THE

# INFIDEL MOTHER,

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. III.

THE

# INFIDEL MOTHER:

OR,

# THREE WINTERS IN LONDON.

*By CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.*

AUTHOR OF 'THE MASK OF FASHION,' &c. &c.

Manners with fortunes—humors turn with climes;
Tenets with books; and principles with times.

POPE.

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

VOLUME III.

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A NINE DAYS' WONDER.

*Monday.* Arrived in town, late last evening, her Grace the Duchess of Gorgon, from Gorgon House, Edinburgh. The object of her Grace's journey is said to be, an *amiable* solicitude to greet a favourite daughter, on her coming to the title of Duchess of Poormond.

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*Tuesday.* We are extremely concerned to state, that a certain bonny Duchess, long known as the leader of the fashionable world, lies dangerously ill at Thomas's Hotel. A family disappointment—too delicate for insertion—has occasioned her Grace's indisposition.

*Wednesday.* It is not true, that her Grace of Gorgon fainted away, at the first mention of a certain mysterious marriage—nor is it true, that her Grace was so enraged, as to fly at the narrator with a poker—her Grace, we are *authorised* to state, conducted herself, on the occasion, with much dignified composure.

*Thursday.* It has been *confidently* reported, by contemporary journals, that the late Duke of Poormond was privately married to a young lady, formerly the protegée of his Duchess; that a *son* and *two* daughters were the issue of such marriage; and the *Son*, consequently, rightful heir of the dukedom. Report speaks, highly, in praise of the unassuming virtues of this lady, to whom we are disposed to offer all due commendation; but not, in the character of Duchess of Poormond.

*Friday.* We confirm our statement of yesterday, by assuring the fashionable world, that the Duchess of Gorgon has so perfectly recovered her spirits, that she promenaded Bond-street, yesterday,

in her carriage for two hours. Bets continue to run high on this momentous decision.

*Saturday.* Every doubt is removed —and we have pleasure in announcing, to the public, that the gallant General will be presented, at the next levee, on coming to his title. The late Duke of Poormond, however, has given, by will, the usual fortune assigned to duke's daughters, to each of his *three* natural daughters; and made most liberal provisions for their amiable mother.

*Monday.* On Saturday evening last, the Duchess of Gorgon held a grand levee in her box at the Opera-house;

where she received the congratulations of the nobility, on the happy termination of this very unpleasant affair. Her Grace has already issued five hundred tickets for a grand party on the 29th of May; when her Grace, it is believed, will out-herod Herod, in the splendor of an entertainment, avowedly to be given, in honour of this auspicious event. Her Grace will, then, retire to the north; her daughters being all splendidly allied,

"Othello's occupation's o'er."

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The M—ning P—t may, very aptly, be compared with Joseph Surface's fire-screen: it possesses the double quality of giving, or of taking away, reputa-

tion. Through the medium of this fashionable vehicle, families of haut ton, often, move in, and out, of town, according to the *strict* rules of fashion, without ever quitting the back rooms of their town residence—the front windows being closed to colour their journey:—a dozen solitary card tables, are magnified into thirty, at an obscure party—where names are given, as guests, only known by reputation.—Marriages are contracted by persons who have scarcely seen each other—and scandal propagated—wholesale and retail.

By a boldness of invention, not to be defined, but which calls aloud for public reprehension—the P—ce has passed through an ordeal of calumny,

this last winter, as *unfounded*, as the *profligacy* of the *supposed* author, is *founded*.

"The P—ce's stables will cost *two hundred thousand* pounds"—"The P—ce's debts amount to *two hundred thousand* pounds"—"The P—ce's new service of plate weighs *two hundred thousand* ounces, at one guinea per ounce."

If the *fair* artizan of these *foul* aspersions were to vary the amount of his Royal Highness's delinquencies, the *imposition* would be less obvious, though not less mischievous; for there are persons who swallow slander with the appetites of gluttons; who, delighted with the sauce picquante, do not wait to analyse the ingredients of their sa-

voury olio—*Insinuation*, with low minds, passes for *proof*—and the multitude establishes the guilt, which has no other foundation than a fertility of malevolence—Again,

"The P—ce has escaped, by miracle, from the two pair of stairs back window of my Lord A———'s country house; and, afterwards, scaled the park-walls with astonishing agility"—"The P—ce lies dangerously ill of a pistol shot received, in his retreat, from Lady B.'s bed room"—"The P—ce is said, to have suffered m—nual ch—tisement from the enraged Lord C—, who caught him *in the fact*."

No character is so elevated as to be independent of the public good opi-

nion: nor does it become an Englishman to mistake the *licentiousness*, for the *freedom*, of the press. These slanderers *ought* to be brought to punishment, as an example to others. Reptiles, though insignificant in appearance, often contain poisonous qualities: it is mistaken humanity to spare them.

But, when vices, or follies, are held up to ridicule—the act is praise-worthy—and the moral good. It may be said, in the way of fashionable gossip—

"A certain *new peer*, whose lovely bride, in an infatuated hour, was *pigeoned* out of half a *plumb* at faro, is, now, *playing* the œconomist at his government, much to the dissatisfaction of a country, where hospitality and li-

berality go hand in hand, to characterize the people. We are assured, great part of the aforesaid losses have been, already, repaid, out of the splendid allowances made, by government, in support of his supremacy.—Quære. Is this conduct *strictly* honourable, or is it *meanly* otherwise?.... Let casuists decide."

"The High Chance-seller—so well known in the vicinity of Holborn—anticipates a higher prize than ever yet was yielded by a lottery; viz. the fair hand of the richest heiress in the kingdom, aged seventeen. The adventurer is on the wrong side of fifty; but the bride being his ward—and he being a scholar—he has impressed, on her mind, this Latin adage,

"*Parvæ* leves capiant animos,"

which, for the sake of the mere English reader, we translate:—

"*A little thing* will please a little mind."

"The lady of the *Right Reverend* the Bishop of C— has lately made a discovery of a very singular nature. Having entered the nursery, the other morning, very unexpectedly, and much before her usual visiting hour, she was not a little surprised, at perceiving a pair of black silk breeches lying on the nursery maid's pillow—"Bless me, Mary,"—vociferated the enraged matron—"How comes this extraordinary appearance?"

"My Lord Bishop, Madam,"—an-

swered the Soubrette—" is accustomed to walk in his sleep, and often terrifies me by coming up here."

" Walk in his sleep!"—repeated the lady—" *walk* in his sleep, you slut you, that's impossible. Why, he can scarcely *stand*, when he is awake."—

" A certain domestic *peer* has lately—it is said—quitted the *peerless* mother of his children, after a cohabitation of many years. This wonderful event, is affirmed, to have originated in a NELL-LIKE sort of hocus-pocus, which has transferred his affections from mamma to her daughter.

" The present object of royal favour is about twenty-six, of high accomplish-

ment; but as remarkable for *bitterness*, as her mamma is for *sweetness*, of temper. This sort of apostacy is, by no means, new—a certain ex-parliamentary General played off, precisely, the same game with the once-lovely Perdita."

"A very hard match has been, lately, run over the *York* course, between the horse *Agency*, a flea-bitten grey; and the mare *Ascendancy*, a bright sorrel. Both are aged; and although, originally, cart-bred, shewed great sport. High pampering has given them a sort of bastard blood, and they ran nearly even till they passed the distance post; when *Agency*, by a skilful manœuvre, got the whip hand, and won in great style. The disgraced sorrel has since been put out of training, and turned into a straw-

yard: all her clothing, rubbers, sweating cloths, &c. will, shortly, be exposed to public auction. She is reported to have broken down, by overstraining in this contest; on which, we are assured, no less a sum than two hundred thousand pounds *actually* depended."

"All the furniture, plate, jewels, china, and glass, late the property of Mrs. C— of Gloucester-Place, will be brought to the hammer in a few days. The fashionable world lounge, with visiting tickets, to the premises; which display a profusion of every thing except taste: the lady must—to use a cant phrase—have made her royal lover *bleed* most freely."

Scandal, however, thus detailed for

the amusement of the select many, whether real or fabricated, always wounds. The rich and powerful, indeed, laugh at its shafts; but the less fortunate, smart—perhaps sink, under its corroding puncture.

While fashionable tea-tables drank of this delicious poison, with laughter-loving eyes, poor Henry was the statue of distraction.

Well, had the Marchioness predicted his punishment. "*The blue domino of Bath!*".... Heavens, what recollection did that simple phrase recal!—What contending emotions did it create!.... But

"Violent delights, have violent ends,
"And, in their triumph, die."

"The Marchioness—whom he so
"loved!—as a sister loved!—to nou-
"rish, in the fair bosom of exterior vir-
"tue, all the licentiousness of a pro-
"fessed harlot.... 'twas maddening!"
Then memory went back to Bath.

"The thrilling agonies of former ex-
"pectation reoccupied his heart.... his
"glowing lips, in fancy, warmed upon
"the conscious blush, that, e'en in
"darkness, crimsoned o'er her cheek—
"the lovely tatler of consummate bliss!
".... Arms, eloquent in dumbness,
"pressed him to renovated joys!....
"But when, in this incognita, he be-
"held the Marchioness, ecstacy changed
"into disgust, and painful repentance
"followed unhallowed pleasure."

Colonel Melmoth had been, some time, on Windsor duty—he would not, however, have been the confident of our hero's sufferings—Mr. Bromley was, unfortunately, in Staffordshire; but expected to return daily. Henry, oppressed beyond endurance, resolved to consult with him, as to how he should act; and, to abstain, meanwhile, from visiting at Park-Lane.

Henry entered on the world with a mind—as we have seen—keen, susceptible, and delicate: his open, candid, and ingenuous, nature, led him to judge mankind, by his own feelings. Friendship was his favoured theme; and he relied, with implicit confidence, upon those whom he conceived mutually attached to him, from a similarity of

thinking, and manners. He viewed the world as a splendid theatre, where each man played his character—the sprightly parts had, hitherto, been his; and the most pleasing and agreeable scenery had diversified them.

Happy delusion!..transitory!..past!..

The glowing picture which Fancy had exhibited, and Hope represented as perpetual, was now to be reversed, for the sombre perspective of Experience.

Henry knew not, that the life of man, was—in public—officious and intriguing: in private—plausible, but insincere: by turns, extravagant and parsimonious—at one time, squandering away a fortune upon fashionable gew-

gaws: at another, meanly borrowing retrenchment from justice and humanity—That liberality is the varnished language of the lip; but an emotion unknown to the heart—That MAN will stoop to flatter the puffed up fool above him—trample on the less affluent child of worth—and steal admiration and respect from the public, by artifice, cunning, and hypocricy.

Of women.... Beauty had always created, in his mind, emotions—at once, generous, grateful, and exalted. He considered them superior beings.... The Marchioness, in particular, appeared, to him, the emblem of perfection. His Harriet loved her most tenderly.. .. Could *she*, also, be a cheat?.... Im-

possible!—Did not Lady Lucy, likewise, love her?—

What was Henry to think?—Reflexion bewildered thought—he seized his hat and cane, and rushed out—to go, he knew not whither—

Chance, however, conducted him to the Bason in the Green Park—he threw himself on a garden chair, beneath an aged tree; and wrapt, in agonizing contemplation, saw not the stranger who occupied the opposite corner of the bench.

Twilight began to obscure the world—Henry still sat—unmoved.

At length his companion,—having

uttered an emphatic hem!—politely turned to our hero, whom he asked, in a foreign accent, to hob and nob, with him, in a glass of port.

"Hob and nob,"—exclaimed Henry, starting with surprise—"I really do not understand you."

"Only, Monsieur,"—returned the foreigner—"I thought—apparemment—as we had taken our soup, *silently*, together, we might as well take our wine, *sociably*."

Henry, at once, saw the distress and good humour of his new acquaintance, whose manner was that of a gentleman, though his clothes were threadbare. The singularity of the event pleased

him; he saw a kind of providential relief, offered to him, in the rattling society of a Frenchman, and replying, with a smile,

"Ma foi, Monsieur, je le veux bien,"—he called a coach, in Piccadilly, which he ordered to La Sabloniere's: Monsieur remarking—"Qu'on ne fait pas des complimens quand on a faim."

A Frenchman, however high his breeding, is a disgustful feeder. The eyes of Monsieur glistened when the soup and the poisson smoaked on the board: he treated the gigot with the freedom of an old friend; and, without pausing to disencumber his mouth, pronounced, ever and anon, Excellent! most Excellent!.... the juices of the

roti and the sallad oozing, all the time, from his distended jaws, and creeping down his chin—a fricandeau and sorrel followed—then an omelet.

If gesture be the faithful interpreter of the thoughts, this was one of the happiest days of the poor Frenchman's life.

With the wine, however, the companionable qualities of Monsieur opened on our hero. He represented himself, as an unfortunate, who had suffered under the tyranny of the laws in France; but not less an enemy to the anarchies and cruelties of a revolution: he related his story in a few words.

"My name is François Martin d'El-

motte. I am a native of Montreiul; and, having lost my parents early in life, I collected my little patrimony, when of age, and resolved to settle at Paris.

"My connexions were affluent; and, through their interest, I procured, in the year 1781, the post of secretary to the Intendancy of Police.

"Here, notwithstanding my unremitted attention to the duties of my office, I soon perceived that the Sieur Berthier —then Intendant—viewed me with an evil eye. I had a literary turn; and it was my custom to employ the little leisure I had in light political controversy, which I published, and to which—

with the vanity natural to my age—I subscribed my name.

"Le Sieur Berthier had, unfortunately, a rooted antipathy to all men of letters. He was cold in his temperament—avaricious in his disposition—haughty in his deportment. He was more than independent when appointed to the intendancy; but his office opened so *fair* a field to the indulgence of his darling propensities, he soon became immensely rich, by sharing, with his underlings, in every act of oppression, extortion, and pillage.

"His household, from the maitre d'hotel down to the scullion's helper, were all officers on the intendant's establishment; and, consequently, paid by

the king. He, even, went so far as to include the different masters, in music, drawing, dancing, fencing, &c. who attended his children. I discovered one of his dependents to have been borne on three different pay lists; and, was so struck at the time, that I had the folly to make some free remarks, on the subject, before the Sieur Loire, his confidential creature.

"This reptile repeated the circumstance, with his own embellishments, to the Intendant; and I was rewarded, for my penetration, with instant dismissal; Le Sieur Berthier—by way of adding to the favour—retaining three months' salary.

"Meanwhile, the *convenient* Loire con-

tinued to enjoy an income of four thousand livres, annually, for the following *important* services; viz.

"For retailing puns, witticisms, and anecdotes at his patron's petits soupers; and providing him avec des petites filles, from thirteen to fourteen years of age.

"On my quitting the service of this distinguished guardian of the people, I was engaged to edite a popular journal; which, at that time, was aiming to establish a certain freedom of the press. You will readily conceive, my dear Sir, that I did not neglect this opportunity of making a variety of hits at my late master.

"Encouraged, by the avidity with which every one called for the paper, I, gradually, extended the freedom of my opinions; and wrote a political analysis, with an independence of sentiment, that, I believe, astonished every body—and alarmed and incensed the minister.

"The conversation of the day, at this period, turned upon a question, then agitating the cabinet, which, at the instance of M. de St. Germaine, and supported by his friends, aimed at the reorganization of the Jesuits, on a modified plan. They were to become the preceptors of our young military.

"I shuddered at the resurrection of these crafty despots, and publicly opposed the question, with a boldness of

argument, hitherto, unknown in France. My vanity cost me my liberty. I was arrested, on the day of publication, and thrown into the Bicêtre.

" After a detention of nine days, however, M. de Goupil, Inspector of the Royal Library, my particular friend, procured my release;—conditionally, that I resigned my post of editor; and to reconcile me, the more effectually, to this privation, he told me, he had hopes of being very soon invested with a sinecure, through the mediation of a certain Princess, high in court favour; and that he had, already, taken steps for my succession, if the situation pleased me.

" M. de Goupil was a man without talent, and wholly unqualified for his

situation; but his wife was of a very different character. She possessed an understanding much above her sex: her judgment was powerful; yet free from prejudice—her person majestic; her manners bland—she was, in truth, a very superior woman—and, in her society, I thought myself in Heaven.

"M. de Goupil—to whose house I had removed—was delighted with the preference shown me by his wife; and evinced his satisfaction by renewed acts of friendship toward me.

"Taking me, one day, into his closet, he said, My dear d'Elmotte, it is in your power to render me an essential service; and, at the same time, to push your own fortune. My having selected

you, for this commission, is the greatest proof I can afford you of my affection. Listen to me.

"The Princess, at my recommendation, wishes to employ you. All you will have to do, will be to collect court scandal, and intrigue, for her ear; which she is, afterwards, to convey to a still more illustrious personage. At present, you will be engaged in a particular pursuit. M. M. de Sartine and Le Noire are suspected, by M. de Maurepas, to be secret agents of M. le Duc de Choiseul; and it is supposed, that they will move heaven and earth to bring him, again, into office. It shall be my business to collect materials, yours to arrange them. I will hunt out information all the morning, by pumping se-

cretaries, questioning valets de chambre, and corrupting laquais. At night, you shall arrange the notes I bring you, into a memorial, and present the same to the Princess. If we discover nothing, 'twill be of no consequence; for, with our interest, we shall, certainly, outwit them.

" My friend paused to take breath—and myself to hesitate.

" Overset a ministry—thought I—upon my life this is no trifling office I am about to enter. Besides, I had personal obligations to M. le Noire, which forbade me to enlist in such an agency. I therefore replied,

" My dear Goupil, your confidence

confirms your friendship; but however flattering it may be to a man's pride, to be employed in working a ministerial revolution, I must decline the post; and before you make any observation on my refusal, hear my reasons.

" Independent of the natural horror I feel, at being instrumental to the ruin of persons who never injured me, I am restrained, by services received from M. le Noire; who permitted me, in his name—as Lieutenant de Police—to receive packages of foreign books forbidden in France; which, unless so sanctioned, I never could have obtained. I remember his words when he granted me the permission.

" I give you leave—said he, smiling,

—to import books against God; but not against M. de Maurepas—against religion; but not against government—against the twelve apostles; but not against ministers—against all the saints in Heaven; but not against an individual lady of the court—against morality; but not against the police. And be careful to send me two copies of every thing you publish, that I may prove my activity to the minister.

"My friend was by no means satisfied with my reply; but he had been bred at court, and possessed a convenient conscience. I was, however, inflexible: and our tête-à-tête ended, on my engaging to assist him in collecting scandal for the Princess, and her august mistress.

"In this employ, I continued about twelve months; living on the honour of being a court-spy, and exposing myself to considerable risks;—for which, it had not pleased my royal mistress to remunerate me, in any shape—when I was arrested, one day, while driving over the Pont-Neuf.

"An exempt took his seat in the carriage with me; and two halberdiers dismounted my footmen, and took their place. I was conducted to the Bastille, where—as I afterwards learnt—Madame de Goupil was a prisoner. Her husband had been sent to Vincennes.

"Left to reflexion, in my cell, I began to consider to whom I was indebted for the honour of boarding and lodging

at the king's expense; and, at last, attributed the favour to my old enemy Berthier; who had, I knew, previously endeavoured to procure a lettre de cachet against me.

"For eight days, I was closely confined in a stone dungeon, almost impervious to the light, without seeing a human being except the turnkey—if he deserved that appellation—who, once a day, brought me the prison allowance.

"On the ninth morning I was ordered to attend the council chamber, where I found M. le Noire seated: his air was embarassed, and his countenance gloomy.

"What, said he, in a softened tone,

could induce you to league with the vile Goupil, against your friend and benefactor?—I loved you—I took pleasure in serving you—and you recompense me by aiming at my downfall. You have, beside, published, at Neufchatel, the secret of my amour with Mademoiselle Hervieux—Nay, added he,—observing I was about to deny the whole—you cannot do away the positive proof I have of your infamy—answer me,

" Have you not joined with persons of high rank and authority—not to be named—in undermining M. de Sartine and myself?—Have you not defamed us, in written memoires, to d'Amelot? —But why ask the question? I have

seen these memoires—Dandel and Emeri, in whom you confided—but who only lent a patient acquiescence to become masters of your plans—have confessed the whole to me.

"I replied, to M. le Noire, amid the most sacred attestations, that I had never heard the name of Mademoiselle d'Herveux till a few days previous to my arrest—that report spoke of her as the most amiable of her sex—how then could I pretend to vilify her? I also assured him, that I had never seen d'Amelot—that I had never written to him—and that my connexion with the Goupils, had never either directly, or indirectly, operated to his prejudice—that it was true, I had contributed to the

*amusement* of personages of an elevated rank—but neither mischievously, nor criminally.

" I pleaded with vehemence; but pleaded in vain: M. le Noire arose—and, telling me sternly, the proofs were too strong against me, left the hall: I was re-conducted to my cachot, where I remained a prisoner till the memorable 14th of July 1789 gave release to the hundreds of wretches who were entombed within the massy walls of the fortress.

" The nature of my imprisonment was, however, improved. I was placed in a lighter room; and was permitted, every second day, to walk out for an

hour. This was an indulgence, I found, solely attributable to the interest M. le Noire had taken in my favour.

" On these occasions, M. de Launcy, the deputy-governor, would sometimes enter into conversation with me: he, even, took me into the library, and permitted me to select books for my amusement; but I was denied the use of pen and ink.

" Year after year, I dragged on this hateful existence; which, I should, certainly, have terminated, had I been invested with means: but the nourishment, I received, was always served in a potage, with a wooden spoon; and, although I might have hanged myself,

by fastening my garters to the gratings of my little window, I shuddered at the thoughts of dying like a malefactor.

" In this situation, I bethought me of the story of a pauvre miserable, shut up, like myself in the Bastille, who formed an intimacy with a spider; with whom he conversed, and associated; thereby, robbing the dreary hours of many a painful reflexion—when the turnkey—coming in, one day, while he was so occupied—inhumanly destroyed the spider, and deprived him of the only pleasure tyranny had left him to enjoy.

" The use of books, which was continued to me, stood me in lieu of this resource; but I discovered an object,

within the last three months of my confinement, that as wholly occupied my every faculty.

" I had mounted, one fine clear summer's evening, on my chair, which just permitted me to breathe the free air, from between the narrow crossings of my triply-barred window, when I perceived a female, working, at a window in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine.

" The distance, between us, was immense; but fancy, some how, decreased this space, and I thought I could discern extreme beauty of feature, and complexion, in the unknown lady.

" My imagination, retracing former recollections, gave divinity to the object

before me. With what passion did my eyes strain toward her !—If she moved —I followed her—Every change of attitude produced a new emotion ; and, when she retired, for the evening, my heart appeared to quit my bosom, and follow the fair object of its devotion.

" Every evening found me at my station ; and, when other engagements kept this unknown beauty from her accustomed window, I suffered all the pangs of despair and jealousy.

" At other times, I would transport myself, ideally, into her presence ; and sigh out my very soul at her feet—With what complacency would she listen to my tender tale!—With what modesty,

and candour, would she reply to my ardour !—

" In this delirium, I partook of joys greater, I believe, than reality ever experienced.

" Suddenly my favourite ceased to appear at all—I counted lonely evenings, one, after another—I fancied my sight had failed me—then tender apprehensions, lest my conduct might have displeased her, assailed me with all the bitterness of remorse—I could not eat—I could not sleep—I wept, like an infant—and, so powerful was the impression on my mind, I think I must have died, had not my release restored me to my senses.

" Among other extravagances, during this extraordinary mental suffering, I wrote a letter to my bien aimée; in which, I tenderly complained of her absence—besought her to reflect on the constancy and ardour of my passion: in one phrase, employing all the softest energies of supplicating love: in another, all the frantic terrors of maddening despair. I folded the precious billet—in fancy; sealed it—and placed it on the table. After which, for the first time, I quietly went to sleep, firmly persuaded some benevolent sylph would visit me in the night, and convey my letter to the mistress of my heart.

" You will readily suppose, my good Sir, that I made enquiries after the object of my adoration, as soon as I found

myself at liberty. I visited her, and found her an old, deformed hag, coarsely marked with the small pox. She looked at me, very suspiciously, with her little ferret eyes, hissing in their native rheum, and demanded the occasion of my visit."

"Ah,"—said Henry—"'tis the same every where. Women are angels, while we love them—monsters when we have ceased to do so.—But how has it happened, that the publication of the Bastille registers have been witheld from the public? They must contain an interest, that every individual would appreciate."

"Certainly,"—answered M. d'Elmotte—"and the public have called,

aloud for their publication; but they were removed from one cachet to another. They were enrolled at the Hotel de Ville, where they are as impenetrably hidden from the information of the world, as they were when secured by the ramparts and fossé of the Bastille—the annual expenses of which fortress have been estimated at one hundred and four thousand livres.

" It is true, thirty commissaries were appointed to digest them, and they amused the people with promises, from time to time;—it was also intended, that the produce of these publications should be applied towards the relief of the unfortunates, who became, by their peculiar situation, the adopted children of the people who had given them li-

berty. Yet, have I seen crouds of them begging their way, from office to office; where, they were inhumanly sent to experience mortification upon mortification. I left the city in disgust, and have been, now, sixteen years in England.

"At first, I continued to earn a comfortable independence, as a teacher; having been recommended by some of my countrymen, whom I found emigrants here, and who had saved a wreck of their fortunes—but the system was precarious; and, latterly, I have almost starved."

The evening passed, with M. d'Elmotte's detail; and with the chasse-caffé, Henry called for pen, ink, and

paper, on pretence of giving his address to his new acquaintance: it was accompanied with a draft for twenty pounds.

A story, relating to the Bastille, is extant, which details the miseries of that abominable state-prison, in colours, infinitely, more horrible than the preceding: and humanity will shrink from contemplating the fact, when it recollects, that this fortress was the receptacle of all, who offended the caprice, or resisted the tyranny, of the existing minister, or his minions in office.

Thank God! such a prison is unknown in this country!

"On the accession of Louis XIV. to the throne of France, it was thought

expedient—perhaps merely popular—in the new ministry, to revise the registers of the Bastille, and to release such, as might appear to have expiated their crimes by suffering.

"Among the herd of miserables, drawn from these caves of wretchedness, was one poor old man, who had sighed away the last FORTY-SEVEN years of his existence, within the narrow limits of his humid cage.

"Hardened by adversity, which has the charm to fortify, when it fails to kill, its victim; he had borne the gloom, and horrors, of his captivity, with a manly resignation. The few white hairs which scattered around his brow, had almost acquired the rigidity of wire—

and his body, so long coffined in a winding-sheet of stone, had, as it were, assimilated its cold, unfeeling, qualities.

"The massy door, of his tomb, grated on its rusty hinges, with a horrible crash—not in the usual way, when half opened by tyrannous suspicion—it, now, creaked beyond its accustomed boundary; and, an unknown voice, in accents of kindness, told the prisoner he might pass.

"'Twas all a dream!.. he hesitates—ponders—rises—advances with a feeble step. How wonderful the space he traces! The stair-case—the saloon—the court yard—the heavens.....

"He is overpowered with conflicting emotions—a dizziness seizes on his brain—he is unable to peruse these scenes of wonder.

"Relieved, at length, his inquiring eyes range over surrounding objects—he kneels before the heavens—Nature is oppressed, almost to suffocation; but not a single tear flows from its arid channel. The conflict becomes insupportable—his strength fails him—he sinks, motionless, on the stone pavement of the court.

"He recovers—and trembles beyond the horrid boundaries.

"When the carriage, which was to convey him to his home, moved off, his

shrieks were piercing—he could not suffer the agony of a motion so extraordinary—the officer assisted him to alight, and left him.

"Leaning on the arm of a humane passenger, he is led to the street where he, formerly, lived in affluence—his dwelling is no more—a public edifice occupies the scite—he endeavours to recollect; but memory cannot trace any intimacy with the city, such as he finds it.

"He stares around him, eagerly demanding his family.

"His parents are dead—his wife is dead—his children emigrated into foreign countries—

" His neighbours?—Alas!.... he is, wholly, unknown to every body. His anxious eye seeks, wildly, for some object with which he may claim acquaintance.....

" Vain enquiry!

" Oh, take me,"—said he, turning to the humane stranger—" Oh, take me back to my prison—with those walls, I have, at least, acquaintance."

While Henry was, thus, the prey of despondency, things wore no very pleasant aspect at Derry House. The Marquis was sullen—the Marchioness reserved—Lady Harriet alarmed—Lady Lucy dull.

"Can you account for the oddness of the circumstance, Lucy?"—said Lady Harriet, who had been sitting pensively at the window—"Henry has not been here these three days. Our dear Marchioness, too, who used to talk of him, so much, is silent—as well as less affectionate than usual—Ah me, Lucy, I fear something, in the wind, that bodes me ill."

"And pray, my dear, when you and Henry are married—which you will be—do you mean to wear him, as a trinket to your side; or, as a bauble round your neck?—either would be infinitely becoming, and, *altogether*, novel."

"You are most unkind, Lucy, to mock the agonies you *cannot* feel."

"Not feel!.... why 'twas only this morning I addressed an ode to Pity—See, here, Harriet—my muse shall *contradict* your charge".... Lady Harriet read,

TO PITY.

Hail, lovely power!—whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears, spontaneous, crystalize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the power to bless.

Teach me to soothe the mind oppress'd with care;
Teach me, of sympathy, the healing art;
Teach me, with friendship, ev'ry pang to share;
Teach me to sweetly soothe the lovelorn heart.

Teach me, to calm the helpless orphan's grief;
Teach me, the widow's anguish to assuage;
Teach me, to yield to misery relief;
Teach me, to prop th' infirmities of age.

So, when the passing spring of life shall fade,
And sinking Nature yields to the decay,
Some soul, congenial, shall watch o'er my shade;
And gild the awful closing of the day.

"Romantic, if you please, Lucy—but not feeling. Do you suppose a sentimental jingle, of half a dozen ill-favoured stanzas, can cheat me of my griefs?"

"No!.... well, then, I will aim at a more alluring project—There's Henry, now....

"Henry!"—starting at the sound.

"*In my mind's eye*, Harriet, that's all,"—laughing—"There's Henry, I say, moping at home in a corner, like a

naughty boy whose sugar plumbs have been taken from him; but he bewails his sorrow with a very sentimental grace—Read the paper over which he hangs so despondingly.

'The soft, the young, the gay, delightful morn, kissed off the crimson from the rose, mixed it with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

'Arise, then, Evelina!—sovereign mistress of my soul!—and shame the ruddy blushes of the morning. Thou art more modest than the drooping lily, when weeping in her dews.—The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sunbeams, looks not more serenely than thy countenance—the richness of wild honey is on thy lips—and thy breath is

sweeter than exhalations from the apple blossom—The swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck; and the witcheries of love heave their enchantment from thy bosom.

'Rise, then, my Evelina, rise!—the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, and the enamelled heath reserves its bloom to greet thee with the perfume.

'Thy lover will pick thee strawberries from the lofty craig, and rob the hazel of its yellow-nuts.

'And wilt thou hear my song, O, virgin daughter of a meek-eyed mother?—Wilt thou relieve my solitude with thy all-chearing presence—nor longer

doom me, like the lone son of the rock, to tell thy beauties to the passing gale, and pour forth my complaints to the grey stone of the valley ?

' Oh, Evelina !—thou comest, like summer to the children of frost; and welcome are thy steps, to my view, as the bright harbinger of sight to the dull'd eye of darkness !'

" Mighty pretty, indeed, Lucy—I really believe that an eastern apologue, a translation from Ossian, and scraps of poetry, are the sole occupants of your giddy brain."

" Verily, thou sayest, good sister of mine—all the whim—eh, Harriet?—without one atom of the captivation,

that pourtrays Miss Owen's Wild Irish Girl. . . . But, why so sad, my love?. . . . Henry will be here, to-day, my word upon it. . . . . Lo! where he comes—the conquering Hero comes!"

"You are a witch, Lucy,"—with a smile.

"Oh, you can laugh—but I'll tell—Henry shall know what he may have to expect from an impatient, fretful, jealous wife."

Lady Harriet, whose heart accompanied her eyes to the door, did not even hear what her sister had said.

The door opened. . . . When, instead of Henry, the Marchioness entered;

but no more like her former self, than "I to Hercules." The smile, of secret complacency, that invited confidence and begat esteem, no longer played amid the beauties of her countenance: her entrée was abrupt, and her address chilling in the extreme.

"Lady Harriet, I am commissioned, by your father, to desire you will prepare to receive a tête-à-tête visit, at three o'clock, from Lord Sommers. He has long sought your favour, and deserves it. Your pin money will be liberal, and your establishment splendid. Your father, and *myself*, have consented to the arrangements, which *you* are required to confirm."

The purport of this address was not

half so painful to the gentle Lady Harriet, as the coolness of the language, and the austerity of the manner, that conveyed it.

"My father's commands—your Ladyship—are harsh, and his messenger ungentle. . . . Oh, Lady Derry!"—bursting into tears—"how have I deserved this want of feeling from you?"

"Had you been more candid—Lady Harriet—I might have been less unkind; but when girls are detected in cherishing romantic affections for degraded objects, it becomes the duty of their superiors to let them know their error, and to make them feel their punishment."

"Superiors!"—exclaimed Lady Lucy, with dignity—"*You* owe your rank to marriage, Madam! *we* derive it from our birth. ONCE, indeed, the NOW Marchioness of Derry would have looked up to the distinction."

The Marchioness bit her lips, with rage, and burst out of the room—saying, "she would send their father to them."

"Be firm—my beloved Harriet—dry up those unavailing tears, nor tremble at the menaces that assail you: let the proud Marchioness condemn the emotions of your soul, but she cannot change its celestial purity. Repose on the consolatory hope you carry in your own bosom, which will chear you, as

often as you press upon your heart, and feel it beat with self approbation. We will seek Mrs. Russell—Whatever the *motives* of the Marchioness, her tyranny is not likely to ensure them."

Various—painful—and inconclusive—had been the resolves of the infatuated Marchioness, when left, by Henry, to all the terrors of reflexion. At last, urged by the demon Vengeance, she felt she had gone too far to hesitate, and determined on the ruin of the now *detested* Henry.

To effect this diabolical plan required caution, and consummate effrontery. She sought the Marquis, telling him, "she came to press the marriage of Lady Harriet with Lord Sommers, as

a step necessary to the *honour* of his family—that she had been deceived—cruelly deceived—in a wretch, whom she, innocently, introduced to their family, as a virtuous youth;—but, she shuddered to disclose to his Lordship, that this reptile, so fostered by her, had not only aspired to the hand of Lady Harriet—whose heart she had every reason to believe he possessed—but had even dared to raise his impious wishes to.... HERSELF!"

"By all the saints in the kalendar," —exclaimed the enraged Marquis—"the Plebeian dies!"

While his Lordship raved with madness, the *gentle* Marchioness sank at his feet—clasped on his knees—and, with

deprecating eyes, asked him, "if her conduct had been injurious to his honour?"

The Marquis acquitted her with a softened voice, and challenged the world to sully her fair fame.

"Then protect, my dearest Lord, the virtue you respect. This affair must be kept from the knowledge of the world —Henry is a villain—but specious in his profligacy. He is admired, and I am envied. The noise of this brulée would merely gratify the scandal-mongers at our expense. We should become the public talk—I should be analysed, with all the envenomed malignity of churlish prudery, which *hates* the rank my conduct gives me, in the moral

world, more than my precedency at court. To be superior, is a crime never forgiven by little minds. Let the wretch be excluded from our house—his passion, for Lady Harriet, the ostensible cause—and I pledge myself to use my influence with the silly girl, to meet your wishes."

Thus, the ingenious duplicity of the Marchioness, encompassed, by one blow, an universal ruin. An eternal bar seemed to be placed between Henry and the Marquis, which severed, for ever, the loves of Lady Harriet and himself; and, thereby, amply filled the measure of her bitterest wishes.

The remembrance of Bath, hitherto fondly cherished, now, operated as a

vision of terror on her mind—she hated, as she had loved—with violence—and boldly rushed, onward, to the consummation of her vengeance.

"Lady Harriet the wife of Henry! —Henry, who filled these arms with budding transports, and then shunned the joys that re-opened to perfect them .... Never!"

When Henry, therefore, called—he was rudely answered, by the porter, "that the family was not at home—and would not be at home." The fellow concluded, by closing the door, without awaiting a reply.

Henry, who had, alone, been prompted to the visit by the conviction of its

propriety, felt a momentary reprieve in driving from the door; but when he began to reflect on the manner of his expulsion, the thing was incomprehensible. Lady Harriet, then, rushed upon his mind: he feared—he dared look into futurity—no hope—fate seemed resolved to snatch her from him. He could not bear the conflicting emotion, and hastened home to the solitude of his chamber.

In this situation, he received Mr. Bromley's card, which his valet introduced,—although he had desired to be alone, believing his master would, under any circumstances, gladly receive the visit.

It was most opportune—and Henry

reposed his whole secret with his friend Bromley, whose astonishment was excessive, at the developement of the Marchioness's character. To her, he readily ascribed what had happened; but neither, of them, was able to devise the means, by which Henry's disgrace, at Derry House, had been effected.

Henry was much relieved by the disclosure of his sorrows; and Bromley, with the delicate touches of refined sympathy, lulled them to a temporary repose.

Two or three days passed, without any sort of clue to unravel this mystery, when Henry chanced to meet Lord Sommers at a select dinner party.

Our hero coloured when he saw his Lordship, and turned aside; by which accident, he did not discern the air of triumph with which Lord Sommers saluted him on his entrance.

The wine had made many rounds, after dinner, and the company grew loud with mirth, when Lord Sommers, filling a bumper of Burgundy, exclaimed,

"Here's to the health of Lady Harriet Milton."

Every one, except Henry, drank to the toast—while he, poor fellow, was so lost in the sudden shock given him, by this strange abruptness, that he was forgetful of etiquette.

"You do not drink my toast—Mr. Torrid—but I forgive you. It must be a d—nable thing, to be sure, to love so fine a girl, without return."

"It must, indeed," replied Henry, looking stedfastly at his tormentor.—"Perhaps your Lordship speaks feelingly."

"Yes I do—by G–d!—most feelingly—most sympathetically—always suffer for my friends—was really agonized when the dear creature told me, you became so teazingly particular with her, that she was obliged to close the door upon you.... d—nably mortifying, to be sure."

"Your Lordship indulges your wit,

at the expense of your veracity,"—answered Henry, coolly.

Lord Sommers arose—repeating the word—"Scoundrel"—but the company interfered; and Henry, leaving the room, hastened to Bromley, whom he instantly commissioned to call upon his Lordship.

The arrangement was soon made; and the parties met at ten, next morning, near Chalk Farm; attended by their seconds, and surgeons.

"I have brought both swords and pistols"—said Henry—"your Lordship will please to make your choice; but I must premise, that I am esteemed an able swords-man."

"And I,"—answered the peer—"will be equally candid by informing you, that I can kill eleven pigeons out of twelve, flying from a trap. I think we had better toss up for weapons."

"Let it be pistols,"—said Henry—"I am not accustomed to miss my mark."

They stood at ten paces; and on the dropping of a handkerchief, the parties fired together, and both fell.

Lord Sommers was wounded just above the hip—the ball lodged; and the wound was supposed to be mortal.

Henry was wounded in the right shoulder; whence the ball, traversing

the shoulder blade, rested on his back. They were removed to the adjoining public house, where they were dressed; and then, mutually exchanging forgiveness, they removed on separate litters home.

While the town is busily occupied in canvassing this fatal duel, we return to Mrs. Hamlyn.

On their arrival at Hamburgh, they paused to plan their future destination. Mrs. Hamlyn had merely brought away a portmanteau of clothes, with her jewels, and notes to the amount of between three, and four, hundred pounds. The Viscount's purse was much more slender; but he expected remittances, from his father, which he had directed his

banker to remit him, at Hamburgh. They accordingly resolved on a temporary residence there.

This city, so renowned for commerce, has neither beauty nor convenience to boast. The streets are narrow, filthy, full of canals, and even unsafe for foot passengers; but the suburb is beautifully picturesque. Here, the merchants retire to their villas, from the fatigue of business; and, all that luxury, and wealth can combine, is lavished on these sweet retirements; which cluster, on each side the road, for miles beyond the city; giving to the eye, a continued, yet varied, picture of enchantment.

The affluent, who, in England, have

been accustomed to the convenience of posting, find a sorry contrast the moment they reach a foreign land. Heavy roads—bad cattle—miserable vehicles—dangerous woods—are the reverse of the scene.

Our young travellers, having received the expected remittance of five hundred pounds, began their route; proposing to halt, occasionally, at such of the German courts as claimed their attention; and, lastly, to proceed to Italy.

Having passed, one day, through a wood of considerable intricacy, they were surprised, on returning to an open country, with the figure of a poor mutilated soldier; who sat, on the road side, entreating charity.

"Pour l'amour de Dieu,"—said the poor wretch, who had lost his limbs by a cannon shot, in Flanders—"Pour l'amour de Dieu, ayez pitié de mes malheurs."

The tone of his voice, and the wretchedness of his mangled appearance, excited the interest of the travellers, who stopped to give him relief.

The old soldier blessed them for their humanity, and directed the drivers to turn off to the left of the road, as their side was very marshy. In two moments, crash went the carriage; and the mendicant, seeing the success of his villany, withdrew his concealed arm from beneath his cloak, and applied a

shrill whistle to his mouth, which was answered from underground.

Presently, three persons rushed on the travellers, whom they bound, and conveyed to their subterranean dwelling. They then returned to reconnoitre their booty.

Three young women were in the cave, when the terrified Mrs. Hamlyn—now soi-disant Viscountess Devereux—entered; and to these she addressed herself at the robbers' departure; but they only writhed with horror, assuring her, that she would be kept, as they were, slaves to the brutal appetites of their tyrants; and, that all the men would be murdered. They added, that

they had been, upwards of two years, in the cave; during which time, they had not been permitted to see daylight. That they had, in like manner, been forced from the high road, where the cripple was stationed daily. That a large hole was contrived, with a light latticed covering of twigs concealed with earth, into which passengers were decoyed to drive their carriages; when they were robbed and murdered—Many, they said, were buried in the further end of the cave.

This melancholy tale was scarcely closed, when the terrified party heard approaching footsteps, which they considered a prelude to their immediate death; it is, however, scarcely possible to conceive their joy, when a corporal's

party of hussars entered the cave, with the robbers bound.

This miraculous deliverance, however, produced no other feeling in Mrs. Hamlyn (whom we shall call Lady Devereux) than a rapturous exclamation, expressive of their great good fortune.

The lame robber was tied behind the carriage, and the others were led by cords, at the horses' heels. In this situation the cavalcade, after an hour's march, entered the town of Dolle, a pleasant village, bordering on an extensive oak-wood.

The peasantry, here, are more intelligent than elsewhere, in Germany. They dress well, and express themselves

with a certain degree of elegance, frankness, and simplicity, that makes them very amiable.

While awaiting their dinner, Lord and Lady Devereux strolled out; and, at a short distance from the house, encountered a remarkably neat looking girl, busied in pouring water on some linen she was bleaching. Her face was skreened, from above her forehead, by a large projecting shade made of buckram: she wore mittens, which, towards the extremities, discovered a beautifully white hand and arm.

The Viscountess accosted her—and, when she raised her head to reply, they beheld one of the most interesting coun-

tenances possible. Her manners were neither embarrassed nor bold.

"Are you the daughter of our landlord?"—asked her Ladyship.

With an expressive glance, and stifled sigh, she pointed to a wretched hovel, hard by, and said, that was her home.

Returning to the inn, her Ladyship made some enquiry about this lovely girl, who, she found, was the only child of a helpless widow, whom she supported by her manual labour.

The landlady told the story simply—but the appeal was expressive—The Viscountess did not dishonour our national reputation.

Towards night-fall, the whole party entered Stendal; a very dull, though tolerably large, city. It is the capital of the Old Mark. Here the prisoners were lodged in confinement, and the travellers detained, a few days, to be present at their trial.

On examination, it appeared, that the lame beggar, had, in his youth, been broken alive on the wheel at Orleans, for a highway robbery; and that, not having any friend to claim his body, it was, at the close of his punishment, delivered over to a surgeon, who ordered it to be carried to his anatomical theatre. The thighs, legs, and arms, of the poor wretch were, severally, broken by the executioner; yet, on the surgeon com-

ing to examine the body, he found symptoms of remaining life; which, by the aid of proper cordials, he succeeded in strengthening; till, at length, the use of speech crowned his benevolent exertions.

The humane surgeon, moved by the solicitations of the robber, determined to attempt his cure; but he was so mangled, that both his thighs, and one of his arms were, necessarily, amputated.

Notwithstanding these operations—loss of blood—and previous suffering—he recovered; when the surgeon, at his own request, had him conveyed, in a cart, many leagues from Orleans;

where, he said, he proposed gaining his livelihood, by begging in the character of a disabled soldier.

From thence, he was moved by his old accomplices—whom he rejoined—to the place already mentioned; where he solicited charity, his deplorable condition exciting the compassion of all who passed. When single travellers threw him money, it was his custom to exclaim, in a piteous tone,

"Alas! I cannot reach it—You see, benevolent stranger, that I have neither legs, nor arms, so—for the sake of Heaven—put your alms in my pouch, and God will bless you."

The person, thus invoked would

generally approach the monster; who, —while the hand of humanity was directed to his pocket—inhumanly felled the unfortunate dupe with a short iron bar, concealed, with his remaining arm, beneath his mantle. He then blew his shrill whistle, and his associates, from the cave, hurried to his assistance.

The entrance, to this cave, was artfully concealed, by clumps of dwarf shrubs, and matted brambles. The access was extremely difficult to those unacquainted with it; but the interior well repaid their trouble. The descent was by a kind of hole, resembling the fissure of a huge rock, caused by an earthquake. The cave consisted of various apartments, supported by natural columns of spar, dazzlingly white, and perfectly

transparent—a profusion of mineral icicles hung from the roof and sides, like so many brilliant tapers, and gave an air of enchantment to the scene.—It was, however, destroyed by order of government, on account of the many horrid murders that had been committed there—the mouldering bones being previously collected, and removed to consecrated ground.

The murdering mendicant was, afterwards, sentenced to suffer a second execution on the wheel; and as one arm only remained, it was broken in several places, by the executioner; and the coup de grace being denied, the lacerated wretch lived, in torture, five days. When dead, his body was burned into

ashes, and strewed to the winds. His accomplices suffered a similar fate.

While detained at Stendal, Lord and Lady Devereux amused themselves in exploring the city, and its suburbs.

The rural architecture of these parts, is novel, pleasing, and differing, materially, from that of the southern parts of Germany. The cottages have a lightness, and taste, in their construction, that pleases the eye, and conveys an idea of neatness and economy.

Their farm houses are, in general, small; and for this good reason. The farmer does not build apartments for servants he cannot keep; or barns more spacious than his crops demand.

The scene, however, changes beyond Stendal, most strikingly.—The houses are spacious, with prodigious gateways; through which, you enter a very broad passage, or entrance hall. The right, and left, are partitioned off for cattle; which, consequently, live beneath the same roof with the human beings to whom they belong. At the extremity of this passage, hall, or whatever else it may be called, there is a large fire place, without any chimney: so that, the whole interior is, constantly, filled with smoke.

From the roof—which is covered in with shingles—pieces of meat are suspended; and smoked like Westphalian hams. Beyond the fire place, are dwelling rooms furnished with stoves, so

contrived, that they borrow smoke from the principal fire place, which they diffuse throughout the back parts of the premises.

These two distinct modes of building, which may be called, "the *Dutch* and *Westphalian*," prevail among the rustics; but the German courts are, mostly, very gay; and the palaces, of the reigning princes, truly magnificent: their churches are, also, very fine pieces of architecture; and those who have a passion for the gothic, will be, particularly gratified in travelling through Germany; as will, the virtuosi, generally speaking.

The rank of our travellers, as English noblesse, gave them an entrée to every court at which they chose to be pre-

sented, on their tour; but I must detain the reader at ——, while I relate a circumstance, which, at that time, made a great noise on the spot; and may, hereafter, agitate the different cabinets of Europe.

The reigning Duke was of a mild, amiable, domestic character, incapable of ill; but too supine, as well as too little qualified, by nature, for the duties of royalty. The government was, wholly, committed to the management of crafty ministers; who were staunch *patriots*, when *out* of place, and were staunch *sinners*, when *in* place.

The Heir-Apparent—gay, thoughtless, confiding, munificent—became involved in embarrassments, so compound-

ed, that it was difficult to decide, whether a boyish profusion—a generous weakness—or a princely magnificence most characterised the *Man*. The *Prince*, however, was the dupe. He, therefore, gave up the establishments attached to his birthright, and lived as a private gentleman, that the surplus of his revenue might be applied in liquidation of his debts.

In this situation, it was proposed, by the government, to pay his debts—conditionally—that he married the daughter of a neighbouring German potentate. To *honour*, the Prince sacrificed *inclination*—and the inauspicious marriage was solemnised.

A daughter was the issue, and a sepa-

ration the consequence, of this ill-concerted union. The Princess retired to a beautiful park, belonging to the Duke, her father-in-law; where, she ornamented a lodge, with infinite taste and splendour; and thither, almost wholly, secluded herself.

The Princess was young and beautiful—Every German bosom *felt* for her situation—every German bosom reviled the Prince.

It happened, just at the period of Lord Devereux's arrival at ——, that the Prince was, suddenly, taken off with spasms in his stomach.

The consternation, in the city, was great—but while commissioners were

debating on the necessary arrangements to be made, relative to the infant Princess; her mother appeared at their tribunal, leading a boy of three years old, whom she presented, as HER SON, and righful heir to the dukedom.

A court of enquiry was immediately instituted, when the following leading features of the case were made public.

Her Highness had been known, at various times since her seclusion, to visit an Italian artist, named Zucharelli, then residing in the city of ——, under pretence of sitting for her picture; at which times, it was her practice to send away her carriage, and attendants, on various plausible pretexts; and it was proved, by another artist, that once, in

particular, when her Highness had been closeted, three hours, with the Signor, that he had the curiosity to revisit the picture—which he had noticed in the morning—and discovered, that not one *stroke of the pencil* had been added thereto.

It was established, on proof, that her Highness had ordered a covered way to be built, with sky-lights, in communication between her bed-room and the park. Of this privacy, no servant had, ever, been permitted to have the key.

Among her Highness's household, was the lady of Baron Wurtzburg, who resided on a sinecure in the park; from which circumstance an intimacy had been contracted, between the Princess

and themselves, and her Highness treated them with much distinction.

It happened, that a Swedish admiral, who had served, with honour in the Baltic, was then on a visit with his friend the Baron; and domesticated in her family at the park: And it was proved, by the servants, that soon after the admiral's residence in the family, he was noticed, sometimes by one, and sometimes by another, of them, to leave the house when he supposed the whole family retired: on which occasions, he muffled up in his cloak and tucked his sword under his arm.—He, then, took his way across the park, in a direction with the residence of her Highness.

One day the Baron received an ano-

nymous letter, couched in terms of extreme indelicacy and equal depravity, exposing to him, that his friend, Admiral Smitzsid—who was young, gay, and handsome—carried on an intrigue with his wife.

The Baron, confident in the Admiral's honor, went immediately to his room; and presenting the superscription, demanded if he knew that hand.

"Perfectly," said the Admiral—"it is the Princess's."

"And the seal?"

"Is, also, the Princess's—I had it in my hand yesterday."

"Then read the letter."

The Admiral was horror struck.

"Behold,"—said the Baron emphatically—"the extent, and wickedness, of which the infernal writer of this letter is capable. For motives of vengeance—somehow provoked—this fiend of hell, knowing that we have bled together, and, in points of honour, are irritable almost to a fault, has endeavoured, by an artifice degrading to human nature, to force us to cut each others' throats."

"It *must* be probed,"—said the Admiral.

"It *shall* be probed, my friend; and, if I detect the author—woe be to her!"

He did *probe* her Highness; who, it seems, had made use of every effort to realise the guilt she feigned, by contriving meetings, between the Admiral and the Baroness, at her own house; when, she would find occasion to leave them together; having, previously, rallied each, with the partiality of the other. These interviews were not, it is true, noticed at the time, the purity of the parties forbidding suspicion.

The following items, on the examination of Baroness Wurtzburg, are too remarkable to be confounded in the general detail.

Q.—You are, I believe, Madam, employed immediately about the person of her Highness?

A.—I have been, Sir: but, latterly, her Highness has declined my services.

Q.—Were you treated with kindness, familiarity, and confidence, in your situation?

A.—With kindness and familiarity, certainly: but, with *partial* confidence.

Q.—You have, frequently, seen a boy, named Gulielm, who is a favourite with the Princess?

A.—For nearly three years, almost daily.

Q.—What is the supposed birth of that child?

A.—I have been always told, by her Highness, that he was the issue of poor

parents, whom she protected from motives of humanity.

Q.—Did you ever see those parents, or hear of their enquiry after the boy?

A.—Never.

Q.—What has been the usual tenor of the Princess's conduct towards this *adopted* child?

A.—I have, frequently, seen her Highness perform the most menial offices, of a nurse, towards him; and that, with a peculiarity of satisfaction, uncommon, even, with mothers.

Q.—You must be explicit, Madam—What offices do you mean?

A.—I have seen her Highness clout the infant.

Q.—And have you ever observed any abatement of this *extraordinary* fondness, as the boy grew up?

A.—On the contrary. I have often seen her Highness roll, with him, on the carpet—kiss him rapturously—and assure him, he would, ONE DAY, make a great noise at Court.

Q.—Had you any suspicion of the truth relative to this boy's birth?

A.—I dared not dream of *such* suspicion.

Q.—But, now, that her Highness avows this boy to be her son, have you any reason to conclude, that he really was the issue of his late Highness, by—as her Highness describes—a *fortuitous* connexion, one evening, when her

Highness was detained in town, and slept at the Prince's palace—or how otherwise?

A.—I never heard her Highness intimate any thing, that could induce me to form such a conjecture.

Q.—Who were the most frequent, among the male visitors, admitted to her Highness's private parties?

A.—Captain Bymanns—Captain Kinswhatz—the Signor Zucharelli—and Admiral Smitzsid.

Q.—Do you mean to say, the persons you have named, were on any particular footing, of intimacy, with her Highness?

A.—I do.—She has often entertained them, *individually*, and *alone*.

Q.—Did you ever hear, that one evening, the —— day of ——, her Highness was, in the eating parlour, with the Signor Zucharelli, at her Lodge in the park; and, that when the servants went up stairs, to prepare for supper, they found the door locked?

A.—I did—It was loudly whispered in the family.

Q.—Did you ever witness any impropriety of conduct, in her Highness, towards Admiral Smitzsid?

A.—I do not know what may be, *exactly*, deemed *impropriety*; but I have witnessed great *familiarity*.

Q.—Be pleased to describe of what nature.

A.—I have seen her Highness adjust

the bow of the Admiral's cravat, and pat his cheek. I have, also, frequently seen her *kiss him*, when taking leave, in the carriage.

Q.—Was her Highness in the habit of dismissing her attendants from the etiquette of their offices?

A.—Only, on certain occasions; but it was her boast, that her ladies, in waiting, had eyes that *would* not see; and ears, that *would* not hear. She, also, was in the habit of saying, she *hated* women, and *loved* men—and notwithstanding she passed, in the different foreign courts, for *one petite sainte*—she knew *how* to amuse herself as well as her husband did.

Q.—Is there any private communica-

tion from the Princess's sleeping room to the park; and, may persons, entrusted with the key, enter and depart without fear of discovery, from the other inhabitants of the Lodge?

A.—Certainly—under cover of the night, any one may enter, and retire, free from discovery.

The tide of popularity, now, ran strongly against the Princess—the claim she asserted in favor of a son—who had no other claim, to inheritance, than that of his being born *while she was a wife*—seemed to portend civil discords to the state; and, filled every mind with alarm, as to the fatal issue, at the death of the reigning Duke; when, it was not improbable, that his second son, taking advantage of the doubtful

inheritance, *might* assert *his* claims, and maintain them with his sword.

While this important question was in debate—substantiated, on the part of her Highness, by the medical aid which had delivered her; and resting on proof of her having, really, passed a night with the late Prince—the Viscount and his lady pursued their route to the Alps; over which, they purposed passing to Italy.

The Alps, which divide Italy from France and Germany, are supposed to be the highest chain of mountains in Europe. To the northward, they separate Piedmont and Savoy from the adjacent countries; whence, in an easterly direction, they form a boundary, be-

tween Switzerland and Italy, and terminate, near the Adriatic, north east of Venice; to which latter capital, our travellers directed their course, to be present at the approaching Carnival.

In their passage across the Alps, Nature presented to them those stupendous wonders of creation, which fill reflecting minds with an awful contemplation of divine Omnipotence; but which only impressed the Viscountess, with the beautiful arrangements, and exquisite fancy, of Chance.

From many parts of this extensive range, the prospect is superbly romantic. At the Grand Chartreuse, is a monastery, said to have been founded in the year 1084, which communicates

with the village of Echoles, below, by a narrow winding path; skirted, on one side, with umbrageous woods of pine; and, on the other, by a terrific precipice; at the bottom of which, a torrent rolls over large masses of rock, and, occasionally, precipitates down abrupt descents with an appalling thunder; still rendered more tremendous, by a deep-toned echo from the neighbouring mountains.

This rude scenery, together with the singular views, made by craigs and cliffs, and the numerous cascades which tumble, from the very summit of the eminence, into the bosom of the rich vale beneath, concur to form one of the most solemn, and interesting scenes, in nature.

Like the mountains of Switzerland, already described, they are snow-topped; and abound in Glaciers; one, of which,—called the Valley of Ice—sometimes forms an extent of nearly twenty miles, bounded by a circular glacier of pure unbroken snow, and surrounded by large conical rocks, terminating in sharp points, like towers of an ancient fortification.—To the right, rises a range of magnificent peaks; and, far above the rest, the magnificent MONT-BLANC appears of such immense magnitude, that, at his presence, circumjacent mountains, however gigantic, seem to shrink, and hide their diminished heads.

The manner of crossing the Alps is, in some instances, extremely curious.

At Mount Cennis, the guides—who run up steep acclivities with the activity of the native chamois,—will carry a person directly up a mountain, whose height is a day's journey, without panting, or resting; and, on the plain above, proceed with equally amazing dispatch. Then, having refitted the chairs, which is done in a few minutes, they carry the company over the worst part of the way, for two hours together, making, only, four pauses; and, those, very short ones.

Such is the effect of custom, and of simple diet, which produce extreme longevity among them; it being, by no means uncommon, for those personages to live beyond their hundredth year. Their usual food is milk; and

they are, seldom, known to taste wine. To secure their footing, their shoes are made without heels, and the soles are rubbed with wax and rosin. The chairs, on which they carry travellers, are armed—with low backs; and, instead of feet, have a swinging sort of foot-board. The seat, which is made of bark, and ropes, twisted together, is fastened to two poles, and carried, like a sedan, with broad leathern belts.

In winter, the plain, on the top of Mount Cennis, being always covered with snow, travellers pass on sledges drawn by mules—the descent, on the other side, is performed in chairs; but the descent, from Mount Cennis to Laneburg, is most curious.

On the edge of the declivity is a house, where the traveller is accommodated with a sledge. Himself, and guide, take their seats; and, when the sledge is pushed off, they travel with a rapidity that almost deprives them of breath—the distance of three miles, being usually performed in seven or eight minutes. The guide sits forward, steering with a stick: he, also has, on each side of him, an iron chain, which he occasionally drops, like an anchor, either to slacken, or stop, the course of the sledge.

On this terrrific journey, the heart will, frequently, almost shrink within itself, at the continual roaring of the torrents, from fissures in the rocks; whence, they precipate with foaming

fury; and these sounds are reverberated, in so many different directions, by such astonishingly-loud echoes, that the simple firing of a pistol, runs round the rocks, like peals of reiterated thunder.

How beautiful the contrast, when the traveller finds himself embosomed in the beautiful plains of Italy, avowedly, the most delicious spot in Europe!

Enriched, by the liberal hand of Nature, with fertile fields, and laughing plains, agreeably interspersed with verdant hillocks, abundant mines, navigable rivers, and seas pouring in the riches of commerce — Italy presents a scene, rare and sublime—superior to all the world—of which it may be called the garden.

Arrived at Venice, the Viscountess found the situation delightful beyond her most romantic fancy. Clustered islands, adorned with magnificent palazzos, are divided by a sea perpetually covered with gilded gondolas, rowing up and down the stream to the softest music, executed with the ability peculiar to the Italians.

The grandeur of their churches—the magnificence of the single-arched Rialto, built wholly of marble—compassing ninety-five feet in length, and twenty-four in height—the splendid spectacle of St. Mark's Place, covered, in the evening, with masks of all descriptions; some, remarkable for the richness of their costume—others, for their buffoonery—all, for their gallantry.

It was a scene to lead, astray, the senses—and Lady Devereux, retiring after the first evening's round of enchantment, threw herself on the bosom of her Lord, murmuring in tones of voluptuous languor.....

"Oh, my adored Devereux!—Surely I have never lived till now."

The customs, and manners, of these people, were exactly suited to her taste. Pleasure their God—libertinism their pursuit—and variety their motto.

The French feeling, called "*ennui*," —and the English feeling, called "*vapours*—are, altogether, unknown here. To prevent the existence of this painful sentiment, the Italian sets the world of invention into commotion.

Every evening resembles a public festival; at which, love—and that not *too* refined,—constantly presides. The senses speak to the senses, and are soon understood: depravity is concealed beneath a mask; and intrigue is so common, that it ceases to be intrigue.

Religion, by its absolutions, throws a veil over the past; and, by its promises, gives a favorable colouring to the future. The temperature of their religion, is as mild as the temperature of their sky; and a regular attendance on their sacred theatrical exhibitions, is considered an ablution of every crime. Their tenets are, at once, blind and commodious.

Love, here, is a common topic of

conversation—as much so as rain and fair weather is with us. Mothers talk of it before their daughters—One will say: "My daughter does not eat; or my daughter does not sleep—she has a fit of love—" as if she were telling you, her daughter had a fit of the ague.

Their language is as *warm* as their climate; and, when you are allowed to say *some* things, to a woman, you may, safely, proceed to say *every* thing.

Among the reigning fashionables, at Venice, the Marchesa de Fiorini stood pre-eminent. Nature had given her beauty to astonish, and to enslave; while Art, had taught her to preserve the admiration she excited.

Lady Devereux formed an acquaintance, with this divinity, on the piazza of St. Marc; who, with graceful freedom, invited the strangers to her gondola; and, thence, to pass the night at her palazzo.

Arriving at the marble stairs of a magnificent building, the rowers stopped.

"Your Ladyship must have a cecisbeo,"—said the Marchesa, presenting an elegant cavalier, finely formed, of a clear olive complexion, and full, penetrating, black eyes—"and I enlist your Lord"—

The arrangement was soon made; and the ladies, giving their hands to

their cecisbeos, followed in pairs to the palazzo.

It was a grand, spacious, mansion, magnificently illuminated; and the variegated lamps united with draperies of entwined flowers.

A noble suite of apartments was thrown open, for the company; reflecting, the brilliant groupes that crouded them, in every direction, from immense Venetian mirrors. The avenues were hung with crimson silk curtains, festooned into arcades, with flowing draperies, and corresponding sofas.

The grand saloon was circular, with a splendid dome: a continued orchestra, supported by light Corinthian pil-

lars, wound round the room : the music was ravishingly sweet.

At the opposite side, the building opened on a terrace, exhaling innumerable sweets ; and, blending the odoriferous shrub, with the lime tree and the citron.

Beneath an awning of green silk fringed with gold, a flight of steps led down the slope of an enamelled parterre, that gave a fragrance to the passing breeze.

Here temporary pavillions, blazing with lights from gilt chandeliers, invited parties to cards, dice, or conversazione. Around them, the vine clustered—mingling with the scarlet pom-

granates—the richly-glowing orange—and the snowy-blossomed myrtle.

A cesisbeo has been, usually, represented by travellers, to be a gallant. No opinion can be more erroneous. The cecisbeo, in Italy, is an absolute appendage to rank; and, when a young, and beautiful, girl marries, this post of honour is eagerly contended for, by the most accomplished cavaliers of the city.

It is his duty to assist his lady at her toilet, which he attends, daily, for orders: to present her with flowers, confitures, and fruit. He follows her to church—to the opera—to parties. He is stationed at her elbow, to assort her cards—admire her wit—praise her beau-

ty. He is, in short, a confidential friend, chosen by the husband, as the guardian of the wife's honour—How far they, *strictly*, adhere to these prescribed rules, I do not pretend to determine.

Lady Devereux felt herself surrounded by enchantment; and the pleasure, from within, gave brilliancy to her features. The Donna Inglesa was the admiration of the men, and the envy of the women.

The Conti led her Ladyship, about, in triumph: his attentions were insinuating—his manners graceful: and, when he gazed upon her, admiration sparkled from his fine eyes, communicating with the gratified vanity of his lovely charge.

"What a charming opera!—What company!—What lights!—What splendor!—What execution!"

These, were the involuntary exclamations of the enchanted Viscountess, on entering this superb spectacle. Here fashion permits jalousies to close the box from public observation: visits are paid, from one box to another: conversaziones are held: cards are played—but, when the ballet begins, every box is thrown open: all are eager spectators of the dance; and, then, the brilliancy of the coup d'œil exceeds description.

Carried away by this whirlpool of delight, the Viscountess did not, at first, perceive, that she scarcely ever saw the

Viscount, whose attentions were as much engrossed by the beautiful Marchesa, as her own had been by the agreeable Conti.

A gleam of jealousy flashed across her mind. She rallied the Viscount, half smilingly—half seriously: he circled her waist, with the pressure of tenderness—fastened on her delicious lips—passion thrilled through her veins, and the pangs of jealousy subsided in the gasping emotions of requited love.

Mean time, their purse tapered; and the Viscount's father, offended at his conduct, had refused him the least further assistance. Recourse was had to the Viscountess's jewels. Losses, at play, augmented their wants; and the

splendid baubles supplied them, till the casket could afford no more relief.

In this dilemma, the Marchesa freely offered her purse to the Viscount; which he accepted, on a plea, that his remittances were by some accident retarded.

A clouded atmosphere, now, began to shade their, hitherto, so brilliant prospects: reflexion invaded the bosom of the giddy Viscountess: an oppression of spirits followed; which the constant Conti sought, by every elegant artifice, to remove. His attentions became more pointed—a degree of freedom, foreign to his former conduct, struck, and offended, the Viscountess; who, proudly claimed the privileges of virtue, not-

withstanding she had forfeited her pretensions.

"What could this mean?"——At length, the Conti became explicit in his wishes.... The Viscountess fired with indignation.

"Have you *no fears*, Conti, *for yourself*, in thus presuming to address the wife of an English nobleman?"

The Conti fell at her feet, kissed them, and replied, only, in a sigh.

"Retire Conti,"—rising indignantly —"I will inform my Lord of this daring intrusion."

"He is unworthy to possess your beauty, Lady."

"How, Sir!—unworthy?"

"Yes—unworthy. I am here by his consent."

"'Tis false—by Heaven! You shall repent this, Conti."

"And, by that Heaven you invoke, I swear, he revels, at this moment, in the wanton arms of the Marchesa, on whom he doats,—Nay, start not—to distraction, doats."

"Villain!.... no more."

"My fortune, Lady, is princely—I

I will throw it all into your lap—I will be your slave—the dependant on your bounty—only bless me with returning love. Confirm the title I, *already*, possess in you—add *your* seal to the bond—I have *bought* you from the Viscount."

"Convince me, and I *will* ratify the bargain."

With this requisition, the Conti, eagerly, complied: and the Viscountess, listening with frenzy to the tale, arose abruptly—

"Here is my hand, Conti—the pledge of my honour. Let your gondola approach my palazzo at midnight; I will give you entrance—You shall be happy."

When the Conti left her, she paced the room in agony.... bursting, at intervals, into soliloquy.

"Yes!—yes!—yes!—it shall be so——Sold, am I?——'Tis well——And bought too?—Bravo!—The wretches!——ha!..ha!..ha!.... to think, so lightly of my mind, as to suppose *I ever* could forgive the monster who would *sell* me—or the monster who would *buy* my love.

"Oh, vengeance!.... vengeance!.. vengeance!.... sweeter far, to the fevered soul of the injured, than water to the parched lip of the desart wanderer!

"Let sweetly-smiling hypocrites talk

of humanity, that never, in *cold blood*, seeks retribution beyond the very letter of offence..... What mockery of prerogative!

"An act of vengeance is an act of justice. It holds up terrors to the guilty, and contributes to the safety of honest, inoffensive, people: and when the law provides no redress for injury —when the overboiling soul can, only, quench the devouring flame, so kindled, by revenge—who is there dastardly enough to hesitate?

"Not me!.... My principles revolt against forgiveness.... the Conti shall be blessed to-night—but to-morrow....

"Who knows, what to-morrow will produce?"

The midnight hour advanced; and the soft splashing of the muffled oars announced the Conti—The Viscountess received him with a smile—led him to her couch—folded him with the pressure of triumph: he sank, securely, on the bosom of rapture; but ere the morning dawned, the Conti took his leave; and as he ascended the steps of his palazzo, the arm of a hired bravo lodged a dagger in his heart, still reeking with the warm blood of the murdered Devereux, previously assassinated, in his retreat from the Marchesa's chamber.

We return to Park-Lane.

Every body remembers the story of the Three Black Crows; and Fame, with equal rapidity, embellished the

story of the duel. Both were said to have been shot, dead, on the spot.

The suddenness of this alarm produced some compunction in the mind of the Marchioness; but Henry had been *guilty* of a crime, towards her, *never* to be forgiven by a woman; and whatever of pang she might feel, as being the instrument of this calamity, was relieved, in the demon joy, that Harriet never could possess him.

But what was the scene exhibited at the Abbey on this occasion?

Mrs. Russell had been sent off, with the Ladies Lucy and Harriet, immediately after their altercation with the Marchioness, charged to restrain their per-

sons, till their minds bowed obedience to the sovereign command of parental tyranny; but Mrs. Russell, formed with the softest emotions of benevolence, blended with unaffected love for her amiable pupils—studied, only, how to soothe them.

In the first instance, indeed, they scarcely needed consolation. The heart of Lady Lucy beat, proudly, for her injured sister—the heart of the milder Lady Harriet was tranquil in persecution. She felt, that she loved, and was beloved—she also felt, no *human* power should compel her to falsify her vows; though a father's power *might* prevent their consummation.

Hard was the task imposed on sensi-

bility, when Mrs. Russell, to prevent a ruder messenger, approached their room to break the fatal tidings.

"Dear Mrs. Russell"—"Dear Mrs. Russell"—cried the lovely sisters, each taking a hand.

"I rejoice, my loves, to see you smile, and in spirits—such are the effects of an unupbraiding conscience; but, when the sufferer is neither directed, nor consoled, by religion—heavy, indeed, must be the burthen of misfortune!"

"Why don't you smile, too?"—asked Lady Lucy—"You applaud our gaiety with your lips; yet condemn it with the cloud upon your brow."

"We are all the children of sorrow, my dear Lady Lucy—we are exposed to trials, that we may ascertain our own strength—the heart is weakened by affliction; but the feeble must persevere in resignation, and support the conflict however arduous."

"Your words are mysterious—your manner prophetic—Speak, dear Mrs. Russell, by what new evil are we to be assailed?"

"You must teach fortitude to your sister, my love..... I have ill tidings to communicate."

"But do not kill us with suspence."

"A duel....."

"A duel!"—shrieked Lady Harriet, and sank from her chair, on the carpet, in hysterics.

Her sufferings were long and repeated—her agonized sister wept over her, on one side—the symyathising Mrs. Russell on the other.

At length, opening her dimned eyes, she cast them fearfully around her—returning lustre gave them a maddening wildness.... She said,

"Well, tell me all.... Henry is dead—Is it not so?—Yes!—You *cannot* answer me.—Killed by *my* father?"

"It is the duty of a Christian, my beloved Lady Harriet, to bear, without

out repining, the decrees of the Almighty."

"Yet, say that Henry lives.... tell me that he is wounded—suffering—agonised—any thing but dead.....

"Dead! how awful is the contemplation!.... even, under the happiest circumstances; when the fleeting soul—pondering on divine mercy—takes its peaceful flight to regions of everlasting bliss.....

"But—murder!—Oh hide me from the horrid spectre, that flits before my bewildered eyes! Remove the tremendous load that crushes my fevered brain."....

"Heavenly father,"—exclaimed the terrified Lady Lucy—"how my poor sister raves!"

"Be calm—my best love—mild and lenient measures, only, can restore your sister."

"Let the Marquis be sent for,"—said Lady Lucy, rising—"that he may view his own work."

"I must chide you, Lady Lucy: your father—though unkind—is still your father. He has an unalienable claim upon your duty."

"My reason acknowledges the right; but my heart revolts at the claim: I could be any thing, to a parent who loved

me; one, to whom I could open my whole heart with freedom—one, with whom I could be grave, or gay, without fear of being misconstrued—one, who would preserve me from error, and assure me in rectitude—support me in the hour of weakness—not by oppression, but by conviction."

"The Marchioness loves you both—Lady Lucy."

"*Did* love us both—my good Mrs. Russell."

A flood of tears now came to the relief of Lady Harriet, who found herself more composed; Mrs. Russell assuring her, that the Marquis was wholly unconcerned in the affair, which

report *might* have made worse than it really was.

A brightened ray of hope illumined the eye of Lady Harriet, at this feeble prospect; and gave celestial benignity to her countenance: but Mrs. Russell would not encourage the delusion: on the contrary, she besought her to remember, that female strength was founded in passive virtue; and, that when we cannot *act* as we *would*, we must learn to *bear* as we *ought*.

Repairing to Charles-Street, we shall find confusion, and terror, the inmates of that splendid dwelling.

Mr. Melmoth had, lately, been often closeted with a leading member of ad-

ministration—high in office—of singular popularity—and universal benevolence. Mr. Melmoth was in the zenith of his glory: he was made a partaker of cabinet secrets, which were, politically, withheld from parliamentary enquiry, as premature—but to Mr. Melmoth—who thought nothing a crime that led to ministerial confidence—before whom Paradise seemed to open with every important discovery—these secrets were considered an act of prudence—Mr. Melmoth knew how to buy, and sell, stock; and while his noble employer filled his coffers, the inflated agent gratified his darling ambition.

In an evil moment, however, rumor cried aloud—enquiry commenced—detection followed.

Thus, one little moment wholly oversets the superficial edifice, which man, in the pride and exultation of his heart, erects upon the tottering basis of ambition!

Gasping beneath the stupendous ruin which seemed to await nothing but the signal to crush him, Mr. Melmoth's terrors were still augmented by the news of Henry's accident. He hastened, however, to his nephew's assistance—supported him, under the painful operation; saw the ball extracted from the blade of the left shoulder; and heard, with all the satisfaction he *could* feel, that the wound, though likely to be tedious, and painful in the extreme, was without danger, if fever were kept away.

The surgeon's predictions were verified. Henry's agonies were, indeed, acute. His uncle occupied one side of his pillow, and his friend Bromley the other; and, thus consoled, he bore his bodily pains; but Henry had others, of a nature, not to be calmed: he entreated Bromley to acquaint his uncle with the particulars of his love—made public by this rencontre—and to claim his good offices with his son-in-law the Marquis; but his Lordship, irritated by existing circumstances—trembling for the life of Lord Sommers—foiled in his favourite project, increased by the illness of his daughter—felt his innate pride grow into brutality—and he, morosely, forbade the disgraced courtier his house.

In the mean time, Lord Sommers was considered to be still in danger, and Bow-street officers were stationed over the suffering Henry; who made daily obliging inquiries after his adversary; the civility, however, was always answered with sullen politeness.

Lady Harriet continued extremely ill at the Abbey. Advice was sent, daily, from London; but neither the Marquis nor Marchioness, thought proper to visit her in person.

Terror, in the first instance, had so powerfully invaded her feelings, that the certainty she now received, constantly, from Mrs. Russell, that both the combatants were in a fair way of recovery, was insufficient to renerve her

system, and debility confined her to her room.

While these different scenes were passing, the Marchioness was assailed by rival emotions. Compunction would, sometimes, seize upon her heart strings, and tremble through her frame. Then pride, conjuring up the fiends of vengeance, jealousy, and retribution, would expel the milder occupant of her bosom, and revel in the fulness of malignity and discord.

The contest was insupportable—dissimulation was invoked, in vain, to give a playful smile to every feature—the beautiful Marchioness ceased to personify the Circean sorceress.

How these contentions of the soul might have directed her, is not easily determined; but an event happened, which, from its suddenness perhaps, more than any other circumstance, contributed to the restoration of her faculties.

Captain Newby—now a lieutenant-colonel—returned from the continent: his front was embrowned with service—a large scar, on his forehead, gave interest to his manly beauty—and the lounging hero of St. James's-Street and Pall-Mall was converted into a laurelled warrior, who eagerly sought to dedicate his honors to the lovely Marchioness.

The moment was propitious to his

claims: there is a power in constancy no female bosom can resist: the Colonel poured out his soul at the feet of his fair mistress—she listened—and was subdued!

In the perturbed state of the Marquis's mind, this return was most welcome. He appeared more fond, than ever, of his friend. They visited the wounded Sommers, who was reduced to a skeleton, from bodily agony. The ball was unextricated—its situation made the experiment unsafe—patience was the only alternative.

At these visits, the Marquis, constantly, assured his Lordship of his unalterable attachment; and, that the hand of Lady Harriet should repay his sufferings.

He d—d the whole house of Melmoth —deprecated his own mad folly in uniting himself with such b—d plebeian blood, and heartily called down curses on their heads.

Lord Sommers, little charmed by these prospects, or consoled by his friend's inveteracy, muttered to himself —" A plague on both their houses."

Thus occupied, the summer advanced; and neither the Marquis nor Marchioness deigned to visit the Abbey; where the Ladies Lucy and Harriet were doomed to seclusion: of the latter, when leaning on her sister's arm, across the lawn, it might have been said —

THE LILY.

Oft, wand'ring in the mossy dale,
I've seen the lily of the vale,
—Unconscious of its doom—
To ev'ry piercing wind that blows,
To pearly dews, and chilling snows,
Expand its beauteous bloom.

But ere the noontide hour appears,
The icy shower dissolv'd in tears,
Hangs on the lovely flower;
Like many hapless victims born,
It droops beneath the leafless thorn,
The victim of an hour.

No immediate intercourse existed between the lovers; but Mrs. Russell had ventured, so far to infringe on duty, as to write frequent inquiries after Mr. Torrid's health; and the answers re-

ceived were eagerly cherished in the palpitating bosom of his lovely mistress.

The following little effusions, since borrowed from their respective portfolios, will describe them, much more eloquently than myself.

Lady Harriet. . . . . .

Come, tender thoughts, in twilight's pensive shade!
Come, tender thoughts, and wean my soul from woe!
Sweet are the tears by fond affection paid,
And more refreshing than the autumn's dew!

Come, Memory! and tenderly revive—
When joy was young, and careless fancy smil'd;
When hope, with promises, my heart beguil'd,
And love and happiness were first alive.

Why are ye fled....dear moments of delight?
*Futurity* can ne'er the past restore!
And thou—O best beloved!—to *me*, no more—
Except in fancy, e'er will bless my sight.

All that is left for agony to claim—
Are melancholy dreams, and leisure to complain.

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Henry.....

The captive doom'd to tug the oar,
Supports his lot with pain:
Alas!—*his* fate, how more severe,
Who loves—but loves in vain!

For, still, the captive's anguish'd thoughts
Fair Fancy oft beguiles,
And what young Fancy fondly paints,
Sweet Hope bedecks with smiles.

But, to *my* ardent, faithful love,
E'en Hope denies relief:
And Fancy yields her magic pow'rs,
To tears—despair—and grief.

May was smiling in all its bloom, and Lieutenant Hamlyn—who had been ordered to await the sailing of the next fleet for India—was straying very early in the morning, along the, then, solitary banks of the Serpentine River, with his little William; who gambolled, playfully, by his side—when his attention was suddenly arrested, by the distant appearance of a female maniac—as he supposed—whose deranged dress, and impressively melancholy air, filled him with the tenderest commiseration.

Leaving William under a tree, he hastened, unperceived, to gain upon her steps; which moved, slowly, along the banks; but a convulsive start, that every now and then directed her eyes

wildly towards the dangerous stream, inspired him with alarm.

" Father of mercies!"—exclaimed Hamlyn, mentally—" save and protect this child of misery!—If seduced, by villainy, to tread the flowery path of vice, oh, relead her into that of virtue! Fortify her mind with repentance, and let an expiatory hereafter atone the guilty past!"

Hamlyn, at this moment, was near enough to hear the unhappy wanderer, who burst into soliloquy.

" Without hope in this world—shuddering with *fear* of a dread hereafter—goaded by poverty—impelled by dis-

ease—tortured by murder—unworthy all forgiveness.... Oh, whither—whither—shall I seek relief?

"Yes!—it must be so—One other crime added to the black catalogue—and then!.....

"I cannot longer bear my being.... and for mercy—Oh, *if* there be an Heaven!—a tribunal of justice!—— The very marrow curdles in my bones at the apprehension!

"—And thou, lovely stream, whose placid bosom beautifies the cavern of death, be thou my bower of pleasure! .... thy watery bed shall be my rosy couch!

"Thus.... and no more.... !"

With the last word, the unhappy wanderer plunged into the river, just as Hamlyn had, silently, crept behind her, fearful to accelerate her fate by surprise.

He plunged in, too—but the object of his humanity had reached the bottom, never more to rise.

After this fruitless effort, he went round to the keeper's lodge, and the body was dragged for; when.... oh, horror upon horror!.... the shuddering Hamlyn beheld the emaciated features of his lost—his abandoned—his *still-loved* Charlotte!

The Melmoth's had began to feel the

terrors of retribution; but they still maintained their principles, and disdained to make any alteration in a system, hitherto, so congenial with their minds—They refused, even in death, to acknowledge their deluded daughter. Hamlyn however, with a melancholy pleasure, fulfilled the last sad offices—No memorandum was found about her, to account for the reduced situation in which she had been found; or, otherwise, to elucidate the mystery of her death.

The newspapers, however, glancing severely at the unfeeling conduct of her barbarous parents, gave a clue to the person with whom Charlotte had lodged; who hoped to receive, not only the shillings due, but a further present

from the grand gentry, with whom she found her poor lodger was connected.

Dressing herself, therefore, in her Sunday's clothes, she presented herself in Charles-Street, with the papers left by the wretched Charlotte, and begged they might be given to his Honor.

Full of expectation, she awaited the return of the footman, who presently made his appearance, and turned her, without ceremony, into the street.

If humanity took no interest in Charlotte's fate—curiosity did—and the folded scroll was eagerly perused by her parents,——with what emotions, the reader must decide!

It detailed her history, from the day she quitted England; and having described the double murder, she thus proceeds: the letter, evidently, written at different periods.

"Yes! I avow the deed—dark as it was—and glory in my bloody triumph. I was not born to tread the dull, beaten path, usually allotted to the weakness of my sex. I possess a soul superior to such hacknied drudgery. Freedom, and love, are the reigning monarchs of my bosom—and, while the multitude claim homage from an affected *show* of virtue, I have, boldly, dared to throw off every shackle imposed by specious custom, and, at the beck of Pleasure, to glut upon forbidden joys.

"Shall I, then, thus endowed—tho' tutored by Hypocrisy to bend before the idol Fame; and, at that impious altar, to offer up my vows—hesitate to renounce a world, whose tenets I despise? Do I not know the favorites of this century, will be unknown in the next; that, from the most exalted stations down to the meanest—from the palace to the kitchen—few survive their false renown—their idolatry, which they, in mockery, call Religion?—No, I renounce all feminine weakness—the pressure of obloquy shall only serve to goad me, onwards, to the height of my ambition; and thus, I proudly wave defiance at the world's malignity.

"But transitory—very transitory—

was the influence of this diabolical consolation. I soon discovered——Oh, horrible—most horrible!—that I was the victim of disease!

"The demon of vengeance worked me up to madness, at the discovery. I was on the point of hurrying into the public piazza, and avowing to all I met, the anticipated retribution of my injuries—for, hitherto, no suspicion had attached to me. Murder is so familiar an object with the inhabitants of Venice, that it scarcely excites either surprise, or horror—but I was restrained by invisibility.

"Too proud to expose my humbled situation, I perceive my health daily de-

cline; and resolve, with the remnant of my broken fortunes, to return to England: not a penitent—not a beggar to a stern father—not a suppliant to a mother, whose pernicious precepts, too fatally, confirmed my erring principles—but to blast their presence with my spectred form—to give them a sad—sad—lesson, on the frailty of mortality, and to arouse them to a sense of what they are.

"For, with an enervated frame, I have found an enervated mind. I feel, as it were, awakened to a sense of all my wickedness; and the heart, hitherto steeled by obdurate pride, begins to feel the dread of Omnipotency.

"I endeavor to acknowledge the er-

ror of my principles—to kneel, in low humility, to I know not whom—to deprecate the just abhorrence with which conscience hath hourly chastised me—to be sensible of my own insignificancy.

" Not that I am penitent——Oh, I dare not pray to my God!—If there be such a power!—he must—he will—all merciful as he is represented—renounce the incense of a heart like mine.

" My poor Hamlyn!—Alas! how faulty I have been to him—how my infamy has torn his virtuous soul;—while his undeserved affection blessed me when I least deserved it.

" Obdurate parents!—had ye treated

me as ye ought—had ye given me a daughter's portion—had ye secured me from estrangements, *originating* in want, I might have been, NOW, happy in virtuous love.

" My little William too !.... Oh, distraction, whither will ye lead my wandering senses ?.....

" The lovely boy !.... how fondly did he climb my knee, and with what ecstacy *might* I have fastened on the ruby of his lips, had I been sensible of the fullness of my happiness !

" So like his father !—the fascinating smile that adorned his ruddy cheek!

" Away, tormenting fiend !—nor

grasp me with the frensied arm of maddening recollection——I shall go wild, and herd me with brutes of the creation.

"Brutes!—Oh, *they* will reject ME—for *they* love—cherish—and protect *their* offspring.

"Insensate that I have been—with intellectual powers to contemplate Divine Omnipotence, yet obstinately resolute in resisting its strongly pleading attributes. The sun—the stars—the earth—the sea—the vegetative world—have hourly proclaimed, to my deluded vision, that there was a God—omnipotent! by whom, all things were made;

yet did I persist in wilful blindness, and perverted ignorance.

" Yon crazy pallet is, now, my couch. My pillow is composed of thorns—and the howling wind rushes on me, from a broken casement—the shadows of the murdered Devereux and the Conti invade my restless slumbers.——They—villains as they were—upbraid me, and lend new terrors to the weight of my despair!

" Fatal has been my self-delusion—my wasted form wears, fast, to its last home—I become loathsome to myself—Inhumanity adds to the pressure of other ills.

"Oh, awful avenger!—while yet I live—suffer these scalding tears to deprecate thy just indignation—teach my despairing eyes to look up to the tribunal of mercy——assure me—if it be possible—at this dread moment.

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"I dare not think—my brain burns

.....

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"Oh.... this terrible, this accursed woman!—She drives me to mischief franticly conceived..... Hark! the church bell strikes five, and the twinkling of my taper—the last earthly possession I can call my own—proclaims its approaching annihilation.

"Emblem of mortality—how im-

pressive thy lesson!—One little hour more—and all will be over—

"Ha!.... *all*—did I say?.... Yes!—in *this* world; but ere I rush before my Maker—let me—ONCE—try to pray.

"Oh blessed Saints!—if such be the inhabitants of Heaven—look down on my humbled, supplicating, form—be mediators for pardon of my repented sins—bear my contrition to the throne of mercy—

"Now—farewell to the world. I will hasten to the Park; and, as I bend my last trembling course thither, I will load myself with pebbles, that the stream may not refuse its loathsome victim—

" Ah, the last ray shoots feeb. . . . . "

Here closed the appalling narrative.

Death-bed terrors, of the unrepentant sinner, teem with this impressive lesson, that nothing is estimable that has not virtue for its basis; and that Religion is the sole comforter on the awful journey to Eternity, when all the dreadful secrets of the grave burst on the still living soul, and Omnipotence shall stand confessed, in all his majesty and glory, before the trembling sinner.

Terrible was the admonition conveyed, by this affecting narrative, to

the deeply-wounded minds of both Mr. and Mrs. Melmoth.

They sat—mute—transfixed—gazing on vacancy—while every agonizing horror usurped unlimited control over their lacerated bosoms. Their splendid mansion, *to them*, wore all the terrors of a desart. No more ambition asserted its pre-eminence on the mind of Mr. Melmoth—or vanity its influence over the feelings of the Infidel Mother. The coroneted carriage stopped, again, at their door; but was dismissed—unheeded——One only comfort remained—

The amiable—the virtuous—the exemplary—Marchioness!

"*Single* misfortunes"—says Pat—"never come alone."

Henry was recovering very fast—and Lord Sommers was on the eve of his departure for Lisbon, as the last hope the faculty could offer him of recovery. The same system prevailed in the family of the Marquis; and enquiries, scarcely beyond humanity, occasionally made by Mrs. Russell, were the only existing intercourse between the lovers:—the Marquis, more sternly than ever, resolving to combat the *degeneracy* of his daughter's affections.

In this state of listless existence, Henry received a letter from Mr. Reeves, containing intelligence, that a dreadful fire had happened on his principal estate; by which, the whole of his extensive works, and a considerable part of his crop, stored on the curing rangers, and ready

for shipping, had been entirely consumed. He concludes thus....

"I almost fear to tell you, my dear Henry, that, although I have not been, exactly, able to trace this misfortune to any premeditated source, I am full of apprehensions of a very serious nature. The example of St. Domingo has so vitiated the minds of our best disposed negroes—the *name* of freedom has such charms with it,—they are willing to relinquish the *actual good* they possess, in pursuit of a *phantom* that never will requite them. And I add, with painful reluctance, that the impending question, in the British Parliament, has, not a little, encouraged the embryo of revolt.

"It appears, to me, surprising, that an enlightened nation should suffer *sound* to operate against *argument;* and a few rounded periods, of methodistical cant, to circumvent the more positive claims of truth. England is a land of *humanity;* yet its streets swarm with beggars in the day, and robbers in the night. *Here*, we have no beggars, because OUR *humanity* does not suffer any one to want. *Here*, we have no robbers, because no starving families impel a distracted father to that desperate resource; and because depravities of that nature have no provocatives among us. We give houses and lands to our servants—we supply them in a scanty season—we nurse them in sickness—and provide for them in old age:—while the peasantry of Europe work *harder* for

their daily bread in health—and perish, when calamity incapacitates them from regular labour.

" Some *moralists* will tell us, cruelties have been committed by masters on their slaves. I admit it. Barbarous characters are natural to every climate; and I can well remember instances of cruelty exercised by masters and mistresses, on their apprentices, in England, equally alarming to humanity.

" Others expatiate on the unfitness of slavery, as opposite to every religious, as well as moral, duty. To the enlightened European, chained to a Turkish oar—slavery is terrible. To an honest debtor, confined the whole or greater part of his life in prison, surrounded

by an idle family, daily imbibing principles derogatory to every virtue—thereby depriving the state of otherwise good and worthy members of society—slavery is terrible. But with a savage, whose native principles are unformed by example—unpolished by education—and uncorrected by law; who is the *creature* of instinct, and the *slave* of power; who would be hashed up, to feast his conquerors with his sufferings, were it not found *more profitable* to sell him—with such a human being, surely slavery, refined by all the comforts and conveniencies of life, must cease to be an evil."

These theoretical philanthropists put me in mind of a scene, I once witnessed at the Cyder Cellar in Maiden-Lane;

when the *prudence* of Sir Robert Calder was so much called in question.

"If I had been an admiral,"—cried a little vender of knitting needles, White-chapel sharps, short whites, and minikins—"If I had been an admiral, I would have done so—and so—" and spilling a little punch on the table, he out-manœuvred the French fleet, with the small end of his pipe; and took, or destroyed, the whole squadron, in five minutes.

It would be well for every class of declaimers to recollect, that THEORY is one thing—PRACTICE another; and, that to discuss *fairly*, we should understand *scientifically*.

"So,"—said Henry—"about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds will pay my losses—I should be very much obliged to some of the speculative *Howards*, to furnish me with proofs, that, to the *virtuous* energies of these *injured* people, I am indebted for the loss of half my fortune. Such an argument would greatly console me."

As it affected the luxuries of life, Henry was above considering the misfortune an evil—but it removed him, still farther, from the Marquis.

Ah!—there was the rub.

Henry was about to set off for Clifton, whither he was advised to pass a quiet summer; and his amiable friend

Bromley had insisted on partaking his retreat: but to leave town without seeing Lady Harriet.....

Yet, it must be so—he would not even seek to involve the woman he loved, into the impropriety of a clandestine meeting——But, "would it not be possible to write?—A single line inclosed to Mrs. Russell?—She was humane; and would not refuse the office of tender consolation to a beloved pupil."

This was a task—

I remember, once, to have been violently in love with a lady, who might have been romantic withal, but who, certainly, possessed a very superior un-

derstanding. Things went on pretty well for some time; till I fancied I might improve my suit by writing to her; and these letters, in the delirium of my imagination, were to be read over and over—and spelt and re-spelt—to dwell in her lovely bosom all day—and be the companion of her hours of rest. I entered on the undertaking; and wrote, as I supposed, a fine, round, varnished tale—This was the reply.

" —— Mon cœur ne veut rien qu'ardemment,
" Je me croirois haïs—d'etre aimé foiblement."

On an explanation, I found, that I had committed an *irreparable* fault—that the *ardours* of love rejected, as cold and unfeeling, the *deliberate labours* of the mind—that the language of the

heart should beimpassioned—incoherent —couched in flights of fancy, savouring more of madness than common sense—and, in confirmation of *that* opinion, I lost my mistress.

Henry, merely, wrote as follows.

"With a hope, that the amiable Lady Harriet will not be displeased with *this* assurance of my returning health, I have dared to offer her my thanks for her *kind* solicitude during my *bodily* sufferings.—As to my *mental* suffering, that must be the cherished companion of my bosom through life; for the heart that *has been* permitted to wear the image of the divine Lady Harriet, must glory in the impression, though it lead, ONLY, to the grave.

"HENRY."

Having sent off his packet, Henry ordered his carriage to Charles-Street, to take leave of the family. He found his uncle and aunt strangely altered; although both *affected* an air of composure very foreign to their feelings.

An interview, and reconciliation, had taken place with Hamlyn; and Grandmamma was now particularly anxious to undertake the charge of little William; but Hamlyn politely rejected her offer. William, he said, "would be honoured in her attention, at his school, where he would be, wholly, during his absence."

While our hero was chatting in the library, Mr. Hamlyn was announced. An air of confusion was evident in his

approach—his cheek was flushed—he hesitated—

"Allow me to present you to my nephew, Mr. Hamlyn."

Hamlyn gazed on Henry—then advancing—

"Pardon me, Sir!—May I ask if your name be Torrid?"

"It is, Sir."

"Then you are an angel.——Oh, Sir!"—turning to Mr. Melmoth—"you know not half the worth of this amiable youth—he has saved me from an act of desperation—rescued my child from starving——He is the best—the noblest—of mankind."

Mr. Hamlyn could not resist the vehemence of a heart bursting with gratitude—he softened into a flood of tears.

Henry was much affected; and kindly pressed Mr. Hamlyn to bury the remembrance of the trifling service he had done him—however it came to his knowledge—and their obligation would then be mutual.

It appeared, that Mr. Hamlyn had, accidentally, cast his eye on Henry's vis-a-vis, in passing up to the door; and the emblazoned arms brought to his recollection the seal of the anonymous letter, which had given him new life and independence.

"You have to claim *my* warmest

thanks too, dearest Henry"—said his aunt.

"You give us a lesson to make us blush"—said his uncle—"but the future must atone——Mr. Hamlyn, we do not forgive ourselves—you must assist us to be at peace within."

"We will all assist"—answered Henry—"An error acknowledged, is an error half atoned. This little fellow"—taking William's hand—"will live to bless you."

"Grandmamma has given me a pretty poney"—said William—"and I shall love her dearly."—At the same time running up, he threw his little arms about her neck, telling her, "how fast his little horse could gallop."

The falling leaves announced departing summer; and Henry was still at Clifton, with his friend Bromley. For the last fortnight, Mr. Hamlyn and William had joined their party. Henry had just received a note from Mrs. Russell, assuring him, her dear young ladies were both content and in health; and that they had not yet *forgotten* to enquire after him.

With elated spirits, and renovated strength, he coursed his greyhounds across the downs, with little William mounted on his favorite poney; and Hope, for the moment, had the ascendancy in his mind.

Returning home, he found a letter—brought him by an express—announ-

cing Sir Alfred Drummond to be at the point of death, and entreating to see him.

Henry set off for Drummond-Hall, at the instant. He felt a sort of veneration for the unfortunate Baronet; and, in the retrospection of his own sorrows, he never forgot to give a sigh to those of his poor friend: he, therefore, now sought him with pleasure, hoping to soothe the affliction of a sick bed, by friendly consolation and cordial esteem.

He, however, arrived too late—the worthy Baronet was no more; but Henry was received, by the attendants, as their future master—Such had been the last commands of Sir Alfred.

When the tear of sympathy had embalmed his clay-cold corse, Henry gave orders for a magnificent funeral, to be prepared for a torch-light procession. On opening the will, however, the wishes of the deceased were, that he should be interred, in the family vault, with as much privacy as possible. Then, making a bequest of twenty thousand pounds, to be laid out in jewels, for his niece Louisa Drummond; and distributing suitable memorials among his servants; he bequeathed all the rest, residue, and remainder, of his estates, real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever, unto Henry Torrid, of the Island of Jamaica, Esquire, his heirs and assigns, for ever. Provided nevertheless, that the said Henry Torrid, within twelve kalendar months next en-

suing his decease, do take the name and title, and bear the arms of Drummond.

Henry was overpowered at this discovery, and made inquiries concerning the young lady mentioned in the will. The result was, that she was then on the continent, pursuing novelty and pleasure—that she had forsworn marriage, as an enemy to freedom—and that her revenue was princely. Henry dispatched letters in communication of this event.

When the steward produced his late master's papers and accounts—it appeared, that upwards of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds were funded in the Bank of England by Sir Alfred; and, that the nett rent-roll of his

estates amounted to eighteen thousand per annum.

The necessary steps being taken, Sir Henry Torrid Drummond was not without a brightened hope, that his increased fortune might make him more acceptable to the Marquis; and, in this hope, he was encouraged by his friends Bromley and Hamlyn; it not being known, to either of them, that the Marchioness had, absolutely, precluded all possibility of the event, by the representation she had made relating to Henry and herself.

During the Christmas festivities, stood foremost—a private play at the Abbey, to which all fashionables were to be admitted.

"There"—thought Henry—"I shall be sure to see *my* Harriet."

But the rage for private theatricals is, by no means, confined to the higher circles; for while my Lord, and my Lady, assume the buskin in polite life—my Lady's maid, and the 'prentice boy, imitate the scene in low life: and, perhaps, the splendid decorations of the Abbey are not more attractive than the illuminated hoops of Berwick-Street.

The imitative art is a twofold acquirement. Garrick was a proof of its excellency, when emanating from nature—Kemble, of its perfection, when resulting from art. The one, forms the stronger appeal to the heart: the other, altogether, commands the approbation of the understanding.

Neither instance, however, is independent of certain rules. La Clairon, who has been celebrated by Voltaire, as having given fame to his Zaire, left written reflexions on the different characters she was accustomed to perform. She divided female characters into four classes.

"MOTHERS.

"It appears to me impossible, that women, under twenty years of age, can be actuated by any other sentiments than the impressions of nature, and the emotions of love.—The study of the human heart, and the different passions connected with it, demand a mature reason—a judgment, formed on experience, reflexion, and example.

"These are attainments only to be acquired by time. Mothers, therefore, who have grown-up children, should not be represented by very young women.

"It is true, that persons, at a *certain* time of life, do not offer themselves candidates for public favor; and all that the public can require from noviciates, is, talents which seem to justify hopes of their future celebrity. Still, I would have no actress personate a mother before she is five-and-twenty; and it would be still better to defer the character till her beauty was on the decline. Great attention should be paid to the figure of the actress: women of low stature have, seldom, a dignified appearance; and those, too tall, are

usually deficient in grace: besides, the costumes of the theatre do not allow of too striking a contrast in the figures of male and female characters.

"VEHEMENT AND IMPASSIONED CHARACTERS.

"To give these due effect will require a grandeur and haughtiness of deportment—an expressive countenance—and a commanding voice. Every motion should announce courage and boldness; but great care must be taken, not to confound that *air* of *boldness* with the *least tincture* of *assurance*. The former, arises from an elevation of the soul—the latter, is the usual effect of its degradation. Nobleness of mind, purity of manners, and female modesty, are never to be forgotten: they should, al-

ways, be pre-eminent, however disguised by love, despair, jealousy, or vengeance.

"It is said, that Nature has but one voice. I admit it—provided due attention is paid to the rank, the manners, and the situation, of the character by which our feelings are to be excited.

"Every rank, in life, has its different modifications.—The tradesman yields, in consequence, to the merchant—the merchant to the independent gentleman—the gentleman to the nobleman. All classes, without exception, bow respectfully before their superiors.

"The theatre *ought* to be a represent-

ative of real life. The purity of language essential to tragedy—the importance of its events—the dignity of its personages—sufficiently prove, that nothing is left to the *arbitrary* judgment of the actor—that an air of vulgarity, or triteness of expression, is inadmissible—that popular and licentious manners are never to be resorted to—and that it is impossible to unite, on the same canvas, a Raphael and a Calot.

"TENDER CHARACTERS

require a countenance descriptive of mildness and timidity—a soft expressive tone of voice—sensibility of mind—delicacy of demeanor—modesty of manners—dignity of deportment—elegance of figure. Not tall—rather under the middle stature: this smallness of form

tends to excite an interest in the beholder, and gives youth to the performer.

" These characters, usually represent inexperienced girls—loving—yet fearful to avow that love. I would advise the actress never to lose sight of that air of purity and candour, which can alone characterise this age and situation. In describing the tender impressions of love, she must beware lest she utter, or excite, a voluptuous emotion. The voice, manners, or looks, of a coquette, are irreconcileable with innocence.—Tragedy ought to be the school of pure, as it is of great, actions.

" CONFIDANTS.

" I would recommend, for this de-

scription of character, women of an age calculated to inspire confidence—of a countenance expressive of good sense and experience—a person, attentive to, and interested in, the passing scene: but she should not obtrude herself into a conspicuous point of view, except when so placed by the person reposing confidence in her."

A word to the wise!

La Clairon and Garrick were cotemporary—and when the budding fame of the former called forth the enthusiastic admiration of the public, the latter undertook a trip to Paris, expressly to witness her talents.

The first meeting was at a dinner

purposely given; and, as soon as propriety admitted the request, Garrick told his lovely rival she was the object of his travels, entreating her to recite a passage from tragedy.

She complied instantly—selecting a passage from Zaire; and then claimed a similar indulgence from the British Roscius; who, instead of reciting from his favorite Shakspeare, told a story, of a gentleman, his most intimate friend, who had an only child, on whom he doated with excessive tenderness. Their country residence was bounded, on one side by the sea, which washed the lower walls; and a large balconied window served them, on a fine summer's evening, to meditate on the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

The fond father was, one day, caressing his darling infant, over the railing; and, in the fullness of exulting tenderness, gazing on his expanding beauties; when the smiling infant, by a sudden spring, expressive of intuitive delight, escaped from the arms which clasped him, and sank into the waves below.

As he concluded—Garrick started from his chair, and assumed the attitude of the despairing father. La Clairon flew from her seat, and throwing her arms around his neck, absolutely sobbed her surcharged feelings on his bosom.

This Garrick called, "the proudest moment of his life."

The story, unhappily, was founded. The wretched father afterwards became the inmate of a mad-house, where he was often visited by Mr. Garrick, who has been known to say, he took all his finest delineations of Lear from the despairing frenzy of this unhappy gentleman.

The play to be enacted, at the Abbey, was "*The Wedding Day.*" The Marchioness as my Lady Constant, and Colonel Newby as Mr. Constant—the remaining characters were filled by personages of equal distinction.

Another object, however, of infinitely more importance, wholly occupied the Marchioness; and while she debated on the means best calculated to

fulfil it, chance presented her with the occasion.

It was nearly two in the morning, and almost all the guests had retired; when the Marchioness, by miracle, found herself tête-à-tête with the Marquis, who was in high spirits.—It was a moment not to be neglected.

Her Ladyship arose; and having bolted the door, said, impressively,

"My Lord, I have a subject of great importance for your ear—I pray you to hear me with patience and candor."

The Marquis, astonished at the solemnity of her manner, entreated she

would unfold her secret—"He was all attention."

"A retrospect, my Lord, would neither assist my cause, nor aggravate—what you may be pleased to term—your wrongs. A *new* inclination led your Lordship to seek my hand; and successive novelties have led you to contemn the possession. Still, my Lord, you enjoyed the full reputation of a spotless wife; and have been esteemed happier, by the world, than many whose endearing virtues might challenge a mutual return of tenderness in their wives.

"But, my Lord, the heart of sensibility—once vacated—turns an arrant wanderer. True, I did not marry you

from romantic love—my affections were, as your Lordship knew, devoted to another—yet I married, *meaning* to do my duty—Your Lordship's candour will determine, how far you have assisted me in the task."

"This preface is excruciating"—said the Marquis, rising to pace the room, in violent agitation.

"Be seated, my Lord, and I will explain.

"The *person* you have so *studiously* neglected, another has, as studiously, worshipped. It has been the property of Colonel Newby some months. . . ."

"Hell and damnation!"—exclaimed

the Marquis—"I will wash the stain out in the villain's blood."

"I must have an uninterrupted hearing, my Lord, or I have done. You will thank me for the further disclosure I shall make you."

"Quick then—or I shall lose my senses."

"I, too, my Lord, have senses—exquisitely acute senses—but they were *beneath* your consideration. I rejoice to perceive your Lordship *can* feel."

"Go on—Madam—go on—go on"—returned the Marquis, falling back in his chair, almost gasping for breath, and beating the devil's tattoo with quick, uneven, movements.

"It was not, originally, my intention to have made your Lordship privy to this weakness of my heart; nor does your Lordship's conduct *claim*, from me, the candid exposition I am making, at the expense of the fairest reputation that ever gratified the vanity of woman: but, with feminine weakness, I have a strong sense of honor; and, under that influence, would never consent to obtrude the offspring of illicit love, as a partaker of your Lordship's fortunes. I am now, the affianced wife of Newby, and take my leave, this night, FOR EVER, of your Lordship."

"Angel!—or devil!—instruct me which to call you; for while I could *crush*, I cannot fail to *admire* you."

"The latter term will best apply, my Lord.—I have still more to tell you. Urged by the basest motives, I have imposed on you with respect to Sir Henry. —My Lord, he is the noblest of youths; and, if you value the welfare of your daughter, you will give her hand, where she has already given her heart, and make them both deservedly happy. His family is respectable—his fortune immense."

"Never, by God!.... How, and why, have you deceived me?—and what proof do you offer that you do not, *still*, deceive me?"

"That I do not, your Lordship may easily believe. For what purpose should I attempt deception, when I have, *vo-*

*luntarily*, undertaken to unmask myself, and rush on the contumely of a world, in which I might still be adored? My Lord, you cannot doubt my sincerity.—But the morning wears. I pray your Lordship to ring for a servant to order me a chaise from the inn—meanwhile, I request to take leave of the girls."

"*My* carriage will take you to town, Madam, in the morning.—The girls you must not see."

"My Lord"—kneeling—"as in the days of *love*—or rather of *desire*—you pleaded to be heard—so let me now invoke your pity. I love the girls—they have always loved me, till I appeared unworthy their affection. I must acquit myself—I must warn them—by my

dread example warn them, on their course through life."

"Rise, Madam, you affect me to folly. To-morrow you shall see them."

"Now—my Lord—now: I cannot stay another hour beneath this roof—*would* not, for worlds.—You will either order a carriage, or I shall walk."

"You command me like an infant," .....ringing.

"And the girls—my Lord."

"They shall be summoned."

My Lord, I thank you."

They both paced the room: the Marquis extremely agitated—the Marchioness composed, and *almost* dignified.

When the Ladies Lucy and Harriet were announced, Lady Derry advanced to meet them.

"My dearest girls, we are about to part for ever. I have been unkind, latterly——unnatural—will you forgive me?"

They both fell into her arms, sobbing —"We will forgive you—love you—all our days.... Why do you talk of parting?"

"My loves, this is a solemn moment. You behold a wife about to be repudi-

ated from the husband she has dishonoured——It is even so — you blush for me. Do ye, also, take warning from me !"

The lovely sisters continued to weep.

" Lady Harriet, to you I wish, *particularly*, to address myself. Suffer me, now, to plead for Sir Henry—he deserves you.—Your father will consent to your union—and, while you enjoy the calm delights of virtuous love, condescend to give—sometimes—a sigh to my infirmities, and teach the fond master of your person and affections to forgive the repentant Emma.

" Lady Lucy—you, like your sister, are virtuous as you are lovely. Once

—I was so too—but the world is full of artifices—fashionable husbands forsake youthful wives—and fashionable villains lay siege to the neglected heart, to cicatrise its every nerve; and, boastingly, expose its weakness to public obloquy.

"My Lord—force not the hands of your angelic daughters against the dictates of their hearts. Lead them not to the terrible temptation which has ruined me: but enable them to mature the virtues their youth now foster, in an auspicious marriage—My Lord, you are moved.... Promise me to receive the guiltless Henry to your arms—and to bless him with your daughter."

"It shall be as Lady Harriet wishes," answered the Marquis.

"Then may Heaven's blessings be for ever with you!—

"And, now, my beloved girls, we part. Many have been the chearful hours we have passed together—thank God, I never taught you, aught, derogatory to virtue—for myself, I am the victim of a false education."

"Oh.... Lady Derry"—exclaimed the agitated Lady Harriet—"how dreadful is the ruin you represent!.... how awful the lesson you impose!—Who, on beholding the lovely form, and attractive graces, of the all-accomplished Marchioness, could harbour an idea injurious to her heart? The winning smile of her countenance, and the artless gaiety of her manner, seemed to

bespeak a mind as lovely as her person; and yet....

"She has been guilty"—resumed her Ladyship, interruptingly.—"To shine in the elegant sphere of high born circles has been the object of my fondest desire: it was also the object of my earliest instructions. I have been gratified—most amply gratified—my beauty has been admired—my wit extolled—my manners imitated——But who ever heard, that the Marchioness of Derry took pride in teaching the sons and daughters of affliction to bless her, as the assuager of their sorrows?—No!—I have flown from every scene of virtuous sensibility, and stifled, in the tumult of the gay world, every noble emotion of the soul. Thus have I been,

through life, an object of censure, even had I escaped the *actual* commission of a crime with so much deeper dye.

" Accomplisments, my love, ornament the world; and *may* dignify the wearer: but mere accomplishments will never atone for exiled reason, nor *cement* those bonds of affection which are the charm, the honour, the consolation of life.

" Religion has, happily, been instilled on your minds, at the age you were most capable of receiving its sacred truth; and your hearts have continued to preserve that influence undiminished. But you are just entering a world, where vices are not only extenuated, but rendered more agreeable by sophi-

stry—where piety is dressed up by ridicule; and goodness arrayed in the garb of cold formality and forbidding austerity.

" But this mockery is the privilege of fools!

" Flights of imagination—tortured imagery—and strained conceits—may attempt to rise beyond the level of rational conception; still, as mere fancy can never be productive of general utility—so, partial gratification dwindles into nothing—drops from its gilded cage—and yields to sober reflexion. When, however, the effusions of th imagination, and the exertions of judgment go hand in hand, morality has

nothing to apprehend—religion to fear —or innocence to blush at.

" Preserve, therefore, my beloved girls, the principles of virtue—of honor —and that, which includes them both —of religion—from being contaminated by the blandishments of dubious pleasures, and prevailing dissipations: for, if you, once, sacrifice these to the fashions of the world, there will be an end of real happiness—the sources of it will be poisoned; and all purity of mind and dignity of character will be lost for ever.

" My Lord—I have your promise— and remember, there cannot be a greater impiety, in a parent, than a cruel, and unjust, disposition of a daughter's hand,

when her tenderest affections are the property of another. Such a parent becomes the godfather of his child's future errors.

" The devoted bride begins, by magnifying every trifling error, of her husband's, into unpardonable faults; which, contrasted with the virtues of the object, secretly adored, become mountains of imperfection. She performs her duties with coldness, reluctance, and indifference; or, perhaps, wholly neglects them: and so situated, it is well if she can preserve the *appearance* of honor, and conduct herself in such a manner as to gain respect. I say, *appearance*—since in the eyes of Heaven, her *heart* is guilty; though her *person* may continue pure.

"Now—my sweet loves—if you do not fear pollution, let me, once more, fold you to my heart—bless you—and wish you happy."

The Ladies Lucy and Harriet threw themselves before the Marchioness—folded round her—and hiding their faces in her robe—yielded to an agony of grief.

The Marquis, wiping the corner of his eye, besought the Marchioness to spare the feelings of the poor girls; and offered his hand to lead her to his carriage and four; appointed with outriders, and every suitable pomp to which she had been accustomed.

In was, indeed, time—the lovely sisters had both fainted on the carpet.

The Marchioness followed, in silence, to the carriage.

"God bless you"—said the Marquis, kissing the hand he held with fervor—"God bless you."

She only answered by a tender pressure—she had no power to articulate a single syllable.

The whole household were engaged, next day, and messengers hired, all round the village, to put off the play—The confusion, in the great world, was indescribable.

To the Infidel Mother, this was, indeed, an unexpected scourge—it was the death-blow to her pride—and, sick

at heart, she retired to her room, closing her doors against every body.

The meeting, between Sir Henry and Lady Harriet, sanctioned by the full approbation of the Marquis, was sweetly tender and affecting. It was the reward of virtuous love, unchecked by a single compunction. Each had persisted in a uniform obedience to propriety, and sacrificed the sensibilities of the heart to the plaudits of virtue.

Love—when it is pure—generous—disinterested—elevates the character:—it becomes a noble—an exalted passion:—it is, no longer, a fugitive ardor in search of short-liv'd pleasure—but a virtuous inclination to found a mutually solid happiness.

The Marquis put the law in motion, to hasten a divorce; which, circumstanced as they were, admitted of no obstacle. The parting scene had made an impression, on his mind, pleasingly painful. He saw much to condemn—more to admire—and certain twitches of conscience, every now and then, told him he had been more than accessary to the failing he condemned. With a liberality, therefore, that would have better graced a better cause, his Lordship made arrangements, with the Colonel, for his marriage — as soon as the divorce could be obtained—and promised to give him, three thousand a year with Lady Emma.

Pending these arrangements; the Marquis, to withdraw the public atten-

tion from an event, not very flattering to his pride, hushed the remembrance, in splendid preparations for Lady Harriet's nuptials, which were to be almost immediately celebrated.

Now, if any young novelist with a romantic head, and sentimental heart, expects to find the ceremony regularly marshalled—her fluttering hopes will be disappointed.—No bridal morn will be pourtrayed—no panting hopes—no trembling fears—no melting blushes—no languishing bride-maids—no chastened transports—no exquisite terrors—no unutterable joys !

At the altar, Lady Harriet pledged her lovely hand with the fullest approbation of her heart: and the happy

bridegroom received it, with grateful rapture, as Heaven's best gift.

Such was the auspicious debut of Henry's THIRD WINTER IN LONDON!

Still, there is an awful solemnity in marriage, under its happiest impressions, which must affect every thinking mind. Lady Harriet felt the oppression, in taking leave of Mrs. Russel, who assisted her to dress; and Lady Lucy, who had been the compassionate friend of her sister in distress, relapsed into her arch tormentor, now, that distress was past.

An eloquently-expressive tear proclaimed Mrs. Russel's affection; a sweetly-responsive sigh evinced Lady Harriet's gratified feelings.

" Beautifully pathetic, 'pon honor"—said Lady Lucy smiling—" what a subject for Apelles!

" Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
" From flowery meads—can with that sigh
" compare:
" Nor dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
" Are half so beauteous as that trembling
" tear.

" There now—that's an improvisatori worthy of Petrarch. Come give another gulp—there, that will do—now let us go down stairs."

" Sweet madcap "—said Mrs. Russel, as they tripped, like winged seraphs, adown the winding stair-case.

Mr. and Mrs. Melmoth were not in-

vited to the wedding: it was a disrespect that Henry would not have offered them; but propriety forbade his objecting to the Marquis's resolution on that head. This public slight operated, like a signal, on the fashionable world; and it would have been a crime to notice Mrs. Melmoth after this.

Deserted by all his court friends, Mr. Melmoth meditated retiring to the country; but Mrs. Melmoth found her own thoughts such ill-favoured company, that she shrank, with terror, from the apprehension of solitude. Fate, however, had not yet done with them. The Colonel—still on Windsor duty—was married.

" Yesterday morning, Miss Winifred Shenkin, only daughter of Mr. David Shenkin, surgeon and apothecary of this town, was married to Colonel Melmoth. The happy couple, immediately after the ceremony, set off, in a travelling carriage, to pass the *honeyed* evening at Salt-hill.

This was more than human fortitude was calculated to bear. Colonel Melmoth, the heir expectant of the visionary coronet that had so long floated o'er the house of Melmoth—married to the daughter of a sorry apothecary!—a filthy, Welsh, apothecary!

But such was the will of destiny. Miss Winifred, a pretty rosy cheek'd girl

of sixteen, had crossed the Colonel on his walks; who, very *honorably*, thought she might amuse his leisure hours, till he returned to town: HE commenced an attack—the handsome Colonel proved irresistible—but, one unlucky evening, when Dr. Shenkin was called to attend the labour of a poor waterman's wife, at Eton; the lovers were engaged, in dalliance soft, in the little back parlour—and forgetful of the fleeting hour, were engrafting joy on joy, when the little doctor, suddenly, kicked open the door:

Not Priam, when, in the dead of night, he heard his favorite Troy was in one flame—could have exhibited a more ghastly surprise!

" Cot splutter hur nails"—roared the enraged Welchman —" but hur shall marry hur taughter tirectly."

And this argument he supported, with a large brass pestle, which he waved, in terrorem, over the poor Colonel's head.

No one dared to accuse the Colonel of *fear*: honor—*sheer honor*—demanded the reparation, and the Colonel *nobly* acquiesced.

The fate of Mr. Melmoth—no longer Right Honorable—affords a striking instance, of the instability of human grandeur, when attained by unjustifiable means. He is not only shunned, by

the world, as a pestilence; but avoided, by *his worthy patrons*, for the disease they inoculated upon him. He is benetted in his own toils; a dread example to the votaries of ambition.

Not a single resource within himself—every comfort a stranger to his bosom: wretched, in the plenitude of wealth—he feels himself compelled to acknowledge—"We cannot serve God and Mammon."

In the INFIDEL MOTHER, the lesson is still more impressive. Left, to experience the disappointment of every favorite hope, and to ponder on the direful effects of her mistaken principles; exposed to trials her nature is unable

to support; and a stranger to the internal resources, which can alone console, and strengthen, the mind in calamity—a rebel against God!—the perverter of her children's principles!—the source of their guilt!—the partaker of their shame!—she sank into a state of listless torpidity, uncheered by the consolations of a single friend—unpitied by the world—a prey to consuming grief.

"When hope is thus fled, should not life cease too?"—She shuddered at the question, made to her own heart. Life is full of ills—even in its gayest scenes of decorative splendor, but the mind pauses before the mysterious finale—so incomprehensible to us—and prefers the lingering terrors, of an abhorred existence, to a voluntary exit.

'Tis true, the Infidel is taught to feel, that those who deny an hereafter, either affect to disbelieve what they dread, or rashly attempt to slight the strongest impulse of the soul; which, however bondaged, for a time, in the fetters of specious sophistry, will eventually burst from restraint, and be compelled to *feel* the Omnipotence, it does not dare to *acknowledge*.

For a time, Lady Emma Newby, modestly, retired from the public gaze; but such are the magic powers of her wit—her grace—and her accomplishments — she has, almost imperceptibly, again crept into society; and we will hope, that repentance may wash away her former stains, and restore her to purity.

To Mrs. Russel, Sir Henry presented an annuity of two hundred guineas. He received the congratulations of Louisa Drummond, on his marriage, who requested to accept a mourning ring, in memory of her uncle, and to present the twenty thousand pounds to Sir Henry's first girl. "Her fortune"—she added—"was already much beyond her wants; and she found foreign manners, and habits, so congenial with her own wishes, that she had no intention of returning to England; but begged to be favored with their correspondence."

An estate of two thousand a year has been presented, by Mr. Melmoth, to Hamlyn; and the latter, with a goodness all his own, has settled twenty pounds

a year—although so little deserved—on the unfortunate Jane Harvey, who is incapacitated, from labor, by the loss of her leg.

The Marquis—always in love—soon married again—and, as soon, turned defaulter: he has built an elegant, antique, lodge, at the entrance of the Abbey; where he entertains a petite demoiselle, a great favorite with the present Marchioness: and it is not a little singular, that his Lordship's attentions to Lady Emma have lately become so pointed, that the Colonel has suffered very serious alarm on the occasion. Possibly, the Marquis wishes, in her society, to revert to former scenes of calm enjoyment, as a contrast to the storms habi-

tual at Derry House, where the order of the present day is—

"PULL DEVIL—PULL BAKER."

THE END.

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