirror, an instructor, a memento; the system from which our never-ceasing comforts are derived; the point to which a reflective being must turn with reverence, and, while he owns its benefits, adore the source. The vernal shower that revives the thirsty plain, the dew that cherishes the pregnant earth, obscure its beauties for a while; warm suns shine out, and smiling nature sings her song of joy. And what is *man*, but an intellectual scion, a plant born to die; doomed even in his fragrance to meet fell sorrow's blight; surrounded by the noxious weeds of sin, though planted in the seeming vale of joy? Never may contrition's tear be chased from the erring heart, until the chastening dew has matured the seeds of repentance.

Adderfield, hitherto the peaceful home of our hero, seemed, at this period, the abode of discontent. Sir Ormsby, restless and dissatisfied with himself, was ill qualified to contribute to the happiness of his son; while Sidney, though anxious to dis-

sipate the gloom of his parent, was wholly at a loss what means to use, in order to effect it.

The morning of this day had worn away, when lady Beverly and Louisa were announced. The discerning eye of her ladyship was quick in perceiving the derangement of the baronet. With that persuasiveness which marked her manner, she applied herself to discover the cause. Foiled in her attempt, she endeavoured to prove the folly of yielding to *ennui;* but her closing remarks had an effect diametrically contrary to her pure intentions.

"My dear uncle," said the amiable Grace, "how unlike your usual spirits is this distressing gloom! Ah! had you heard the tale which Beverly brought us this morning, you would regret you had yielded to imaginary grief. George had business with Mr. Firmor, early this morning; as it was an appointment, he was surprised the good rector was from home on his arrival; but learning that he had been sent for to a

gentleman

gentleman who had met with an accident, he waited his return. Mr. Firmor had been out all night. About an hour had elapsed, when Firmor made his appearance. He accounted for his absence, by saying that the master of an inn, fifteen miles distant, on the London road, had sent an express for him; that on his arrival at the inn, he found a very fine young man, who had been overturned in a chaise, and received a violent contusion on his head; that he had ordered the landlord to send for doctor Firmor, whose presence, however, for some hours, was no otherwise consoling to the stranger, than in the judicious arrangements he ordered for his comfort. A surgeon, in attendance, pronounced the case somewhat doubtful. After a few hours, the stranger regained his recollection; and it appears, in confidence, made a deposition, which he requested the doctor to receive, as the words of a man who was probably on his death-bed. Firmor did not communicate parti-

culars; he was not at liberty to do so. —Whatever had been the nature of the stranger's communication, the doctor seemed much interested, and depressed on the occasion, and had only quitted the invalid, to meet Beverly, proposing to return immediately after the conference.—George instantly waved his business, and offered to drive the rector to P——. Firmor assented, and they departed; but conceive their surprise and distress, when, on reaching the inn, they learned that the sick man had quitted P—— some hours since. The landlord explained, that every argument had been used by himself and wife to dissuade him from it, but he had persisted in saying he was quite well; the chambermaid adding, that the gentleman had given her a seal from his watch, saying his money would not last to London, if he spared her any; that he had, while descending to the chaise, muttered something about a person being dead before he could reach home; and once he said that

that she would perish for want, if *he* forsook her.

"Only conceive the horror of this young man's situation, my dear uncle," continued lady Beverly; "a creature so weak and oppressed to be the support and stay of another, when his purse, of which Firmor had seen the contents, in his justifiable search for his name, during the hours in which he raved, and was unconscious of his friendly offices—that purse contained only two guineas!"

"Merciful Heaven!" said the baronet, in a tone of anguish; "Sidney, what is to be done?"

"Leave us," said Wentworth, turning to lady Beverly and her fair companion; "leave us, Grace."

The ladies retired.

Wentworth, seizing the hand of his father, "I am ready," said he; "command me: Durweston is this miserable sufferer!"

"Too surely you say right," replied the baronet. "Seek doctor Firmor; say,

that *I* have authorized you to seek from him all the information he can with honour give you; and by your first avowing the name of this unhappy young man, you will convince him you have an interest in him distinct from curiosity."

"I will bring peace to you, my dear sir," said Sidney; and once more grasping the hand of the baronet, he withdrew.—Giving orders to his groom to bring his horse, he placed his cousin and Miss Beverly in their carriage; and with a speed in unison with the agitation of his mind, he took his way to the parsonage.

It had wholly escaped Wentworth to inquire where sir George had left the parson; for it must be in the memory of our readers, that her ladyship had not brought her narration to its close, when the self-arraigned baronet interrupted the thread of her story. Sidney, however, deemed haste a specific remedy in all cases of mental as well as bodily ailment; as such, he had dismounted, and entered the garden of

of the vicarage, ere his groom had turned the angle formed by the church-yard wall.

To the inquiries of our hero, no decisive answer could be given. The doctor had left home in the morning, in company with sir George Beverly, and had not yet returned. Sidney paused; he must now proceed to Beverly Hall to make his inquiries; and he was secretly arraigning his stupidity, which had suffered him to let so important a point escape him. At this moment, a servant of sir George's made his appearance.

"My lady's love to you, sir," said Richard, "and she forgot to tell you, that doctor Firmor remains at the inn, at P—, till a messenger he has sent some distance returns."

"A thousand thanks, my good friend!" said Sidney. "Tell your lady I will see her soon as possible, and that I beg she will go to Adderfield in the morning, as it is not likely I shall return to-night."

The servant departed, and again Sidney

proceeded on his journey. Arrived at the inn, disappointment again met our hero. The doctor had taken a chaise, and gone towards London. The innkeeper expressed his hope that the good doctor would overtake the sick gentleman: "he was as mad as a March hare, when he left this."

"Why did not you prevent him?" said Wentworth.

"Why, bless your honour, he was as cunning as a bedlamite; he gave Sally chambermaid his golden seal, and begged she to order the ostler to have a chaise ready, and he would slide down to it unbeknown to us; but we happened to meet him; and then he spoked quite sensible like, and said the hagitation of his mind would make him worse if he staid, than if he went. Well, we postulated, but all would not do; and he got into the chaise; and then, if you had seen him, he flung up his arms, as if he was praying; and then he looked at us, and said he was much better;

ter; and he bid God bless us—and said, perhaps we might hear from him."

Wentworth drew a very different conclusion from the elucidation of the landlord. To him there appeared no symptoms of madness; but, on the contrary, strong ebullitions of despairing sanity—a feeling which, founded on justness of principle, had led him to brave an undertaking, which might eventually produce the affliction so feelingly deplored.

Our Englishman, whose zeal was not to be restrained, after waiting two hours at the inn, again mounted his horse, and pursued the rector to the next post-town, where, in a retired apartment of an inferior inn, he found the good Firmor employed in writing a letter.

As Wentworth was ushered into the room, doctor Firmor arose—"My dear Mr. Wentworth, you are the man, of all others, I most wish to see at this moment."

"I am truly glad to hear this," replied

Sidney. "I have pursued your route with much anxiety."

"How," said the doctor, "did you know of my journey?"

Sidney, in a few words, detailed the communication of lady Beverly. "The simple statement, as referring to a *stranger*, would have had strong claims to the attention of my father, equally with myself," added Wentworth; "but it occurred immediately upon an interview which Mr. Durweston had held with sir Ormsby, and as a little warmth of temper had marked my father's manner towards this oppressed young man, I am here, as his messenger, to offer his apology, and, through your interference, gain any knowledge which you may be at liberty to give me concerning him."

"Did sir Ormsby *really* authorize a diploma so extensive?" said doctor Firmor, smiling.

"He did," said Sidney, somewhat hastily; for the emphasis was too marked not

not to awaken the filial warmth of our hero.

"Forgive me, Mr. Wentworth; I honour your feelings, and have much pleasure in your assertion. A man cannot too hastily cast his errors aside. Your father has indulged a resentment, which should long since have been obliterated; in fact, he was unjustifiable in every point of view. The feeling is always degrading, and in his case peculiarly so. His decision was made in a moment of extreme agitation—in youth, when the passions supersede the judgment; and he has suffered time to draw so largely upon eternity, as to make his compunction appear as a salvo, rather than an humiliation produced by reflection."

"Sir," said Wentworth, "this is not an exposition to which I can listen."

"Yet is it highly salutary to you, young man," said the doctor. "I believe you sincere, when you express yourself anxi-

ous for the safety of the fugitive whom I am pursuing."

"You do me but justice," replied Sidney.

"Then, sir, what is he but the victim of man's resentment, crushed to the earth by neglect, and perhaps, at this moment, dying amongst strangers?"

"Why do we wait?" interrupted Wentworth, all the warmth of his heart animating his features. "My good sir, your arguments, though in a manner inexplicable to me (for I am unacquainted with particulars), are yet most convincing, deduced from that fountain whence truth ever flows; but spare the son, while you admonish the man:—lead me, direct me—but oh! spare my father."

"Enough," said the doctor, extending his hand. "I beheld in you an impetuosity, on your first arrival, which would by no means have aided your good intentions. Zeal is amiable—violence defeats the best of purposes. Now let me tell you my plans.

plans. Mr. Durweston has taken a chaise from this, direct to London; had I followed him, there was a chance of missing him upon the road, or, by inadvertence on my part, his disorder might have been increased. I have therefore determined upon awaiting the return of the chaise, by which I shall learn to what part of London he is gone; and as I cannot quit my duties at home, without making an arrangement during my absence, I have been writing thither for the purpose. Now, sir, if you still persist in being the partner of my journey, you may, perhaps, wish to apprize sir Ormsby of your intentions."

Sidney gladly embraced an advice so judicious. He addressed a few lines to the baronet; and as his calmed feelings superseded that tenacity which had alarmed his bosom, he inquired of the doctor, why he had expressed himself pleased at the rencontre, when he was unacquainted with the motives which actuated his present journey?

"I believe

"I believe I may venture to answer you now," said Firmor, smiling. "You must have observed, Mr. Sidney, that though I am an occasional visitor at Adderfield, I am by no means distinguished by that cordiality which marks the usual manner of your father. My profession, not less than my disposition, leads me to regard mankind as my brethren; their errors are my cares, their virtues my consolation. I feel that sir Ormsby Wentworth has every reason to esteem me, nay, I believe he does; yet he is conscious I am in possession of some family secrets, which it would wound him to have divulged. He is wrong, wrong in having delayed their disclosure; and deeply unjust in supposing that I am a babbler. When, at the express desire of Mr. Durweston, I attended his summons, I was a perfect stranger to him—his communication proved a revisal, and an additional chain of evidence, tending much to the disadvantage of your father. A sort of promise was exacted of me, that in case

the

the poor sufferer revived, I was to bury in my own bosom all that had been said. I acquiesced certainly; the temporal state of my undisguised friend made assent consistent, but I consider that 'it is a second crime to fulfil a criminal vow.'

"The most serious reflections of mere man, when opposed to the bright ensamples of our holy religion, appear as airy vauntings, tinkling nothings: if caution and reserve had actuated the Saviour of mankind, where had been the hopes, the promises of the Christian world? Did not this Prince of peace warn? and shall those whose humble talents are directed to the ministration of his word, be deterred from their most important office by the tinsel of situation, the imposing distance which *man*, secure in his opinions, (because guarded by the judicial suffrages of his country) presumptuously dares to maintain? I know, that to enter the habitation of our neighbour, and tell him that he is a sinner, would be termed a species of enthusiasm, of

of misplaced zeal, inconsistent with our mild and gracious system of exhortation; but if the seceder will not meet you on fair ground, if he nourishes his errors, and, by concealment, engrafts them on his heart, to the injury of his immortal soul, it becomes the bounden duty of the watchful shepherd to call home the estranged sheep, to make him of that fold of which none are rejected."

"I trust that your zeal, and not your discrimination, makes you thus strenuous," said Sidney, in a voice whose tone was impressively melancholy.

"They unite, Mr. Sidney, they unite," said the rector; "and so little hope had I of softening your father agreeably to my wishes, that I had half resolved upon dispatching a messenger to you. I know your power over sir Ormsby, and esteem you for yourself. Exert your authority, my good young man, and endeavour to convince your father, a man may be a popular landlord, a generous patron, a kind parent,

parent, and a munificent friend, without being a faithful servant of that *Master* whom he vainly imagines he is serving.—We must 'forgive, as we hope to be forgiven,' Mr. Wentworth."

"Be wholly explicit, if consistent with your principles," said Sidney, "or desist from torturing me thus."

"It is my intention," said Firmor. "We will dedicate those hours which must elapse before the return of the chaise, to a brief recurrence of scenes long past; and I will then leave it to your *zeal* or *discrimination* to decide why I am thus interested."

"I will endeavour to blend them," said Sidney, smiling.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave. MARMION.

"IT very rarely happens that the shade which deforms the mind of a rich man attains its appropriate name; truth seldom meets the ear of the affluent man. Thus his errors are nourished, and what he arrogantly terms *foibles*, would, if justly scanned, amount to vices.

"I see your repugnance in your countenance, Mr. Wentworth," continued the doctor; "you are unwilling to admit my opinion as well-founded; and it is here I make every allowance for your very natural

ral dissension. Yet even this is a species of self-love; your honour and your happiness are so interwoven with that of your parent, that you cannot separate the idea of correctness of conduct from this friend and guardian of your youth. It is an ungracious office to remove this fine-spun veil; but nature is a powerful, a lenient absolver; and, happily for him whose faults I am about to develop, he possesses a resort, a consolation in the duty and affection of a son, whom any man would be proud to own."

Our hero bowed to the nervous compliment of the rector, who, trimming the candles, which were now introduced, began his narration in the following words:—

"The scholastic education of sir Ormsby Wentworth was imbibed under the roof of my father; the office was undertaken at the solicitation of sir Robert Wentworth, your grandfather. Truth obliges me to say, at that early period, there was in your father strong ebullitions of a hasty disposition,

sition, an arbitrary cast of character, which was (perhaps with justice) imputed to the indulgence of lady Wentworth; but as a just conviction of the folly of such a disposition usually followed his trangressions, my father hoped every thing from time. Though somewhat the junior of Mr. Ormsby Wentworth, it frequently happened that I had occasion to interpose my advice, in order to save him from certain, though distant humiliations; for the passionate man is always a slave of the most abject kind. Yet Wentworth never resented my interference; on the contrary, he would envy my equanimity, and in moments of unrestrained friendship, acknowledge himself my debtor. Thus our youth, if it had some drawbacks, yet exhibited many genuine traits of friendship; it was an honest association; no flattery marked our manner; and while the country was the sphere of our action, its variation was so trivial, that our mutual connexions regarded us as prodigies of candour and generosity.

"This

"This season passed away: Mr. Wentworth finished his studies at Oxford, I at Cambridge. An epistolary correspondence was strictly observed, during the first six months of our separation. Your father was the first to break this league; he ceased to answer my letters, and I, in consequence, ceased to write. We met occasionally in London during the vacations. Sir Robert Wentworth, whose mind was the seat of every virtue, uniformly bestowed upon me the most distinguishing marks of his esteem. I usually passed a part of the Christmas at his town-residence. It was during a visit of this sort the character of Mr. Wentworth developed itself more fully. His liberality was the theme of general panegyric; I thought it profusion. His passionate ebullitions, which were frequent, and provoked on the most simple occasions, these were lively traits, animation; they might give pain for the moment, but it was cruel to thwart such charming spirits. These were the words of lady Wentworth.

Poor

Poor woman, her notions were egregiously erroneous! Ormsby, who, I believe, at that period, to have owned a more sincere regard for me than for any of his later associates, was yet so much involved in new connexions, so much the idol of a set of needy spendthrifts, that he had become a voluntary slave to their purposes—his fortune aided their vices; their flattery blinded his reason. Yet the good sense of my friend had never been, nor could it be questioned; nor would I dwell with cynic scrupulosity on this era of Mr. Wentworth's life. Experience is seldom bought at less than an usurer's ratio; and it is, perhaps, well for man when he discovers there are cases in which *gold* is destructible.

"I am persuaded I am correct in saying, that no glaring moral error attached to Mr. Wentworth; the effects of his new friendships were visible in a thousand little minute particulars, which my natural warmth of heart led me to discover; to me he was polite, but reserved. I seemed

to

to be a check upon his vivacity; yet he neither ridiculed the profession to which I had devoted myself, nor remained indifferent to my interest. Sir Robert apprized me of this, and, with parental pride, hinted that Ormsby had taken upon himself to see me inducted to a living which was in the family, and would shortly be offered to my acceptance. I replied, with honest warmth, 'there was a time, in which such an intimation would have conveyed the most lively and grateful feelings to my bosom; but that now Mr. Wentworth and myself were so much estranged, I was at a loss to imagine how his feelings had been awakened to my interest.'

"Sir Robert did not defend the defalcations of his son, but with just and impartial judgment, begged me to make allowances for those inroads which the world had made. I forbore to reply: but may, with a pride which my profession justifies, avow that I was sincerely rejoiced, when, a few months after the communication of sir Robert, the

the living of Adderfield, in the gift of sir John Beverly, was unexpectedly presented to me.

"I could not, agreeably with my ideas of principle and friendship, have accepted such a benefit, but with all the accompanying zeal of mutual regard. It was not *worldly* pride which established these opinions, Mr. Sidney," said the doctor.

"The *motives* of a Christian preacher, like the tenets which he professes, should be pure, undisguised, not mixed with the mammon of the world. Unfortunately, promotions, even in the church, are frequently the gifts of the thoughtless to the lax, if not the mercenary hireling. It was my ambition to receive my advancement at the decision of judgment, rather than favour. I trust my gratitude would, in either case, have been appropriate; and though vanity may appear predominant in my assertion, I must yet maintain, that the purity of the sacred character can only be supported by our abstaining to accept a nominal

nominal appointment, where a free and unbiassed election should alone make us acceptable.

"But I am wearying you, Mr. Wentworth, with opinions, which will neither mend our system, nor appease your curiosity. Suffice it to say, that I took possession of Adderfield; sir Robert rejoicing in my good fortune, your father piqued at my receiving from a comparative stranger that independance which he had hoped to confer upon me—we parted friends. I should have observed, that I stood alone in the world, my father dying soon after I took orders. I kept up a regular correspondence with your grandfather, and through him, heard of Mr. Wentworth.—Two years had stolen by, when I was surprised by a visit from Ormsby; he appeared restless and indetermined; my heart sprung out to meet him; I hoped every thing, for I had once loved him most affectionately. My reviving esteem was, however, checked by a request, which he submitted

mitted to me the morning after his arrival, namely, that I would unite him to a woman to whom *he* was ardently attached, but one whom his father would by no means assent to his marrying. I positively refused my assistance, using the most qualifying terms; at the same time that I endeavoured to impress upon his mind the unlimited affection of his good father, whose kindness deserved a return of a very different kind. Mr. Wentworth represented the lady as young, beautiful, and in all respects, save fortune, a most unexceptionable alliance. I applauded his liberality, in doing justice to the virtues of an unportioned woman; but my knowledge of sir Robert's character led me to suppose that the mere want of money would not influence *him* to reject the woman whom his son loved. I was unreserved upon the subject.

"Mr. Wentworth explained.—He said Anna Tracey was an orphan, left to the protection of sir Robert; that her father,

an

an officer in the service of the East India Company, had fallen in the field; her mother having some time previously sunk a victim to the climate. That major Tracey, an early friend of sir Robert, had left a brief, yet conclusive will, in which he consigned his orphan to the guardianship of the baronet, intimating that the child was at school in the western environs of London. When sir Robert received the duplicate of the will, his warm heart impelled an immediate attention to its instruction; lady Wentworth participated in the plan. Anna Tracey was removed from school; and her ladyship, assisted by an accomplished woman, of the name of Manderson, began the (apparently) pleasing task of education. Anna repaid their exertions; she was docile and intelligent—and lady Wentworth, who did justice to her good qualities, never anticipated that her son might be equally captivated by them. Mr. Ormsby viewed the young Anna as the most engaging of women, while she, to

the son of her guardian, was undisguisedly affectionate. Mr. Wentworth mistook the gratitude of the orphan for a feeling which he was anxious she should participate. Deluded by the artlessness of her manners, he unbosomed himself; and to his surprise, discovered his enslaver was wholly unconscious of her power. His pride, for some time, combatted with his love: but however the boaster may vaunt, the really-attached man will own, that pride is a weak antagonist, where honour dictates love. Mr. Wentworth renewed his suit, but learned from his mistress, that her governess had enjoined her not to listen to him. The lover conceived a disgust to this real friend of the orphan, and resolving to remove a person so obnoxious to his views, he imparted to his mother the dislike he had taken to Mrs. Manderson. Lady Wentworth now first discovered her error. She beheld her son devoted to the orphan Anna; yet she concealed her surmises, resolving to retain the charge of

of the young woman, in order that she might watch over the conduct of her son. Sir Robert regretted the attachment; but considered the fair object of his regards too unprotected to be removed, and too amiable to enter into any clandestine measure with their son. No reference was made to the supposed mutual passion. Mrs. Manderson continued to watch over her pupil, while lady Wentworth no longer regarded her favourite system of female education; and had not Anna owned a sincere friend in her governess, the neglect which her patroness observed towards her might have led to those consequences she was most assiduous to avoid.

"Miss Tracey, though a stranger to that passion which embittered the peace of Mr. Wentworth, was deeply impressed by the knowledge of those obligations she owed to his family. She knew her fortune to be very trifling; yet she experienced none of those privations which must have been hers, had she fallen into the hands of per-

sons to whom motives of prudence would have dictated a very distinct mode of education.

"It sounds well, Mr. Sidney, to give a heroine magnanimous feelings; to make her act out of Nature, is to raise her above women, according to the ideas of many persons; but a woman is never so lovely, so consistent, as when she blends softness with firmness. It is almost impossible that a man of sense, who avows himself attached to a woman sufficiently to ask her to bear his name, it is impossible that such a man should fail to inspire a delicate woman with an esteem for him; nay, his perseverance may (if she is his inferior in fortune) lead her to wish she could return a passion so decidedly disinterested. Anna Tracey stood in this predicament. Your father evaded the vigilance of Mrs. Manderson, and was continually pouring into her ear all the wishes and fairied prospects of a lover. At length, Miss Tracey declared, if perfect gratitude would be worthy of his acceptance,

acceptance, and the consent of his parents could be attained, she was ready to become his wife. Poor Wentworth believed that even this medium would constitute his happiness; and, in the fulness of his heart, he cast himself upon the known liberality of sir Robert. Your grandfather valued Miss Tracey; he, perhaps, had other views for his son; yet he waved these, while he judiciously drew the contrast (and it is a delicate line of demarcation) between the heart that yields from sympathy, and that which is wooed to acquiesce. The baronet failed in his elucidation; and it now remained for lady Wentworth to be apprized of the compact. Pride was a strong feature in your grandmother's character; she wholly opposed the plan, and, in her warmth, was deaf to justice—she considered the orphan ungrateful, and her son lost to every idea of the honour of his family. Again the hopes of Mr. Wentworth were dashed; he fluctuated between duty and that independance of action

which had marked the tenor of his life.—Love conquered; and in a moment of desperation he sought me, persuaded that if I would assent to unite him to Miss Tracey, her scruples would yield to the arguments he purposed to use. My refusal appeared to offend him; he forgot himself—it was momentary, and I forgave him. My faith was, by no means, so strong as his, with respect to the certain happiness which was to succeed to this union. I proposed to him that he should address his mistress by letter, and state his project, without naming that I was an apprized party.

'Her answer will prove her worth,' said I.—'If she is the woman you represent her to be, she will disdain the idea of an act so eminently ungrateful to her protectors: if she accedes, she is equally unworthy. A sacrifice so derogatory can only be palliated, where the delirium of passion has wholly obliterated more serious considerations.'

"Wentworth declared my system was that of

of a gloomy, cold-hearted monk; and he was resolved upon convincing me, that even the gratitude of woman was superior to my wild theory.—He wrote.

"The intermediate time was passed in schemes of the most chimerical kind.—At length, Miss Tracey's answer arrived; it was a production of infinite beauty, possessing sentiments of the most elevated nature. She regretted that a preference, which she had hoped would yield to time, should cause uneasiness to the man whom she could only love as a brother; she reverted to her own promise of *gratitude* in place of love; asked him, if such a return was worthy of his entire affections? avowed, that at the period when she made the assertion, she had hoped its inadequacy would have appeared as obvious to him as to herself; but confessed herself offended by the suggestion, that she would enter *any* family, under circumstances so ambiguous and derogatory, more especially that of her generous protectors.

"Mr. Wentworth accused this upright woman with want of feeling; she was tame, 'philosophic, even to insensibility.' I thought differently; and our opinions clashing, he soon departed.

"The next concatenation in which our interests blended, was that of my engaging a confidential companion for Mr. Wentworth, who was ordered abroad, in consequence of ill health. I surmised the cause, and was careful to select one, in whom the qualities of a friend and a monitor were united. My decision proved a happy one, sir Robert and his son equally approving of my choice.

"Mr. Wentworth had been absent nearly eighteen months, when I was summoned to Wentworth Hall, a princely residence of your grandfather's, in the North of England. I readily attended the mandate; but own, I felt more than surprise, when I learned that my presence was required to perform the holy ordinance of marriage, between Miss Tracey and a gentleman of the name of

of Fitzhenry. Though I entertained the highest idea of Miss Tracey's principles, friendship demanded something for the absent Wentworth. I therefore demanded of the bride-elect an audience, to which she chearfully assented. I ventured to remind her of those qualifying concessions which Mr. Wentworth had disclosed to me in confidence; and required of her some ostensible reasons, for her thus availing herself of the absence of Mr. Wentworth, to enter into an engagement so solemn. She confessed, that Ormsby had expressed himself so vehemently, as frequently to alarm her for his personal safety;—that she had used no deception with him; on the contrary, had avowed the extent of her regards; that she shrank from all clandestine measures, and had not entered into any engagements which could hereafter cause her uneasiness. Mr. Fitzhenry was a cousin of lady Wentworth's; had sought her esteem; was a man of very moderate fortune; a soldier, and on the eve of depart-

ing for India. That the suit of him to whom she had consented to give her hand was, in every point of view, acceptable; she loved him for himself, and her guardians equally approved of her decision.

"She then, with an engaging simplicity, entreated of me to be explicit, and to say, 'whether I thought her conduct correct?'

"I owned no scruple on the subject, and most readily gave my assent to a determination founded upon justness of principle and undeviating gratitude. Sir Robert and lady Wentworth evinced much satisfaction at the union; in fact, her ladyship really loved Miss Tracey, and would have given her any proof of her affection, excepting that of making her her daughter.

"It was a happy termination of an inauspicious beginning, for sir Robert had, more than once, sounded his ward upon the state of her feelings for the absent Wentworth; and so persuasive was the manner of your grandfather, so implicitly did

Miss Tracey regard him, that it is more than probable his interference would have cemented an union which the passionate eloquence of Mr. Wentworth had been unable to effect.—Happily the young soldier came in the way; happily, I say, for lady Wentworth would never have been reconciled to the connexion, and Miss Tracey would have been the sacrifice. To be brief, I registered the vows of the young *couple*, who soon after embarked on their voyage.

"Some months had elapsed, when the return of Mr. Wentworth was announced. I read of his arrival, and had scarcely conjectured the *effect* of that intelligence which he must soon receive, ere he made his appearance at Adderfield. All recollection of our former friendship seemed obliterated. He accused me of conniving at his misery.

"I did not extenuate; it was incompatible with my character, and the part I had taken in the union. He allowed that Miss Tracey had apprized him of her intended marriage some time before his return; nay, more,

more, he shewed me a letter, in which she defined the distinctness of her present with her former feelings, in a way which should have banished regret from any than an impetuous and, forgive me if I add, a *vain* man.

"My explanation had no effect. Mr. Ormsby was infatuated; he *cursed* the woman who had too much honour to deceive him, and take advantage of his weak, because unrequited, passion. He uttered vague threats towards myself; and left my house, resolved henceforward to avoid all intercourse with one who had hoodwinked him.

"I disdained to parley—and once more, time rolled on, unmarked by inquiries on either side. But though individually abstracted, his ceaseless course brings on the eventful casualties which lead to the final termination. Mr. Wentworth, after a sojourn at the Hall, became reconciled, in a degree, by the arguments of his parents, and, after a few months, married to a lady of

of fortune, whose early predilection to himself flattered his vanity.

"He believed he complied because the match met the approbation of his parents; but it was well known that Miss Vavasour had long been attached to your father.—The match proved a happy one; the death of sir Robert, which was soon after followed by that of his lady, placed the young people in that sphere which called forth their good qualities.—Lady Wentworth was gentle, docile, and tenderly attached to your father; and I much doubt if his own discernment would have rendered him in any degree as happy as he really was with your mother. Of a numerous family, you, Mr. Wentworth, are the only remaining child.

"For my own part, I felt a degree of lively expectation, when fate brought sir Ormsby to reside at Adderfield Hall.—I was not wholly disappointed; he apprized me of his intentions, and I willingly met his reviving esteem. We have never, however,

ever, unburthened ourselves as formerly. I have beheld him acting uprightly in all respects, in many cases liberally; have seen him as a father truly exemplary, and as a mourner for an inestimable wife, a sorrowing, yet not an impious repiner.

"In fact, my hopes in sir Ormsby had been perfect, had he ever *recanted* his anathema against Mrs. Fitzhenry; but though I have often, at the hazard of his displeasure, recalled the criminal moment to his idea, he has never expressed a regret on the occasion; on the contrary, even at our last interview, his memory seemed as acute, and his resentment as lively, as though the incident had happened yesterday.

"I was, until Mr. Durweston's communication, a stranger to some subsequent contingencies, which relate to Mrs. Fitzhenry. I knew that she was left a widow in early life; and that Mrs. Manderson, whose affection was that of a parent, had been the partner of her voyage to India, and continued to be her guide and companion.

nion. This lady was of a good family, and the young man whom we are mutually interested in discovering is the son of her brother.

"I have hitherto delineated only those shades in the character of sir Ormsby, which taking root in the fancied disappointment of his youth, would, with many, find excuse. I presume to think differently, and my conduct has uniformly tended, as I have before observed, to convert him to my way of thinking; but had I known how he has steeled his heart to appeals of the most impressive nature, could I have imagined that he has suffered his resentment to extend to the orphan child of the woman he *once* wished to bear his name, no motives of false delicacy should have withheld me from addressing him upon the subject. How vainly, with what a wilful disregard to justice has he conducted himself! Now, no doubt, he is the victim of remorse; would barter a great portion of his worldly

ly possessions, to attain that peace of mind which he must want.

"I grant the poor claimant has a very distant claim upon him. What of that? Do we not all own an universal father? are we not an universal family?—Nature has linked us in one great chain; *she* breaks the bonds at pleasure; it is not for *us* to dissolve the ordered series."

"My father is, as you observe, most truly anxious, at this moment," interrupted Wentworth, "and, I am persuaded, will do all that is just and equitable, in this interesting predicament."

"There can be no doubt of that," replied the doctor; "I would it had been done sooner.—It is getting late," he continued; "I am surprised that the chaise has not returned."

Sidney was calculating the time and distance, when the sound of wheels arrested their attention. In a few moments the landlord and the postboy made their appearance.

"Tom

"Tom cannot give you the information you want, sir," said the landlord, "for the gentleman left the chaise as soon as they reached Tottenham-court-road."

"Yes, sir," added the driver; "the gemmen said that he could walk faster than the horses could go, after their journey; so he threw his little portmantle over his shoulder and walked away; but he did not seem very stout, for he reeled for all the world like a drunken man."

A look of most comprehensive meaning passed between the doctor and our hero; each understood that the necessity of the invalid had induced a decision so rash, and with which he was so ill able to contend.

Dismissing the landlord and his servant, the doctor resumed the conversation:—"Any further communication would but retard that journey which now becomes more than ever urgent, Mr. Sidney; nor have I much to say, the sequel having met my ear in a disjointed and irregular way. Poor

Poor Durweston must be followed, and I depute you to that office, my young friend. There may be some difficulty in the undertaking, but *you* will not shrink from it."

Wentworth, with unfeigned warmth, declared himself ready to proceed instantly.

"Yes, my dear Wentworth," added the doctor, with an animation almost new to his character, "you are fitted for an errand of commiseration; you will be zealous, without irritation; delicate, without fastidiousness; and your knowledge of London and its haunts, and the usual modes by which advertisements are dictated, which may lead to the required discovery, will make you an infinitely better negotiator than myself. I leave it to your own judgment and feelings, whether to announce yourself as the messenger of your father, or my confident; but you are at liberty to say, that I mean to disclose to sir Ormsby all which Durweston confided to me.—He may be reconciled to it by your judicious arguments. I will return to Adderfield,

field, and consider I shall be more effectually employed in beguiling the time of your absence with such matter as may lead your father to look *forward* to comfort, by soothing and establishing the present tone of his mind."

Sidney acquiesced most readily to a plan which bore so pleasing a promise. The chaise was announced—"One word, my dear sir," said Sidney; "the orphan of Mrs. Fitzhenry is a girl?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "an infant at the time of her father's death, now a poor defenceless woman; this will not encrease your zeal, because suffering worth has already claimed your services; yet woman is a creature of such delicate mould, whether we consider her structure or her fame, that, to an *honest* man, we have only need to say 'she suffers,'—and he is her champion, her guardian; his honour is her shield; she is 'bruised,' and *he* will bind up her wounds! Go, my friend," continued Firmor, and the tears coursed down his cheeks; "these are

are the advantages of prosperity; used thus, it is a blessing."

Sidney embraced the good rector, and hastened into the chaise.

There are few undertakings of an Englishman which are not marked by a wish to excel; if he is a pugilist, a coachman, or a pedestrian, he fills his vocation with an anxious desire of attaining excellence; with what success such beings are favoured, may be easily understood; but when an *Englishman* goes forth to succour the distressed, he takes no thought for himself, no difficulty retards him; he is the brother, the husband, the father of the unfortunate; his island is the home of *all* that are oppressed; his *heart* the refuge of all who are in need, from the royal exile to the humblest refugee. The slave meets freedom and our shore at once. Taken in the mass, Englishmen are very superior beings: exceptions may exist; there are hearts of 'impenetrable stuff:' but let us suppose our *virtuous* islander the victim of transient

transient spleen, the hypochondriac of an hour, depressed by the clouds of the morn, elevated by the meridian sun—these are the attributes of his climate; not a breeze that blows but bears its variation to this distinguished, yet changeable clime. We are the creatures of situation; and if the mutability of the atmosphere may, with reason, be traced to a cause so natural, its effect ceases to create surprise. But while we admit that we are *barometrical* animals, may we not, with laudable pride, avow, that the mind of an *Englishman* is *prepared* to meet *every* sorrow adversity casts on his shores? he redresses grievances, cherishes the stranger, and gives the wanderer rest. What then is that cloud but a vapour? Dews are ever exhaling, and the smiling sunbeam disperses the perishable gloom.—Such is the friendship of an Englishman! His mind is active in projecting, and his hand prompt to execute, deeds of generosity.

This is no eulogium, but a tribute. The misanthrope

misanthrope pourtrays the world agreeably to his prejudices; wanting in himself the amenity of a social nature, he despises that world which can exist without him. It is, indeed, usual to depreciate the present race, and elevate *that* which has fallen to dust. Speaking elementally, the *depression* of one system *must* elevate the other. I would rather understand it as a technical, than a well-digested reference; such a picture is dispiriting to the mere children of earth; let us *respect* departed excellence, while we *honour* living worth. For my own part, I consider the present rather a foolish than a wicked world; nay, I trust that, in the balance, we shall not be found light upon the scales.

CHAP. VII.

"'Tis with our judgment as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

That laudable anxiety which filled the bosom of Wentworth during his solitary journey did not so wholly absorb his feelings as to make him forget what had passed. On the contrary, he reverted to the communication of doctor Firmor; and though he gave implicit belief to the tale, as facts which had actually taken place, yet he thought some allowances should be made for the colouring of the doctor. He was a man of exemplary morals, somewhat bigoted in his ideas—at least Sidney was resolved upon considering him as such; for

if he did not, the application was painfully acute to his filial heart.

Again, faithful memory retraced the scenes of *his* youth; he remembered to have seen his father the slave of transient passion. It is true that he, individually, had never felt its effects; but there were some recollections which tended greatly to establish doctor Firmor's narration. Time, that mellowing artist, had subdued the effervescence of that disposition which Sidney wished to believe perfect; affection lent its genial tints to aid the picture. Thus, if the portrait owned not the charm of finished excellence, it was yet one which would command attention, and to the casual observer, might pass for an original.

To qualify and soften down, in common contingencies, is a task in which a liberal mind takes delight; but when it comes home to the affections, to those ties which nature and religion have sanctified, we may give all our zeal to the subject, and hope as much as mortal dares to hope. But it is faith

faith alone which can support us; we no longer trust to ourselves; it is the *Mediator* to whom we resort; and in proportion as the creature is nearer to our hearts, the record of the *Creator* becomes more eminently awful.

To our hero no extenuating apology offered itself, in opposition to the curses denounced against Mrs. Fitzhenry. A moment of irritation might occasion a man to lose sight of his reason; but to let a series of years pass over—to have *had* the power of recanting his error, of palliating his conduct, by an act of compassionate justice, seemed an obduracy unpardonable.

These ruminations succeeded each other rapidly, as Sidney pressed forward to the metropolis. The many delays which might retard his success appeared so formidable, that, with the true feelings of an English constitution, he experienced every variation of which our nature is susceptible, from the flushings of hope to the chilliness of despair.

"To curse the woman we have once loved!" said Sidney, mentally, as the chaise rattled over the stones at the entrance of Oxford-street; "it seems an outrage beneath the character of man. Did she wound my honour, she might feel my scorn—but it would be mingled with pity. No, no—it is impossible!—I will not dwell on it."

An unexpected visitor, even in an Englishman's house, is sometimes exposed to a reception not compatible with friendship, nor in the least consistent with that hospitality attributed to his nation. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon this—the fact is known; and the master of a mansion may be a very unwelcome guest, if he takes his household by surprise.

The chaise drew up to Wentworth's house, situated in Park-street, Grosvenor-square. The driver alighted; he rapped more than once, but no lights appeared.

Sidney bade the boy ring the area-bell; he did so—no better success attended this effort than the former.

"I will

"I will alight," said Wentworth, and he sprang from the chaise. Had he observed his usual method in this particular, he would have announced himself effectually; for even in a *minutiæ* so trivial, an Englishman is methodical; but now, impatient to gain admittance, because anxious to further the wishes of his father, he used a violence which, at a later hour, would have alarmed the neighbourhood.

At length the sound of feet was heard, and in a moment the door opened, when a voice, by no means conciliating, exclaimed, "Methinks you are in a devilish hurry!"

"And you, sir, seem in no hurry," said Sidney.

"God bless me, sir, is it you?" replied Hall. "I am sure I had not the least notion of your coming home without giving us a week's notice."

"I believe I am an unexpected guest," said Sidney, smiling, for his heart at that moment smote him. There was a degree of enjoyment, of liberty, which they had a

right to exercise in his absence, because the hilarity of their meeting would be destroyed, if any restraint was put upon their mirth. "I would not," said he, "carry terror to the hearts of those whom I wish to consider as humble friends."

Ordering Hall to discharge the chaise, he took a half-extinguished candle from the slab, and entered the dining-parlour. With some surprise, our hero beheld a supper-table laid out for a numerous party. The viands were cold, but of the most luxurious kind; it did not appear the intended meal of a jovial happy party, but the refined and imitative style of pampered extravagance.

"This is decidedly wrong," uttered Wentworth. "Neither my fortune nor my principles would suffer me to pass this over; to-morrow I will inquire into it."

Determined upon not meeting further cause for displeasure, he ascended to his chamber; and summoning Hall, inquired if it was too late to get an advertisement inserted in the next morning's *Post*? Hall

was

was certain it was too late—Sidney thought otherwise ; and penning one from which he hoped much, he bade him go the office, justly concluding that a circumstance so interesting, and for which he had inclosed so ample a *douceur*, would not fail to gain admittance. The advertisement ran thus.

"If the gentleman who, on the 21st of this month, had an interview with a baronet, at his seat in ——shire, will favour him with his address, his son, who is now in London at the desire of his father, and for the express purpose of attending to the interest of their visitor, has full power, and every disposition to rectify the mistake which occurred at their last meeting. The subsequent circumstances which attended the stranger's departure and journey are perfectly known to the advertiser, whose interest is proportionably increased. More effectual means might be used in the present case ; but the advertiser relies upon the candour and generosity of the stranger, whom it is almost unnecessary to remind

that age is a precarious season of life, and consequently not to be trifled with.—An answer will be expected without delay, addressed to A. B. Stephenson's hotel, Bond-street.—*London, May* 23."

This arrangement seemed a step towards information. The night was far advanced; it had struck twelve. Though fatigued by his journey, our hero felt no disposition to sleep. It was not possible that any intelligence could be acquired at that hour, more especially in a case so void of a clue; yet he was irresistibly impelled to watch the midnight hour.

Those usual sources of delight and relaxation which the intelligent mind embraces, in meditation as in books, seemed now to offer no sort of tranquillity to the mind of Sidney. He saw in the countenance of his servant an evident anxiety to be relieved from his attendance.

The street was now filling with carriages; he heard them rattle in succession towards Grosvenor-square. Inquiring of Hall what particular

particular parties were in the neighbourhood, he was informed that there was a concert a few doors from his own residence, and that lady Morbury saw masks in Grosvenor-square. "I believe there is a ticket for you, sir," said Hall.

"Bring it," said Wentworth, "and all letters or cards which have been left during my absence."

Hall produced a handful of cards, and two or three notes, one of which was from Mrs. Marnley, who, though assured of our hero's absence, could not resist addressing a few lines that should meet him on the instant of his arrival. The purport of this waiting messenger of lurking love was to apprize Mr. Wentworth that the prudent widow had made a little excursion to the villa of a friend, whose name was mentioned; and further it explained, that she had made an addition to her establishment, which she had not time to explain; but she hoped it would meet the approbation of Mr. Wentworth, when she assured him

it was strictly in compliance with her ideas of decorum.

Sidney smiled as he glanced on the terminating expression, and secretly he wondered if she had actually owned a motive so praiseworthy. He knew she was apt to form erroneous opinions, and to act upon them; but unless they were injurious to her fortune, he should have no right to interpose, nor any inclination to be led into controversy.

Amongst other cards, that of lady Morbury met the eyes of Sidney. He instantly resolved upon attending the party. More than one reason presented itself. First, it would beguile the time; secondly, he saw that his absence would be highly acceptable to the anxious Mr. Hall; and thirdly, her ladyship's parties were always very good, viz. they were fully attended, and her niece, the only child and heiress of the earl of Arlingham, was a very lovely young woman. It is true, the vivacity of lady Anna was sometimes oppressive; yet, at this moment,

ment, Wentworth thought it would have quite a contrary effect. In fact, he felt unequal to rousing his languid spirits himself; and he trusted to the adventitious aids of dissipation to effect it for him.

Making the necessary alteration in his appearance, and equipped in a mask and domino, our hero issued forth on foot to join the motley group. As he descended the steps, a hackney-coach, in which there appeared to be a full fare, drew up; and he discovered in his egress that the expected supper visitors were a party from Vauxhall, who had purposed to honour his board with their presence. Wentworth left them to their enjoyment, and proceeded towards the mansion of lady Morbury.

The night was sultry, yet fine; the stars were nearly obscured by the artificial glare which the flambeaux and whirling carriages flashed in contrary directions. Sidney paused at a short distance from the house, and his ardent imagination contrasted this

lively scene of animation with the still, gloomy abode of wretchedness.

There is something in light, from the vivifying effulgence of the "breath of morn," to the most simple illumination invented by man, that cheers the depressed heart; the ideas of light and sorrow never yet assimilated. How many new projects are the offspring of a *new* day! how many oppressive thoughts have been soothed by the cheerful blaze of a fire, and a few surrounding lights! Supposing such influence temporary, every pang which is thus abridged of its force sweetens the "draught of life." The cup is not filled with joy alike to all. One finds it overflowing; another, mixed with lenient proportion; while a third, with the perverseness of human imbecility, qualifies himself for the dregs, by presuming to mourn that fate which should rather excite his gratitude.

Considered typically, *light* is an emblem of eternity—of that haven which the weary

regard

regard with tranquil resignation. But, as if to make the likeness yet more perfect to this temporal scene, vice, even HERE, flees from the light of day. The vicious may, in their haunts, bask in the glare of dissipation; but it gives not peace to their hearts—it stills no feeling.

Thus it is only the innocent mind, the oppressed, and not the voluntary erring mortal, who is benefited by a casual resort amongst the lively and the gay. If he carries not his quota of mirth into the party, he is in no danger of purloining their errors; he seeks amusement, and he seeks no more. Would that the views of men were generally calculated to bear so equitable an inference!

Wentworth had presented his ticket, and was following a servant to the ball-room, when perceiving a group of ladies advancing, he drew on one side to give them precedence.

The utmost cheerfulness seemed to pervade the little party. Elegant fancy dresses decorated

decorated their persons; one of whom, in particular, was profusely ornamented with diamonds; and, as if the weight of the polished gems required a distinguishing support, she reclined upon the arm of a female, whose figure attracted the attention of Sidney.

He kept the group in his eye, resolving to address them. His intention was, for the present, delayed; for on entering the room, lady Anna Arlingham, unmasked, and attired in the most becoming undress, crossed his path. She looked more than usually lovely; and Wentworth did homage to her charms. "How can I procure the honour of sharing your fatigue?" said he, addressing her ladyship, who, with the speed of a sylph, was gliding from mask to mask, eliciting, at every address, some lively and happy salutation.

"I disclaim all slaves to-night," she replied; "you know I am as nobody in the present scene."

"That same nobody is always a very essential

sential body," said our hero. "Nay, I must presume to offer myself as your match, for I am not anybody to-night."

"How," said lady Anna, smiling, "dare you not avow yourself?"

"If I did, would you listen to me?" said Sidney.

"Yes—if you are brief."

"I have lost my heart to the only *countenance* I see in the assembly."

"What a negative sort of compliment! You are an Englishman, I guess, by your awkwardness; but *I* have not a heart for *anybody*," and curtseying with infinite grace and good-humour, she took the arm of a Sailor, and mixed in the crowd.

"He is *somebody*," thought Wentworth, as he pursued his way through the rooms. On a sofa, in an interior apartment, he discovered the lady with the diamonds in earnest conversation with lady Morbury; and at the farther end of the seat, that figure which had arrested his notice on his first entrance.

Paying

Paying his compliments to the lady of the house, he took the vacant seat next to the queen of diamonds, and attempted a conversation with the fair stranger, whose replies, however, were by no means encouraging; for though a polite attention was given to his remarks, the mind of his companion seemed quite abstracted, wholly detached from the scene.

"I feel that I have a claim to your notice," said Wentworth. "I am persuaded *we* have mixed in this assembly for the purpose of beguiling time."

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken," said the stranger; "I had no choice."

"No choice!" echoed our hero, and he checked the idea which suggested the words—"were you *compelled* to come hither?" for the word is derogatory to the heart of an Englishman, and could not therefore be applicable to that class of the species who, though moulded in nature's softest cast, are born to rule that independent animal, man.

Again

Again he turned towards his fair companion, purposing to say something that should raise the spirits of the stranger, when, to his discomfit, a deep, yet half-concealed, sigh escaped her bosom; and he perceived that the lace shade which obscured the lower part of her face was partially removed, evidently to stem the falling tear.

Silence at such a moment seemed the only refuge of our hero; he waited, in the hope of seeing the cloud pass over. He thought it had, for the fair unknown seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and by that elevated movement which expresses re-assurance, a sense of the necessity of conforming to appearances while we mix in the world, she turned gracefully towards Wentworth, and apologized for her inattention.

Sidney embraced the concession with avidity. He descanted on the characters, and had drawn his companion into a conversation, which displayed talents much above

above mediocrity, when the brilliant lady, who had hitherto been absorbed in a most interesting *confab* with lady Morbury, arose, and by a movement of her fan, informed her friend that she was disposed to walk.

Sidney followed at a distance; for though he had expressed his admiration of lady Anna's undisguised beauty, there was in the mouth and teeth of the fair stranger an interesting promise of assimilating features, and her voice owned an harmonious charm. Perhaps, like the Gallic queen, of condescending memory, he prized the mouth for the "golden words" it had uttered.

"What a constellation!" said a well-dressed Beau, assuming a theatrical attitude. "'Tis mercy to hide your face—I could not stand the force of such concentered brilliancy."

The lady, laughing, declared, "She would not spoil his rhapsody, nor disparage his taste, by being merciful."

"My dear little soul," said an Irish Fortune-hunter, "it is not in the least necessary

sary that you should spake a word; and as for your face, jewel, by Heavens I have not the smallest doubt but that it is perfectly beautiful. Come, my little queen of diamonds, let me whisper to you that you are my queen of hearts."

"Ridiculous creature!" said the lady, whom Sidney now discovered to be Mrs. Marnley. Unwilling to announce himself to her, he was careful to avoid speaking in *her* hearing; but, in a low voice, he asked her companion if his suggestion was right?—A reply in the affirmative satisfied his doubts, when at that moment a Bellman sounded an alarum, and a crowd immediately surrounded him.

"O yes! O yes! O yes!" said the mimic brawler. "This is to give notice, that a certain pair of hazel eyes did yesterday, with a felonious intention, steal the heart of a gentleman in that part of the king's dominions called Hyde Park; and as there is good reason to believe that the said eyes are now in this assembly, it is requested that

that they will condescend to emit some ray by which the injured gentleman may hope to be remunerated. He is very willing to compromise the matter; and as exchange is no robbery, will cheerfully acquiesce to be paid in kind. Should the fair depredator prove refractory, it is probable she will add murder to her before-named criminality.—Any person in the present company who shall come forward, and prove that a sigh, a tear, or any other indication of sorrow, for her recent cruelty, has escaped the said trespasser since the period to which we refer, such informer shall receive an adequate compensation for his or her discovery."

"Were you in the Park yesterday?" asked Sidney of lady Anna, who had attended to the Bellman's harangue.

"I have quite forgotten," said she, "it is so long since. Were you there?" she continued, speaking to the stranger who stood next to our hero.

Sidney turned intuitively, to attend her reply,

reply, when Mrs. Marnley, with her usual prominence of manner, half tittering, exclaimed, "I was."

"And it was I whom you kilt, my sweet creature," said the Irishman, with affected grimace. "Yes, dear, I told you you were the queen of hearts."

"This lady is a consignment of mine," said a plain-dressed man, stepping between the son of Erin and the giddy Clara.

"Who wins?" said the Sailor, laying his hand upon the shoulder of Wentworth. "Tell me, are you the 'Widow's Choice,' for I thought she cast an eye to the leeward just now?"

"I disclaim the honour—the charge rather," replied Sidney, laughing.

"Between ourselves," continued the Tar, leading our hero from the group, "that same widow would be more plague than profit to any man."

"She has frowned upon you," said Sidney, smiling.

"You know better than that," retorted the

the Sailor. "She may own a *leading* star, but any man may twinkle in her train."

"This will bear a suit," said a spruce Attorney, with his ink-horn suspended at his breast. "*Scandalum magnatum*—I shall commit your words to black and white," and he scribbled on a paper which he held in his hand.

"Into what court will you bring us?" asked Sidney.

"The court of love," replied the Lawyer.

"We shall not fear your mittimus," continued Wentworth; "we are not perjured swains."

"Ingratitude, gentlemen, ingratitude! —Is not that a sufficient plea where Venus presides, and Cupid serves the warrants?"

"There is a flaw in the indictment," said the Sailor. "When the goddess would *press* us into her service, the warrant becomes null."

"Very good, very good, my son of Neptune. So, then, you are for the volunteering

ing system, whether as the servant of your mistress or your king?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the Sailor, "or we should dishonour either service."

"Then we must quash this business, I presume?" said the Lawyer.

"*Sine die*," replied Wentworth.

"*Ecce homo*," retorted the Scribe, and erasing his pretended notes, he closed his scroll, and departed.

Wentworth now applied to his companion for information concerning the characters. "I have not recognised above one or two."

"Yet they are as well known to you as to myself," replied the Sailor. "But first tell me—does my habit so effectually disguise me, that you do not know me?"

"I confess myself puzzled; surely it is not Lennard?"

"My dear Sidney," replied the animated Tar, "if I could not account for your absence, I should feel disposed to be angry; but I forgive you."

"I know

"I know not to what you allude," replied Wentworth. "If I appear distrait, it is from a cause wholly domestic."

"May I believe you?—why should you hesitate with me?" returned Lennard; "I am, equally with yourself, an admirer of lady Anna's."

"You are in error. Lady Anna has beauty, rank, and fortune; but she would never be the goddess of my idolatry."

Lennard seized the arm of Wentworth. His spirits were instantly elevated to the highest degree. "Then you positively have no wish to meet the views of the earl?"

"I have no idea that lord Arlingham can have any intentions in my favour; and, indeed, I should regret to learn that he had."

"A fig for his views, now I know your sentiments. I grant I should not chuse you for a rival," continued Lennard; "but now I will hope."

"Hope 'is *your* sheet-anchor," said a Buck, accoutred in perfect costume, smacking

ing his whip with infinite skill. "Quiz me! what a bore it must be to push on without imperials! yet you shy the turnpikes—that's good."

"And we make the French pay toll when we meet them," said the Sailor. "But pray tell me what are your hopes?"

"He hopes to save his neck," said a tall figure, habited as a Magician; "it is trusting to a miracle."

"Dear doctor Faustus, cast not your spells around me," said the Buck; "I dread your art."

"Presto!" retorted the Magician, waving his wand. At the same moment the dashing *cocher* threw off his *upper benjamin*, and with an agility highly characteristic, skimmed the floor, in the complete habiliment of a Harlequin.

"Appropriate enough," said Wentworth; "he may yet retain the mob as his admirers."

"Bold son of Neptune," interrupted the Magician, "you eye me with a fearless

glance; but ye are not the least credulous of the sons of earth."

"I heed you not," said Lennard;—"shake not your hoary locks at me'—I disown your power."

The Magician smiled. "Vain boaster, I honour thy profession; but what, with all thy courage, what art thou, I repeat, when *woman* ensnares thee; when she weaves the intangled maze, and with arts, trackless as the ocean you tempt, leaves you no guide to her favour?"

"The eyes of woman are a lover's compass," replied Lennard; "and they rarely put out false lights."

"I will bring you within their influence," said the Magician, "and prove your vaunting vain;" and beckoning him to follow, they proceeded to a group of females, amongst whom stood lady Anna.

Our Sailor, fixing his eyes on those of lady Anna, for a moment seemed unmindful of the passing scene. The pupil of the black art described a circle, which included the

the whole party. Lennard had taken the hand of lady Anna, and was addressing her in a low voice, when she suddenly disengaged herself, and averting her head, appeared uneasy.

"I knew you were fishing in troubled water," whispered the Magician. "She is above you; seek a light more congenial to your fortunes."

"An enemy!" said Lennard, seizing the cloak of the Magician. "I will unhood you, though your agent, the devil, were at your elbow."

"No, no," cried lady Anna, in trepidation, "leave him—let him go."

Lennard unloosed his hold for a moment; and regarding her ladyship with a look of jealous anger, he stood irresolute.

"Leave him," interjoined Wentworth. "He has abused the privileges of a social meeting, by venting the preconcerted acumen of a malicious nature; he is beneath your contempt."

"One word," said the Magician, motion-

ing Lennard to approach. The Sailor paused; he was not disposed to concede. An imploring look from lady Anna determined him; and he approached the subtle practitioner. "How would you use an almost involuntary foe whom you met professionally—for I know your dress is suited to your calling?"

"With generosity," retorted Lennard.

"I am such," continued the Magician; "and while I fight with you practically, I pity you in my heart."

"Pity!" echoed Lennard; "pity from a conquered foe!—the term is out of place; I am not used to pity."

"I pity your cause," replied the Magician; "seek a new light;" and waving his wand, he departed into an inner room.

"That party-coloured booby, the Harlequin, is the agent of this malicious demon," said Lennard. "Let us seek him; I will make him out."

"Poh!" replied Sidney, "you are treating the matter seriously, when you might very

very justly acknowledge your gratitude; for your goddess was not less awed by the Magician, than tenacious for yourself."

At this moment a commanding figure of a woman, habited as Minerva, approached. Her waving plumes stood proudly eminent above the heads of the ladies, while the gentlemen, with various opinions, were remarking her manner and gesture.

"Hail, goddess!" said Wentworth, addressing the stately dame; "may I ask your interference for this son of the deep? I know your power, and would fain be indebted to your generosity."

"My son," said the goddess, turning towards Lennard, "heroism and learning do not always unite. Say, canst thou tell me what obligation thy profession owes me?"

"Majestic queen," replied Lennard, "our floating home was thy invention; and that system which is our guide is indebted to your zeal for its improvements."

"He willingly would ask your special

favour," interrupted Wentworth. "He sighs for the prophetic prow which, in the absence of his goddess, would prove his solace."

"Not as an oracle," said the majestic fair, "but as an echo, I presume?"

"Exactly so," resumed Sidney; "and when this modern Jason shall attain his golden fleece, bring him safe to the harbour of content."

"You are warm in friendship's cause," said the goddess. "But I think my *protegée* wants this," and she drew an olive branch from her bosom. "My character is known. I punish the presumption of such as would aspire to *rivalité*; yet I know how to be generous. Fair lady," she continued, turning to lady Anna, "this fadeless branch is thine—bestow it graciously."

"I suppose I must obey," said lady Anna, smiling.

"Not unless you are sincere," rejoined the

the lofty dame. "A sailor is always ready to meet peace, but it must be an honourable overture."

Wentworth took the hand of lady Anna, and drew her, "nothing loth," towards his friend, who received the fair deposit, and with it the memorable emblem of nature's reviving concord.

"Sister and I be comed all the way from Glostershire to get places," said a Countryman, dressed with awkward rusticity, and, on whose arm hung a youthful figure of a female, simply attired.

Minerva was retiring towards a group of mixed characters, when the countryman, pressing forward, arrested the steps of the goddess.

"No offence," said Hodge, "but mayhap you be she that I reads of in the Lunnun papers; she that gives the places to young men, and makes soldiers of sarvants. I'se fain to speak o' unself overmuch, but I'se main handy, as Sukey can tell. Speak up, Suke."

"I can't, Jerry, on my life I can't; she's too grand for I," said the village maid.

"This is not a being of our world," said Sidney, addressing the rustic; "behold the goddess Minerva."

"A goddess!" said the well-disguised swain. "What business has she here?—what is her real trade?"

"She is the goddess of wisdom, war, and the arts," replied Sidney.

"Then it must be the same," said Jerry; "for she I mean must be wise, for she has *managed* all our boldest *politicianers*, and all the *army*; and as to her *arts*, la! they're untold—it would take a summer's day to sing um."

"Your rustic satire may lead to serious consequences," said the tripping Attorney, who had pushed into the group, an attentive listener to the remarks of Jerry.

"Who minds you, Mr. Latitat?" resumed Jerry. "I'fakins, if she gives me a place, I shall be mortal glad."

"Must I again remind you that this is a goddess?"

goddess?" interjoined Wentworth, smiling.

"Well, and I do believe that she I mean must be more than woman—ecod, I believe the old one helps her," said Jerry. "Why, lauk, she makes the wisest on um look like fools."

"And by the same rule, I suppose, makes a fool look like a wise man," interrupted the Lawyer.

"If she can do that," said Jerry, "I'ze sure *you* ha'not been in her hands."

The Lawyer laughed good-naturedly.

Lennard, addressing the Rustic, asked him why he was solicitous to attain the patronage of one whom he believed to be under the influence of a criminal agent?

"That's good," said the mimic Hodge. "Why let me ax ye, gentlemen, which of you would refuse perferment? and when you do get it, who axes *how* you got it? But if you don't like to own it, you know you can forget it; for that's a good way they've got into now—they never *re-*

member what they do not like to remember."

"This rustic satirist needs not celestial tutelage," said the white-plumed Pallas; "he appears, at least, to have observed the passing scenes of life. We shall have a descant upon the constitution presently."

"May it please your goddesship," said Jerry, bowing profoundly, "I was just about to say that I never could have the heart to forget any favour done me. No, no—Jerry never is the man that could do that; no, I'd sooner write a pretty letter, like that lord, all about health, (which I believe means the constitution,) and strawberries, and innocence, and all that. So, if you'd be so good as to recommend I, you knows what you have to trust to."

The accompanying gesture that marked the manner of this mask gave much interest to the character, while his auditors, with due applause, attended to his remarks.

Sidney perceiving that the olive branch had effected a happy cessation of love's hostilities,

hostilities, quitted Lennard, and passing through the rooms, was overtaken by the Crier, who, with a tall figure in a white domino, held a sort of half-whispered conference. The words "There she is!" escaped the domino. "Now attack her!" he continued; "say that several sighs have been heard, and some tears seen to fall, since the theft; and then proceed to state the terms I have explained to you."

The Bellman took the hint; and our hero, with ears nearly dinned by his rude melody, pursued his footsteps, when, to his surprise, the noisy orator made a full pause before Mrs. Marnley and her party, around whom a large portion of the company instantly assembled.

"I am ordered to give notice," said the Bellman, "that as it is now beyond a doubt ascertained, that the hazel eyes advertised about an hour since beam in this circle, it is submitted to the mercy of those luminaries, whether it would not be greatly noble to acknowledge their victim, espe-

cially as more than one of those symptoms in which true lovers delight have, perhaps unconsciously on the part of the fair felon, discovered themselves, viz. sighs and tears. The first may take rise in regrets for past cruelty; and the latter, as soft semblances of dove-eyed pity, may bear an interpretation equally flattering to the heart of a lover. Should this appeal fail to excite a transient recognition, despair will urge the sufferer to stand forward, and assert his pretensions boldly."

"How excessively odd!" said Mrs. Marnley; "really I had not the least idea of such an attack."

"We had better retire," said the stranger, whom Sidney thought he perceived to be much agitated.

Gliding round to her side, he, in a low voice, requested she would give no thought to the circumstance. "The person for whom it is designed," he continued, "can scarcely be made more conspicuous; and, in fact, she delights in attracting attention."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed!" said the stranger, regarding our hero with scrutiny; "you are remarkably well-informed upon the subject—at least you think yourself so. I know not by what right you speak, but I trust you are mistaken;" and taking the arm of Mrs. Marnley, she seemed to wish to elude the notice of Wentworth.

Our hero stood irresolute. The stranger had given him, unconsciously, a philippic that made him pause. "By what right did I utter a censure so acrimonious?" asked Sidney of his heart; "even by the right of that favour which her mistaken preference thought proper to bestow upon me," and an honest blush suffused his cheek at the justness of the retort. Yet he could not divest himself of that interest which the manner of the fair stranger was calculated to inspire.

Lady Anna Arlingham, whose discernment had traced the object of the Crier's attention, addressing the ambiguous notifier, requested he would point out the criminal,

minal, who, she doubted not, would act consistently, either pleading guilty, or proving the case an alibi.

The white domino instantly rushed forward, and seizing the hand of the stranger, bent one knee to the ground, and, in an accent of manly eloquence, besought her to forgive him for his temerity, and judge his feelings by her own, if they beat in unison with love.

"Mine!" said the trembling girl, resisting his grasp, and endeavouring to retire from the inquiring group, "mine are attuned to woe, and privacy is their refuge."

The action of the white domino, and his animated appeal, had fixed the attention of Wentworth. He waited with breathless anxiety to catch the answer of the fair enslaver, when the melancholy apostrophe we have recorded met his ear.

The sound of joy can be comprehended and felt by the most unlettered, the least enlightened of mankind; not so the voice of

of woe. Error and hypocrisy may attempt the language of sorrow; such masks are common, and their detection certain; but in real, untutored woe, in that feeling which shrinks from publicity, and is yet too ingenuous to bear *imagined* insult without breathing its honest indignation, to such a mind, the lenient and tender observer of Nature turns with sentiments of delighted recognition. It is a character he has contemplated in real life. Perhaps the stations of these, his favourites, have been various, yet are they, individually, but the links of that interesting band, over whom, though misfortune frowns, Providence is ever watchful.

United to that interest which our hero felt for the fair unknown, there sprung up more than one reason for his continuing to accompany her. He had unintentionlly arraigned her conduct; for the white domino had put it beyond a doubt Mrs. Marnley was not the object of his pursuit; consequently an apology was indispensible; and curiosity,

curiosity, that feminine attribute, lent its aid to make him the slave of the hour. He was resolved upon discovering the parties before he quitted the assembly. Thought, that aeronaut traveller, had wandered through the regions of fancy, reconciling improbabilities, and projecting impossibilities, when its career was checked by the mere utterance of an idea, which, in many cases, scarcely amounts to a thought.

Mrs. Marnley, whose disappointed vanity had received a severe shock, thought proper, at this moment, to display her strong sense of offended delicacy, in being made so conspicuous. With a voice which (by those who knew her) bore a varied interpretation, she besought the white domino to desist from drawing the eyes of the company upon her party. She assured the heroic lover, that "if he knew exactly how he had associated himself, he would blush for his misplaced attentions, and spare *her* the trouble of supplicating him to withdraw."

"Misplaced!"

"Misplaced!" echoed the white domino. "She's jealous, by the gods!"

Wentworth rejoiced internally at the ungallant retort, and approaching the spot on which the cause of this debate stood trembling and undecided how to act, he, in the most persuasive language, whispered his apology, and claimed the honour of being her champion.

"Advise Mrs. Marnley to go home," said the stranger, "if you have any influence with her."

"I would wish to avoid her recognisance," replied Sidney; "I cannot avow myself just now."

"Nor can I accept the interference of one who cannot avow himself," resumed the stranger. "Leave me, sir; I entreat you to leave me."

"What ho! my lord Hamlet!" said the Crier, thrusting his head between Sidney and his companion, "I smell treason."

The white domino advanced, and, in an address highly eloquent, requested the lady would

would appoint her slave, adding, that he would endeavour to be obedient.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "you have already been apprized that your pride would not be flattered, if you knew to whom you were thus complimentary; allow me to add, that *mine* is painfully wounded by such distinction."

"I must remind you," said Mrs. Marnley, with an emphasis in which power stood confest, "that your remarks are presumptuous."

"They are just, and translatable," said Wentworth, with warmth.

Mrs. Marnley started; the voice was familiar; and, alarmed lest she had betrayed herself unamiably, where she most wished to be valued, she seized the arm of her offending companion, and, in a low voice, expressed her intention of retiring.

Sidney interpreted this decision to take rise in her discovery of himself. Less than ever pleased with the insidious widow, he kept a respectful distance.

When

When lady Anna Arlingham and the white domino joined him, "Now do tell me how it happened," said her ladyship, "or I will betray you."

"Not to-night," said the domino; "but I swear by those eyes, which have nearly killed me, that I will give you my confession to-morrow!"

"What a privilege," said Wentworth, "to be admitted to a conference so interesting!"

"Is it to the subject, or the confessor, that you allude?" asked lady Anna laughing.

Wentworth was replying, when her ladyship, laying her hand on his arm, begged he would not perjure himself. "I cannot give absolution in such a case," she continued; "so, my good, sombre Wentworth, be honest, by being silent."

"Ah! is it Wentworth?" said the white domino; "dulness and he *were* never friends."

"I am at a loss to know how you discovered me," said Wentworth, turning to her ladyship.

"I will

"I will not feast your vanity by an explanation," resumed she; "but really and positively, Charles, you must get a lesson from this Ciceronean apologizer; such an harangue as he has poured into the ears of that hazel-eyed murderer, I never heard any thing half so eloquent."

"Indeed!" said the domino; "do you know her?"

"I never saw her till to-night," resumed Sidney. "By mistake, I passed a severe censure on her, and when I found my error, made an apology, which lady Anna has converted into an oration: but tell me, if you can, who she is, and avow yourself."

"I recal my assertion," interjoined the white domino. "Wentworth, you are dull; what soporific quality can a scene like this impart, that you remain thus a stranger to Felton?"

"Forgive me, my dear Charles," cried Sidney, "this is unexpected! When did you arrive?"

"I will tell you to-morrow," said sir Charles,

Charles, "here is mettle more attractive;" and quitting his cousin, he led towards a large portion of the company, who seemed gathered together in obedience to the power of harmony.

Wentworth and lady Anna understood the allusion of the baronet in an instant, for Mrs. Marnley and her companion were amongst the group. In a few minutes, a very fine figure of a man, with flowing locks, and a lyre in his hand, approached.

"Here is an Apollo," said Sidney; "I hope science smiles upon his lyre; we wanted music."

The strings were instantly swept with a masterly accuracy, and a strain of bold melody rang through the rooms. Again it fell into the most touching and pathetic sounds.

The Magician suddenly pushed into the throng. "Give words to sound," said he, addressing the celestial minstrel; "not 'tales of other times,' but, inspired by the scenes around you, prove your superior eloquence."

A well-

A well-dressed figure, with his mask half drawn, as Momus, took his stand before Apollo; he was evidently a companion of the Magician's, and in league with t god.

Apollo, bending over his lyre, in a voi of manly tone, sang in recitative, as fo lows:—

Apollo.—In realms remote, as oracle and god,
My prescient power obtain'd me due applause.
Momus.—But having left your caducean rod,
Pray sing of mirth, or I shall lose my cause.
Apollo.—Avaunt, bold critic, why should I retrace,
What all these smiling eyes so well impart?
Momus.—Because the eyes, though windows of the face,
Are not the *certain* index of the heart.
Apollo.—Presumptuous babbler! mark the gorgon shield,
Behold the lofty Pallas at thy side.
Momus.—Her queenship knows I'd rather live in field,
Than in her *fix'd* abode, as god, reside.
Apollo.—Of Neptune's bull my tongue is slow to speak,
Though thy vain censure did the god defame.
Momus.—I've heard some bulls *to-night*, in merry freak,
But own the animal is wond'rous tame.

Apollo,

Apollo.—Ne'er heed him, fair ones, for he needs must choose
Soft Venus' self with irony to jeer.
Momus.—The Venus of this scene makes her own shoes,
Therefore her footsteps won't offend my ear *.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Wentworth, as he received the arm of lady Anna, whom the satiric god had singled out as the Venus of the group. Her ladyship was actually oppressed by the pointed compliment of the mask.

Apollo, resuming his melodious strain,

* The satire of Momus was more particularly pointed at the gods; whatever they did, he freely ridiculed. He blamed Vulcan for omitting to make a window in the breast of the clay figure he formed, by which whatever was done or thought might be discovered. He censured the house which Minerva had made, because the goddess had not made it moveable, by which a bad neighbourhood might be avoided. In the bull which Neptune produced, he observed that his blows might have been surer if his eyes had been placed nearer the horns. Even Venus was exposed to his satire; and when the sneering god had found no fault in the body of the goddess, he observed, as she retired, that the noise of her feet was too loud, and greatly improper in the goddess of beauty.

waved

waved the bold satirist to depart in these words:—

Apollo.—Hence, miscreant! I banish thee this nether heav'n;
Go seek associates with thy peers below!
Momus.—Methinks that pity might at least be giv'n,
By one who nine years' banishment did know.

Yet, obedient to the mandate, the smiling mask withdrew.

"This is all very pleasant," said the Attorney; "but I confess, I should prefer something a little more sublunary, more like what one meets in the courts."

"Were you never dismissed peremptorily?" interjoined the Irishman, who had taken his station near to Mrs. Marnley.

"Never," replied the Lawyer.

"Then hug your fortune, jewel!" said the Irishman, "you have been in luck."

"What a hideous specimen of my country!" said sir Charles Felton. "What a mistaken idea, to put the language of a chairman into the mouth of a man who affects to play the gentleman!"

"It

"It is excusable," answered the domino, who had observed the remark; "our theatres sanction the error; and I believe it would now be impossible to convince a great proportion of this nation that an Irishman is not a blunderer by nature, a creature made up of quaint expressions and oaths, one who murders for the pleasure of being infamous, and who, generally speaking, has no right to expect mercy, because he does not use the same form of worship with ourselves."

The Magician and the Lawyer, who had held a short conference, had yet attended to the foregoing remark. The prejudiced sorcerer betrayed a malicious smile, and turning to the domino, declared "his portrait was just, though he had not intended to be so faithful, he presumed."

"As a general character, it is not actionable," said the Lawyer, "or I would have made my minutes."

"Behold," said the generous domino, turning to Apollo, "these are your sacrifi-

ces—"the Wolf,"—and he pointed to the Magician, "and the Hawk," directing his attention to the Lawyer.

Apollo.—I sanction thy decree, judicious friend;
Such reptiles, in my fold, should never blend.

And with a majestic motion of the hand, he motioned them to retire.

Sir Charles had been endeavouring to fix the attention of the stranger, but without success; his original purpose of making her conspicuous had been yielded, on the moment of her avowal that it caused her uneasiness. Sidney kept his eye fixed on the detained votary of dissipation, whose anxiety to retire scarcely admitted of her joining in the truly entertaining mummery; yet he, more than once, heard an involuntary mark of approbation given to the scene.

The grey light of morning was now peeping through the sylvan shades which ornamented the rooms, when lady Morbury, in a half whisper, reminded lady Anna that she had promised to retire early.

Her

Her ladyship acknowledged her promise, yet looked as though she wished it set aside. "Remember," continued lady Morbury, "my brother will certainly be in town by eleven o'clock."

"In town!" repeated lady Anna; "he has never left it."

Though this remark was made in a low voice, Sidney caught the sentence; and it now occurred to him, that lord Arlingham was the Magician, and, in that case, the sudden alteration of lady Anna's manner, on his first address, was readily translated.

Wentworth forbore to inform Lennard of his surmise, lest the unguarded sailor should resent his marked acrimony. Lady Anna yet lingered by his side, when the Bellman again made his appearance.

"Good night to ye, my masters and mistresses!" said he; "I am going to put out my lanthorn; but before I give place to the sun, let me take a look at all my old acquaintances;" and raising his light to regard Minerva, he bade her throw off the god-

dess, and act her own character, than which none could be more perfect. Then turning to lady Anna, he declared the *blindness* of love was now self-evident, since nothing but infatuation could have made any man go prowling about after a pair of eyes, when such lights were *given* to his view; "but it is like all our vagaries," he continued; "those *lamps* which have guided us for a century past, are *now* to be superseded by *gas* lights; nay, it would not surprise me, to see a set of men form themselves into a *company* to analyze the properties of women's eyes."

"It would end in *smoke* if they did," said a doctor Ollapod, laying his hand on the shoulder of the Bellman, "my worthy friend. Of women I say nothing; they are indefinable creatures, though excellent patrons of our profession, thanks to the introduction of the 'nervous system;' but, for the *gas*, it is a delightful and redundant source for animadversion; to how many philosophical lectures has it given rise! What

What eloquence has grown out of the subject! Sir, permit me to add, that I myself have harangued 'the Institution' for an hour and a half at a time, and have proved, by demonstration, that the air being rarified, is——"

"Poh!" interrupted the Bellman, "none of your outlandish gibberish. I always commits every body that I don't understand; you would find no more mercy with me than if you were a Frenchman. I think *you* must be wrong, because I cannot make you out; so none of your long stories for me."

"Vile ignorance!" said the son of science, "I pity you!" and flourishing his gold-headed cane, he took his departure.

The Bellman, throwing himself into an attitude of the most whimsical kind, sang out a line of that popular song, "Nobody coming to marry me," which was too pointedly applied to be mistaken for any thing but an attack upon Mrs. Marnley.

Her companion appeared to feel the

allusion; she evidently strove to lead the widow from the group; but ere she had time to effect her purpose, the Crier warbled forth two lines of that plaintive ballad sung in 'The Heiress'—

"For tenderness form'd, in life's early day,
A parent's soft sorrow, to mine led the way."

That its application was just, there required no other proof than the manner of the stranger, who now seemed to need that support she had so recently offered. Sir Charles Felton seized this moment to press his services; and with a strong feeling of compunction for his own remissness, our hero saw the baronet attend the ladies to their carriage. Yet Sidney was soon sensible of his error, for lady Anna, who leaned upon his arm, had a claim to his politeness, which must have prevented his attending them.

"Poor Charles!" said lady Anna, "he is really captivated. I don't know what papa will say, but Charles is very independent."

"And

"And very amiable," replied Wentworth, with a strong emphasis.

"Indeed he is," replied her ladyship. "I scarcely think it possible, any woman who owned a heart could refuse it to his solicitations."

"What a comprehensive eulogium!" said Sidney; "how have you escaped the danger?"

"I! oh dear! it never entered my head to love him but as a cousin, and that I do most sincerely: but papa, you know, has a prejudice against the Irish; he never saw his sister after she married sir Edward Felton."

"Indeed!" replied Sidney; "that seems to me the most unfounded prejudice possible. A people whom we are at all times so desirous of guiding—whom we have bowed to our own purposes, in a political point of view; it is most unaccountable to me, how a feeling so ungenerous can enter the mind of an Englishman. I confess myself partial to them; their gaiety is a

sunshine by which I have often felt myself improved; often when those trivial casualties which discompose us islanders have unfitted me even for my own company, have I been indebted to the genuine hilarity of an Irishman, for that equanimity which reconciles one to trifles."

"And pray how do you like them as rivals?" asked lady Anna.

"As well as I could like any man under such circumstances," retorted Wentworth. "But tell me, as you seem disposed to banter me, who is the lady whom Felton has attended?"

"Why really I don't know; she came under Mrs. Marnley's care, and I know my aunt received a note this morning, asking permission to bring a friend. It occurs to me that she is lord Osterly's sister, as I know Marnley is now on terms with the family."

"Then the Crier's allusion to her parents' sorrow is erroneous," said Wentworth.

"How accurate *you* are! In pity to *your*

your curiosity, I will exert mine," continued her ladyship, "and if you call upon me to-morrow, I may, perhaps, be able to give you some information. I must now run away; my dear aunt is almost in a fever, lest I should be injured by my exertions; so, adieu!"

Sidney was following her ladyship's example, and had reached the gallery, when sir Charles Felton inquired eagerly if the Crier had quitted the room?

"I believe not," said Wentworth.

"Then I will unmask him," said the baronet; "it is not the original Bellman, who, in fact, came with me, and is a friend of mine."

Sidney returned with sir Charles; they looked into all the rooms, but the object of their search had withdrawn.

"I allow for frolic; I take pleasure even in its exuberance," said sir Charles; "but I cannot approve of those allusions which revive the sorrows of a delicate mind."

Wentworth attempted to sooth the ruffled

fled feelings of his friend; he even admitted that the surreptitious Crier had paid a very feeling compliment to the fair stranger.

"Allowed," said the baronet, "if time and place suited, and he was privileged to use the freedom, by a previous acquaintance; but had you witnessed its effect, you would feel as I do. Wentworth, she is the loveliest woman you can imagine—that is, there is an interest in her countenance, and a retirement in her manners, which would compensate for all the advantages that fortune could bestow. I know she is portionless; yes, I saw she was not only so, but dependant; but that does not matter; I will follow it up, I am resolved."

This resolution of sir Charles's was by no means congenial to the feelings of Sidney. He had given the stranger credit for personal attractions, and in her voice, as before observed, there was an indescribable softness which suited his idea of feminine beauty; yet, as the baronet's knowledge of

of the fair incog was prior to his, honour required that he should yield the point to him.

To his inquiry, whether he believed the stranger to be the sister of lord Osterly, sir Charles gave a decided negative. "No, my dear Wentworth," resumed the baronet, "she is, by some strange mistake of fortune, a dependant upon the protection of Mrs. Marnley. I doubt not but I shall discover her principles to be good, and own myself impatient till I am assured of all that my fancy suggests."

The decided manner of sir Charles precluded all idea of self from the bosom of Sidney, who, quitting his friend, proceeded towards home.

If the party of lady Morbury had not been as entertaining as Wentworth had owned it to be, it would have gained an interest in his mind, by that casual acquaintance with an interesting female, which, of all associations, was most likely to engage his feelings. It was perfectly in

his

his power to introduce himself at Mrs. Marnley's, and, in that case, to gather all that information which he actually desired to attain;—but the generous and undisguised intentions of sir Charles forbade such a line of conduct; and as Sidney entered his own home, the exact cause of his present visit to the metropolis glanced over his mind.

"Poor Durweston!" said he, mentally, "how may those hours I have whiled away in scenes of luxurious dissipation have been passed by thee! Yet I have been entertained, and have enjoyed the scene. It is not wrong!" ejaculated Sidney; "no, these relaxations are not inconsistent, if they occur occasionally; to *devote* one's self to midnight revelries affects not only the health but the morals;" and his thoughts passed over to those attenuated qualities of excellence which must embellish the woman he would love. "She must not be the idol of a crowd," said he; "nor conspicuous as an inventor of dress; nor ready

at

at repartee; nor yet an adopter of style in language; she must be retired and domestic, yet not a sloven; or so much attached to me as to weary me with regrets in any casual absence; or shame me by her attentions when we meet; yet a cordial affection must subsist between us, an undisguised communion of soul. What happiness!" sighed Wentworth, mechanically, and regarding the dismantled apartment in which his melancholy taper was flickering, made less than necessary by the opposing light which streamed through the shutters.

"Men usually marry from motives so unworthy," he resumed, "that their subsequent disappointment claims no sympathy. I will never place my peace in the power of mere dross; nay, my election shall be so decidedly disinterested, that it cannot be mistaken: but, is it then so certain that *I* am not the *purchased* property? that my power to *bestow* independence may not lead some fair hypocrite to vow eternal

nal faith, and I be deceived in the object of her worship?"

These ruminations had so wholly occupied the mind of Wentworth, that he heeded not the hints of weariness which Mr. Hall more than once exhibited, by just inquiring—"if he had not rung the bell?"

"I shall not go to bed," said our hero; "get me the Morning Post as early as possible; I will take a nap upon the sofa," and folding himself in his domino, he sought repose.

It is, perhaps, a task above the abilities of a female scribbler to depict the character of an *Englishman* accurately; I know there are many touches of excellence which should grace the portrait; and that the picture might be made transcendantly perfect, by culling the virtues of the race, rather than by *mixing* the colours with the simplicity with which Nature usually decorates *her* works. The heroes of former works (I mean works of fiction) were prodigies of valour; they fought like giants, and

and they fed like giants; to them all seasons were the same; they could repose in the open air, or languish in dungeons for periods indefinite, and emerge from them ready and able to meet all contingencies. Such are not the men of the present day; many are frivolous and highly degenerate; numbers are pedantic, without a clue to guide us to the *reason* for such an assumption; one is a philosopher; another never thinks at all. Again, one views this world as the terminating system of *his* existence; another bears the chequered scenes of this temporal estate with fortitude, for he looks beyond its sphere. While I allow Nature to be thus various, and tremble lest my pen should betray my ignorance, like the most bigoted of my defined genus, I am tempted to go on. I feel that I shall be forgiven, though I err, for I am a woman.

END OF VOL. I.

Lane, Darling, & Co Leadenhall-Street

NEW PUBLICATIONS

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN & CO.

AT THE

Minerva Press,

LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON.

	£	s.	d
An Old Family Legend, by J. N. Brewer, 4 vols.....	1	0	0
A Winter's Tale, new edition, by the same Author, 4 vols	1	0	0
Sir Ralph de Bigod, a Romance, by F. Moore, 4 vols..	1	0	0
The Inhabitants of Earth, or the Follies of Woman, a Novel, by A. F. Holstein, 3 vols	0	10	6
Elnathan, or the Ages of Man, an Historical Romance, by a Philosopher, 3 vols.....	0	15	0
Felicia, by Madame Genlis.....	0	4	0
The Cousins, or a Woman's Promise and a Lover's Vow, 3 vols.....	0	15	0
The Caledonian Bandit, or the Heir of Duncaethel, a Romance of the Thirteenth Century, by Mrs. Smith, 2 vols	0	10	0
Mortimer Hall, or the Labourer's Hire, by Mrs. Bridget Bluemantle, Author of the Three Old Maids, 4 vols..	1	1	0
Farmer of Inglewood Forest, by Mrs. Helme, 2d edition, 4 vols.....	1	0	0
Fitz-Edward, or the Cambrians, by Emma de Lisle, 3 vols	0	15	0
Almeria D'Aveiro, by Mrs. Mackenzie, 3 vols.....	0	15	0
The Black Banner, or the Siege of Clagenfurth, a Romantic Tale, by the Author of Mystery upon Mystery, Baron de Falkenheim, &c. 4 vols	1	1	0
Pyrenean Banditti, a Romance, by Mrs. Sleath, 3 vols	0	15	0
The Metropolis, by Cervantes Hogg, Esq. 3 vols.... .	0	15	0
The Mysterious Hand, or Subterranean Horrors, 3 vols	0	13	6