



LETTERS

OF

MISS RIVERSDALE.

VOL. II.

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OF

1293

MISS RIVERSDALE.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

July 17th.—IT is scarcely possible to describe to you the astonishment that the unexpected appearance of Colonel Malcolm produced in every countenance: mine was, however, I believe, the only one, in which satisfaction was blended with it. But the cloud that hung over his brow instantly damped the expression of my joy, and brought forcibly into my mind all the mean suspicions, that had so lately distressed and humbled me.

My mother and I started up at the same moment to meet him; "Colonel Malcolm!" we both exclaimed. "How wonderful!" added she.

"More so, than agreeable," replied he, "if I may judge by the consternation I seem to occasion."

"Surprise will wear various aspects," returned my mother;—"no change for the worse in Lady Mary Melville's situation has, I hope, occasioned this sudden return."

“ I left her very much mended,” said he, “ she has written to Miss Riversdale;” and he gravely took out a letter, which he presented to me. “ I attended her as far as Plombières,” continued he, “ where I wished to see her comfortably settled, and to judge of the effects of her first bath. I met with an old friend there, who was coming to Geneva for a few days, and meant afterwards to proceed to Vienna;—he offered me his company and an agreeable conveyance, if I would deviate from my original plan; which I acknowledge it did not require much persuasion to induce me to do: but,” . . .

He stopped, as if checking himself, in consideration of the company, from adding some reproachful expression, that was rising to his lips.

Both Lady Riversdale and I had held out our hands to him upon his first entrance; he kissed them ceremoniously: and made a cold, stiff bow to the rest of the company, studiously avoiding to take Prince Polinski into it.

I offered him a chair next to me at the table, where we were looking over the drawings; but he dryly answered, “ he had no

skill in *vertu*;"—and stalked away to the window.

I cannot describe my embarrassment—the coldness of his behaviour made any particular attention on my part highly improper; at the same time I was aware, that the want of it would be construed by him into a confirmation of my displeasure at his return.—I did not know what to do.

The Prince had been amusing himself with examining the different drawings of mine, which hung round the room; perhaps to conceal his chagrin at this sudden apparition; for he had changed colour in a very marked manner, at the Colonel's entrance.

It is natural enough, that he should be alarmed at the idea of an interruption to the friendly intercourse he seems to have set his heart upon cultivating with me: for I really believe he is not himself aware of being actuated by the sentiments, which Lady Belfont thinks betrayed themselves at the ball; and he cannot foresee, that I mean to secure to him a continuance of the acquaintance, upon as intimate a footing as he *ought* to wish it; by the perfect candour, and expli-

citness, with which I shall lay every thing open to Colonel Malcolm, who will, no doubt, when informed of all the little traits of the goodness of the Prince's heart, be perfectly satisfied, that no improper thought or wish can ever harbour there. And as to me, however he might fear my becoming a dupe to a designer, he will not apprehend, that I should voluntarily expose myself to mischief, when I acquaint him with the pains I have taken, to avoid every impropriety in his absence. This I shall clearly and candidly explain, the very first opportunity I have, as I meant to have done by letter; but he is not come this morning, which is extraordinary.

I sat up scribbling great part of the night, that I might bring up my journal to this day; and am now continuing it, whilst in expectation of the Colonel. My heart beats at the apprehension of his coming; because his first displeasure may be violent, before I can bring him to hear me. It was besides unfortunately increased, as I was going to tell you, by the Prince's being very lavish of the praise he bestowed upon my drawings. He had inquired, whether that which hangs in the middle over the harpsichord were taken

from nature. Upon my rising to see which he meant, Colonel Malcolm instantly came up, to look at it likewise; but I rather fear it was in the view of watching whether any thing might be said, which it was intended he should not hear: when his eye unluckily fell upon the little song of my composition, with the Prince's *impromptu* at the bottom of it. He took it up, and read it: I can give you no idea of the additional shades, that deepened on his countenance.

I was going to explain to him what had given rise to it; but he turned his back upon me, snatched up his hat, and went away.

His departure seemed a relief to every one; and indeed, but for the manner of it, would have been so even to me; for his evident displeasure, and the impossibility of coming to an explanation, kept me in misery. But now I anxiously look for him, and he does not come.

Lady Mary Melville's letter is full of kindness and friendship, and, quite like herself.

July 18th.—I have gone through a most distressing scene, my dear brother! and am

still too much disturbed, to give you a very distinct account of it, although it passed in the morning.

I laid down my pen, and have been endeavouring to collect my thoughts. I am now more composed, and will attempt to relate what has passed.

Colonel Malcolm came, agitated almost to madness;—rage seemed to choak his utterance—his aspect was dreadful.

It threw me into a situation I can scarcely describe: I wished to speak—it was impossible. My mother was present; and, nearly as much alarmed as myself, looked at him some time in silence. At length she said, “For God’s sake, Colonel Malcolm, what has happened? what is the matter?”

He made no answer; but walked furiously up and down the room, with his hat on, his eyes flashing fire—at length, folding his arms across, and stopping to look at us both, he stood for a minute—and then, as if having just caught the import of her question, he repeated, “Matter, madam?—D-n-n!”—and striking his forehead with his clenched fist, he flung himself upon the sofa, his eyes wildly bent on vacancy.—

I was terrified; but summoned resolution to go to him, though hardly knowing what might be the result, and tremblingly said, "Can you compose yourself sufficiently to hear me, Colonel Malcolm?" and I took hold of his arm, wishing to soothe him.

He threw my hand off resentfully, and, starting up, again walked to and fro, muttering to himself, "Hear you! Death and distraction! I've heard too much already—I'll hear nothing."

I fell upon the sofa he had quitted, and burst into an agony of tears.—

He did not heed them.

My mother again interposed: "If, Sir," said she, "you are determined neither to hear what my daughter wishes to say, nor to explain the meaning of your unaccountable conduct, give me leave to tell you, that any other place than this would be fitter for you, until your senses return a little more under your own command."

"By God, this alone was wanting!" cried he, "to add insult to injury, and turn me out of your house:" and he was rushing furiously to the door; when, roused by the dread of what might ensue, I exclaimed,

"What injury? what insult, Colonel Malcolm? either explain yourself, or let me"...

"No, by Heaven!" he fiercely interrupted, "I'll be made no bubble, no woman's fool, no skreen for . . ."

"Stop Sir!" resolutely said my mother: "this is going a length I will no longer give way to; and since I see no other means of bringing you to a sense of what is due either to us, or to yourself, we will leave this room to you, till we can with more propriety continue in your company."

And so saying, she took me by the hand, and would have led me away; but, interposing, with redoubled fury, he cried out, "By what right are you taking Louisa from me? has she not promised to be mine? who shall dispute my claim?" and he seized my other hand.

"I will dispute your claim, Colonel Malcolm," said my mother firmly, "if this is your method of enforcing it: she shall not become the victim of an extorted promise, whilst my favour or authority has any weight."

He became quite frantic—flung my hand from him; raved about the room like a madman; beat his head against the wall—In short,

I was

I was terrified beyond expression:—knowing at the same time how much apparent cause for jealousy the slightest misrepresentation of what had passed in his absence must have given, and sensible that every word my mother uttered made the matter worse, I entreated her to leave to me the task of endeavouring to pacify him, and to retire from a scene too trying.

“I cannot leave you to it, my child,” she cried, “it is impossible to guess what this fit of madness may end in.”

“Of that, you shall soon be satisfied,” he exclaimed; and burst out of the room, and out of the house.

You may conceive, though I cannot describe, the state he left us in. Horror of the consequences now seized upon my mother, as well as upon myself. There was no forming any conjecture of what his purpose might be; after passing a considerable time in fruitless apprehension, agitation, and discussion, she said, it would be best to send la Grange after him, to watch whither he might go.

La Grange was not within: He had been with his master from a very early hour in the

morning. This instantly accounted for the cause of Colonel Malcolm's violence ;—he had certainly from him received a detail of every thing that had passed : and as la Grange could only relate facts, without adducing causes, this madness was evidently the result of my apparent encouragement of Prince Polinski from the time of his departure.

It instantly struck us both, that he might be gone straight to the Prince ; who being high-spirited, though less violent than the Colonel, would certainly brook nothing like an insult ; and the terrifying consequences seemed inevitable.

What was to be done ?—

“ Let George go to his lodgings,” said my mother, “ and inquire whether he be there : we shall then be better able to judge of what we may have to fear.”

We sent George.

The Colonel was at home ; but had locked himself into his room, and ordered that nobody should go near him.

So far, however, we were relieved ; and we endeavoured to await the issue, as patiently as such disquieting sensations would admit.

About five o'clock la-Grange came home ;

his master was gone to bed, in a high fever; and he believed him delirious; for he raved incessantly, and nobody could tell of what; and he seemed neither to hear nor understand any thing, that he or Hans could say to him; had not he better go for a physician?

“Certainly,” my mother said, “if he was in a fever.”

As to the delirium, it did not appear to us in the same light as it did to la Grange: but the strong sense of the misery, I was the unfortunate cause of bringing upon him, struck so forcibly upon my heart, that I fell into a state little less distressing than the Colonel’s.

My mother, however, contended, that I had nothing to reproach myself with; and endeavoured, by every argument she could think of, to convince me that his misery was entirely of his own creating, and that he had given such a specimen both of the violence and impracticability of his temper, that it was better to let it work; in the hope that it might lead him to renounce the promise, from which she could foresee only irretrievable misery.

But, my dearest brother, I could not agree

in this way of thinking ; I am perfectly conscious, that much apparent cause has been given for his present anxiety : I know the explanation will dispel it ; and yet it is very certain, that, notwithstanding all possible attention to the propriety of my conduct in his absence, circumstances have concurred, to stigmatise it with the appearance both of duplicity and inconstancy : and I could never forgive myself for suffering an error to work upon him, for the dishonourable purpose of obtaining a release from an engagement, perhaps too inconsiderately contracted, but which I must ever hold sacred as my honour.

I entreated my mother, therefore, to let me write to Colonel Malcolm, as I proposed to have done had he not returned, the explicit account of every thing that had passed ; fully persuaded, that a fair and candid detail of the truth would instantly pacify him, and restore him to his senses.

I had much difficulty to obtain her concurrence in this step : but I urged it so strenuously, that she at length consented ; and I wrote as follows :

“ The excess of displeasure you have shown, without deigning to impart the

cause, might perhaps make me appear to be guided by a proper sense of my own dignity, if I left you to the consequences of an error so injurious to me: but I can consult only my heart, when I see you suffer; and it leads me to adopt the most obvious method of relieving you from the anxiety, to which you are a prey; this, but for your own inconsiderate violence, I should have done this morning, in the hope of restoring to you that peace of mind, which it is my first object you should possess; and that confidence in me, which I feel to be my due."

I then stated to him, as briefly, but as explicitly as in my power, all that had occurred in regard to Prince Polinski, since the moment of his departure; which I do not transcribe, my dear Henry, as I would save you the repetition of what you already know. Then adding Lady Belfont's testimony to the Prince's worth and rectitude, I conclude with saying, "All this was to have been imparted to you, the instant I knew where to direct; and believe me when I say, that any part of it, which had met your disapprobation, should have been rectified to

to the utmost of my ability; as the chief study of my life, after having convinced you of my sincerity, will ever be to shape my conduct to your wishes."

My mother not disapproving of the letter, it was immediately sent.

I have yet no answer: and after giving you this hasty, and, I fear, incoherent account of the painful events of the day, I am going to try whether sleep will compose my disordered spirits.

July the 19th.—After a very restless night, I was this morning presented with the following note:

"I am indeed much ashamed of my precipitancy, and feel the force of your kind intention, in the explanation you have favoured me with:—It has soothed and much abated my anguish. I see, at least, that, into whatever impropriety of conduct my Louisa has been unguardedly drawn, her heart is not changed, and I may still hope to retain that place in it, without which I cannot exist. We will talk over the past calmly; and I make no doubt of convincing you, even from your own words, how much more reason there is for

my miserable apprehensions, than you are yourself aware of. I am ordered not to leave the house to day; which, by the impatience it occasions, I am sure, retards more than it advances my recovery. O, Louisa! forgive the effects of the torture you occasion, and let the excess of my adoration plead the excuse of the unhappy

“MALCOLM.”

I will not say, Henry, that I am satisfied with this note. You see he is but half appeased; and seems to make it a favour, that he will talk over the subject calmly. He does not acknowledge or seem aware of his unreasonableness. Surely after such treatment as I had endured, I might have expected, that my fair expostulation would have produced a stronger sense of the injustice done me, than he seems to feel.

20th.—All is peace again: and I trust now, that it will be permanent.

The Colonel came, looking extremely ill, and still half sullen, as if afraid of giving way to conviction too easily. His fallow countenance and sunk eye instantly called forth all

the feeling, which his but half-repentant note had checked; and I was much distressed.

“ You see your power over me, Louisa,” said he; “ you destroy and revive me at pleasure: O that you would but a little more consider the consequences of the unguarded steps into which you are betrayed !”

“ I had hoped, Colonel, that the clear and explicit account, contained in my letter, of every step I had taken since your departure would have wholly acquitted me in your eyes.”

“ Of *intentional* error it certainly does: but why so extremely fearful of showing yourself averse to all connexion with Prince Polinski? You see, that he daily encroaches, and assumes upon your facility. He can in no shape do you credit;—after what has passed, the world must set him down as your lover; indeed all his artifice has tended to inculcate the idea: for you cannot be the dupe of his pretended forbearance, his affected timidity, and his real presumption. He wishes to be supposed secretly favoured, that he may openly triumph, and condemn his conquest.”

“ I could not have imagined you would have retained so strong a prejudice against him, after Lady Belfont’s testimony, and his own ingenuous, candid display of the honourable, worthy feelings of his heart.”

“ Take care, Miss Riversdale ; take care,” angrily interrupting me, “ you are injudiciously warm in your defence of him :” and he bit his lips, and contracted his brow.

“ I should be equally so in favour of any one else, Colonel Malcolm, whom I thought unjustly accused ; but, however, to convince you, that I have no wish to show any civility to the Prince, beyond what you shall approve, I will tell you, that he was last night refused admittance, at my desire, when he called.”

His brow cleared.

“ And as to all that occurred during your absence,” continued I, “ it had Lady Belfont’s sanction ; who was earnestly solicitous to save me from every appearance of impropriety, at the same time that she warned me against the assertion and the danger of giving too much consequence to the Prince, by avoiding him in a marked manner.”

“ Lady Belfont cannot be so deeply inter-

ested in forming a clear judgment of him as I am ; and I think it both for your honour and my own, that he should never more have admission into this house."

" Then he never shall : will that convince you of my sincerity ?"

" You look as if you thought the sacrifice entitled you to my gratitude, Louisa."

" I shall not consider it as a sacrifice, if it answer the purpose of making you easy."

" It is purely for your own sake, Louisa, that I urge you to resent his conduct, which is that of a forward, audacious puppy, who has no other view but to make a fool of you, and then laugh at your unsuspecting credulity."

" I have no reason to think so, Colonel Malcolm ;—but it is immaterial to me what his views are, provided I can set you at ease by disregarding them."

" You will then both shun him when you meet him, avoid all conversation, and evince by your looks and manner, that you are aware of his presumption, and despise him as he deserves."

" I will put all the coldness into my man-

ner that can check forwardness; but, for my own sake, you would not, I imagine, wish me to behave with rudeness."

"I do not understand these very nice distinctions; but I will confide in your sincerity, my lovely Louisa;" and he kissed my hand with apparent returning satisfaction. And then, as usual, he exhausted every expression of love and adoration; expatiated upon his sufferings, and the unspeakable miseries of absence.

I saw him but just restored to some degree of tranquillity, and could not bear to disturb it again, at that moment, by the mention of my own cause of complaint against him, for the unworthy suspicions entertained and betrayed at old Catherine's: but I shall certainly seek an opportunity of making him sensible of their impropriety, before he leaves Geneva.

I own to you, my dear brother, that it is not without reluctance I give up Prince Polinski's acquaintance: little indeed has he deserved such a return for the flattering proofs of esteem and friendly regard he has testified for me. I deeply regret the disappointment of not being able to make the Colonel sensible of his uncommon worth; at

the same time I feel I am doing right, and have no choice left.

The Prince came again in the evening, and was refused admittance. George brought in word he had called;—Colonel Malcolm's countenance wore the glow of triumph. Why should it? too well he knows he can now constrain me to any thing; and I must submit: but it would be more generous, and better understood, perhaps, to place that confidence in me, which would enhance the value of my preference of him. I thought he *was* generous, Henry—I do not know how it is—perhaps the spirit of contradiction, so natural to my sex, is at work in me; but I think there is something so cruelly mortifying in unmerited suspicion, that, if any thing could impel me to act wrong, it would be the supposing me capable of acting so.

I believe, however, self-love would keep me from that sort of revenge too: but I am not quite at peace with either the Colonel or myself.

Madame d'Urtise came this evening and Mr. Burnaby with her. My mother received them very coolly indeed. The flirtation is out of all measure, and all decency; scarcely

any one spoke to them the whole evening; but they seemed quite sufficient to themselves, and impenetrable to any sense of propriety. My mother asked Mr. Burnaby pointedly, whether it was partiality to her own country, that prevented *his Lady* from accompanying him in his travels. He coloured, and said, she was not in a state of health, or at a time of life, to have any great relish for foreign pleasures.

Madame d'Urtise did not look either surprised or disconcerted; so the knowledge of his situation was probably not new to her. Her infatuation seems wholly unaccountable; she is entirely absorbed in the gratification afforded to her vanity by his admiration; and he shows a jealousy of her even speaking or looking, for an instant, from him.

Lady Belfont says, she once committed some thoughts to paper, for the use of a much more sensible woman than Madame d'Urtise, whom she thought in danger of being led astray by an unwarrantable partiality; and she would lend them to me for my mother's, and my perusal; and if we thought they could have any effect in the present case, they were at our service to do with as we pleased. But

I fear

I fear it is too late, to avert Madame d'Urtise's fate ; yet I cannot believe her to be altogether destitute of principle, and the attempt is certainly worth making.

21st.—I have had another very unpleasant discussion with the Colonel. He will by no means acknowledge, that I have any just grounds of complaint on the discovery of his mean suspicions of me at Catherine's.

He was outrageous at her having betrayed him ; but he vindicates the steps he took, and maintains, that jealousy is inherent to love as excessive as his.

There might be a *species* of jealousy, I allowed, originating in diffidence of oneself, which was highly flattering to its object ; but where it seemed to proceed from want of confidence in the person beloved, or want of esteem, it was humiliating almost beyond endurance.

He contended, that it was not deficiency of esteem, but a dread of my youth and inexperience laying me open to artifices, of which I could not be aware.

I said he had once done me the honour,

to think my mind formed beyond my years : and, although my inexperience of the world might expose me to snares, which I could not discern ; yet he might trust both to my principles and to my candour for saving me from them, the instant they became manifest.

He could have no doubt, he told me, either of my principles, or of my candour ; but that such were frequently, and almost imperceptibly to ourselves, contaminated by intercourse with the world ; and that it was the safest method, certainly, to guard a young person even from the knowledge of the depravity, which pervaded human nature.

I argued, that, if good principles were founded upon a basis so insecure as mere *ignorance* of evil, I thought they were but little to be depended upon indeed ; because the moment, which put them to the test, must, according to that doctrine, by its nature, destroy them ; and the chance of keeping a young woman what she ought to be, could only turn upon shutting her up from all human intercourse.

He said, I carried his idea too far ; he only thought it requisite, that some clear-sighted and experienced friend should have a watch-

ful eye, to ward off insinuating, artful attempts, such as Prince Polinski's for instance, who, under the mask of ingenuous friendship, had endeavoured to draw unsuspecting innocence into very dangerous snares.

I was hurt at the unmerited insinuation, and replied, "I think, Colonel, after the readiness with which I have sacrificed Prince Polinski to your anxiety, against my own conviction, this attack upon him is not generous."

"If you consider it as a *sacrifice*, Miss Riversdale, I disclaim it."

"I did not mean to use the word in the sense, in which you take it; I meant the sacrifice of my own conviction to your opinion; and I do assure you, that, if I saw the ease resulting to you, which it is my only aim to ensure, I should never for an instant bring my own opinion into competition with your slightest wish; but I cannot bear the mortification of being thus doubted and tormented without end;"—and tears of vexation forced their way into my eyes.

He was softened; and, approaching me with a milder look, said, "It grieves my soul, Louisa, when I distress you; but if

you knew how I am torn between hope and fear, expectation and despair, you would pity, and forgive me—indeed you would ! all that gives you pain originates in the excess of my passion.”

“I can be just to that, and allow for it, Colonel Malcolm : why will not you place equal confidence in me ?”

“My adored Louisa ! I have no confidence but in you—no hope, or expectation of happiness but from you—all—all my wishes are centred in you.”

“Indeed they shall not be disappointed, if you will only trust me, and rely upon my integrity.”

He passionately assured me, that he would ; and at length seemed restored to tranquility, and to his former dependance upon me. He acknowledged, that la Grange’s reports had driven him to the paroxysm of madness I had seen ; but assured me, that my own candid statement of every circumstance, which la Grange had mentioned, had perfectly satisfied him of my innocence : at the same time, that the proofs of Prince Polinski’s passion were such, as to leave no manner of doubt in regard to him ; and that nothing, short of my

entirely dropping his acquaintance, could satisfy him, that I was safe from his designs.

I assured him that I would: and he went away satisfied.

But not so has he left your Louisa. I see but too plainly, nothing will ever convince him, that his safety lies in my principles, and not in his own watchfulness:—and the violence of his temper, before he can be brought to hear reason, is so very dreadful, that I know not what to do.

Poor Prince Polinski too!—little has his open, honest conduct deserved such a return. I believe, upon the whole, however, it may be better for him, that our acquaintance should drop. He certainly has betrayed signs of stronger interest, than is consistent with his situation. Still, that he should have reason to think me so very capricious, insolent, and ungrateful, as the change that is to take place in my behaviour to him must make me appear, distresses me very much. It is hard to submit to being ill thought of by the worthy. But I have only my own precipitance to accuse for the difficulties, in which I am involved, and have therefore neither right of option nor complaint left me.

22d.—Lady Belfont asked me to a little music, yesterday evening; but I concluded Prince Polinski would be there, and refused; certain that I should please Colonel Malcolm by it. He *was* pleased; and I again have hopes of at length bringing him to be satisfied with me.

He brought a letter, just received from Vienna, which confirms his expectations. His business will be settled, entirely to his satisfaction, the instant he arrives.

I have declined another invitation from Lady Belfont to day, because he sets out to morrow, and I did not choose to be absent from him so many hours. But we go to Mrs. Freeman's this evening, and he goes with us. Probably the Prince may not be there; or, if he should, the Colonel will give him no opportunity of approaching me; so that I shall find it easy, to conduct myself as I wish, without attracting particular observation.

23d.—I have your letter of the 5th of July, but cannot at this moment answer it*, my

* This letter, and Louisa's intended answer to it, if existing, have not been found.

dearest brother: I have too much to relate.— O! why did I go to Mrs. Freeman's? I am in a greater difficulty than ever.

Mrs. Freeman had planned a little music, without apprising us of it. The Colonel and the Dean went with us; and we found Lady Belfont, Lady Barbara, Madame d'Urtise, Mr. Burnaby, Lord Grantin, and Prince Polinski, there.

The instant I perceived the preparations for a concert, I determined to make the excuse of a cold; which, as I had never before allowed myself to do, without reason, I thought would not be questioned; and it was the only means, that occurred to me, to avoid all possibility of conversation with the Prince, who, I knew, would be fixed at the harpsichord the whole evening.

Mrs. Freeman expressed her hopes, at our entrance, that Lady Barbara's music books would gratify the company, by supplying me with a song.

I answered, that I feared my cold would put it out of my power to sing.

"When, Louisa," said my mother, whom I had not had time to apprise of my intention, and its motive, "did I ever before know you

guilty of the affectation of pleading a sham cold?"

I was confounded.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Lady Barbara, coming forward, "why, is not that the unquestionable privilege of all us good singers? Don't relinquish it, Miss Riversdale, I'll stand by you;—and there's poor Prince Polinski in the corner yonder, with a bad head-ach—that's the privilege of fine harpsichord players, you know, because then they can't see the notes; and you'll keep each other in countenance: and then, perhaps, talking over the cold and the head-ach may prove a relief to both." And her looks, while she said this, were still more provoking than her words.

Finding, however, that the motive for which I had framed my excuse was removed, and that I was now more likely to keep out of the Prince's way by singing, than by adhering to my refusal, I said, as cheerfully as I could, that I would endeavour to recover my credit, by waving my privilege, when I found it contrary to the sense of the company; and that if Lady Barbara would have the goodness to show me her books, I would do

the utmost to set the hoarseness, which I felt coming on, at defiance.

However, the hoarseness, which was of my own contrivance at first, now in reality came on, from the nervous agitation I experienced, in the dread of what the result of this evening might be. Still I resolved not to give way to it, and, with evident uneasiness to myself, began a song, accompanied by Wurmser at the harpsichord. I was unable to get through it; and when I turned to one that required less exertion, Wurmser declared it was new to him, and he could not play at sight.

“Then give me leave to accompany myself,” said I, and was taking Wurmser’s place at the instrument, when Mrs. Freeman objected, saying, “half the pleasure of hearing a song is seeing the singer; and when Miss Riversdale accompanies herself, the desk entirely conceals her: I must insist upon her being accompanied,” said she, “and am quite sure **the Prince’s head cannot be so bad, as to disable him from going through one song.**”

He immediately came forward, and made my retreat impossible. He had before only made me a formal, distant bow, and now sat

down to the harpsichord, without looking up, or speaking to me.

He accompanied me extremely ill, scarcely seeming to know what he was about, and looked pale, and much agitated.

Having finished my song, I was moving away from the instrument ; when Mrs. Freeman, who was destined, though unintentionally, to be my torment, came forward to stop me. " Before you sit down," said she, " I must have that duet I have heard so much talked of."

I said, I had it not ; but Lady Barbara, mischievously bent upon overruling all my excuses, said, she had :—and, running giddily to look for it, she overturned the candle, and spilt some wax upon her hand. Her exclamations now drew every one about her, except the Prince, who was so placed that I could not get past him till he moved, which it was not his intention to do ; for, seizing that moment of confusion, he pulled a paper out of his pocket, which he attempted to put into my hand ;—but I withdrew it, saying, " I entreat you, Sir, to let me pass."

Without attending to me, he laid his paper down upon the music-desk before me,

and said, "It is of infinite importance to me, that you should read what I have written, and if you refuse to take it, there it shall lie: you are aware of the consequences, that may arise from Colonel Malcolm's picking it up, and I am willing to abide by whatever you may choose to expose me to."

The obvious meaning of these words alarmed me the more, from catching the Colonel's eye, at that moment turned upon us. Perceiving the Prince to be speaking, he came forward with quickness.

I had no time for recollection; fear compelled me to take the paper, with the song on which it was lying, from the desk; determining, however, in the same moment, to take an opportunity of slipping it back into the Prince's pocket, before he should leave the room: but, as if aware of my very thoughts, upon seeing me in possession of the paper, he instantly started up, put his handkerchief to his face, saying that his nose bled; and ran out of the room.

"Was it my moving this way, that occasioned this sudden bleeding at the nose?" asked the Colonel, sarcastically.

"I should rather imagine it to be the

consequence of the head-ach Prince Polinski complained of," said I, affecting not to take his meaning.

He darted an angry look at me, and returned back with solemnity to his place.

The alarm which Lady Barbara had chosen to create (for in reality she was not hurt at all) having now subsided, and the book being found, the next inquiry was for Prince Polinski.

"Miss Riversdale has taken her opportunity to spirit him away," said Lady Barbara.

I replied, forcing a smile, that I fancied he had gone no farther than the next room, whither a bleeding at the nose had driven him.

"A bleeding at the heart, more likely," said Lord Grantin, meaning to be witty.

Colonel Malcolm's eyes flashed fire.

Mrs. Freeman went in pursuit of the Prince; but he had left the house.

I cannot express to you the perplexity and displeasure I now felt. He had evidently duped me into the most improper action, that, considering my situation, I could fall into. He exposed me to every violent consequence from the Colonel's indignation, if I were discovered, or to the consciousness of carrying

on a clandestine intercourse with him, if I concealed what passed. I was bent upon returning the note—but how? It was only folded together, not sealed:—how should I convince him of my not having read it? the open plan of conduct I had laid down to myself seemed to prescribe the immediate communication of it to the Colonel:—but this did not relate simply to myself; it might here involve a quarrel of the most alarming nature.

Wholly absorbed by these uneasy reflections, I had not attended to the appearance of absence which I wore. The conclusion of a piece of music, however, by awakening my attention, instantly turned it, to the inference that might be drawn from my unguarded reverie; and, raising my eyes, I found those of the Colonel, of Lady Barbara, and of my mother, all fixed upon me. This added confusion to consciousness: I had fallen into this state so immediately upon the Prince's departure, that it was scarce possible to clear myself from imputation.

Lady Barbara came up to me:—"Here," said she, fantastically parodying from Thomson, and repeating with emphasis, "Here,

‘ With the *gloom* of thoughtful reason mix’d,
Lurks *dubious passion* in the feeling heart.’*

“ My dear Miss Riversdale, you really do not carry on this business well at all ; why, a child of ten years old would perform her part better ; I see, I shall be obliged to take you under my tuition at last, or I shall never make out my novel. Wolmar will be off, if you go on at this rate—see how he stands yonder,

‘ With clouded aspect, and a burning cheek ;
Where the whole poison’d soul malignant sits,
And frightens love away.’

THOMSON.

“ I think your ladyship would spare your raillery,” I replied, “ if you had the smallest idea how very distressing it is at this moment.”

“ Nay, if you are honest enough to cry *peccavi*, you disarm me at once ; for I am the most amiable confidante in the world : it is only hypocrisy and reserve that I aim at beating out of the field.”

* “ Where, with the light of thoughtful reason
mix’d,
Shines lively fancy in the feeling heart.”

THOMSON. SPRING.

Here Lady Belfont came towards me—
“ My dear Louisa, I am grieved to see you appear so unwell, and have been at a loss, whether to come up, and rouse you to recollection, or take the chance of your thoughtfulness passing unobserved, and leave you quietly to recover from it.”

“ I am aware, Lady Belfont, that I have behaved like a fool; but I am unspeakably distressed, and wish much to see you for half an hour. I will go to your house to-morrow, if you will receive me, after Colonel Malcolm’s departure.”

“ I think I heard him say, just now, it was deferred for a day,” answered she.

“ Well, then, my going to Sêcheron must be out of the question, till Wednesday.”

“ I can see you at your own house, at your dressing time, to-morrow,” said she, kindly, “ and learn what new troubles oppress my dear young friend.”

I thanked her, from the bottom of my heart; and my mother, soon after this, arose, to go away, which was a very sensible relief to me.

The Colonel made no attempt to accom-

pany us home; but, bowing coldly, as we passed him, suffered us to go, without speaking a word.

And, now—retired into my own room, I find my perplexity extreme—I know not what to do. Colonel Malcolm's evident displeasure threatens a new storm, which I neither know how to encounter, nor to mitigate. I cannot have recourse to my mother, because she is by no means impartial; she is incensed against him, to a degree that would induce her to wish I should keep no measures with him; and she does not see the sacredness of my engagement, in the strong light, in which I see it myself. I am not of an age, she says, to be bound by a promise so inconsiderately given; but you will agree with me, that

“ Honour is much too proud, to catch
At every slender twig of nice distinction.”

—“ Those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.”

THOMSON.

In cases of this kind, persons must judge for themselves, and I must ever abide by what I said to Lady Belfont, that I should

consider it as an indelible disgrace, could I now be persuaded to recede.

Meanwhile, however, I have locked up Prince Polinski's note in my desk, without unfolding it; and there I mean to keep it, until I can have Lady Belfont's advice how to act.

24th.—Every thing combines to torment me. Lady Belfont has sent me word, she has a feverish cold, and is afraid to venture out; but begs I would write, if there be any particular haste in what I have to impart.

To write upon such a subject, is impossible; to enclose the Prince's note, every way dangerous; and to go to her, out of my power. I expect Colonel Malcolm every minute; and were he not to find me, when I ought to have been anxiously expecting him, it would produce such another fit of phrenzy as the last.—In short, I must now determine for myself; and I believe the most prudent plan, upon the whole, will be, to read the Prince's note; and, according to its purport, show it to the Colonel, or not: possibly its contents may serve better to acquit me than any thing—and if not, I am but where I was.

I lay down my pen, to read it:—my handwriting bears testimony to the agitation I feel, in so determining; my conscience is not at ease—I was better satisfied that I was right last night, when I gained upon myself to lock it up without looking at it.

* * *

I forbear all commentary till you have read it.

PRINCE POLINSKI TO LOUISA*.

“ Je ne viens point me plaindre, mademoiselle, de la dureté avec laquelle on me refuse votre porte; je ne viens point vous parler de sentimens, que je n’ai peut-être que trop trahis, mais qu’il m’est également

* Though the common English reader might, perhaps, be satisfied to have the translation only of the prince’s letters given in the text, the editor finds it so difficult to do them justice in that way, and is, besides, so struck himself with the peculiar elegance of their turn in the original, that he does not wish to rob the admirers of French letter-writing of the pleasure that must be imparted to them by these specimens of it. THE EDITOR.

“ I do not come to complain, madam, of the severity, which shuts your door against me; I do not come to express sentiments, which I may, perhaps, have involuntarily betrayed, but which I am equally pro-

interdit de faire valoir, comme à vous de les entendre ; mais je viens vous supplier à genoux, d'écouter la voix du plus vrai, du plus désintéressé de vos amis, qui vous conjure de vous soustraire au malheur qui vous menace, dans les liens disparates que vous voulez former.

“ Lorsque vous m’avez parlée de l’engagement que vous aviez prise, j’ai été frappé de votre franchise, et de votre honnêteté ; et j’aurois, à tout prix, respecté votre volonté en silence, jusqu’au dernier moment de ma vie, si j’avois vu la moindre perspective, je ne dis pas seulement de bonheur, mais même de tranquillité pour vous, dans l’établisse-

hibited from uttering, as you are from listening to them : but I come to implore you, upon my knees, to listen to the voice of the truest, of the most disinterested of your friends, who conjures you to draw back from those disproportionate ties you are contracting, and which can only unite you to the most unqualified misery.

“ When first you mentioned your engagement to me, I was struck with the frankness and the candour of your acknowledgment ; and should ever have bowed to your decree in respectful silence, had I perceived the smallest prospect—I will not say of happiness, but of common tranquillity,—in the establishment

ment que vous avez daignée agréer. Mais des l'instant que j'ai aperçu ce fier Colonel, avec ses cinquante ans, sa mine insultante, et son froid maintien, tout l'intérêt que vous savez si bien inspirer est venu agir sur mon cœur de manière à l'occuper tout entier. Comment ! me suis je dit, cette Louise, si douce, si jolie, si spirituelle, si sensible,—pétie de la main des Graces—réunissant les talens et l'instruction au jugement le plus solide—Louise ! se sacrifieroit ainsi ? je n'en revenois pas.

“ Voyons au moins, me disai-je encore, si son caractère, si la tournure de son esprit la dédomageront de son age, et de son ton

you had deigned to accept. But from the instant that I beheld this haughty Colonel, with his advanced years, his insulting looks, and his cold demeanour, all the interest, that you so infallibly excite, came pressing upon my heart, and expelled every thought, but that of anxiety for your welfare. How, said I to myself, shall this Louisa—so mild—so attractive—so animated—so feeling—formed by the hand of the Graces—uniting every accomplishment to elegant acquirements and solid sense—shall she so sacrifice herself ? My astonishment was inexpressible.

“ Let us see, at least, continued I, whether his temper, and the turn of his mind, will make her amends for his age, and forbidding manners. But

brusque ? mais que devins-je ? quand je fus convaincu que déjà sa jalousie, sa mauvaise humeur portoit sur tout ce qui vous approchoit ; que vous étiez gênée, timide devant lui, n'osant parler, ni regarder, à droite ni à gauche, crainte de la scène, qui alloit s'ensuivre. Ah, mademoiselle ! si vous aviez pue voir la douleur, dont j'ai été navré à cette cruelle découverte, vous me pardonneriez l'indiscrétion qu'elle me fait commettre aujourd'hui, en me servant du seul moyen que j'ai de vous faire parvenir (tandis qu'il en est encore tems) cette remontrance, dictée par le zèle, le respect et la sincérité.

“ J'avois espéré, durant son absence de pou-

what became of me again ? when I was convinced, from my own observations, that already his jealousy and moroseness showed themselves to all who approached you ; that, in his presence, you were constrained, timid—afraid of looking either to the right or to the left, in the dread of the scene that was to follow. Ah, Miss Riversdale ! could you have been witness to the affliction, with which this painful discovery overwhelmed me, you would forgive the impropriety of which it now makes me guilty, in taking this, the only method I can devise, of conveying to you, while it is yet time, a remonstrance, dictated by zeal, as respectful as it is sincere.

“ I had flattered myself, that during the Colonel's

voir gagner assez sur votre estime, et sur votre confiance, pour oser vous dire ce que je suis maintenant réduit à vous écrire : et le ciel m'est témoin, que tous mes vœux portent sur votre propre bonheur : hélas ! il n'est que trop indépendant du mien, que ce soit Monsieur Malcolm ou un autre qui en ait le soin, la rigueur de mon sort ne me permet d'y contribuer, que par le désintéressement le plus pénible, mais le plus réel.

“ Le retour inopiné de M. le Colonel a tout bouleversé : je n'ai plus trouvé le moyen de vous approcher ; mais je vois—mais je fais que vous êtes malheureuse, et je n'y

absence I might gain such ground in your esteem and confidence, as would authorize my interference, and give me the courage to say to you, what I am now reduced to the necessity of writing. Heaven is my witness, that your happiness is my only object : alas ! it must ever be but too independent of mine. Whether Colonel Malcolm, or any other, be entrusted with the care of it, the rigour of *my* fate admits only of my contributing to it, by means the most truly, though the most painfully disinterested.

“ The unexpected return of the Colonel has defeated my hopes ; I have no longer been suffered to approach you : but I see—but I know, that you are unhappy, and

puis tenir. Ah ! songez—songez que c'est pour la vie que vous allez vous lier !—songez que ces scènes, qui ne vous tourmentent maintenant que de tems à autre, se renouveleront journellement, quand il ne sera plus retenu par la crainte que vous ne lui échappiez—que son humeur noircira encore à mesure qu'il avancera en âge—que jeune, belle, et faite pour plaire, vous attirerez, malgré vous, des hommages, dont chacun vous fera un nouveau crime à ses yeux. Enfin, je le répète—je tombe à vos genoux, pour vous conjurer d'écouter la voix de tous vos amis, qui s'explique par mon organe. Il n'est qu'un cri sur le compte de

I cannot bear it. Think—ah, think ! that it is for life you are going to bind yourself : consider that these scenes of jealous violence, which now only occur from time to time, will be renewed daily, when he is no longer restrained by the fear of losing you—that his temper will become worse as he advances in age—that young, handsome, and formed as you are to please, every man who approaches you, will pay a tribute of admiration, which will constantly be imputed to you as a fresh crime by his unreasonable jealousy. In short, I prostrate myself before you, to entreat—to conjure you, to listen to the voice of all your friends, who speak through me. There can be but one opinion in regard to Colonel Malcolm and

Monsieur Malcolm et sur le votre; et c'est votre prévention en sa faveur, qui peut seule vous aveugler sur le sort qui vous attend. Ah dégagez vous! vous aurez aussitôt le monde entier à vos pieds, et vous ne sauriez manquer de faire un choix plus digne de vous. Je ne vous dirai pas que j'aurois le courage d'en être témoin. Louise, libre, seroit encore pour moi un objet mille fois plus dangereux, que tout ce qui a jusqu'ici assailli ma constance: mais j'aurois la force de fuir, mademoiselle! j'irois ou le devoir m'appelle, et je chercherois dans l'absence à triompher des sentimens, dont je ne me permets point de vous entretenir, et à ne

yourself; and your prejudice in his favour can alone blind you to the fate that awaits you.—Ah! disengage yourself from these unworthy fetters, and you will have the world at your feet, and cannot fail of making a choice more adequate to your desert. I will not boast, that I shall have the courage, to be witness to such an event. Louisa, free, would be an object of a thousand times more danger, than any that has yet assailed my fortitude; but I should have resolution sufficient to fly—I should go where my duty calls me; I should endeavour to triumph, by absence, over those feelings, which I must not express, and to enjoy those, which shall have fortunately contributed to rescue you from misery, and of which you may,

nourrir que ceux dont vous ne rougirez point de recevoir l'hommage; et que je chérirai d'autant plus, pour m'avoir inspiré la hardiesse avec laquelle je viens de vous parler, si le succès couronne mon attente, et que je puisse me flatter d'avoir prévenu votre malheur: et peut-être ne dédaignerez vous pas un jour de marquer à votre *ami* (car j'ose m'arroger ce titre) que vous avez sue lui rendre justice, et que son désintéressement lui a mérité une place dans votre amitié. C'est tout ce que je puis me permettre de demander:—Helas! que ne puis-je ajouter, c'est tout ce que je désire."

Well, my dear brother! what say you now? Is it possible, to carry disinterested zeal and generous friendship further? for, although there is no being blind to the meaning of his suppressed sentiments, you see how very far he is from a thought of

without blushing, receive the tribute. And, perhaps, the time may come, that you will condescend to acquaint your *friend* (for I venture to lay claim to that name), that you do justice to his sentiments, and remember him with the esteem, which his disinterested attachment merits. This is all, that I must allow myself to *ask*; alas! that I could add—it is all I *wish*."

indulging them. How little did I know him, when I feared to read his note! how little did he merit my ungenerous suspicions! —Amiable prince! What amends can I make for the pain I have given, and must continue to give, to his feeling heart? for he urges an impossibility: my doom is irrevocably fixed.

You see, that the nature of this note absolutely precludes the communication of it to Colonel Malcolm. I am now condemned to act with a duplicity, of which the consciousness is misery to me—but what can I do? The Prince, however, will soon leave Geneva, and that will put an end to every difficulty. Meanwhile, it appears to me, that common gratitude calls for an answer to his kindly meant remonstrance; though I shall not give it without Lady Belfont's approbation: I am too sensibly aware, how much I mistook my way before, to trust wholly to my own judgment again.

* * *

The Colonel has been here, and renewed a scene of violence, with the nature of which you are now become too well acquainted, to make the detail necessary. Suffice it to say,

that, after a great deal of very intemperate discussion, and degrading suspicion, he was at length compelled to allow, that I could neither have taken more pains to avoid the Prince, nor thrown more reserve into my manner, without marking my situation to the whole company; which, I said, I wished, for his credit, to avoid, as it would grieve me to have any but myself aware, how very unreasonable he could be.

He had seen the Prince speaking to me—What did he say?

I replied, “that he had told me, he should soon remove a painful object out of my sight.”

I did not scruple to have recourse to this little evasion, because it was calculated to relieve Colonel Malcolm’s mind, by the idea of his speedy departure; and, in fact, was contained in the letter, which I could neither show nor acknowledge.

“What! is he going, then?” exclaimed he, with the utmost eagerness; “Heaven be praised!” And this unexpected piece of good news so appeased him, that he became quite serene, and dropped the subject.

The Colonel now proposes leaving Geneva

to morrow. How is it, my dear brother, that his approaching departure no longer raises in me that dread of separation, which I so painfully experienced three weeks ago? Am I changed?—Am I no longer the grateful, affectionate Louisa, who took such delight in considering herself as a pledge of happiness to the friend of her family; to the man, to whom she herself is so highly indebted? I almost shrink from my own investigation: still, I find my heart retain every friendly anxiety for his welfare, that ever filled it. I would sacrifice any thing, to acquit the debt of gratitude, which I owe him: but I fear his happiness is not in my power; although convinced of his sincerity in asserting, that without me he shall be wretched. Many people, however, pass through life very tolerably, without attaining positive happiness: indeed, it is avowedly a “phantom, that mocks our pursuit:” peace will stand instead of it; and could I hope to secure his, I should find my own in it: but the constant recurrence of this suspicious irritability fills my mind with apprehensions for the future. It is too late, however, to reflect upon this now; I have involved myself by my own

precipitancy, and must submit to my fate. In a choice between two evils, it is better, certainly, to encounter misery in the performance of one's duty, than in the breach of one's promise; the consciousness of acting right is a support, never to be thought lightly of.—

But I am very low.

25th.—Lady Belfont is still confined with her cold. The Colonel's departure is again delayed—and the poor Prince unanswered.

I reproach myself severely on his account. Such pure, disinterested friendship is certainly entitled to a better return, than silent neglect!—and he is going—going away, perhaps with the impression, that I am ungrateful—undeserving of his esteem—insensible to the peculiar delicacy of his way of thinking and acting.—Surely, he has entitled himself to thanks at least!—This appears to me one of the few occasions, that justify a slight deviation from those rigid rules of decorum, which prohibit the answering of a clandestine note; and I really think I ought to write, particularly as it will give me an opportunity of pointing out to him the danger, to which his indiscretion

might have exposed me, and being explicit as to my positive determination, never to suffer myself, upon any pretence, to be drawn into any thing of the kind again. Of course, Lady Belfont shall see the letter, and determine upon the propriety, and the means, of transmitting it.

I transcribe it for you.

* “ Je crois que si vous aviez réfléchi, monsieur, à tous les inconvéniens qui pouvoient résulter de la manière dont vous vous y êtes pris pour me faire part de vos alarmes sur mon compte, vous eussiez cherché quelque voie moins répréhensible de m’en instruire. Je ne puis cependant que vous savoir gré de la franchise et du désintéressement de votre amitié ; et je contreviens sans scrupule aux règles usitées, pour faire preuve de mon estime,

* “ I believe, Sir, that if you had considered the mischief, which might have arisen from the method you have taken, of imparting to me your anxiety upon my account, you would have fallen upon some less reprehensible plan: still, I must give you credit for the openness and disinterestedness of your friendship; and I make no scruple to transgress the received rules of strict decorum, as a proof of my esteem, and the justice

et de la justice que je rends à vos sentimens, et pour dissiper vos craintes sur le sort qui m'attend. Soyez sur qu'elles ne se réaliseront point. Vous me jugez sur les jeunes personnes de mon âge ; mais je n'ai jamais eue les goûts jeunes. Je suis liée au Colonel Malcolm par le sentiment de l'estime, fondé sur des qualités essentielles et distinguées, auxquelles vous ne sauriez rendre justice, parceque vous n'avez pas eu l'occasion de les approfondir ; et je lui dois de plus une reconnoissance, que tout le cours de ma vie n'acquittera que foiblement : je suis d'ailleurs convaincuë qu'il m'est attaché au point de ne pouvoir plus connoître le bonheur que par mon moyen : et cette conviction se réunit à

I do to your way of thinking, as well as with a view to dispel your fears in regard to my prospect. Be assured, that they will not be verified. You judge of me by the generality of young people, but my taste has never been juvenile. I am bound to Colonel Malcolm by the most perfect esteem, founded upon great and good qualities, to which you cannot do justice, because you have had no opportunity to investigate them : I owe him a debt of gratitude, which the whole course of my life will be devoted to repay ; and I know, besides, to a certainty, that his attachment for me is such, as to admit of his obtaining happiness only

la sainteté de ma promesse, pour m'interdire toute option. Je suis trop franche pour vous nier que quelques scènes pénibles n'aient résultés, de tems à autre, de son inquiétude sur la solidité de mon attachement pour lui; mais je conviendrai en même tems que les apparences y ont donnés lieu: et il n'y a que l'extrême simplicité et uniformité de ma conduite, qui puisse me justifier pleinement à ses yeux. Ne m'accusez donc ni de caprice ni d'ingratitude, si je me conforme scrupuleusement à tout ce que cette justification exige: car je ne sais point tempérer avec mon devoir; il me fait impérieusement la loi, et m'ordonne de vous éviter; il m'ordonne encore, quand, malgré moi, je vous verrai, de

through my means. This conviction strengthens the sacredness of my engagement, and leaves me no option. I will not deny, that some momentary doubts, on his part, of the solidity of my affection, have occasionally given rise to painful scenes; but justice compels me to allow, that appearances may have given cause for them: it, therefore, rests with the openness and uniformity of my conduct, to justify me fully in his eyes. Do not, then, accuse me, either of caprice or ingratitude, if I scrupulously adhere to what my justification requires; for I cannot make a compromise with my duty: its laws are imperious and unequivocal: they

renfermer dans les bornes de la plus froide politesse les sentimens d'estime que vous avez si bien mérité : et surtout de ne me laisser engager, par quelque motif que ce puisse être, de recevoir un mot de réponse de votre part : mais il n'exige point que je détruise l'existence de cette estime dans mon cœur, parceque ce seroit exiger l'impossible, sentant, comme je le fais, tout le prix et toute la vérité de votre amitié.

“ Recevez donc, Prince, pour l'unique fois que je me permettrai jamais de vous les témoigner, les remerciemens les plus sentis, et l'assurance de mes vœux pour votre bonheur.”

“ Je crois que vous faites bien de partir ;

command me to avoid you ; or if, in spite of myself, I should meet with you, they prohibit all intercourse, but that of the most distant civility ; and, above all, that I should suffer no motive whatever to induce me to admit of an answer of any kind to this ; but they do not require me to obliterate the consciousness of your worth, because that would be exacting an impossibility, acknowledging, as I do, the value and the truth of your friendship.

“ Receive, then, for the only time I shall ever allow myself to express them, my heartfelt thanks, and the assurance of my wishes for your happiness.

“ I believe you do well to leave this place ; but I

mais je désire que vous emportiez la conviction que je ne ferai point malheureuse : et je prends sur moi de vous en répondre, parceque, quand même, contre mon attente, une partie de vos craintes se réaliseroit, je suis intimement persuadée qu'on n'est jamais à plaindre, quand le sentiment du devoir est adouci par le témoignage de sa conscience sur la manière de s'en acquitter."

And now I trust, my dear brother, that, so far from thinking I should have any scruple about conveying this to the Prince, you will agree with me, that it is the most effectual mode of securing a concurrence in our breaking off all acquaintance, of which, until he clearly understood my motives for wishing it, he would never see the necessity.

Colonel Malcolm has received accounts from V——, which give him reason to hope, he may not be detained there above a month, before every thing may be settled to his wish;

with you to go satisfied, that I shall not be unhappy : and I take upon myself to answer for this ; because, if (contrary to my expectation) a part of what you apprehend should even take place, I am perfectly convinced, that no one can ever be very miserable, in whom the sense of duty is supported by the consciousness of fulfilling it."

and he is now preparing for his departure to morrow, in great spirits at the prospect of this speedy end to all his uncertainties.

I have written Lady Mary Melville an account of this happy turn of affairs, and slightly hinted at the proofs I had received, in confirmation of her warnings; expressing my earnest hopes, at the same time, that the openness and consistency of my conduct would finally remove them.

26th.—The Colonel is set out, elate with hopes, and satisfied with my sincerity. His expectation of so speedy a return has removed all the anguish, which appeared in the former separation; and the prospect of the Prince's immediate departure removes his apprehensions in regard to him.

My mother seems uneasy, and is, I believe, disappointed, that the connexion has not been broken off, which, she had probably persuaded herself, would ultimately be the result of his repeated and unwarrantable violence.

I am now going to Sêcheron, to dine with Lady Belfont, and consult her upon the propriety of my note; and shall return before

the shutting of the gates, to avoid seeing Prince Polinski at her house in the evening.

I purpose going round by Simon's, to take Javotte home: she has been perfectly well for some time; but we could not send her back sooner, because the poor mother and infant had both caught the infection before her removal; they have, however, had the disorder favourably, and are now almost recovered. I forgot to mention this in its proper place, for my mind has been so engrossed, that I have been able to impart only the more important subjects of anxiety.

The Dean will walk with me. He appears perplexed with all that is going forward; and I guess, from his avoiding his usual interference and jokes, that my mother has entrusted him, at least, with my engagement to Colonel Malcolm.

27th.—How seldom, after all our calculation and contrivance, do things turn out in the way we propose or wish; every part of my yesterday's plan was defeated, by the perverseness of circumstances; and I have been most cruelly mortified!

The Dean and I set out, with Javotte, for

Simon's cottage; but the day being hot, and my nerves, perhaps, a little shaken by the various conflicts I have of late undergone, he saw me fatigued, and insisted upon my not going down the lane, which, he averred, to be above half a mile out of my way; saying, he supposed I did not fear to be left alone, and I might stay for him in my favourite seat under the elm tree, whilst he walked down with Javotte to the cottage; and I might depend upon his bringing me a particular account of how all was going on there: and, indeed, good man! I believe he has scarcely missed a day inquiring after them himself, since the poor woman was taken ill.

I assured him I had no fears, and he left me.

He was hardly out of sight, when I perceived a man on horseback coming towards me, whom I immediately recognised to be Prince Polinski. He no sooner saw me, than he alighted, and stepping quickly forwards; "This is, indeed, a piece of good fortune I could not have hoped for," said he; "and had I not been informed, before I rode out of Geneva, that the Colonel had left it, I should not, on your account, have dared to

avail myself of it, when found; but now, I may venture to approach you, and entreat your forgiveness."

"We must have no conversation, sir," interrupting him; "Colonel Malcolm's injunctions are as sacred to me in his absence, as his presence could make them." I spoke with quickness and emotion, feeling, in reality, much embarrassed at this unexpected meeting.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed he impetuously, "does he forbid your speaking to me? and can you submit, knowing the purity of your own and my intentions, to be treated with such indignity?"

I saw no means of freeing myself from this improper discussion, but by giving him the answer to his note, which I had in my pocket to show to Lady Belfont. There was now no time for her disapprobation, or concurrence; and, in fact, I saw no cause to doubt of her approving a measure, that so determinately, and explicitly, put an end to all these embarrassments. Taking it out, therefore, and presenting it to him, I said, "This, sir, will explain every thing, and you must have the goodness instantly to leave

me; for Doctor Frankly is but just gone on to yonder cottage, and I would not have him find you with me, at his return, upon any consideration."

I spoke with such evident anxiety, and earnest sollicitude, that he did not attempt to oppose me; but respectfully kissing my hand, and the paper as he took it, he put it into his bosom, and, with a very dejected look, remounted his horse, and left me.

I was not well before, and this unexpected overthrow of all my plans disturbed me so exceedingly, that, the instant he was out of sight, I burst into tears.

I had now, again, been compelled, by circumstances, to act without the advice of Lady Belfont, in whom I placed my entire reliance. Satisfied, as I was, of the rectitude both of the Prince's intentions and my own, I had been led into doing, without a sanction, what I *must conceal* from the Colonel; and what, even if known to any one else, could only be justified by the purport of my note, which I must, for the present, be satisfied to repeat from memory to Lady Belfont, and she might, or might not, trust my accuracy in reporting its contents. These uneasy re-

fections fill'd my mind, and the tears were trickling fast from my eyes, when the Dean returned to me, with the account, that all was going on as well as possible at Simon's. "But, bless my soul! what has happened in my absence?" exclaimed he, looking at me with surprise.

"Nothing—I am rather low with fatigue," I said; "and being left to myself, I was indulging a little fit of crying—that was all."

"I feared you might have met with some fright," replied he, "for Javotte said, just as we were turning the corner of the lane, that she saw two men on horseback riding towards you; and I should have come back immediately, but that I could distinguish, by the regimentals and the cockade, that it was a gentleman and his servant; so, I was satisfied you were safe. Your looks, however, alarm me—you change colour:—surely, you have not met with any impertinence; have you?"

"None whatever, sir, indeed; it was Prince Polinski."

"Prince Polinski! and gone already—and left you in tears—why, what is all this? Louisa! Louisa!" shaking his head, "take

care! it may be very flattering to vanity to have two strings to your bow; but, with such a hot-headed man as the Colonel, it is a business of danger."

"Good heavens, Doctor Frankly! you cannot suppose me capable of such duplicity."

"Nay, child, I suppose nothing, but that pretty young ladies do not always consider the consequences of encouraging admiration."

"Indeed, you do me injustice—I have considered every thing, and discouraged, to the utmost of my power, any particular attentions from the Prince. I should despise myself, if I could find a gratification in sporting with a man's feelings—indeed, you hurt me exceedingly"—and my tears flowed faster than before.

"Well! well! I did not mean to hurt you; I'm sure I'm very sorry if I have. I only thought, that a little friendly advice, just to put you upon your guard, was what I owed to my anxiety for your welfare; for I see you are fretting yourself to death, and losing all your cheerfulness, and all your bloom; and I could not help feeling uneasy—

that's all—and so you must forgive me—I meant it well.”

“Forgive you! I must even thank you for your friendly solicitude; I am only grieved, that I should appear in such a despicable light to you, and could wish to convince you, that I do not deserve to appear so.”

“No! no! you don't appear in a despicable light—I know nobody, that I think half so well of—but you are young, and may not always consider the consequences of things—and so I wished to give you a hint—that was all—because, you know, the Colonel being only just gone, and the Prince following you in your walk, and taking the opportunity of saying a word to you alone—”

“You are quite mistaken indeed, my dear sir, if you suppose the Prince had any expectation of finding me alone: I do assure you, the meeting was wholly unforeseen; and so far from entering into any conversation with him, I give you my word, that I peremptorily declined it, and insisted upon his leaving me instantly.”

“Well! I dare say you did; but then, having a letter ready for him came to pretty

much the same thing, you know; or, was rather worse indeed."

"A letter!" I repeated, in the utmost astonishment and consternation.

"Ay, a letter, Louisa—you see the danger of entering into a correspondence with young men; they cannot keep their own counsel a minute."

I was now so confounded, that I knew not what to say, or which way to look, and could scarcely articulate the words—"What can you mean?"

"Why, you know, I have no right to expect, that you should let me into your secrets, nor do I want to pry, but just so far as may be for your own good. The truth simply this. I saw him from the rising ground, as I came out of the cottage, at a distance, where he certainly thought himself concealed from every human eye: he had dismounted, and retired under the projection of the rock, (I suppose, to get out of sight of his servant,) so far, that I could not even be sure it was the Prince; but I saw him kiss, repeatedly, a paper which he was reading; and now, seeing what I see, and knowing what I know

—and being told by you, that it was the Prince—I put all these circumstances together, and very naturally draw the inference, which I have not hesitated to mention to you; because, the same discovery might have been made by some one less friendly to you, and who would have made a different use of it:—so then, my dear child, once more forgive me, if I have distressed you; and I will leave you to the guidance of your own good sense and good principles, and ask no more questions.”

“But, indeed, sir,” recovering in some degree from the extreme confusion he had thrown me into, “you must now be farther informed; for I cannot bear the poor, pitiful figure I at this instant make in your eyes, with my apparent prevarications.”

I then informed him fairly of all that my own justification required him to know, in regard to my situation between Colonel Malcolm and the Prince Polinski, suppressing only the violences of the Colonel, which, if possible, I would wish to conceal from every mortal.

He seemed highly gratified by the confidence I reposed in him, and just as we reached

Sêcheron, he concluded with saying, "Well! you are a very good girl, and will, I hope, some day, be as happy as you deserve to be—but somehow I have my fears about Colonel Malcolm."

But what a lesson, Henry! of the danger of letting any consideration lead one into the hazard of a clandestine transaction.

We found Lady Belfont better. She wished to have kept the Dean to dinner, but he had not yet had half his walk, he said; so he hurried off. I immediately acquainted her with all the difficulties, in which I had been involved: she extremely lamented the trick, by which Prince Polinski had surprised me into receiving his note; though its contents vindicated him from improper intentions: at the same time she pointed out, what had entirely escaped my observation, that, were his sentiments really as disinterested as he professed them to be, he would have been the last man to have exposed me to the animadversions, which an appearance of connivance between us must excite, situated as I am in regard to Colonel Malcolm.

"But, as it was against the Colonel himself," I argued, "what other means had he?"

“ If he meant no more than that,” replied Lady Belfont, “ the readiest and least dangerous method was to apply to me, whom he saw equally interested with himself, and of whose concurrence he might have been very certain, in urging you to what every friend you have must so much wish : but, depend upon it, Louisa, that the secret hope of his heart, perhaps even unacknowledged to himself (for I would by no means impeach his integrity) certainly was to draw you into a correspondence ; and nothing but your own good sense, and unerring delicacy, could have baffled the attempt.”

She “ spoke daggers” in these last words. Henry, my confusion was inexpressible—I hid my face in her bosom. “ Oh, dear, dear Madam ! you think far too favourably of me ; indeed my sense has fallen very short of what you expect from it—you will despise me, when you know—indeed I did not intend to have proceeded one step without your advice ; only circumstances fell out so perversely, to keep you from me.” Emotion choked me ; I could not go on.

“ Well, my love ! do not agitate yourself so much, for merely a mistaken intention :

supposing you have not seen things exactly as they strike me, and that you fancied yourself obliged to write an answer, the suppressing of it ends the whole difficulty; and however mortified you may feel at having, even in *idea*, erred, believe me, the best of us may be thankful, if we can rest our consciousness of transgression there. You do not presume, that you are to be exempt from error at seventeen, do you? I can tell you, that I should, in that case, I fear, find enough of the woman in me, to like you the less for making me feel so little in the comparison, who have been labouring to the age of thirty, and find myself so short of perfection still."

"Dearest Lady Belfont! your indulgence sinks me lower and lower in my own estimation: the error has not rested in my intention; it is committed, and I have forfeited your good opinion beyond redemption."

"Indeed, my sweet girl, if you had committed a much greater error, your ingenuous acknowledgment, and evident regret, would save you from all danger of losing my good opinion. Tell me, then, how you unfortunately met with so speedy an opportunity of conveying your answer to him?"

“ Under such very kind encouragement, who could endure the idea of going wrong a second time? The only atonement I can make is in the sincerity of my acknowledgment.” I then repeated to her, as nearly as I could recollect them, the words of my letter, and related the circumstance, which had forced it from me, before I could submit it to her better judgment. She said, the sentiments it contained were calculated to do away the imprudence of the manner of communicating them; and she was satisfied, that this practical lesson would inculcate more forcibly upon my mind, than all the theory in the world could have done, that no purity of intention can obviate the possible inconvenience attending the pursuit of improper methods: “ and be assured,” added she, “ that I speak from the result of my own observation and experience (which is farther confirmed in the present instance), when I assert, that no man, who will unnecessarily expose you to malignant observation, however meritorious the ostensible motive may be, is *wholly* disinterested. Self ever lurks at the bottom of unjustifiable means; and if the Prince do not deceive you, he at least deceives himself.

How could he be sure, that your very inexperience might not expose you to every person in company, by the awkwardness and agitation of concealing a note so given? Indeed, the more I reflect upon it, the more I am displeased with him."

After giving me time to recover some composure, by the mention of various and indifferent subjects, Lady Belfont then told me—this was a shock to my heart indeed!—she then told me, she should soon leave Geneva.

This finishing stroke so completely overcame me, that I behaved more like a fool than I care to acknowledge, even to my brother, who has been so accustomed to bear with my weaknesses. For, after all, I had never supposed, that Lady Belfont was to take up her abode at Geneva; but the idea of losing her so soon, had never once occurred to my imagination; and to have it fall upon me just at this moment—when my heart can so ill spare her—I cannot express how I am grieved!

She kindly uttered a wish, that it were possible for Lady Riversdale to spare me for a few months; but I stated to her the utter

impossibility, on all accounts, of bringing such a point to bear. The Colonel's approaching return—and, even were that unexpectedly delayed—the solitude in which I should leave my mother, precluded the thought altogether. Had we succeeded in the plan of getting the house for my grandmother and aunt, as we wished, it might, perhaps, have facilitated—But no—even then my becoming an inmate with Lady Barbara could never meet the Colonel's approbation*.

Lady Belfont acknowledged to me, that Lady Barbara gave her great uneasiness. She is pursuing her conquest over Lord Grantin with the most dauntless intrepidity. The connexion cannot possibly be agreed to, either by Lord Egmore or Lord Belfont, who have, for many years, been at variance, and bear a personal animosity to each other, on account of some political competition, which she did not explain. Lady Belfont has, from the first, been barely civil to Lord Grantin; but Lady Barbara has, in spite of all remon-

* It has probably been in the packet that is missing, that the disappointment of that plan was explained.

france, kept forcing him upon her. The foolish young man is flattered with the preference shown him by a woman of so much wit and beauty as Lady Barbara, and lays it all to the account of his fine person. His fortune, independent of his father, is, however, by no means what he had stated it to the Dean: Lady Belfont knows it to be a bare competency for a single man, and Lady Barbara has nothing—beside that she is a year or two older than he. She openly avows the most perfect contempt for his understanding; but that, she contends, is very immaterial: figure, fashion, and good humour, are all the qualities requisite in a husband, she says: and as to the objections, they only heighten her relish for the frolic. Lady Belfont will be glad to take her away, in the persuasion, that absence will soon drive her out of Lord Grantin's thoughts.

I am entrusted with the reflections, which Lady Belfont had mentioned with a view to Madame d'Urtise; but I fear they are beyond her comprehension. I transcribe them for you, my dear brother, that you may form a just conception of the perfect liberality, the mild virtue, as well as judicious sense and

strength of observation of this charming woman.

Lady Belfont's Reflections.

“ Alarmed in the extreme for my friend’s safety, by our yesterday evening’s conversation—perceiving a cloud to be gradually veiling that strong sense of her duties, which so lately marked all her thoughts and actions—I find myself irresistibly impelled to make one more attempt, to counteract the insidious power, that is imperceptibly undermining her principles, and unsettling her best resolves.

“ After we had exhausted every topic of religious and moral obligation, which early education had impressed upon your mind, and judicious reading had since confirmed; you fairly avowed, that your reason only subscribed to the doctrines I retraced, while your heart seemed to be in search of a sanction for deviating from them. You hinted at a possible existence of extenuating circumstances—you were inclined to believe, that, *if* a strong mind could get over the check of religious and moral restraint, *happiness* might result from a connexion, un-

functioned by law, and the customs of the world. You did not, indeed, assert this as an opinion, you merely hazarded it as a conjecture. Alas, my friend! the admitting such an *if*, already argues considerable danger to the mind that suggests it.

“ I must now follow the example of those able divines, who have found it expedient to strengthen remote expectations by the more immediate influence of self-interest; and make that dangerous *if* the basis of my argument. Deeply interested in giving it effect, I shall carefully shun the severity, that is too apt to be deemed the test of rigid virtue; but which I consider rather as originating from natural want of feeling, than characteristic of that amiable moral attribute, the gentle influence of which will operate by example upon others, whilst it insures tranquillity to its possessor. Severity must ever be inadequate to produce conviction; true virtue is less assuming, and more studious of the means to effect general good. I recognise her existence in my breast, by her steady adherence to principle, to the exclusion of all sentimental sophistry; by the humility with which she urges the determina-

tion to fly, when, to stay, has threatened danger; and, above all, by that indulgence to the faults of others, which proceeds from the conviction impressed on my mind, that, even in her best triumphs, she chiefly owes her permanence to that divine protecting hand, which has averted trials beyond her strength.

“Divesting myself, therefore, of all reference to the criminality incurred, I follow up your alarming *if*, and undertake to prove, that *positive internal wretchedness* must, of necessity, follow a woman’s deviation from virtue; independently of remorse, of the treachery of her seducer, or of the obloquy of the world.

“Turn your attention, for a moment, to the consequences that must naturally result from the difference of the spheres, in which the sexes move,—the passive lot of woman compared to the active scenes for which man is designed,—and place them both under the dominion of a mutual passion: what, in the whole catalogue of a woman’s domestic life, can in any degree counteract an invader so powerful? and stating her domestic avocations (in which I mean to include every study and accomplishment, that can grace a

female mind,) is placing her in her strong hold ; for, independently of them, a woman's thoughts can only be employed in pursuits so futile and frivolous, as might rather lead her to seek an object, to engross them, than supply her with means to expel one. Her ideas, thus concentrated, become an easy prey to the encroaching usurper, who by degrees acquires possession of them all, and bends her whole soul to his influence. The extensive range of a man's pursuits must, on the contrary, perpetually counteract his feelings, and cause his thoughts to diverge from their favourite object. Love may, and probably will, absorb his faculties for a moment—but when the connexion is such, as honour and integrity disavow, he blushes at his conscious weakness—he is sunk in his own estimation, by its triumph over his nobler powers ; his pursuits are public, and public contempt falls upon inactivity : for, however each man, individually, may acknowledge the force of passion, mankind, collectively, will ever despise him, who continues long a slave to it.

“ Ambition, glory, interest, soon resume their empire ; and when they no longer have uncontrollable desire to contend with, will

easily conquer what may then remain of love; and all a man's best sentiments will combine to give them force, by suggesting to him, that gratitude and secrecy are the utmost, to which a woman can lay claim from the most *honourable seducer* (if I may be permitted such a contradiction in terms), in return for the sacrifice of her principles, her reputation, and every thing which she has been taught to hold most sacred; for I will allow my seducer what the world calls honour, for the still greater strength of my argument. Were I to represent him like the general run of men, who seek such sort of connexions, designing, ungenerous, faithless—there could be little need of rhetoric, to satisfy the most infatuated of my sex of the certain consequences of such a choice: but I will call him honourable, sincere, and feeling; such, in short, as every woman believes her lover to be, until sad experience undeceives her: nor shall she in this be undeceived, he shall actually be so, and yet make her wretched. For see what her situation now becomes!—The object of her affection still more endeared to her by the struggles he has occasioned, and by the sacrifice he has ultimately

obtained—she builds all her hopes upon the continuation of that ardent passion, which he had so often vowed, (and perhaps himself believed) would be eternal; and ‘tremblingly alive’ to its most minute appearances, she cannot, for an instant, be blind to its gradual and natural decrease. She finds him, as it almost imperceptibly to himself subsides, substituting cool, grateful, affectionate attentions to those unbounded transports, that fervent adoration, with which he had been used to meet her, and which, she had trusted, would ever continue, to repay her for all her sacrifices.

“It has been prettily enough observed, that ‘*une femme qui cède est un roi qui abdique*’*; but there is this difference: a king is aware he is parting with his power, whilst a woman is misled into the opinion, that she is confirming her’s; and when the fatal conviction comes, it comes too late to produce any thing but repentance, and probably reproaches, which must soon complete the alienation of a heart, that now continues to devote its services only from

* A woman who yields, is a sovereign who abdicates.

a sense of propriety, and perhaps compassion; and well will it be for her, if, in the end, she can even retain the friendship of her lover.

“ His friendship!—surely if there were one thing to which she felt more entitled than another, it was his everlasting friendship—and sufficiently mortified she feels, to have his boasted love dwindle down into a return so inadequate for all that she has risked, and all that she has done for his sake. But even here the delusion now appears: in the fulness of her reliance upon his affection, she had never considered that true friendship can be founded only on *esteem*. In a fortunate union, this interesting sentiment crowns and perpetuates the sense of the fleeting enjoyments of passion, and secures the permanence of happiness, by rationalizing (if I may use such a word) its origin: But here the connexion could only arise from a forfeiture, on her part, of all claim to esteem: and though she might endeavour to persuade him, what she perhaps herself believed at the time, and he would certainly appear to credit, that it was to the wish alone of making him happy, that she generously gave up every other consideration; will she now, upon a

candid and deliberate review of her motives, abide by that assertion; and, laying her hand upon her heart, can she with truth declare, that her defeat was a deliberate and disinterested sacrifice, made to the man she loved, without one selfish wish to assist it? Impossible!—A susceptible mind could not be so abstracted from the feelings implanted in it by Nature; a sensible head could not admit such an error: and of one of these I must suppose a woman possessed, or the whole of these reflections will be thrown away upon her. Will she not rather acknowledge candidly, that it was in a moment, when her reason, and perhaps her spirits, weakened by constant struggles, could no longer contend with her passions, that his solicitations overpowered her? And in this case, what becomes of her claim even upon his gratitude? Esteem is merited only by the sacrifices made to duty; she, on the contrary, has given up her duty to her inclination.

“ This was not the language her lover had held to her in the height of his passion: far from it. He had told her a thousand times, that esteem, respect, friendship, and every other sentiment, of which his heart was sus-

ceptible, all concurred to form that affection, with which she inspired him. But how does the same object change, when beheld through a different medium!—It is reason now, not passion, that reviews her conduct. He coolly investigates the probability, that his mistress should have been so wholly divested of natural feelings, as she had wished to appear to him. Might not her avowed love for him bear some share in impelling her to the sacrifice, which she rated so high? Had not the happiness seemed mutual in their tender intercourse? And, after this impartial scrutiny at the bar of reason, will not his conscience acquit him, if he should form a determination, to withdraw from a connexion, which involves consequences of so much danger to both parties, if discovered? And can it be denied, that he acts up to all the claims of honour and propriety, by faithfully burying the secret of her misconduct in his own bosom?

“We have, however, supposed him a man of too much feeling and liberality, to balance the account so strictly: it therefore remains incumbent upon him, to substitute

what the French call *des procédés* (i. e. submissive respect and polite attention) to the sentiments that have involuntarily withdrawn themselves from his heart. Place these, however, in their best light—what amends can they make to a woman, who still loves, and ever must love, for the loss of that unbounded passion, to which she gave up her all?—for the humiliating necessity she has brought upon herself of acting a part of constant duplicity—for the never ceasing misery occasioned by a dread of detection, and the long train of anxieties, that assail a candid mind on all sides, in the consciousness of acting wrong? Severe, therefore, must be her lot, who has not the strength of mind, to resist the allurements of a beginning partiality. While vanity, and a wish for admiration, are perhaps chiefly concerned, she may give to these considerations their full force; and be deterred by the conviction, that, according to the most favourable statement that can be made; putting (as I said at first) religion and morality on the one hand, and detection and treachery on the other, wholly out of the question; *an illicit*

connexion must, by its own nature, and the common course of things, be productive of inevitable misery."

So far Lady Belfont. Are you not charmed, my dear brother, with the liberality of sentiment, discriminate truth, and elegant turn of her observations? but, I fear Madame d'Urtise ranks with that description of women, upon whom, she says, they will be thrown away.

I was struck with some expressions, which seem to refer to trials of her own—perhaps before her marriage with Lord Belfont; for I understand they are a very happy couple, and that must surely exempt her from all danger. I hinted at this as we read it; but she only answered, that she had placed the whole in the point of view, that appeared to her best calculated to make an impression upon her friend, who would have immediately closed her heart to any arguments, that had appeared to issue from strictness and severity of virtue.

I did not think she spoke this, as if it were the whole truth; but I had no right to urge her.

29th.—Just as I was preparing to go with my mother and Mrs. Freeman, to dine at

Sêcheron to day, I received a message from Madame d'Urtise, desiring she might see me upon very particular business. Concluding it to be something as trivial as before, I begged to be excused till the evening, when I would certainly call upon her. A second message, however, came to say, that her seeing me could admit of no delay; and requesting me to go instantly.

My mother bid me take the carriage, and they would stay till I returned to them. So I went, little imagining what awaited me.

Poor Madame d'Urtise was in strong hysterics, and it was her maid who had sent for me, as the only friend to be trusted upon such an occasion. The whole house was in alarm; and all the account I could obtain was, that Mr. Burnaby had destroyed himself.

You may believe, I was inexpressibly shocked. I instantly determined to stay the day with her; and sent word to my mother, that Madame d'Urtise was unwell, and, as it would be unkind to leave her, I begged she would excuse me to Lady Belfont. I did not like to impart the horrid intelligence, till I better understood the truth of it.

"What can we do, Madam?" asked her affrighted maid; "these fits have now lasted these two hours, and, till you came, I did not dare to send for any one."

"Nor must you now, Frenoy, unless more alarming symptoms should appear; we shall soon, I hope, recover Madame d'Urtise sufficiently, to direct what she will have done herself"—and applying some spirits of hartshorn to her nose and temples, and making her swallow some, to the great terrour of her assistants, (who were quite unacquainted with it, and thought I should certainly choke her,) I soon produced signs of returning sense. I had hesitated, for a moment, to take so much responsibility upon myself; but it occurred forcibly to me, that she might be some way implicated in this horrible catastrophe, which would make it material, that there should be only her maid and myself about her, till she was sufficiently collected, to know what she was saying. I should have been very glad, to have requested my mother's presence and assistance, only, that Madame d'Urtise stands so much in awe of her, and, she is, at times, so far from indulgent, that I would not, for my own relief, run the risk

of deepening a wound, with the nature of which I was yet wholly unacquainted.

As soon as I perceived signs of amendment, I dismissed all but her maid, under pretence of keeping her quiet. As her senses returned, she recognised me, and exclaimed, “O, my God! how good you are to come to me!—but you must hate—must despise me—”

“If I harboured any such sentiments in my breast, I should not be here at this moment, devoting myself to the care of your recovery: do, dear Madame d’Urtise, try to exert your fortitude, to recover some composure; and do not yet speak.”

She sighed deeply, and desired to be put to bed.

She had, however, two fits more before we could accomplish it; and her incessant cry, when able to articulate at all, was in the most desponding strain of self accusation.

I thought, if it were possible to compose her spirits by a little sleep, it might enable her afterward to impart the dreadful tale more coherently. I ventured, therefore, to administer some drops of laudanum, without her knowledge, and told her, that if she

would let me darken the room, and draw her curtains, the fatigue she had undergone would probably, at length, procure her some sleep; and I would stay in the next room till she called me. But she caught hold of me, screaming, “O save me! save me! don’t leave me—don’t darken the room!”

I endeavoured to pacify her, by the assurance, that I would remain, and not darken the room, provided she would lie still, and not speak till I gave her leave.

She tried to submit—but there was no keeping her quiet—she cried and bemoaned herself with unceasing vehemence; and the fits now seeming at an end, it appeared more advisable to promote her throwing the burden off her mind, by asking her questions upon the subject.

With much soothing and persuasion, I at length obtained the particulars, which I shall not give you in her own words, because they were so extremely confused and interrupted by reflections upon herself, and deprecations of my hatred and contempt, that you could not make sense of it.

Mr. Burnaby had, from the first of their acquaintance, devoted his attentions to her,

in a manner that immediately interested her in his favour. Handsome and agreeable, as every one must think him, how could she help conceiving a partiality for him? When, in the course of their expedition, however, she made the discovery of his being a *married man*, she determined to guard her heart against the danger of becoming too deeply engaged; but could see no reason for not treating him with that preference, to which she thought his merit entitled him: the censure of the world she set at defiance, satisfied with having no criminal intentions, and not doubting his wish to marry her, the moment his wife died, which, he assured her, must happen shortly. Upon these grounds, she had encouraged his addresses, with the publicity which had given such cause for scandal. At length, however, finding him grow presuming, she had been alarmed, and attempted to draw back; but this he would not brook, and became violent and abusive. Having called unexpectedly yesterday, and found Wurmser with her, he had appeared frantic with jealousy; and, after treating him in a manner, that none but Wurmser would quietly have

submitted to, and having as good as turned him out of doors, he had insisted upon her proving her attachment by an elopement, which she peremptorily refused.

He quitted her in wrath, and returned this morning, obstinately bent upon admitting of no proof, short of this public avowal of her affection; treated her scruples with the utmost contempt, attributing her refusal entirely to fickleness and caprice; and accusing her with having worked up his passion to madness, by the encouragement she had given to it. Provoked at his reproaches, she inconsiderately treated his anger with raillery, till his fury and insolence rose to such a pitch, that she at length declared, she never would see him more. The rash creature threatened her, to beware how she drove him to extremities—which she not heeding, “Then take the consequence,” cried he, and flew out of the house.

A moment’s recollection terrified her for what the consequence might be; and she instantly wrote to entreat him to return—but her note came too late. The unhappy wretch had gone straight home—locked him-

self into his room—and, applying a pistol to each temple, shattered his skull to pieces.

The pen falls from my fingers at this tale of horror !

* * *

What an awful warning to coquettes !

She had exhausted herself in giving me this relation. It had taken up above two hours; and the violence of her distress having at length a little subsided, I perceived that the laudanum was beginning to take effect, and a friendly drowsiness stealing upon her; I sat by the bedside till she was asleep; and then softly left her, to give you the shocking particulars.

I had not gotten half through them, when I was interrupted by her cries—"O protect me! protect me! Miss Riversdale: if you leave me, I am lost!"

I hurried back. She was scarcely awake, but, grasping my hand eagerly, "sit closer!—sit upon the bed," said she, "that I may be certain I have you."

It was in vain to attempt to reason with her; so I sat down quietly, and suffered her violence to exhaust itself upon the topic,

that pressed so heavily on her mind, without attempting to interrupt her wailings, or self reproaches.

The scene was really very dreadful.

Towards evening she became more calm, but seemed feverish and ill. I then proposed calling in advice, provided she could command herself sufficiently, upon the cause of her disorder. She assented, and the physician was immediately summoned.

I thought it necessary to apprise him, that the fits had been brought on by a sudden shock. He showed no surprise, nor did he ask any questions relative to it; whence I conclude, that the whole town is in the secret by this time.

He ordered her to be bled, and prescribed a second dose of laudanum; and then made it a point with me, that the instant she again dropped asleep, I should leave her to the care of her maid, and go home; or I should soon stand as much in need of his care as she did, he said.

I did as he desired: my mother and Mrs. Freeman were just returned before me, and already informed of the event, but knew no particulars. I related what I had gathered

from herself, which I felt justified in doing; because, although it exposes her folly, and her imprudence, it exonerates her from the want of principle of which she was suspected, and renders her more an object of compassion, than she would otherwise have appeared.

Many reflections were made upon the fatal consequences of indulging that inordinate love of admiration, so inherent in the generality of our sex; and which is so aptly described by the French author, *ce silence du coeur, ce dérèglement de l'esprit, ce mensonge continuel, appelé coquetterie**. 'Tis true, every coquette is not destined to meet with a man equally violent, weak, and unprincipled, as Mr. Burnaby; but no woman can possibly foresee, what may be the result of indulging her vanity, in the unwarrantable practice of exciting feelings, to which she does not mean to make a return.

My mother seemed to acquit Madame d'Urtise of the total want of principle, of which she had once been inclined to suspect her, though she was still extremely severe in her strictures upon her conduct, and said,

* *Esprit de l'Encyclopedie.*

“*Virtue* but ill deserves the name, when bordering so nearly on Vice. It is tainted, from the moment a woman suffers a wish to be uttered to her, contrary to its dictates; and, in allowing herself to encourage an improper attachment, whatever mental reserve she may have, she certainly sullies the purity of her virtue, as effectually in the eye of sound morality, as an actual deviation from it can fully its purity in the eye of the world. This may be deemed harsh doctrine,” added my mother, “in an age where matrimonial deviations are treated with so much lenity; but you see the assertion confirmed, from the very lips of the unfortunate victim of her levity. He thought himself authorized to put the constructions upon her conduct, which have driven him to his fate; and the poignancy of self reproach will now set the matter in its true light to herself, and prove a tremendous admonition for her future life.”

30th.—I went, the instant I arose, to Madame d’Urtife. She had slept, by means of the laudanum; but was in so miserably desponding a state, when she awoke, that she had sent for a priest, who was with

her when I called. I left directions with Frenoy, to let me know when her lady wished to see me, telling her, that I would give up every thing, to go to her.

It is now almost dinner time, and she has not yet sent.

Prince Polinski was at Lady Belfont's yesterday, and told my mother, that he was shortly to leave Geneva; that he trusted the whole of his conduct had been calculated to impress her with a sense of the perfect purity, honour, and disinterestedness of his respectful and friendly attachment to me; that, consequently, he considered himself as entitled to lay claim to some confidence, on my part, in his integrity, and to her indulgence in granting a request, which, under any other circumstances, he should not venture to make: and this was, that she would give him leave to write me one letter, on the day before his departure, which should be open to her inspection, if she chose it; but, which, he could not go away in peace, if prohibited from addressing to me.

My mother agreed to his request. She is so partial to him, that, I believe, she would not have made the same objections, which

occurred to Lady Belfont, in regard to his former notes; and indeed, I believe, besides, that her wish to break off the connexion with Colonel Malcolm has led her to deviate, in more than one instance, from what her strict notions would have pointed out. I should not have expected her to have granted this. What can he have to say, after the explicitness of my last?

I am sent for to Madame d'Urtise.—

* * *

Poor woman! She is in a wretched state of mind, indeed; and there is so little sense to work upon, that one knows not what to say to her.

The priest will, I believe, be her best comforter. I do not find, that he has been very severe, though she is not explicit upon what he has said to her; only it appears, as if he had cautioned her against too free a communication with a heretic, unless she saw any chance of converting me; and, in that case, he would meet me at her house, whenever she would give him notice of my being there. She did not *say* this in so many words, but it dropped from her unguardedly in obscure hints; and she was

much less open than yesterday, and wished to palliate some circumstances she had told me, as having only proceeded from not knowing what she was saying.

I let her repeat it as she pleased, fully persuaded in my own mind, that the first inconsiderate effusions of her distress had betrayed the true state of the case; but you are aware, that I can only feel interested for her, as I might be for a perfect stranger, in similar circumstances. She is so very uncongenial to me, both in her sentiments and her disposition, that I feel no tie, except that of universal philanthropy, to take charge of her, and am very ready to make her over to the priest, if he and Madame d'Urtise prefer it.

The priest has suggested the propriety of having masses said at Rome, and elsewhere, at a very great expense, for the release of poor Burnaby's soul. This she dwells upon with satisfaction; and to this, and penance, and paternosters, she seems to look as her only refuge.

I carried a friendly message from my mother; but she was terrified at the very thoughts of receiving her offered visit. She earnestly entreated, before I quitted her, that

that I would promise to be with her again very early in the morning; which, I acknowledge, I felt some reluctance to do, as Lady Belfont's approaching departure makes me grudge every instant that I pass out of her company. I left word with Frenoy, to send for me, however, that I might not go sooner than I was really wanted.

Just as I was coming away, Lady Barbara Brackley stopped at her door. I imagined, she was probably come to fetch me; but she sent in word, that she insisted upon seeing Madame d'Urtise; that she was come purposely to sit with her, and console her; and had even put her nightcap into her pocket, with a view to take a bed with her, as it was too late to get out of Geneva again for the night.

Madame d'Urtise seemed agreeably surprised, at this unexpected act of kindness; affecting, at the same time, to make a difficulty of seeing any one yet, beside me; but, I assured her, that it would be of such service to her, and that Lady Barbara was so much better calculated than myself, to suggest consolation to her, that the scruples, she had thought it necessary to express, gave way; and

I had the satisfaction of introducing her Ladyship to the office of comforter, to which I shall also leave her in the morning; and, with a very quiet conscience, avail myself of the opportunity of passing a few uninterrupted hours with Lady Belfont.

31st.—Lady Belfont was much surprised to find, that Lady Barbara had gone to Madame d'Urtise, having understood, that she intended to accept of a share of my bed, which, she said, I had offered her at any time. I was a little surprised in my turn, not recollecting to have made any such offer. I had sent to inquire after Madame d'Urtise before I set out, and received a good account of her, together with a message from Lady Barbara, desiring me to inform her aunt, that she should not return to Sêcheron till to morrow.

I wish I could do justice, in the repetition, to all the judicious, instructive observations, that occurred to Lady Belfont upon Madame d'Urtise's tragical adventure; but facts crowd upon me, and I hasten to relate them.

She had seen the Prince, and remonstrated very seriously with him, upon the imprudence

he had been guilty of, in regard to me. He made no other attempt at vindication than saying, that if she could have any conception of what his forbearance cost him, she would think him excusable in not being, at all times, equally master of himself. He was going to put an end to his struggles, he told her, by quitting Geneva; but it would be to return into Italy for a time, and not to go straight to Poland, as he found himself ill qualified, at present, for the renewal of addresses, from which his heart was so completely estranged. Time and absence, joined to the unceasing efforts of his reason, would, he hoped, at length subdue the impression he had received, and restore him to what he ought to be.

He mentioned having obtained leave from Lady Riversdale, to write one letter to me before he went; and that, he trusted, would obtain him an interview; after which, he should leave the place, with a less acute sense of misery, than he had of late experienced; but, if either of these gratifications were denied him, he must stay till he obtained them.

Lady Belfont had attempted to argue him

out of both these wishes, but in vain. He was immovable—called her inhuman and unfeeling, and assured her, that if she induced me to oppose him in either of them, she would drive him to some act of imprudence, for which she would be sorry. In short, she found herself obliged to promise him not to interfere; and, therefore, I must follow my own judgment. This inclines me to receive the letter, and be guided by that, in regard to the propriety of seeing him.

I called at Madame d'Urtise's in my way back, and, to my great surprise, found Lord Grantin there, as well as Lady Barbara, and Madame d'Urtise in very tolerable spirits; although she had lain down upon her sofa to receive me, as a remaining indication of distress, with which she could not yet, in common decency, dispense. I was evidently a constraint upon them; so I took my leave.

Lady Barbara, with more embarrassment than I had ever seen in her, accounted to me for Lord Grantin's being admitted. He was a friend of poor Mr. Burnaby, she said, and she had persuaded Madame d'Urtise to see him, as she thought a little variety would help to dispel her vapours.

I answered, smiling, that it was extremely kind, both in Lord Grantin and her.

She coloured, conscious that I was not quite the dupe of her artifice. This brought to my mind her former attack upon *my* blushes, and I could not resist the temptation of retorting her own quotation upon her, with a slight variation. “I think, Lady Barbara, that now, it is

“*You* blush, because *I* understand *.”

I never saw her daunted before; and I was vexed at myself, for having given way to a flippancy so like her own.

In the afternoon Lady Belfont came, with a view to take Lady Barbara back to Sêcheron with her. She suspected her visit might not be wholly agreeable to Madame d’Urtise, and appeared uneasy. She sent a servant with a note, to say she was at our house, and wished to see her.

The servant brought back word, that Lady Barbara Brackley was gone to Sêcheron.

This surprised us all—Lady Belfont must have met her upon the road—besides, Lady

* “They blush, because they understand.”

Barbara had no carriage, and it had rained all day.

“ I much fear there is something wrong,” said Lady Belfont; “ will you excuse me for leaving you so abruptly?” and, calling for her carriage, she immediately ordered it back to Sêcheron. My mother requested she would let George attend her, to bring us word, whether she were relieved from her alarm.

He returned with a note, saying, that she had not found Lady Barbara; and requesting, that we would particularly inquire in what carriage she had gone.

I immediately went to Madame d’Urtise’s myself, to obtain more accurate information, than was likely to come through servants. She could tell me nothing more, than that, after dinner, Lady Barbara had persuaded her, to retire to her own apartment, to compose her spirits, by endeavouring to sleep; that Frenoy had sitten by her bedside; and that in about half an hour’s time, finding herself not inclined to sleep, she had sent her into the saloon, to request Lady Barbara’s company. Upon not finding her there, Frenoy had made inquiry of the footman, who said, that

she had left the house in about five minutes after his Lady had retired, and ordered him to tell her, when she awoke, that she had recollected some business, which obliged her to return immediately to Sécheron, but that she should be with her again soon. Upon his offering to order Madame d'Urtise's carriage for her, she refused it, saying, it would lose time, and she should only walk to Lady Riversdale's, who, she knew, was going to Lady Belfont's.

I was very much struck with these evasions, which bespoke a concerted plan; and recollecting her confusion in regard to Lord Grantin, in the morning, I asked whether he had dined there. Madame d'Urtise said, no; he had desired five minutes private conversation with Lady Barbara in the parlour, which she concluded to have been relative to some of her affairs, which, from delicacy, they would not discuss in her presence; and that he had gone away, and not called since.

She seemed rather to wonder at the eagerness of my questions; but she was so much engrossed by her own troubles, and so provoked at Lady Barbara's cruelty in leaving her, after having promised to stay, and de-

vote all her time to her, that I easily evaded giving her any reason for my inquiries.

It was not, however, equally easy for me to bring away my intelligence. As she had now no other resource, she again became so extremely fond of me, as to be very urgent for me to stay, and attempted to order away the carriage privately, and detain me in spite of myself; but, being aware of her intention, I ran out of the room, as if to give orders to the servant, and so secured my retreat.

My mother perfectly concurred in the opinion, that Lord Grantin was accessory to Lady Barbara's absence, and proposed sending a message to his lodging, requesting to see him; and the answer might enable us to judge how far he might be concerned.

Word was brought back, that Lord Grantin was gone to Lausanne for a few days.

All our suspicions were now confirmed, and my mother went herself with the unpleasant intelligence to Lady Belfont, appointing me to follow in the morning, as I neither wished to offer myself in her stead, nor yet to accompany her, lest I might meet with those I am so much bent upon avoiding.

I have devoted my evening to you, and I hope to have an opportunity of dispatching this to morrow : so adieu, my best loved friend.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Sécheron, August 1.—Lady Belfont is uneasy and perplexed, and more grieved than Lady Barbara deserves she should be, I think ; but there is an indulgent kind-heartedness in Lady Belfont's disposition, that, without blinding her to foibles, makes her forgive them ; and she cannot be indifferent to any thing, that has ever belonged to her. She is at a loss what to do. There is not the least probability of their being actually gone to Lausanne, although Lord Grantin's carriage was seen to take that road ; because they must there be immediately recognised. Piedmont seems the most probable supposition ; for at Turin they may be married by an English clergyman. At any rate, it does not appear, that there is any one thing for Lady Belfont to do, but to wait patiently, till the fugitive shall think proper to write to her.

Lady Barbara has contrived to get her maid away with her, who is a Swiss girl, by having sent her to Geneva the day before, upon pretence of her mother's being taken ill. The girl took a large parcel of things with her, as if to the mantuamaker's; so that the plan was thoroughly preconcerted, and poor Madame d'Urtise's unforeseen distress offered the means of putting it into execution.

There appears to me something peculiarly unfeeling in taking advantage of such a cruel circumstance, to involve her in additional censure; for the world will not scruple, to suppose her a party concerned. This stamps Lady Barbara's character, with me, more strongly than all the rest of the proceeding.

Lady Belfont does not know where to write to Lord Belfont either; so that she remains in a very painful state of responsibility and apprehension for the consequences between him and the Marquis of Egmore.

My mother has agreed to leave me here for some days; and, the present situation of things precluding the admittance of chance visitors, there can be no reason for denying myself the indulgence.

The good Dean came bustling hither this morning, in all the hurry and incoherence of surprise and anger, ready to let his displeasure fall upon the first object, that should come in his way. This unfortunately happened to be Lady Belfont's woman, who is nearly as much concerned as her Lady upon the subject.

"Well! What! Hey! God bless my soul! Mrs. what's your name?" exclaimed he, "how could you possibly be so blind to what was going on? and let such a devilish—God forgive me—piece of business take place—I should have expected you, to have understood your duty better."

Poor Fermor, half crying at the unmerited accusation, asked him, what in the world she could have done to prevent it?

"What?—why any thing—every thing—you should have given your Lady notice she was carrying away her clothes—had her dodged into Geneva—in short, any thing was better than sitting with your hands across, and letting him go off."

Here Lady Belfont and I fortunately came into the room, and turned the course of his displeasure; which he now vented in abuse

of Lady Barbara. “An artful designing pufs! almost old enough to be Lord Grantin’s mother!—had it been with this child here that he had played such a fool’s part, there might have been something to say for him—but to be taken in, and go off, head over heels, with a woman that despises him into the bargain! Why, who does he suppose will set about softening his father for him, in such a madcap business as this?”

“I dare say he trusts to your good offices for that, Doctor Frankly; your kind heart will soon suggest, that, where displeasure can no longer prevent the mischief, the next consideration is, to prevent its driving a weak young man to extremities. ‘Blessed is the peace-maker,’ you know.”

“Why, I do not exactly know what to say to it—but, if he were my own son, I am sure I could not forgive him yet; and he ought to be made to smart, if it were for nothing but deceiving me as he has done; for no longer ago than Sunday, did I make an attempt to get him to construe some of Thucydides, to see whether he might not be losing his Greek; and I was perfectly out of humour with his careless inattention: and

had he but then acknowledged what he had in his head, why I should have tried to have gotten it out, by substituting some of the classics to Lady Barbara Brackley: but how could I possibly suppose, that, because he liked to dangle after her, and hear her sing, and let her laugh at him, he would suffer himself to be wheedled into forming so preposterous a connexion as this?"

"Do you recollect, my good Mr. Dean, that it is my niece you are talking of all this while? Upon my word, I apprehend the folly will prove quite as complete on her part as on his."

"Cry your Ladyship mercy! I did not think of that at the moment; nor, if I had, do I know, that it would have made any difference; for how could you help it? you did not make her what she is, you know. I dare say you have been plagued enough with her. Nor is she *your* niece, for the matter of that: Lord Belfont should have taken care of her himself, and not let her come hither, to inveigle away silly youths."

"But will you not agree with me, Doctor Frankly, that the material point now is, to consider how to avert the mischief, that

may arise between Lord Egmore and Lord Belfont; and, however dissatisfied you may have cause to be with the young man, perhaps for your friend's sake, and for my sake, you may be tempted to interpose your good offices."

"Assuredly, for Lord Egmore's sake, and for your Ladyship's sake, I would do any thing; and if I loved the boy himself less, I should not be so provoked at him. He knows well enough, that, with regard to Miss Riversdale, I was ready to undertake what he wished; but here,—that he should put it out of my power to save him, is what I cannot forgive."

The worthy man continued to soften as he went on, and at length promised Lady Belfont, to write to Lord Egmore, in any way she pleased. Her anxious wish is to be beforehand with such reports, as may renew the former animosity between the two Lords.

In the afternoon came a messenger from Madame d'Urtise with a long letter, which really is so characteristic, that if calamity did not render even folly sacred, I might have diverted you by transcribing it. She

wants my company more than ever, she says, and it is the height of cruelty now to leave her to herself. In short, I have promised to see her in the morning.

2d Aug.—My mother came to stay with Lady Belfont; so I went to Madame d'Urtise for an hour or two.

She was extremely violent in her expressions of displeasure at Lady Barbara and Lord Grantin, but not in the least upon the grounds, on which a more delicate mind would have resented their behaviour: it was merely the barbarity of leaving her, while she stood so much in need of being amused, that struck her in it.

The day after to morrow is fixed for Prince Polinski's departure. I called at home, in case his letter might have been sent, because it would be cruel to increase his pain unnecessarily, by delaying the answer. You would think ill of me, if I did not feel very much concerned for him, I am sure, my dear brother.

However, there was no letter.

At my return to Sêcheron, I found that Lady Belfont had mentioned her wish to my

mother, of taking me with her to England for the winter, and that my mother considered the absence of Lady Barbara as having removed the only objection she could possibly make to so pleasing a proposal. But I stated Colonel Malcolm's expected return as an insurmountable obstacle. I said, he would then indeed have every reason to be confirmed in his injurious suspicions of me; nothing surely could more clearly evince levity, and total want of consideration for him, than withdrawing from the possibility of his claiming my promise at his return.

My mother said, he might be detained much longer than he imagined, and she should have a poor opinion of his attachment to me, if he found any difficulty in following me. I was, however, positive in my refusal; and, I believe, that, circumstanced as I am, you will think me right; though I honestly confess to you, my dear brother, that I do really feel this to be a sacrifice to what I consider as my duty; and if you reflect upon the possible chance of your not having sailed by the time Lady Belfont expects to reach England, you will not wonder, that I should feel it to be such. A powerful motive, how-

ever, which helped to strengthen me in acting right, was my unwillingness to leave my mother alone : but this I did not urge.

Lady Belfont candidly acquiesced in the propriety of my objections, and kindly lamented their being so well founded. My mother argued against them, till she became quite angry with me for what she called my obstinacy. She was actuated, probably, by over sollicitude for my pleasure and advantage.

I am interrupted by the Prince's letter.

Read it here, my dear brother.

* “ Enfin, Mademoiselle, je pars—et ce mot doit me servir d'excuse, si une seule fois encore j'ose contrevenir à vos ordres, en vous suppliant de me lire—de me voir. Hélas ! pourquoi me fuiriez vous ? Qu'avez vous à craindre ? Ai-je une pensée, un sentiment qui ne soit dicté par le zèle le plus pur, comme le plus tendre ? C'est de vous

* “ At length, Madam, I go—and this must plead my excuse, if I again venture to disobey your commands, by once more entreating you to read what I have to say, and to see me. Alas ! why should you avoid me ? What have you to fear ? Have I a thought, a sentiment, that does not flow from a zeal for your

seule que je veux vous parler ; c'est votre bonheur qui m'occupe uniquement.

“ Votre billet me pénètre d'estime et d'admiration ; mais j'y apperçois le courage du désespoir. Vous vous trompez—mais vous vous trahissez en même tems, vous n'envisagez point vous même un avenir heureux, et vous voulez néanmoins vous dévouer à l'acquit de votre parole—et voila ce qui me fait trembler, et voila ce qui me fait vous conjurer à genoux de me donner un moment d'audience. On fait bien mieux valoir ses raisons dans la conversation que par écrit ; parceque la discussion est plus détaillée. Enfin, je ne réussirai peut-être pas à vous prouver

welfare, as pure as it is ardent ? It is of yourself only that I wish to speak—it is solely your own happiness that inspires me.

“ Your letter fills me with esteem and admiration for you ; but I discover in it the courage of despair. You deceive yourself, and betray your feelings at the same time. You evidently do not look forward to any thing like happiness ; but are determined to devote yourself to the acquittal of your promise ; and this it is that makes me tremble for you ; and this it is, that emboldens me to conjure you, upon my knees, to grant me a moment's audience. An argument can be enforced far better in conversation, than in writing, because the discussion becomes more circumstantial.—

l'utilité qui peut résulter d'une entrevue; mais j'ose croire que vous ne la refuserez pas à mes instances, quand je vous dirai que cette condescendance de votre part peut seule me donner la force de vous quitter. Je mettrai alors la main sur ma conscience, et je me consolerais par la reflexion d'avoir dit et fait tout ce qui aura dépendu de moi, pour prévenir le funeste événement qui mettra le sceau à votre malheur; et cette idée me soutiendra dans le pénible sacrifice, qu'exige aujourd'hui la vertu.

“Oui, je le sens, Mademoiselle, je ‘fais bien de partir;’ mais il faut encore le pouvoir, et c'est de vous seule que j'en puis tenir

In short, I may fail in convincing you of the utility, that would arise from an interview; but I dare hope you will not refuse it to my entreaties, when I urge, that this condescension on your part can alone give me strength to quit you. I shall then be enabled to lay my hand upon my heart, and derive a consolation from the testimony it will bear to my having said and done all, that was in my power, to avert the fatal stroke, that will seal your doom: and this reflection will support me under the painful sacrifice, which virtue requires of me.

“Yes, Miss Riversdale, I feel ‘I shall do well to go;’ but it is also necessary, to have the power to do

le courage. Peut-être ne dédaignerez vous pas de me faire envisager dans l'avenir l'heureux moment, ou, ayant triomphé de tout ce qu'il y a de trop dans les mouvemens qui agitent maintenant mon ame, vous ne recuserez pas l'hommage d'une amitié, qui embellira dans tous les tems le sentiment de mon existence—ou vous me permettrez de vous en parler; ou vous répondrez peut-être même à son langage, si peu connu, si peu senti par le monde en général. Et si cette jouissance n'est pas dans le cours ordinaire, de celles qu'on recherche à mon âge; je vous devrai la conviction qu'en épurant ses plaisirs, en fixant leur source dans le cœur, on s'as-

so; and you alone can inspire me with the fortitude requisite. Perhaps you may not disdain, to hold up to my view the happy period, when, having subdued those feelings, which I must not plead in their present state, I may venture to offer the pure tribute of those chastised sentiments of friendship, which will ever continue to brighten my existence; when you will not only admit, but perhaps even speak a language so little felt, so little avowed by the generality of the world; and however wide this gratification may be of those usually sought after by persons of my age, I shall be indebted to you for the conviction, that in purifying our feelings, and tracing their source from

sure un bonheur durable, parcequ'il est encore augmenté par la réflexion : et ce sera alors que je pourrai m'écrier avec le poëte.

Dans tes liens charmans où tout est jouissance ;
 Le tems ajoute encor un lustre à ta beauté ;
 Et tu serois la volupté,
 Si l'homme avoit son innocence *.

“Voilà le triomphe dont j'ose vous répondre Mademoiselle, si vous daignez accéder à ma demande.

“Ah, laissez vous fléchir je vous en conjure !”

I was extremely doubtful whether to see him or not : Lady Belfont was rather against it, my mother strongly for it.—At length it

the heart, we insure a happiness, which is increased by reflection, and which realizes the French poet's * beautiful idea in his Address to Friendship.

Thy sacred bonds love's chaster joys impart,
 And time but adds a lustre to thy charms ;
 If innocence still glow'd in man's frail heart,
 He'd seek no other bliss but in thy arms.

“And this is a victory, that I dare engage to obtain, if you will accede to my request.—O, take compassion on me, I conjure you !”

was agreed, that it should be in Lady Belfont's presence.

The letter had come under cover to my mother, and the servant waited for an answer. Lady Belfont wrote, and informed him, that I was with her, and that we should receive him to breakfast the next morning.

I dread this interview, Henry. Amiable, disinterested man! What a claim does he form upon my gratitude—my esteem—my friendship! Yet how rigorously am I prohibited from testifying a feeling beyond common regard for him. His own peace, as well as what is due to Colonel Malcolm, prescribe the line, from which I must not deviate. You are very sure, that no persuasions he can urge will shake a resolution so founded on principle as mine in regard to the Colonel. My only fear is, that I may betray the distress of my mind in regard to himself, which is indeed very great.

3d.—I slept little, as you may suppose, my dear brother. At nine the Prince came—his agitation was extreme. He tried, during breakfast, to speak upon indifferent

subjects; but the words died upon his lips: I did not attempt to open mine.

After the tea-things were removed, he addressed himself to me. "May I not be indulged with half an hour's private audience? It is the first and the last I shall ever request!"

"Lady Belfont is so much the friend of us both," I replied, "that there can be no difficulty in saying all that I ought to hear in her presence."

He looked extremely mortified, probably from attributing the refusal to distrust. I saw Lady Belfont felt for him, and she gave me a look of inquiry, whether my spirits were sufficiently composed to dispense with her presence. Terrified lest she should give way to this compassionate impulse, from a consciousness, that, if she left me, I might not behave with proper firmness, I fell into the very error I was so anxious to guard against: for, catching hold of her, and clinging about her, I cried, "O! do not leave me, do not leave me! you know what I should say to him, better than I do myself."

“What you *should say*, Miss Riversdale,” repeated he emphatically—“Have you then been studying a lesson, and will you not utter the plain dictates of your heart, in return for the sincerity and disinterestedness of mine? Are you to guard your expressions, as if I came to entrap you with some sinister design?—O! be fair—be candid, as it is your nature to be, and confess honestly, that my arguments have moved you, and that you are sensible of the misery you will bring upon yourself in fulfilling this hateful engagement.”

“It is my wish—it is indeed in my nature, as you say, to be open and candid,” said I, (scarcely able to recover from the confusion he had occasioned, by the manner in which he had caught up my words, but struggling to articulate with firmness) “and I will not assert, that my prospect of happiness is exactly what I once thought this engagement promised me; but let it change as it may, nothing *can*, because nothing *ought*, to set me free from it; and so fixed am I in this conviction, that, were I even certain of all the misery you foretell, I should, without

hesitation, leap into the gulf: therefore every attempt to shake me is not only vain, but cruel."

"Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, "and must I go with this horrible certainty impressed upon my mind, that you will, with your eyes open, rush on to perdition?—for you have now made the acknowledgment I have been labouring to obtain, that you no longer expect happiness from the preposterous connexion—Go—with such a terrible idea?—By all that's good, I will not stir from Geneva, till I have set aside your scruples, and made it evident to you, as it is to every one else, that you are in no shape bound by such an inconsiderate promise, and that you would be equally false to the Colonel, and to yourself, were you now to fulfill it, without warning him of the change that has taken place in your heart.—Never—never will I suffer during my existence——"

His impetuosity roused me to a more steady exertion.

"And by what right, Sir, will you stay in Geneva, for the purpose of interfering in

what solely regards me? Have my professions of esteem and gratitude entitled you, to attempt this sort of mental tyranny? In denying me the power, to decide for myself upon the nature of those testimonies of conscience, which can alone secure my peace, you wrest my words beyond their meaning, and then would force me from my own internal conviction of right and wrong."

"Oh Miss Riversdale!" interrupting me with vehemence, "forgive!—forgive me, I conjure you!—the ungovernableness of my feelings, where you are concerned, has hurried me beyond the bounds I had prescribed to myself—I cannot stand the severity of your aspect—if I have incurred your displeasure, I am every way lost."

His extreme agitation increased mine.

Lady Belfont now interposed—"You are very uselessly distressing each other. I will answer for Miss Riversdale's doing justice to your motives, Prince Polinski; she will not continue seriously displeased at what you were only hurried into saying, by the most disinterested concern for her welfare—she spoke with the firmness requisite to make you

abide by your original, necessary, and well-judged intention, of immediately quitting Geneva. You are perfectly sensible, that she can, ultimately, be the only judge of what she ought, or ought not to do; and your threatening to stay, must alarm her with the appearance of every impropriety, and every danger. Do not, therefore, prolong this painful interview; but leave it to my unbounded affection for her, and my perfect concurrence in your opinion, with regard to Colonel Malcolm, to discuss this point, in every shape, with her, as I shall see opportunity. Depend upon it, I am not less anxious than yourself for her welfare."

"You are all goodness, Lady Belfont," he replied, "and I will rely upon your power over Miss Riversdale, to avert the mischief I deprecate.—Only one thing more let me be satisfied in—when is this dreaded union meant to take place?"

"It depends entirely," answered she, "upon his obtaining the diplomatic appointment he is soliciting, whether it ever may take place or no."

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed he, rap-

turously, "what a ray of light breaks in upon me! Is there still a possibility, independent of her will, that it may *not* take place?—This—this, indeed, I was not prepared for!"—and he walked about the room, in extreme disorder.

At length, turning suddenly, he sprang forward, and seizing my hand, "One—one only request I have to make," said he, with the utmost emotion—"Oh do not refuse it!"—

"What can it be?" said I, trembling.

"That you will write to me, should any blessed impediment arise to this baneful union; and I will fly from the remotest part of the earth"—He stopped—

"Good Heaven! what to do?"

"To improve," said he, impetuously, "the affection that, in spite of yourself, I see working in your heart for me—to obtain the only blessing worth living for."—

"Hold, Prince Polinski," I exclaimed, starting up, "are your senses bewildered? or, do you mean to insult me?—It is now, indeed, time to put an end"—and I was moving, as I spoke, toward the door.

"Oh! for mercy hear me!—hear me but

one instant!" and catching hold of my clothes, forcibly to detain me, (Lady Belfont seeming in doubt, whether to let him proceed or no, but not interfering) he eagerly went on, "I know you think my own engagement irrevocable—suffer me only to speak without interruption for this moment, and then, if you pronounce my doom, I will never offend you more—but I am now desperate, and must be heard."

I sat down again, excessively disturbed.

He proceeded—"My engagement would very probably have been soon at an end, independently of all extraneous circumstances, because I am too little of a hypocrite to affect what I do not feel; and because the lady, to whom I am engaged, has too nice a sense of honour and delicacy, to wish to bind me by a promise, no longer sanctioned by the affection she is entitled to inspire. I candidly acknowledge, that it was my intention, upon quitting you, to have made a fair struggle with myself, to restore my heart to her: had I, however, not succeeded, which I very much doubt my having had the smallest chance of doing, I should honestly have imparted to her the true state of my af-

fections, at the same time offering to fulfil my promise at all events, and engaging to devote to her every sentiment that was left me to bestow, and supply, by the most grateful attentions, those that might be wanting. I know her too well, to doubt for an instant what her answer would be. She would, without hesitation, set me free, and esteem me for the candour of my proceeding. I will now pursue the same plan of sincerity, only without taking time for the struggle; because I am fully aware, that the beam of hope, which has just broken in upon me, must render it ineffectual. Should she, contrary to my expectations, choose to make me abide by my engagement, I will endeavour to fulfil it like a man of honour, and submit to my fate: but should her delicacy prompt her to act with a dignity more becoming her birth and qualifications, then, Miss Riversdale— Oh then! I may, without offending any one sentiment of honour or propriety, await the issue of your fate: and, should it answer the fervent expectations, that are now awakened in my breast, I may then fly to improve those kind affections, which, I dare to flatter myself, I perceive——.”

He had fallen at my feet. I arose angrily; but he held me, and proceeding with vehemence, "Oh! do not be displeased with me, for thus venturing to interpret the emotions I have beheld—your very fear of being left with me—think me not presuming—but"—

Astonishment had thus far contributed more to my silence, than any hesitation how to answer his request; and he had continued, with an impetuosity which it was scarce possible to stop. I now, however, breaking forcibly from him, exclaimed with indignation, "This is, indeed, too much, Sir! You are determined to make me fully sensible of my mistaken indulgence, in seeing and hearing you—but no consideration upon earth shall ever draw me into such a deviation again"—and I burst out of the room, notwithstanding his efforts to detain me; in consequence of which, I left a part of my muslinalgown, of which he had caught hold, in his hands.

I ran into my own apartment; and, bolting the door, threw myself upon the bed, in a state of mind, of which I can give you no idea. I had exhausted all my powers, to bear up under this trying scene, and I now re-

mained in a sort of stupid insensibility, hardly conscious of what I had said or done. In this situation I continued for more than two hours, and was, at length, roused from it by Lady Belfont's knocking at my door. She was alarmed at my appearance, when I opened it, and, taking me in her arms, gently soothed me, which soon produced the effect of bringing a plentiful shower of tears to my relief.

"This has proved a much more trying scene than I had apprehended," said she, "and I will delay reporting the issue of it, till you are more composed."

"I do not believe I shall ever be composed again, Lady Belfont, after such an advantage having been taken—such an interpretation put upon my compliance with his request—such an insult, I must call it, as to suppose me actuated by sentiments, which, situate as I am, would cover me with disgrace."

"You see this in too strong a light, my Louisa. He was hurried into the impropriety, of which he was guilty, by the sudden revulsion, occasioned in his mind, from the unexpected discovery, that your fate, which

he had believed so fixed, should still, in some degree, be doubtful. His passions are strong, and bear down every thing before them at the moment; but he left me, thoroughly sensible, himself, of his error, and wretched in the dread of having displeased you; and I have undertaken to be his advocate, and obtain your forgiveness, upon condition, that he sets out the instant I have signified it to him."

"And, if I grant it, he goes with the idea, that I retain sentiments for him, every way incompatible with my honour and my duty. Can I, Madam, authorize the humiliating supposition?"

"Will you, then, detain him *here*, for fear he might suspect you had reason to wish him away?"

"That, to be sure, would be equally bad!—Advise me, dearest Lady Belfont, what ought I to do?"

"I will tell you, my love, what passed after you left us; and then you will be better able to determine for yourself. As you, by hastily pulling the door after you, defeated his attempt to stop you, he fell back upon the chair nearest to it, and resting his two

elbows upon his knees, he wholly concealed his face in the piece of your gown, which had remained in his hand: in this situation he continued for a considerable time, only uttering, occasionally, "she's gone!—I have offended her!—irretrievably offended her!—I am now every way undone!"—I did not attempt to interrupt him, persuaded, that leaving him to himself would be the most likely method of restoring him to some composure. This lasted for about half an hour, when, raising his eyes, and suddenly seeming to recollect himself, he came toward me—"Oh Lady Belfont!" cried he, "will not you intercede for me? Will you not make allowance for the madness of a moment? Never can I forgive myself, unless Miss Riversdale forgive me—I must be for ever wretched!"—I asked him what he would wish me to say to you.—"Oh! bring her back!" he exclaimed; "let me atone for my presumptuous folly; let my evident contrition obtain pardon for my offence, and restore me to that place in her esteem—in her friendship, which she had so generously held out to me, and which, by aiming at more, I have perhaps for ever forfeited.—I cannot exist under the

soul-distracting idea." I told him, that any attempt to bring you back was quite out of the question; but, that I was very ready to repeat to you any thing, that he could suggest, in extenuation of the impropriety into which he had been betrayed. He kissed my hand, sighed deeply, and was for a time silent. At length, he requested, that I would allow him to put down upon paper what he should entreat me to say for him, for he found himself unable to speak. If I knew the conflicts of his soul, he said, I should not refuse any thing that could alleviate them—and if I did not plead for him—if I did not obtain forgiveness for him—no power should tear him from Geneva. "And will you," said I, "when you do receive it, instantly fulfil your purpose, and go?"—Provided he was assured of it, he replied, either from yourself, or, at least, under your own hand, he solemnly declared he would; for, rather than risk incurring your displeasure a second time, he would forego any gratification the world could hold out to him. Upon this, I promised to undertake his cause, and endeavoured to comfort him with some hope of success; he poured out a thousand thanks, fell into a

thousand inconsistencies; but left me thoroughly satisfied, that his heart and mind are as replete with conscious honour and integrity, as I have ever thought them, although the strength of his passions sometimes occasions deviations; from which, however, he soon returns, and in his return always appears to more advantage than before his error, and so I am persuaded it will prove in this instance."

"He has a most kind and able advocate in you, my dearest Madam; and I submit entirely to your opinion."

"We will be guided in our proceedings, then, by the contents of his letter."

In about an hour the letter came, addressed to Lady Belfont.

I transcribe it.

"Vous avez daigné entreprendre de plaider ma cause, Miladi; mais que vous ferez loin de rendre la douleur et le repentir que remplissent mon ame! que vous ferez loin de pouvoir exprimer tout ce que la

* "You have deigned to undertake to plead for me, Madam; but, how far short will you fall of expressing the grief and the repentance of my soul! how far short of painting, in its true colours, all that the dig-

conduite si noble, si imposante de votre adorable amie vient encore d'ajouter au respect, à la profonde admiration, qu'elle m'avoit déjà inspirée ! Ah ! sans doute qu'elle a eue raison de me quitter dans l'égarement où elle m'a vu ; elle m'a peut-être épargnée par la d'achever de me rendre indigne du pardon que j'ose implorer par votre moyen. Elle m'a encore épargnée la plus cruelle de toutes les humiliations, celle d'être avili à mes propres yeux. Ah ! qu'elle reconnoisse la vérité de mon honnêteté dans la franchise de cet aveu, si elle eut été moins sévère, je devenois un malhonnête homme. Je cherchois un accommodement avec mon honneur, et je me serois

nified, the awe impressing conduct of your adorable friend has still added to the respect, to the profound admiration, she had before inspired me with ! Ah ! too surely she was right, to leave me in the delirium in which she saw me ; it has, perhaps, been the means of saving me from becoming wholly unworthy of the pardon I now venture, through your means, to implore. She has, besides, saved me from the most cruel of all humiliations, that of being degraded in my own eyes. Had she been less severe, I might have become a dishonest man : for I was seeking a compromise with my duty, and should have made myself despicable. Ah ! let her recognise the reality of my uprightness, in the sincerity of this acknowledgment ; let her recognise

rendu méprisable: qu'elle reconnoisse le véritable empire de la vertu, dont l'exemple excite l'émulation dans un cœur droit, bien plus furement encore, que l'exemple du vice n'entraîne un cœur foible. Oui elle a fait renaître la mienne, et ma gratitude en fera éternelle.

“ Qu'elle daigne me pardonner, si j'ai osé un instant me laisser aller à la présomption de croire ne lui être pas indifférent ! la cruauté avec laquelle elle m'en a puni, a été critique, mais efficace. J'ai failli y succomber, mais j'en releverai plus digne de son estime, et je la contraindrai (toute sévère qu'elle est) de convenir qu'au moins j'aurois mérité cette

also, and glory in it, the never failing power of Virtue, whose bright example excites the emulation of every well meaning mind, with still more certainty, than the example of Vice misleads a weak one. She has kindled the latent spark in mine, and my gratitude will cease but with my existence.

“ I implore her forgiveness, for having presumed one moment to give way to the idea of not being indifferent to her. The cruelty, with which she has resented it, was critical, but efficacious. I was near sinking under it, but I shall rise more worthy of her esteem. I shall constrain her, rigid as her principles are, to avow, that I am at least deserving of the place in her affec-

place dans son cœur, ou il m'est défendu d'aspirer: je la forcerai de me rendre cette amitié si précieuse qu'elle m'avoit accordée, par le sacrifice que je vais m'imposer. Oui, Miladi, je pars demain, j'en jure mon honneur, pourvu que j'obtienne de sa main ce pardon, qui va faire mon unique consolation, et qu'elle y ajoute la permission de lui écrire quand j'aurai triomphé des sentimens qu'elle ne veut pas écouter. Qu'elle ne craigne pas de me l'accorder; elle peut s'en rapporter à ma sincérité sur l'usage que j'en ferai; la *distance* qui va nous séparer me rendra mes forces, quoique dans cet instant sa seule idée me fait

tion, to which I am prohibited from aspiring. I shall force her, by the strict propriety of my future conduct, to restore to me that valuable friendship, which she had granted me. Yes, Madam, I will go to morrow—I declare it upon my honour—provided that I obtain, under her own hand, the pardon, which will now become my only consolation; and, that she condescend to add to it the liberty of writing to her, whenever I can truly boast of having subdued those sentiments, to which she will not give ear. She may safely grant me this indulgence, and rely upon my sincerity for the use I shall make of it; the distance, that will soon separate us, will restore my strength, however the bare idea of it, at this moment, may make me sensible of

encore vivement sentir toute ma foiblesse. Je finis, pour ne pas ajouter un mot, que puisse nuire à l'impression que je cherche à vous donner de ma vertu.

“ Mais vous, Miladi ! qui vous êtes donnée des droits si justes à ma plus vive reconnoissance, quels termes trouverai-je pour vous en donner une idée ? Quand le sentiment est au dessus de l'expression il est inutile de parler : je n'ai jamais eu tant de raison de me taire. Daignez donc me continuer votre bienveillance, et recevoir l'hommage d'un attachement et d'une reconnoissance sans bornes.

“ LE PRINCE POLINSKI.”

You will not suppose, my dear brother, that my anger could resist such a letter as

my weakness. I conclude, to guard against the risk of adding a word, that might suggest a doubt of my resolution.

“ But in what terms shall I express to your Ladyship my sense of your indulgent kindness, in this and many other instances ? When feeling surpasses expression, it is in vain to speak. I never had more reason to be silent.—Deign, Madam, to continue to me your goodness; and accept the assurances of my unbounded gratitude and attachment.”

this. With Lady Belfont's approbation, I instantly sent the following answer.

“ Quand on relève de ses fautes comme vous, mon Prince, on se donne de nouveaux droits à l'estime des ames sensibles et honnêtes, je vous rends toute la mienne, en signant votre pardon: et quand vous pourres ne me parler que le langage de l'amitié, j'y répondrai avec toute la sincérité de celle que vous méritez. Quand même les circonstances me défendroient d'en recevoir en droiture le témoignage, et d'y répondre de ma main, j'apprendrai toujours avec intérêt par Miladi Belfont des nouvelles de votre bien-être et de votre tranquillité: et quand je saurai que vous avez rempli les engagemens que vous

“ To recover from error, as you have done, Sir, must give you a new claim upon the esteem of every good mind; and I restore you fully to mine, in signing the pardon, for which you call upon me; assuring you, at the same time, that whenever you can speak to me the language of friendship only, I will answer it with all the sincerity you merit. In the event, that circumstances should preclude our actual correspondence, I shall ever feel interested in the accounts I may receive through Lady Belfont of your welfare and happiness: and whenever I shall understand, that you have brought

avez contractés, vous porterez à leur comble l'estime et l'amitié que je vous consacre.

“ Adieu, Prince !—Je ne vous cache pas que ce mot me coûte : la franchise dont je fais profession m'en arrache l'aveu, et je puis me le permettre maintenant que vous ne pouvez plus vous tromper à son motif.”

This letter went to the inn, where we found he was waiting to receive it. We heard nothing farther from him; and the next day he left Geneva.

7th.—This has taken me several days to write, as I am unwilling to lose a moment of Lady Belfont's company. Now, that her stay is so limited, I confine the time I dedicate to my pen to an hour or two before going to bed.

I wish I could have your opinion, in regard to all that has lately passed with

yourself to fulfil your engagement, you will have carried my good opinion of you to its utmost height.

“ Adieu, Prince Polinski ! I do not trace this word without pain; the frankness, I upon all occasions profess, draws this avowal from me; and I need not scruple to make it, now that you can no longer mistake its motive.”

Prince Polinski. You see I have not verified your prediction ; and, as I feel satisfied, that I have acquitted myself in the best manner circumstances would admit, I trust I shall obtain my dear Henry's approbation. I feel really relieved by Prince Polinski's departure, though I avow high admiration of him, mixed with sincere friendship, and do not wish to conceal from you, that his happiness lies very near my heart. The very unusual depression, that hangs upon my spirits, I attribute wholly to my approaching separation from my beloved Lady Belfont. You will not wonder that, at such a moment, I cannot write cheerfully, or of indifferent people.

8th.—I have a letter from Colonel Malcolm from Ulm, entreating, that he may find one from me at Vienna, with every minute particular of what has passed in his absence. Alas! there I am precluded from following the natural dictates of my sincerity, which gives me a more uneasy sensation, than I shall allow myself to describe, lest you should again accuse me of affectation. I trust, Henry, you have admitted my defence

upon that subject*. I did not tell you *all* the pain such an accusation from you gave me.

The Colonel's letter is filled with protestations of affection and confidence. Heaven grant, that his confidence may at length prove permanent. The pleasing intelligence I have to communicate, of the Prince's departure, will set him wholly at ease for the present.

9th.—Lady Belfont has at last received news from Lady Barbara—from *Lady Grantin*, I should say. I have obtained leave to transcribe the letter for you: sure I am, that such a letter nobody but herself would have written on such an occasion.

LADY GRANTIN TO LADY BELFONT.

Turin.

“Your Ladyship will probably expect a very penitential letter, in atonement for the heinous misdemeanour, of which I have been guilty; and, if I knew in which fold of my

* By this it appears, that some of Louisa's answers, which were written independently of her journal, are also missing. E.

heart to look for one grain of contrition, my earnest wish to obtain your forgiveness would make me particularly solicitous, to improve it into the most pathetic peace-offering upon the occasion. But as I must, in the fulness of sincerity, acknowledge, that, search as I may, I can discover nothing but happiness arising out of my transgression, I cannot, for the soul of me, repent of having secured so rare an acquisition; and shall, therefore, with my accustomed honesty, content myself with intreating my dear Lady Belfont's pardon, for having pursued the coy goddess in my own way, and taken a flying leap into her favour. And, as a writer,* from whose authority your Ladyship will not, I am sure, appeal, asserts, that, even when courted and obtained in the properest manner, 'she does not always make good her name,' I trust I shall the more readily stand acquitted for trying an experiment rather out of the beaten path.

"I am aware, that I have sinned against rule, against decorum, against delicacy. But could any of these, or all of them together, have done better for me, than ensure felicity?

* Young.

I presume, not : and certain I am, that, had I sacrificed felicity to them, they could not have offered me the smallest compensation in return. Having, therefore, like a judicious gamester, calculated the chances, and got the odds in my favour, I think I may lay claim even to my uncle's indulgence, for having benefitted so much by his instructions.

“ I shall not yet, however, venture to state the merits of the case to him, but beg your Ladyship's kind mediation ; for, although I contend, that it would be highly unreasonable in Lord Belfont to expect, that his differing from Lord Egmore in politics should prevent my agreeing with his son in love ; or that the loss of his election, was to set aside mine ; still I am a little too deep read in men and things, to expect him to be soon sufficiently rational, to attend to the rationality of my plea. I must, therefore, throw myself wholly upon your Ladyship's mercy, after deprecating your wrath, by the assurance, that, if my precipitate retreat have given you a moment's uneasiness, I am unfeignedly sorry for it ; for of having seriously incurred your displeasure I have not the smallest appre-

hension, because, however my wild flights may have at times provoked your censure, you had always too much kindness toward me in your heart, for me to suppose you can be angry that I am happy. You satisfied yourself, that you did your duty in tutoring me, and strenuously opposing what you could not really be averse to; and you will not deny me the credit of having done mine, in balancing my own sentiments against your arguments: it was not my fault if the arguments kicked the beam.

“ And now I come to intreat my dear Lady Belfont, to employ that mild conciliating spirit, which makes her beloved even at the moment she is opposing one's inclinations, and soften Lord Belfont in my favour.

“ You can, from your own knowledge, set forth how liberal dame Nature has been to my swain, in all external advantages; how Fashion has marked him for her own; how Fortune will, after his father's death, make him amends for her present niggardliness; and how Folly had ever failed of obtaining any empire over him, until she tempted him to lay all these advantages at my feet: per-

haps the amiable humility of this last acknowledgment may captivate my uncle's good will. Then your Ladyship may assert, from *my* testimony, that he has enough of sense, not to pretend to more knowledge than he is possessed of; good humour, proportioned to my calls upon it; and of sensibility a *quantum sufficit*, to deem one acre, with Phillis, worth a whole county, without her. Let him duly weigh all these allurements, and then candidly pronounce, what mortal woman could have withstood them? And pray do not let Miss Riversdale's name be found in your letter, lest it should help him to, perhaps, the only exception, that could be quoted against me.

“ Will his Lordship object, that we may be involved in difficulties, when it rests so much upon any slight concession, on his part, to Lord Egmore, to remove them? And will not Dean Frankly, if desired by your Ladyship, state to the Marquis, how much it is his interest, if he loves his son, to furnish him, by his kindness, with inducements to wish his life, rather than, by harshness, leave him no hope but from his death?—In short, my dear Madam, give us your powerful sup-

port, and we shall have little to fear; and you could not refuse it, if you saw how delightfully we are formed for each other—how mutual all our pleasures—how we walk—how we ride—how we sing and play—how attentively *he* listens when *I* talk, and bows down submissive to my superiour sense—in short, ‘how we live, and how we love.’

‘Content with what the bounteous gods have given,
I seek not to engross the gifts of Heaven.

To some, the powers of bloody war belong;

To some, sweet music and the gift of song.

To few, and wond’rous few, has Jove assign’d

A wise, extensive, all-considering mind.’

POPE’S ILIAD.

“And whilst my Paris is content to admit this rare possession to be exclusively mine, I would not wish to improve him into any Hector or Diomedes of them all.

“I must not omit mentioning one little circumstance, which evinces my not having wholly escaped the contagion of your Ladyship’s and Miss Riversdale’s prudish notions. Having, as you would probably conjecture, my own woman to chaperon me in the chaise, I insisted upon travelling night and day, without ever alighting, except for the tak-

ing it to pieces across mount Cenis, until we reached our Envoy's chapel at this place, where Mr. Davenport was, in consequence of Lord Grantin's request, in waiting to join our hands. Now, as I expect that this due regard to the most scrupulous decorum will raise me to some degree of favour, I take this to be the very part of my letter, where the assurances of my unaltered affection will be likely to meet with the greatest indulgence, let me trust, therefore, to your long-experienced kindness, my dear Madam, for clothing them in every proper expression of regard and gratitude; and believe that, though my heart does not always take the usual methods of showing its feelings, it is very truly yours, BAR. GRANTIN."

This curious epistle was accompanied by one from her Paris, as she calls him, so very silly, that it is not worth transcribing.

Lady Belfont is now employed in making the best she can of it all to Lord Belfont, who writes her word, that he will meet her at Lyons, if she will set out in about a fortnight, and stop for a few days at Madame de Sainval's, as he cannot accurately fix his time of being there.

Meanwhile, we are going with Lady Belfont to Lausanne, to see some friends of hers before she leaves Switzerland. This little excursion will be agreeable to my mother and me in all respects.

This will make an interval of a few days in my journal, so that my *folio* packet will remain for the Dean to forward by a friend of his.

Adieu, my dearest brother.

MISS RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY.

Geneva, Aug. 16th.—Every hour, that I have passed with Lady Belfont, has still endeared her to me; she is all, that one can wish a woman to be; and to think, that I should possess the friendship of a being so exalted, and so soon to be torn from her—I know not how to endure the thought—what will become of me? The trying moment of separation now draws very near, and absorbs every other idea; still I endeavour to dwell upon it as little as possible—but I am very wretched.

My friends add severely to my distress, by concurring with my own wishes in favour of

Lady Belfont's proposal to take me with her; on the other hand stands stern Duty alone, from whose dictates, however, there is no appeal.

It was proposed, that my mother should reside at Laufanne, with my grandmother and aunt, during my absence; and my mother dwells so much upon the satisfaction this would afford to them all, that it also places me in the light of sacrificing their comforts, to what they can honour with no better name than *my obstinacy*. This is a trying situation, you will allow. I have declared myself perfectly ready to live at Laufanne, if they would accept of my company in addition to their society, instead of making me the bar to their enjoyment of each other. I observed to my mother, that my having now done with the masters, upon whose account our residence was fixed here, there could be no reason for our continuance at this place, in preference to Laufanne; but she would not listen to me; her aim is to force me away; she is not, however, impartial upon the subject; and while it is left in my option, I feel myself bound to resist.

We returned hither last night, and find Madame d'Urtise is gone to Soleure, probably to follow up, with more rigour, the forms of penance prescribed to her. Her absence is a very lucky circumstance for me just now.

Aug. 17.—A letter, just received from Colonel Malcolm, gives such an opening for the renewal of Lady Belfont's proposal, that my agitation is extreme, in the doubt of what I am to do——

The Emperor suddenly left Vienna, the very day before Colonel Malcolm reached it. His return is uncertain, and may be deferred from weeks to months. The distance and expense preclude his returning hither in the interim.—You may believe he curses his stars, and writes under great depression of spirits—his letter is distressing in all respects, excepting that it professes the most unbounded confidence in my affection, and reliance upon my prudence.

I am interrupted.

* * *

My mother and Lady Belfont came to inquire into the contents of the letter : I gave

it them to read : they, with one accord, instantly pronounced that this uncertainty put an end to all possible objection to my journey.

I still combated, but I fear it was feebly ; for they conquered—and now I am so divided, between the happiness held out to me in my dear Lady Belfont's society, and the fear of having deviated from what Colonel Malcolm was entitled to expect from me, that I scarcely know what I think, or what I feel.

In the mean time, my beloved brother, I venture to indulge a hope, which I have never before admitted into my breast, lest it might too powerfully draw me aside from what I considered as my duty—and this is, that I may once more embrace my Henry, before he embarks—once more have the inexpressible happiness of beholding him—of recurring to his opinion upon many points, upon which those of his letters, that have fortunately reached me, have not been explicit.—O, may your apprehension of being delayed till Christmas now prove prophetic ! May I be so fortunate as to find Colonel Malcolm's concurring approbation of my excursion at

Paris, whither I request him to direct his answer, which there is no time for me to receive here, and my satisfaction will be complete.

My mother goes to Lausanne.—The few remaining days, previous to our departure, will be so completely filled up by the necessary preparations for it, that I must here conclude my journal; which I shall, however, resume upon the road, although travelling toward you.—No words can convey an adequate idea of the present state of my mind; but you may conceive it.—Adieu, my best friend!—How freely does this word, which has so often distressed me, now flow from my pen!—Adieu! Adieu*!

* The only fragment that has been found of the journal Sir Henry mentions to his sister, is inserted here, as the best place for a thing so entirely unconnected with the story; which the Editor, however, hopes the public opinion will justify his wish to bring to light.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM SIR
HENRY RIVERSDALE TO LOUISA.

—My journal will assuredly place English manners in a new light to you, and probably damp the enthusiasm, with which you now view them: how far you may thank me for undeceiving you, I know not; but it may be a considerable time, before I find a convenient opportunity of forwarding to you a packet so voluminous.

In compliance, however, with your impatience to be initiated into some of the fashionable circles I frequent, I have, in the meanwhile, devoted one night to the communication of the transactions of one day, which has afforded me as much entertainment, from the variety of characters it has thrown in my way, as any that I have passed since I came to England.

When Stanville introduced me to Lord Lefingham, he had mentioned to him my curiosity to see and hear extraordinary characters; in consequence of which, we received an invitation to dinner, to meet Doctor Poly-

glot, Mr. Gadson, and Mr. Hornbeam, names certainly not new to you; to these were added, Sir Silenus Furzeball, Mr. Fairford, and Lady Urania Dyson, composing, altogether, a motley and diverting group.

To Polyglot, Gadson, and Hornbeam, my attention was chiefly directed, from their various celebrity in the literary and political world; but Lady Urania having singled out, and invited Doctor Polyglot to sit next her, for the express purpose of ascertaining his depth in the Greek language, and the conversation being carried on in a half whisper on her part, and a contemptuous sort of dry retort on his, the entertainment of it was confined wholly to themselves.

Sir Silenus Furzeball, on the other hand, engrossed the attention of the rest of the company, by critical dissertations upon various dishes, and the improvements and discoveries of his own cook, Morel, whose culinary talents soar so far above competition, that his table bids defiance to rivalry. And this was set forth in such evident contempt of the repast before him (which, however, was not only expensive, but elegant), as

placed Lord and Lady Lessingham's politeness in a strong light, who did not betray the smallest perception of a want of good breeding; so manifest to every one.

I looked impatiently for the removal of the cloth, in the hope that with it would be removed the incitement to Sir Silenus's garrulity. It was but an exchange of evils. Doctor Polyglot instantly reminded Lady Lessingham of her usual indulgence in admitting his *hooka*, which he declared to be absolutely requisite to the relish of his first glass of wine. The hooka was introduced, and with it, to my infinite regret, he soon puffed away the ladies.

The conversation now, however, became general, and I thought characteristic enough.

"My good friend," said Fairford, whose attention had, till then, been divided between the dinner, and the dress of Lord Lessingham's daughters, by whom he was placed, and in whose agreeable countenances an arch, but instantaneously repressed smile, had occasionally betrayed their opinion of the observations addressed to them: "my good friend," said he, to Doctor Polyglot, "per-

mit me to take the liberty of suggesting, that you must be bigotted to that barbarous habitude to the last point, when you can pursue it, at the price of putting to flight that enchanting sex, which I vow, before Heaven, I never feel in my element, when separated from."

"Τοις πᾶσι ὁ χρόνος καὶ καιρὸς*," replied the Dean, dryly.

This powerful retort, being above the comprehension of his new *friend*, (for, it appeared, that they had only once before been in company together) remained unanswered.

"I think, we are much obliged to the Dean," said Sir Silenus; "for, upon my soul, I always consider the women at table as a bar to conviviality, and it's a d—d provoking thing, that they do not remove, after the first glass, as they used to do."

"Why, as to that," replied Mr. Gadson, "the late enlargement of their minds, and their freedom from prejudices, brings them so much nearer to a level with us," (and the

* "To every thing there is a season."

3d Eccles. 1st verse.

little creature drew himself up, as he uttered the word *us*,) “that I rather feel my ideas brightened by their presence; and, if ever I have thought myself more peculiarly fortunate, at one time than another, in the defence of a free opinion, it has been against a female antagonist.”

“There may be another reason for that, Jacky,” said Doctor Polyglot, drolling. “We sometimes shine positively, and sometimes comparatively, you know. Now the weakness of your opponent’s logic might, very probably, constitute the strength of your argument; for, you will not pretend to deny, Jacky, that when you broach any of your nonsense to me, I cut you up without mercy—turn your own weapons upon you—Ha! ha! ha!”

“Nay, nay,” contended Jacky, a little nettled, “you may, indeed, overpower me by force of lungs, in default of argument, at any time; but, if you recollect, how satisfactorily I proved to you, at our very last meeting, the advantage that would result to society from the annihilation of all laws—”

“You prove a fiddlestick,” interrupted the Dean. “You got beyond your depth,

Jacky, and I was unwilling to expose you."

Gadson coloured, and was preparing to reply with warmth, when Lord Lessingham, probably wishing to turn off the discourse, pleasantly interposed, by saying, "He takes very unfair advantage of you, Gadson; for, should both argument and lungs fail, he can envelop your brightest ideas in clouds," (coughing from the suffocation of the smoke) "through which the devil himself could scarce discern them, however he might expect to gain from their propagation."

"I have as little faith in the devil as in any other popular prejudice," cried Gadson.

"I labour for the benefit of human nature, in exploding all received opinions, and am perfectly clear, that universal happiness can alone be established upon universal independence."

"I entreat you, spare one popular prejudice, in the universal wreck, for my sake," said Hornbeam; "and that is, in favour of pure, genuine, unsophisticated wine, for which, I think, Lord Lessingham may challenge the world; so, put the bottle round, Mr. Stanville."

“ And do not let us lose sight of the topic that was originally started,” replied Stanville, passing the bottle, “ the enlargement of female minds ; I own, I love to discuss it ; for *my* prejudice, with which I should be as unwilling to part as Mr. Hornbeam, runs so strongly in favour of the sex, that I cannot help wishing to associate them, in one way or other, with my most agreeable pursuits.”

“ Your language is that of a young man, and a bachelor, Sir,” said Sir Silenus ; “ I, who am neither the one nor the other, can speak from *experience* ; and, upon my soul, they are a d—d set altogether, and the clearer a man can keep of them, the better for him.”

“ Speaking from *experience*, precludes all contestation of the reasons that may have been given for your opinion, Sir Silenus ; though we may be allowed to condole with you, upon not having been more fortunate in the choice of your acquaintance,” replied Stanville.

“ Sir Silenus Furzeball probably employs his time in more rational pursuits, than thumbing the poets,” observed Hornbeam ;

“or so professed a votary of Bacchus could never think of separating him from his sworn friend, Cupid.”

“He’ll associate the god of soups and ragouts with him, in his stead,” cried Lord Leffingham; “and high priest Morel will sacrifice never-failing incense upon his altars.”

(It seems, this modern Lucullus divides his day between the labour of inventing new dishes, and the joy of gormandizing them, ever accompanied with potations deep, which happily relieve him from the tedium of the evening.)

“Now, I cannot, for my life,” cried Hornbeam, “shake off my juvenile reminiscences of Horace and Anacreon; and, indeed, I would not, if I could, separate love and wine; and so I connect women as much with my pleasure, and keep them as distinct from my business, as possible—that’s my creed, in respect to them.”

“Had Horace and Anacreon lived in these days,” resumed Stanville, “they might have admitted their mistresses to a participation in the ‘flow of soul,’ as well as in that of wine. I cannot suppose it is my exclusive privilege, to be acquainted with women

of enlightened minds, and enlarged understandings; and I will candidly confess, that I have reaped more advantage from female opinion and advice——”

“In regard to the cut of your coat, or tie of your cravat, I suppose,” interrupted Furzeball, sneeringly.

Stanville looked disdain; but Fairford interrupted the expression of it, by saying, eagerly, “And permit me to have the honour of assuring you, Sir, that they are positively the only judges in the world of every thing of that sort. I absolutely declare, that I do not think there can be any appeal from their tribunal; in fine, I always hold myself by the opinion of my particular friend, Prince Potaramousky’s, the Russian Ambassador at Madrid, upon this subject.”

“My dear Fairford,” said Lord Lessingham, laughing, “if you let a Russian guide your opinion in regard to women, the Lord have mercy upon your wife!”

“Ah! my friend,” replied Fairford, “you always turn every thing into pleasantry; but, upon my honour, what I was going to say, was of the greatest seriousness, and it was afterward confirmed by another intimate

friend of mine, Count Dunderblink, at Constantinople."

"The devil! coming both from Madrid and Constantinople, it must be forcible, indeed!" Lord Leffingham exclaimed. "Well, Fairford, what was it?"

"My dear Fairford," says the Prince, (for we were upon that footing of intimacy which dispenses with the *Mr.*) "my dear Fairford," says he, "put it well into your head, that it is to please the women we dress, and to our success with them we owe our best reputation; and, therefore, if they approved of your turning your stock-buckle in front, or wearing your ruffles about your throat, never hesitate, but count upon its succeeding."

A general laugh ensued, which Fairford, for an instant, hesitated how to take; but being perfectly good humoured, and not in the least aware of laying himself open to ridicule, he joined in it very heartily.

"How long people may live without being aware of their own deficiencies!" observed the Dean. "Now, I protest, I always considered myself as tolerably versed in my mother tongue, and yet, Mr. Fairford finds means to make me sensible of my ignorance.

of it; for, unless some of the company does me the favour to act the part of an interpreter, I am in danger of remaining a stranger to the force of his argument. Now, Jacky," turning quick to Gadson, "I advise you to take a few lessons from him, and you'll know how to *nonplus* me in future."

"I am really, Sir, infinitely flattered," Fairford replied, "that you honour my idiom with your attention; it is what I have made my particular study, ever since my friend, Baron Rammekin, observed to me, upon the grating sound of English to a foreign ear. It immediately struck me, that by adopting, as much as possible, the French turn of phrase, and a little softening the pronunciation, one might harmonize the English language, so as to make it less disgusting; and, indeed, the Baron took notice, when he was here last year, that my manner of speaking was so much improved, and betrayed so little of the *goût du terroir*, that he could positively almost have taken me for a foreigner. But that might be his partiality, you know; and, of course, I do not mention it from vanity."

"No, truly, Sir," Doctor Polyglot said,

"there is" no occasion; so far from esteeming it a merit to assimilate our language to a foreign ear, I should be glad to restore a *quantum sufficit* of its original barbarism, to drive every foreigner out of the sound of it."

Fairford, offended in the persons of all the Princes, Counts, and Barons, his particular friends, retorted with warmth. "I feel myself too much bound, by the rules of good breeding, to attack the avowed partialities of any person in company. I make no allusions to the classics; I am no judge, how far the study of them is likely to improve the manners of their votaries"—looking round for applause, as if he had said, that was a sharp touch.

The Dean, with a loud laugh, "We none of us suspected you were, I believe, Sir. Ha! ha! ha! excuse me; I always hold it fair to give hit for hit, as well as argument for argument; for, if we were to discuss the point seriously, I should contend that the Greeks understood the *to prepon*." *

* Elegant decorums.

“ The *toe*, what, Sir ?” interrupted Fairford, angrily.

“ Pshaw !” Lord Lessingham interposed, “ you must not expect Fairford to defer to any *toe* but Vestris’s—and, by the way, if you have a mind to see him in the Deserter to night, here’s my ticket for you.”

“ My friend, I would not see Rossi and Le Picq in the Deserter again, upon any consideration,” returned Fairford: “ I protest, it racks one’s sensibility ten times worse than the Siddons. I went to the Duchefs of D——’s, from the opera last Saturday, so very hysterical, that I was obliged to have Eau de Cologne, and all manner of things, to recover me, and I thought Lady Urania would never have done teasing me about the delicacy of my nerves.”

Doctor Polyglot withdrew the hooka from his lips, preparatory to another hit at Fairford; but Lord Lessingham, smilingly, warded it off. “ Now you name Lady Urania,” he said, “ there’s an enlightened woman’s mind for you, Stanville ! and see what a d——d thing a female pedant is !”

“ If the overbearingness of knowledge were

either general in women or peculiar to them, I would give up their cause," he replied. "But I must contend, that I have seen male pedants as intolerable as Lady Urania, and superiour faculties born as meekly by women, as by Mr. F— himself. You are acquainted with Mrs. Blandford, as well as with Lady Urania my Lord, what say you to her? Few men surpass her, either in understanding or knowledge; and what woman has more gentleness or sweetness of manners? Playful, unassuming, rather endeavouring to bring others forward, than to obtrude herself."

"What d—d hypocrisy that must be!" cried Sir Silenus; "I should hate her for it."

"I defy any mortal to hate her, that has ever seen her"—Lord Lessingham replied.—

"True, Stanville, I had forgotten her: equal to most men in science, 'yet not above her sex's cares,' as Young says."

"If she really have acquired a critical knowledge of Greek, without being vain of it," the Dean said, "I will allow her merit; not, indeed, that I hold a woman worth speaking to, who is wholly destitute of classical knowledge; for what conversation is there

without it? If my wife could not feel the aptness of a Greek quotation, and admire me for it, when we are sitting over the fire in a winter's evening, I should be mighty apt to spit in her face."

Fairford burst into a violent fit of laughter, begging a thousand pardons, at the same time, for his rudeness; but, really, that *classical galanterie* was so unlooked for, that it wholly overpowered his respect for good manners.

"A slight violation that of the *to prepon*, to be sure, Mr. Dean," Hornbeam observed: "Anacreon was not so difficult to please as you; for, after enumerating the peculiar advantage allotted to every species in the creation, he goes on, you know, to women;

What, then, does feeble woman boast?

Beauty, more potent than a host,

Tho' arm'd with spear and shield;

Let beauty sparkle in her eye,

The fair may fire and steel defy,

And win the glorious field."

And I say, with him, *that* is their distinctive property, let them abide by it, and make the most agreeable use they can of it, for all our sakes. Come, here's the whole

enchanting sex!" filling up a bumper. "One species of happiness, for which I am constantly indebted to them, is the delight of getting drunk to their healths."

"I must beg leave, Sir, to revert to what I first threw out," said Gadson, "and call your attention to one prodigious advantage, resulting to the sex from the present enlarged sphere of their education, which, I shall take the liberty of observing, Mr. Stanville did not urge, as, I think, he might have done; and that is, its affording them the means of emancipating from the fetters of prejudice, and fostering, at the same time, a liberality of mind, which may prompt them to dispense with that badge of superstition and slavery—the marriage ceremony. I will be bold to say, it is the grand desideratum to be accomplished, by letting the range of their studies be unconfined; and a complete system of morality will never obtain, till women and property are in common."

"How limited must have been the perceptions of the ancient philosophers," said Stanville, "when they absurdly ascribed

the civilization of mankind to connubial love.

‘ Et mulier conjuncta viro concessit, et unum
Castaque privato veneris connubia læta.

Cognita sunt——

—— Pueri parentum

Blanditiis facile ingenium fregere superbum *.

And how comprehensive and new the ideas of our modern Lucretii, to reverse the system, and improve mankind, by returning to a state of barbarism!”

“Philosophy would ill deserve its name,” replied Gadson, “if it were to be staggered by a sneer; neither do I flinch from the imputation of novelty, Sir,” added he, with some degree of exultation.

“Nor yet, in this particular, build much upon it, I should imagine,” said Lord Lessingham. “Rouffeau’s Eulogy of Savage

* Thus englished :

Domestic scenes their softened hearts inspire,
They rear the cot, and own Love’s sacred fire;
To the soft joys of bliss connubial led,
And the chaste pleasures of the marriage-bed;
The infant’s lisp, and sweet enchanting smile,
Charm their rough hearts, and every care beguile.

Life, or the refined Spartan plan of female exemption from modesty, might either of them serve as the basis of the system.—”

“ Which, when duly established, may illustrate the Athenian’s reply to the boasting Spartan,” added Stanville, “ and prove the true republican code of virtue, to be founded upon the permission of every species of immorality *.”

“ I reprobate the very word code, Sir,” cried Gadson.

“ Ha! ha! ha!” interrupted the Dean; “ your *new* system, Jacky, will turn out like my poor curate’s Concordance, which he passed sixteen years in composing, and when he came to London, to offer it to the booksellers, found there had been one published before he was born, which he had never heard of. I do not, however, accuse you of never having *heard* of Rousseau, or Lycurgus; but you think, by a little new-

* Alluding, probably, to the story in Plutarch’s *Apophthegms*, of the Spartan, who boasted adultery was unknown in Sparta. “ How should adultery exist, where wives are in common?” replied the Athenian.

fangled nonsense superadded, to bamboozle us out of the recollection of them."

"I acknowledge no master, Sir, but Truth; my search after that may induce a coincidence with Rousseau or Lycurgus, for which I do not hold myself accountable; but truth is my object."

"Ay, but you are for ever groping at the bottom of the well, while truth floats much nearer the surface than you are aware of," rejoined the Dean; "and none but such a mischievous paradox-monger as you would think of denying matrimony to be the band of civilization.—Don't force me, now, to bring down my heavy artillery upon you. You are conscious, Jacky, I could annihilate you, if I thought proper; for you have nothing but plain English to fight with yet," glancing his eye at Fairford, "and that won't bear out your absurdities; but, trust me, you'll get yourself shut out of every man's house, who has either wife or daughter, if you go about propagating such confounded doctrine."

Whether from fear of the threatened artillery, or that Gadson's delight is in starting

hypotheses, which he wants the ingenuity to defend—he was silent.

“ You are right enough there, Mr. Dean, indeed,” exclaimed Sir Silenus; “ hold out wickedness to woman, and neither husband or father can save her from running headlong into it—Don’t I know them ?”

“ A little to your cost, it should seem, Furzeball,” Lord Lessingham said.

“ I would readily enough make over *les petites morales* to them, so they would keep clear of science,” cried Hornbeam; “ but I never meet with a philosopher in petticoats, that does not put me in mind of the old song,

‘ You may do very well for our cousins and aunts,

‘ But, trust me, you’ll never be wives.’

“ Their d—d itch for scribbling offends me: if the women take to the pen, the men must take to the distaff, or what the devil’s to become of children and housekeeping? and where will the evil stop? It pervades every class.”

“ Ay, that’s just what I wish,” cried Gadson.

“ Why, then, I wish you had been of the

party, who had like to have lost their dinner by it, at my house, the other day," returned Hornbeam. "I had invited some friends to eat roast beef and plumb pudding with me: a considerable time passed, after the usual hour, without any appearance of dinner; when, upon going into the kitchen, to inquire what had happened, I found the beef half burned to a cinder, while my cook was correcting an ode she had written upon her pudding, instead of thinking of dishing it."

Hornbeam's illustration of his argument afforded a hearty laugh.

I now made an attempt to give a political turn to the conversation, having some curiosity to hear Hornbeam upon a topic, which, I had been told, he treated with the same gay pleasantry that he does every other; but Doctor Polyglot became so impetuous, Sir Silenus so contemptuous, and Hornbeam himself to verge so near upon that felicity, which he had before declared to be his *summum bonum*, that Lord Lessingham checked and turned off the subject. Others, less to my taste, occurred; and I took the first opportunity of making my escape to the ladies.

Upon entering the drawing-room, I was

highly gratified to perceive Mrs. Blandford, whom Stanville had mentioned with so much admiration, sitting upon the sofa at work, by Lady Lessingham.

I had before been in company with Mrs. Blandford, and admired the peculiarly agreeable turn of her countenance and manners, but was not aware of her very superiour understanding, and had neglected to get myself introduced, for which I proposed to make myself amends, the moment that Stanville should join us.

Lady Urania Dyson was lounging upon the opposite sofa, with a Greek Homer in her hand. At the farther end of the room were Lady Lessingham's daughters, two elegant, accomplished young women, looking over some drawings, brought from Italy by a Mr. Fulmer, who, with his sister, completed a very agreeable group, which I immediately joined, perceiving Mrs. Blandford and Lady Lessingham to be engaged in a whispering conversation.

Fairford soon followed me up stairs. "My dear friend!" he exclaimed, "I am so infinitely obliged to you, for giving the example of attending the ladies, as you can have no

idea; for, upon my honour, I never existed in such an atmosphere before; and, were it not out of consideration for Lessingham, I would really neither have endured, nor passed under silence, that gross pedant's absolute want of knowing how to live, in his coarse attack upon my foreign friends."

"You, who have been in all parts of the world, Mr. Fairford," interrupted Lady "Charlotte Summers, can, perhaps, decide the dispute between Mr. Fulmer and me, in regard to this drawing."

"Your Ladyship does me too much honour," he replied. "Certainly, as far as any little talents one may have the fortune to be possessed of can be improved, by the number of courts one has had the happiness to make one's bow in, I may boast, that mine have not been neglected; particularly, as I have had the honour of cultivating the friendship of the most distinguished personages about the sovereigns of every country I have visited, which I look upon to be the only efficient mode of enlarging one's understanding, increasing one's knowledge, and polishing one's manners."

"We all allow you to be the abstract and

brief chronicle of courts and fashions," said Lady Emily, smiling.

"You must have devoted many years to the important pursuit, Mr. Fairford," said Miss Fulmer.

"Quite the contrary, I do assure you; I completed the whole in less than a twelve-month."

"Cultivating all those friendships as you went along?" said Lady Emily.

"English people can form very little idea of the rapid advances friendships make abroad: I protest, it never took me above a week; indeed, I seldom staid above a fortnight any where, or how could I have got on, you know? But, then, I may say, without vanity, that I possess the art of accommodating myself to people, and I never had the mortification to be recognised for an Englishman any where."

"Fie, Mr. Fairford!" cried Lady Charlotte, "what could you be taken for, that is half as good?"

"Certainly—in point of essentials, and all that, I don't mean—but only the manner of presenting oneself—one's *costume*—one's

art of saying pretty *nothings*, have so much effect abroad——”

“The effect is not wholly lost even here, I assure you, Mr. Fairford,” said Lady Emily, looking archly round upon her companions, who were smothering a laugh.

He repeated, she was too good; and then began to examine the drawing, which Lady Charlotte put into his hand, desiring he would determine, whether a ruin there represented was the temple of Fortune, or of Concord, which Mr. Fulmer called it, and she disputed.

Fairford, who had probably never heard of the existence of either, screened his ignorance under a *plaisanterie*, in the true French style, saying it was assuredly the temple of *Discord*, since it had produced a dispute between her Ladyship and Mr. Fulmer.

A general smile satisfied him, that his wit had saved the credit of his learning; and he concluded his speech with a hearty laugh.

“If I were at home, I could look into Strabo for you,” said Lady Urania. “His authority is incontrovertible, in any point of geographical knowledge.”

"This is merely topographical," said Mr. Fulmer; "both the temples in question are in the environs of Rome."

"I beg your pardon," Lady Urania replied; "I thought the sketches had been Grecian, or I should not have interfered."

"I think I perceive an inscription," said Lady Charlotte.

"The characters are so minute, I cannot distinguish them," Mr. Fulmer said.

"Mrs. Blandford is an able decipherer," replied Lady Charlotte; "if she would just cast her eye upon it."

Mrs. Blandford declined it, saying, Lady Urania Dyson would understand it better.

Lady Urania rose indolently from the sofa, and, glancing her eye over it, said, "Mrs. Blandford means to compliment my sight, I presume; for, as to the inscription, it is *only* Latin; any child may construe it."

"I am perfectly astonished, to hear your Ladyship hold Latin so cheap," said Fairfield, "when I recollect the labour and stripes the attainment of it cost me, and how little I should have known of it, after all, but for the habitude of speaking it in Poland and Hungary."

“Lord! is there any body, that is ignorant of Latin?” returned Lady Urania, half yawning. “What upon Earth can they read?”

Here the conversation was interrupted, by the entrance of the Duchess of Lovemore, with her daughters, the Lady Staines, and Mrs. Hallden.

“Are not your men come up yet from dinner?” cried the Duchess. “Lessingham promised me a party at quinze, before I went to Lady Anther’s assembly, if I would be here by ten, and it has just struck.”

Lady Lessingham gave orders, to let the gentlemen know they were wanted.

“Heavens, Duchess!” exclaimed Lady Urania, “how can you bear to waste that precious time at cards, which might be turned to so much better account?”

“Lord! why, what would you have me do, Lady Urania? I’m sure, it’s better than talking scandal, and that’s the only alternative the world offers, when one’s past the age of flirtation.”

Lady Urania took a pinch of snuff, casting a look of contemptuous pity at the Duchess, and turned over a page of Homer.

Lord Lessingham and Stanville obeyed

the summons, that had been sent to the gentlemen. The rest did not appear.

The parties were formed, Lord Lessingham placing himself next to Mrs. Hallden at quinze, with an air of familiarity and predilection so very marked, that I should scarcely have thought it excusable between avowed lovers upon the point of marriage.

I asked Stanville, whether Lady Lessingham's blindness were real or pretended, having been struck with the warmth of friendship, with which she had received Mrs. Hallden.

He smiled: "You have not yet learnt to understand the plan of mutual forbearance, which obtains in the fashionable world, I perceive; Lady Lessingham is neither blind, nor wishes to be thought so: Mrs. Hallden is her most intimate friend; and Lord Lessingham, in return, associates Fairford in all *his* amusements; it is scarce possible to see a happier *domestic* circle."

I could not conceal my surprise. Lord and Lady Lessingham are strikingly elegant in their manners, polite to a degree of re-

finement, and pay all the attention to each other, that real affection could dictate; I had set them down, in my own mind, as examples of conjugal felicity.

“And so they are, in fact,” contended Stanville; “we retain old established expressions, only affixing new ideas to them. We *domesticate* gallantry, and our women never loved their *homes* better, for they constantly call upon the whole circle of their acquaintance, to witness the enjoyment it affords them.”

“Am I in Paris or in London?” I exclaimed. “But you joke; you would not feel the reverence, which, upon all occasions, you avow for the sex, if they deserved this satire.”

“It certainly is not from among those to whom it applies, that I select the objects of my reverence,” he said. “One is apt to call a particular set the world; and, indeed, the numerous instances I could adduce in support of my assertion, might justify the epithet, but that there are such exceptions, in the very highest line, as may redeem the credit of fashionable life for a century to come.”

He then named the ——— of ———,
&c.*

“ I know that Mrs. Blandford is one of your exceptions also, and should be very glad you would afford me the means of forming my own estimate of her perfections, by introducing me.”

Just as I had said this, Mrs. Blandford sat down with Lady Lessingham to casino, which precluded such an interruption.

The two Lady Staines had, upon the Duchess of Lovemore's sitting down to quinzé, cast a supercilious look around, and withdrawn themselves to the farther part of the room, separate from the rest of the company, where they seemed to be indulging themselves in the amusement of criticising all that was going forward.

Lady Lessingham, whose good breeding is never at a fault, perceiving that her daughters made no attempt to draw them into their little circle, called upon Lady Emily, to show them the new canzonets Miss Fulmer had brought from Italy.

Lady Emily immediately went to the

* The Editor, out of respect, suppresses the names, which the reader can be at no loss to supply.

piano-forte, and the Lady Staine's condescended likewise to move toward the instrument, but evidently with reluctance, as repining at being the means of showing Lady Emily to such advantage, who sings in a very finished style.

My attention was so entirely captivated by the music, that I did not perceive Lady Lessingham beckon me to her, till Fairford sprung suddenly from the card-table towards me, exclaiming, "My dear Sir! you are plunged in such a reverie, as makes you absolutely insensible to all the rules of politeness—Lady Lessingham has been doing the impossible to catch your eye—she wishes you to take Mrs. Blandford's cards, that she may sing a duet with Lady Emily."

Though you well know, how reluctantly I ever move from the music desk—this was an opportunity of being introduced to Mrs. Blandford, which I was not willing to forego; and Stanville being just then at a distance, I presumed upon my newly-formed intimacy with Fairford, with whom, you'll observe, I had never but once before been in company, and requested him to present me to Mrs. Blandford.

“ My very particular friend, Sir Henry Riversdale, Ma’am,” said he, as he led me up to her.

“ I must make as free with him as if he were mine also,” said she, smiling; “ and entrust him with concerns of too much importance to admit of a moment’s delay;” rising to give me her seat; “ for, however impatient the company may be to hear a new duet, there is no expecting such a sacrifice to be made to it, as that a disputed rubber at casino should stand still the while.”

I expressed myself flattered by the trust; but hinted a fear, that my attention would be so divided, as to gain me little credit with my employer.

“ The music will not disturb us in the least,” said Lady Lessingham, who is a decided gambler, “ and the point is much too critical to admit of delay.”

I hoped, at least, the stake was not deep.

“ *Only* half guineas,” said Lady Lessingham: “ Mrs. Blandford won’t play higher.”

The *only* silenced me—I felt ashamed to object to what was treated so lightly; and, from the fear of incurring ridicule,

by appearing to think it of consequence, I suffered myself to risk the losing so much more of Mrs. Blandford's money by my bad play, than I should have chosen to venture of my own; and thus may the dread of ridicule lead into every crooked path those, who either want energy of mind to encounter it, or steadiness to shun dangerous examples. This little scrap of morality has, however, only occurred upon repeating the scene to you, Louisa.

Luckily, I proved a successful agent; and how it could happen, Fortune alone knows; for my attention was irresistibly captivated by the performance: there is a soul in Mrs. Blandford's singing, that converted me wholly into ear, and an occasional similarity of tones with those of my dear Louisa's vibrated upon my heart, and carried me back, in an instant, to scenes of former happiness, accompanied, at the same time, with a sense so keen of my present deprivation, as called up feelings, to which I cannot give a name; never before was I made so pleasurably sensible of pain.

I was most provokingly roused, however, from this state, by the strong expressions of

Lady Lessingham's displeasure at her partner, for having kept up a fourth ace, which had lost the game; and all the submission of Fairford's apologies but increased her wrath. The French adage says, "*Amis jusqu'aux autels* *;" which, being translated, means, "Well-bred as far as the card-table." I have been struck with this in many instances, but never more forcibly than in Lady Lessingham's politeness giving way to this predominant passion.

Mrs. Blandford immediately returned to the table: "I perceive my delegate has acquitted himself too well—shall I resume my place?"

At this moment another inveterate casino player being fortunately announced, Lady Lessingham said, "I know you never play but out of complaisance, Mrs. Blandford; therefore, I can now set you at liberty."

As I followed Mrs. Blandford toward the sofa, comparing in my own mind her mild, unassuming, agreeable manners, with the air of contemptuous incivility, that pervaded the features of most of the women in the

* Friends to the altars, i. e. friends as far as matters of serious import are not concerned.

room, my ear was caught by a question of Lady Anne Staines to Stanville, who had just approached her: "Had he the good humour, to give the fingers credit for having performed that duet at sight?"

He had been so charmed with the manner, in which it was sung, that he had not given the question a moment's consideration. Did ever expression equal Mrs. Blandford's?

Lady Anne really could not say she had particularly attended to it, she was so much diverted and taken up with Lady Urania's cap. "Did you ever see any thing so preposterous in your life, Caroline?" turning to her sister; "I declare, it looks as if it had come out of Tavistock-street."

"It would be but good-natured," replied Lady Caroline, "to tell her how she exposes herself. We have been wondering, Lady Urania," going up to her, "where in the world you could get that cap!"

"Cap!" said Lady Urania! "Have I got on a cap?" putting her hand to her head.

The critics both burst into a loud laugh. "Dear, to be sure you have; did you ever

hear the like? Not know whether she's got a cap on or no! and such an ugly fright of an old fashioned thing!"

"I really do not feel responsible for my cap," returned Lady Urania, with much indifference: "I order my maid to choose it, and she puts it on as she pleases; and, provided she do not disturb me with questions while she is about it, I am perfectly satisfied."

"Dear! did you ever hear any thing so odd, Anne? And your gown, Lady Urania, I dare say it has been made these three or four years."

"Very possibly, but it answers every purpose of a gown, just as well as your Ladyship's. If, indeed, I were to appear in a Roman mantle, or a Grecian tunic, you might with justice criticise me."

"O, but we should not, indeed," cried Lady Anne; "I dare say they were vastly becoming."

"Be assured, Lady Anne, that it is the ornaments of the mind which can alone adorn the person. Ask Mrs. Blandford, whether she have time to bestow upon her dress; and she will quote the enlightened

Athenians to you, who furnished the strongest grounds for my observation, by the perfect contempt they showed for their wives, who carried their refinements in dress even beyond those of the present day."

"Do ask her, Mr. Stanville, for I am not acquainted with her," said Lady Anne. "But I wonder your Ladyship should appeal to her, for I dare say it is all scandal to say she is learned, she looks so much like other people."

"I own," rejoined Lady Urania, "that from some circumstances, which have occurred this evening, I have my doubts upon the subject."

Mrs. Blandford's answer was, "that she was not so fortunate, as to have a maid upon whose taste she could sufficiently rely, and was therefore obliged, to take the trouble of choosing for herself."

Her dress, Louisa, is very much in the style of your own; it is hardly possible, to imagine a contrast more striking, than the two Grecians offered.

"I am determined," said Lady Urania, "to ascertain, this very moment, how far her reputation for learning is justly found-

ed;" and, stepping across the room, "Have you seen this Glasgow edition of Homer, Madam?" said she. "If my question appear rather abrupt, from not having the honour of your acquaintance, I can only say, with Moliere, "*Et pour l'amour du Grec embrassons nous toutes deux* *."

"I must be flattered with any supposition, that leads me to the honour of your Ladyship's notice," Mrs. Blandford replied; "but Moliere's satire upon female learning is still too recent, to encourage pretensions of that nature, unless supported by such a fund of knowledge, as Lady Urania Dyson may boast."

"As far as devoting the whole mind to a pursuit affords a chance of eminence, I may certainly put in some claim," returned Lady Urania; "but you, Madam, have probably derived your knowledge from intuition; for it is evident that music, drawing, the modern languages, and even work, and the trifling avocations of the toilet, and the card-table, occupy a share of your time."

Mrs. Blandford was visibly uneasy at being thus held up to notice.

* For the sake of Greek, let us embrace.

“The chief happiness of life,” she answered, “appears to me, to turn so much upon the art of employing time, that I do not conceive there is much more merit in one mode than in another, provided the end be obtained with some advantage to ourselves, and no detriment to others.”

“But you have studied the classics?” urged Lady Urania.

“I do not recollect giving grounds for the suspicion by any pretensions of the kind.”

“There now!” exclaimed Lady Anne, exultingly, “I was sure she knew nothing of Greek or Latin, she dresses so becomingly.”

A general smile followed this observation.

“I never before knew Mrs. Blandford guilty of affectation,” said Lord Lessingham, from the quinze-table. “Why should you evade acknowledging, what is so well known?”

“Cowardice, you know, is ever addicted to evasion, my Lord. I have observed such a proneness in men, even of sense and parts, to lower women, who are suspected of classi-

cal knowledge, that I have always thought it expedient, to conceal what chance has thrown in my way in that respect ; feeling myself, by nature, more inclined to shrink from censure, than to court observation."

" I am tempted," said Stanville, " to detect a species of vanity, perhaps unknown to Mrs. Blandford herself, lurking under this mistaken diffidence ; for whilst every word she utters betrays sense, judgment, and fancy, more conspicuous and attractive than the learning she affects to conceal, I appeal to Riversdale, whether it be not evident, that she overrates her acquired talents, to the depreciation of her natural endowments ?"

" Certainly," I replied, " to be consistent, Mrs. Blandford ought never to speak at all."

" Besides, that this cowardly spirit, so unblushingly avowed," continued Stanville, " merits the severest reprobation, for defrauding the female literati of the justification her example would afford. Talents so meekly born, and so happily blended with elegant accomplishments and domestic pursuits, must make a convert of every father, brother, and husband, that fall in her way."

“ I arraign my accuser for unfair practices,” replied Mrs. Blandford, playfully, “ in insidiously blending flattery with censure, for the express purpose of confounding the judgment of his hearers.”

“ There is a species of censure, which I consider as the highest flattery, because it is *unintentional*,” said Lady Urania, with a glance, intended to mortify Stanville ; “ and so widely do I differ from Mrs. Blandford, that my ambition leads me to court the very contest she professes to shun, and estimate my knowledge in exact proportion to the male abuse it provokes. For,

‘ Envy does Merit as its shade pursue,
And, like a shadow, proves the substance true.’

I might have called to Mrs. Blandford’s recollection Pindar’s allusion to the jack-daws pursuing the eagle, but I wished to make myself generally understood.”

“ Well, I protest, I was never more surprised in my life,” said Lady Caroline Staines, “ than to find, that Mrs. Blandford is actually a scholar, particularly as I have so often seen her play at cards. I don’t suppose,

Lady Urania, you would touch a card if it were to save your life."

Lady Urania thanked Heaven she did not know a spade from a club.

"I have now and then known a heavy hour beguiled, and perhaps a reputation saved, by the introduction of a card-table," said Mrs. Blandford.

"I imagine you chiefly associate with women then," retorted Lady Urania, "but I seldom give myself the trouble to talk to them."

"But when men fail?" said Mrs. Blandford.

"Then I wrap myself up in my own contemplation, and leave them to their nonsense."

"Perhaps," said Lord Lessingham, "as Socrates was a dancer, Lady Urania may condescend to bestow five minutes of her precious time upon seeing a reel well danced. I am told Lady Anne and Lady Caroline, are inferiour only to Rossi there. Charlotte, pray play one."

This proposal was very readily complied with, and put an end to the conversation. My astonishment was extreme, to see beings,

who had appeared to me so perfectly immovable, assume in an instant a degree of activity, so much more appropriate to a bacchanal, than to the quiet elegance suited to young women of fashion; that however light, their steps, and graceful, their movements, I felt inclined, for their sakes, to reverse Pygmalion's prayer, and wish to turn them back into statues.

The extraordinary admiration and applause, that followed their performance, convinced me that my ideas are completely out of date.

LOUISA RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY
RIVERSDALE.

The Château Boissière,
Aug. 20.

Can it be, that I am tracing my brother's footsteps, with the prospect of finding him at the end of my journey? I yet almost think myself in a dream; and were it not for the reality of the happiness I enjoy, in the daily and hourly society of Lady Belfont, I should be in constant fear of awaking at length to a lamentable sense of my delusion.

And it is at the *Château Boissrose*, that I resume my pen, Henry! how will your heart vibrate to the name! still I must lead you on regularly from the conclusion of my last—Hang method! do you exclaim?—bear with it for once, I will be concise.

The interval between the determination upon my departure, and the day fixed for it, was completely filled with preparations, which scarce left me time to dwell upon my first separation with my mother. I felt it severely, however, when the moment came. On her part, the idea of joining my grandmother and aunt, added to the purpose, which I am certain she has in view, in my journey, seemed to fill her mind; and the predetermination she forms upon all trying occasions, to subdue the expression of her feelings, always contributes to support her. I could have wished her, to set off at the same moment we did, but there was no accomplishing it; she had too much on her hands. To the good Dean, therefore, I left her; but the parting was very—very painful. He seemed almost an equal sharer in it; no father could have testified more affection; he sobbed—he

bleſſed me—in ſhort, he had far leſs command of himſelf than my mother had, and really added greatly to our diſtreſs.

Lady Belfont kindly left a ſervant to follow next day, and bring us an account of my mother, which proved very ſatisſactory.

Our journey has been favourable and expeditious thus far, and Madame de Sainval's reception delightful. Lady Belfont had given her notice of her own viſit, before ſhe knew that I ſhould be of the party; the ſight of *me* was, therefore, a ſurpriſe, which I was highly flattered to find ſo agreeable to her.

Monſieur de Sainval is with his regiment; but her mother, Madame la Comteſſe de Valence, is with her, and one of the beſt tempered, cheerful, kind hearted women in the world.

The ſociety in the Château is, beſides, compoſed of an elderly *Abbé*, who has all the good breeding, and ready ſenſible converſation, which peculiarly belong to the Frenchmen *d'un certain age**; a ſiſter of

* Rather advanced in life.

Monsieur de Sainval's, who appears a complete *petite maitresse* *; and a Chevalier de Bonnefeuille, a pretty, sprightly, petulant young man, under twenty, who seems to be the *enfant gâté de la maison* †.

Madame de Sainval's pithy introduction of me to them all, was simply, *la voilà* ‡! However trying to my modesty, this was so very flattering, from one whose good opinion I rate so highly, that I do confess I felt more gratified than disconcerted by it. Ah, woman! woman! I hear you exclaim: and do you mean to say, brother, that *men* are above this kind of vanity? Extend your exclamation to human nature, and I will candidly admit the preponderance of self-love and vanity, to exceed what we have the honesty to acknowledge, even to ourselves, at all times.

However I must also tell you, that if I am not now completely spoiled between Lady Belfont and Madame de Sainval, you may give me some credit for it. As to the well

* A very affected coquette.

† The pet of the family.

‡ There she is.

turned compliments of the Abbé Desmaisons, or the extravagant flattery of the Chevalier, I set them down at their accurate value, and am little tempted to think the better of myself for giving rise to them; but when an extraordinary degree of esteem and affection is expressed by two such women, it does require to keep a strict guard upon oneself, not to be a little elated by it.

I understand your quick interrogating glance to the bottom of the page, Henry, and will no longer delay satisfying your impatience. Madame de Sainval *did* inquire after you—spoke of you with much esteem, and a full sense of the propriety of your conduct, in regard to her: she did not affect ignorance of the motive of your abrupt retreat, and considered it as a very flattering homage paid to her principles, by a man of honour and understanding, and you have secured to yourself a distinguished place among her most esteemed friends.

A few weeks ago I should have been afraid of saying so much; but something tells me, that *the elegant Miss* —— has taken a deeper hold of your thoughts, than the transient

manner, in which you affect to mention her, quite leads one to conjecture. Am I mistaken?

22d.—This Château is very magnificent with its terraces, *jets d'eau**, and *allées à perte de vue*†; and Madame de Sainval has made a pretty attempt at a *jardin à l'Anglaise* in one part of it, in which Lady Belfont has suggested some very material improvements, and Madame de Sainval is much pleased with the thought, that they will afford farther employment for her *payfans*‡, who, she had been grieving to think, would soon have ended their work. It is quite interesting, to see how much she is beloved by them; they follow her with their eyes and their blessings wherever she goes, for she actually realises the fictions so agreeably set forth in the French *operas comiques*||, of being a parent to her vassals; she goes into the vil-

* Fountains.

† Straight walks of an immense length, between very high yew hedges.

‡ Vassals.

|| Little sentimental musical dramas.

lage, inquires into their situation and wants, clothēs and educates their children, and has taken several of them into her service. All this would not surprise me so much in England, where education and country habits must naturally lead to it; but, in a French woman of high rank, young, handsome, and lively, it impresses me with an uncommon degree of admiration. She is, besides, fond of her garden, a good botanist, and a great walker; all of which assimilate so much with English ideas, that Lady Belfont and I scarcely know how to consider her as a foreigner.

Would it be agreeable to you, by way of contrast, to be informed how her sister-in-law, Madame de Balsins, who is *une élégante de Paris**, passes her time in the country? She takes her chocolate in bed, where she habitually remains till between one and two o'clock; during which time the Abbé, whom she has constituted her instructor in chemistry and politics, reads some tract relative to one or other of these sciences, from which she retains a set of words, out of which she

* A Parisian fine lady,

forms a scientific jargon, intended to dazzle and confound the *beaux-esprits* of the first *petit-souper*, at which she appears on her return to Paris; for, it seems, the sciences now are absolutely requisite in the accomplishments of *une élégante*. The little Chevalier is next sent for, with whom she studies English. Having served one campaign in America, he is considered by her and himself as perfectly competent to the task; this goes on *tant bien que mal**, with occasional interruptions from the Chevalier's *polissonneries*†, which are (she says) *à faire mourir de rire*‡, till there is just time for her to rise and dress, before dinner; after which she plays at *trictrac*|| for a couple of hours; yawns over a chair bottom, which she buys with all the flowers ready shaded to her hand, and filling in the ground with flax silk, calls it her own work, and then insists upon a *loto*§, to conclude the evening. Should any one be so

* As it may.

† Monkey tricks.

‡ Enough to make you die with laughing.

|| A sort of Backgammon.

§ A game at cards.

absurd, as to suggest the fine weather as a temptation to a walk, she exclaims, with great vehemence, against exposing the complexion of *une femme comme il faut** to the depredations of the sun and wind. She is convinced, that the sun was only intended to carry on the grand chemical process of nature; and asserts, that none but rustics, or people whose taste is vitiated by intercourse with them, (casting a disdainful glance upon Madame de Sainval,) would think of converting it into an object of enjoyment. For her part, it is all she can do, to save herself from the mischievous effects of external air, during her residence at Boisrose; and she concludes with protesting, that to a woman of any reflection, and energy of mind, the country is *d'un ennui à périr*†. I should not omit to mention, that she is very young, very pretty, very coquettish, and extremely *recherchée*‡, in the first circles of Paris.

* A woman of fashion..

† Tire some beyond endurance,

‡ In request,

24th.—I am much diverted with a conversation Lady Belfont has just been repeating to me. It past at Madame de Valence's bed-side, upon her going with Madame de Sainval to pay her morning compliments to her.

“Where is your little friend, Madam?” the Countess said; “I like her much, *Vous allez vraisemblablement la marier en Angleterre?**”

Lady Belfont smiled, and said that was not exactly the object in her thoughts at present.

“*Ah c'est dommage! car elle est vraiment gentille cette enfant†,*” replied the Countess; I could find her *un excellent parti‡*, if you would lengthen your visit here a little; I have a friend, whose son is just of age, or very near it, which puts him into possession of a considerable maternal estate; *qui porte un beau nom§*, and has the Anglomania to such a degree, that he protests against marrying

* You are probably going to find her a husband in England.

† Ah what a pity! she is really very agreeable.

‡ An excellent match.

§ Of a noble family.

any but an Englishwoman ; would it not suit *Meeſs* exactly ?” appealing to her daughter.

“ *Il ne la vaut pas**,” ſaid Madame de Sainval ; “ and beſides, ſhe would, perhaps, object to a catholic.”

“ Object to a catholic !” the Counteſs exclaimed ; “ Why, is ſhe a Huguenotte ?”

“ She is indeed,” ſaid Lady Belfont.

“ *Ah mon dieu ! pauvre meeſs !* that’s the conſequence of her being brought up at Geneva,” the Counteſs obſerved.

“ It is the conſequence of her being an Englishwoman,” Lady Belfont replied.

“ How ! have you many Huguenots in England ?”

“ We are chiefly Huguenots there.”

“ Is it poſſible ?—how I pity you !—Well, then, there’s an end of that. But do not you apprehend ſome inconvenience from truſting a young unmarried woman ſo much in the world ?”

Lady Belfont ſmiled, but Madame de Sainval interrupted her answer, by ſaying with ſome quickneſs, “ *croyez, maman, qu’elles ne s’en mariant que mieux pour avoir*

* He is not deſerving of her.

*la liberté du choix**.” (And Lady Belfont thinks she sighed. We are a little afraid, from several trifling circumstances, that she is not happily married. Monsieur de Sainval is scarcely ever mentioned.)

Madame de Valence contended, that no young person could be so good a judge of the *convenances*†, as her parents; and she should think, that if a girl were suffered to interfere, there would be great risk of her fixing upon some handsome, agreeable man, who would not be a *parti convenable*‡ at all.

“But, in short, if they be happy without all that *convenance*?” said Madame de Sainval.

“*Ah ma fille! c'est un enfantillage que cela*§!”

Lady Belfont, however, satisfied her, that there was a marriage in view for me, but not in England, nor yet, perhaps, very suitable.

“Of her own choice, then!—did not I

* Believe me, mother, their marriages are all the happier for having a freedom of choice.

† Suitableness of situation and circumstances.

‡ A suitable match.

§ That's all childish nonsense.

say so?" exclaimed the Countess; "*Quelque beau Liandre apparemment qui n'aura pas le sol*.*"

Lady Belfont informed them what the engagement was.

"As *Miss* is very *sage et posée*†," Madame de Valence observed, "it might do very well, provided the salary was handsome. Madame de Sainval seemed hurt, that her *chère petite*‡ should not have a better prospect; and added, that she should have some serious talk with me upon the subject. So that I have now a new attack to expect, which can only distress me, where no liberty of choice remains.

At dinner Madame de Balsac appeared *en peignoir*§. She had been attending some chymical experiments of the Abbé's, which had not left her time to *passer sa robe*||, but as Miladi was *une femme très instruite*¶

* Some fair Philander, probably without a shilling.

† Prudent and steady.

‡ Dear little one; a term of friendly intimacy.

§ In her powdering gown.

|| Put on her gown.

¶ A scientific woman.

herself, she hoped for her excuse. As to me, she seems scarcely to perceive that such a being exists, not having vouchsafed me even a look since the first moment I was presented to her, when she did, indeed, scan me from head to foot.

I observed to Madame de Sainval, upon her making use of some very affectionate expressions to me, that she was letting herself down still more in her sister-in-law's eyes than before, by her goodness to me.

"I must acknowledge," replied she, laughing, "that I have not improved her respect for my taste by it. She was extremely disappointed in you, she said; your hair was a great deal more powdered on one side than on the other, and your *coiffure ne ressembloit exactement à rien**; besides, your shoes were literally very ill made, and gave no grace to your foot; your petticoats too long, and you do not seem to have the smallest pretension to science. I was at a loss how to defend you from this severe attack," continued Madame de Sainval, smiling; "but little de Bonnefeuille took it up and said,

* Was absolutely like nothing in the world.

however deficient you might be in science, you possessed an art, which, in his opinion, was of more consequence—the art of pleasing. Yes, such children as him, perhaps, you might, she replied; but see what effect you would have in the circles of Paris. I ventured to observe, that, *pour la rareté du fait**, they might, perhaps, admire natural beauty, and unaffected manners. She shrugged her shoulders, and replied with much disdain, ‘*Oui, voilà de vos idées campagnardes, ma sœur; quant à moi je vous avoue, que votre petite Anglaise me paroît infiniment maussade et toute propre à décorer votre jardin Anglais.*’—‘*Ma foi!*’ replied the Chevalier, ‘*en ce cas la je m’offrirois à en être le jardinier†.*’ And all this has only made the matter worse; so that I much fear, that *vis à vis d’elle*, your case is desperate.”

* For the novelty of the thing.

† “Yes, that’s so like your rustic ideas, sister: as to me, I confess, that I think your little English friend wonderfully insipid, and only fit to ornament your English garden.”—“Faith, in that case, I should offer my services as gardener.”

You will recollect her quick perception of the ridiculous, and her *art de persiffler**, which she does with such good-humoured drollery, it is impossible, even for the person to whom it is addressed, to be angry with her. In unskilful hands this is a dangerous weapon however, Henry; and Lady Belfont says the French are much addicted to it. Have you found it so?

26th.—Lord Belfont writes word, that he cannot come hither as he proposed, but desires Lady Belfont to proceed immediately to Paris, where he will join her.

He had not yet, by this letter, received the news of Lady Barbara's elopement.

Madame de Sainval does not propose being in Paris till the end of October, and, therefore, insists upon our occupying her *hôtel*. She has given directions for her *Suisse* to prepare it for us, and is sure, that we shall be more *comfortable* (for she knows that is *la marotte Anglaise* †, she says) than in an *hôtel garni*.

* Turning people into ridicule to their faces.

† The English hobby-horse.

Lady Belfont accepts the offer with pleasure, so you may, upon receipt of this, my dear brother, direct for me à l'hôtel Sainval, rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and we shall be there before your letters.

27th.—We leave this place to morrow with much regret indeed.

Our *courier* is taken ill, which would have proved a vexatious delay to Lady Belfont, who is impatient to meet her Lord, but Madame de Sainval obviates it, by giving us a servant of her own in his stead. Much as she should like to have our stay prolonged, she says, she could not purchase her own enjoyment at the price of Lady Belfont's uneasiness; and, therefore, facilitates her departure, with a zeal as friendly as she prepared for her reception.

This is true kindness, Henry; how few people understand loving their friends, independently of themselves! I shall favour you, one of these days, with a dissertation upon that subject, suggested by the intolerable selfishness of friendly exaction, I have observed in people styling themselves friends, and who, perhaps, strictly are so; but they

set their friendship at so high a price, that it can scarcely repay the purchase.

I have had a long and very serious lecture from Madame de Sainval, upon the subject of Colonel Malcolm, and have endeavoured to convince her, that it was not by any means *une affaire de calcul**, which is the only light in which she inclines to see it, but of *feeling* and *principle* on my part, and, consequently, that it could admit of no appeal. She was very strenuous, and expressed herself deeply interested for me in it: her friendly warmth is flattering in the highest degree. She avows a strong predilection for the English, without any affectation of the Anglomania, which is so prevalent in France; there is a rectitude and a solidity in them which she admires, *je ne désaime pas même le sérieux de leur caractère*, she says, *quand je le compare à la légèreté du notre*†.

I shall keep a journal upon the road, but it will be for my mother's use, as you, dearest Henry, have nothing new to learn of the

* A matter of reasoning.

† I do not even object to their serious disposition, when I compare it with our levity.

route you have pursued so lately, and I do not expect, like a heroine of romance, to meet with adventures at every stage. Adieu, therefore, my best loved friend! until I address you from Paris.

Could I impart to you what I feel, from the idea of tracing your steps as I proceed, you might conceive how much, and how truly,

I am yours,

LOUISA RIVERSDALE.

LOUISA RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY.

Paris, September 3d.

Paris! dearest Henry, and perhaps three weeks more, and it will be London! Then—then, indeed, my happiness will be extreme!—to clasp once more my beloved brother to my heart!—how many delightful hours, days, weeks, do I anticipate between this and February! how much have we to say, to hear, to discuss; how poor a substitute is the most circumstantial epistolary intercourse, for the confidential effusions of friendship such as ours—fraternal friendship, Henry! what sentiment can compare with

it?—My heart bounds forward to the enjoyment awaiting me, in being once more restored to the advice and protection of my brother. Why we should stay a fortnight here I cannot imagine; Lord Belfont is expected to-morrow, and Lady Belfont is impatient to be at home; perhaps the delay originates in a kind intention to gratify me with the sight of Paris. But Paris, at this instant, only strikes me as being the road to London; and if there be no motive, independent of me, to detain us, you may expect to see us very shortly after this letter. Perhaps, if I could ascertain the day of our departure before I close this letter, you could meet us at Dover. Lady Belfont is very impatient to be acquainted with you.

4th.—I was interrupted yesterday, and upon looking over what I have written, I find, that I have been indulging my own imagination with my arrival in London, instead of satisfying your curiosity in regard to our arrival at Paris. How can I help it, Henry, if you will ever be uppermost in my thoughts; and even at times, you see, drive all other things out of them?

I will now, however, proceed regularly to tell you, that we reached Paris—no—that we left the Château Boissrose as we proposed; followed, we flatter ourselves, by the regrets of all the valuable part of its inhabitants, “*le reste ne vaut pas l’honneur d’être nommé*.*”

We did not recover our spirits the first day; Madame de Sainval supplied the subject of conversation for the whole of it; and if you were now to call upon me for a decision, whether I love her, or Lady Belfont best, I should be at a loss; I love them differently; the one seems necessary to my *mind*, the other to my *heart*, and you unite both. I am not quite clear, that you will enter into these distinctions, but I will explain them when we meet—when we meet! what a delightful sound has that! I read it over aloud to myself, that I may take in the happiness both with ears and eyes; but you will think I am wild, and I really do feel in a sort of delirium, which, if you do not a little share in by this time, I shall think you do not

* The remainder are not worthy of the honour to be named.

love your sister, so well as I do my brother. Another digression!

I shall never get you to Paris at this rate, so I had better set you down at the Hôtel Sainval at once; and indeed, as I foretold, no adventures whatever occurred upon the road.

The Hôtel Sainval is spacious and magnificent, with a garden that opens into the *Champs Elisées**, a gay animated scene of great resort; it is a beautiful situation, which, I trust, we shall not have much time to enjoy.

I did not find the letters awaiting my arrival, which I had expected; Lady Belfont says, a day or two more must elapse, before an answer from Vienna could reach Paris; and my mother's removal to Laufanne may have prevented her writing, and the letter that followed us to Lyons, satisfied me in regard to her health; so that the momentary anxiety of my disappointment was but a passing cloud, which has made way for very bright sunshine.

* Something resembling St. James's Park.

Were I superstitious, dear Henry, I should think some unpleasant occurrence were at hand, from the uncommon and almost unaccountable flow of spirits I am in.

A droll adventure befel me yesterday. I rang, before I was up, for Flora; and, to my utter astonishment, my bell was answered by *l'Œuillet*, (the servant we brought from Boisrose.) He was at my bedside in an instant; I was alarmed with the idea, that something extraordinary must have happened, and exclaimed with quickness, "What's the matter?"

"*Mademoiselle à sonné**," said he, with great composure.

"Not surely for you, before I am up, *l'Œuillet*."

He did not know—but, if I pleased, he would go and call *Mademoiselle* Flora.

"Certainly," a little displeased, "my bedroom bell could not be meant for any one else."

He looked surprised, but retired without any farther reply; and when I made my com-

* You rang your bell, Madam.

plaint to Lady Belfont, of l'Œuillet's improper freedom, she was much diverted; and assured me, it was by no means peculiar to him, and that I should never keep a French servant out of my bedroom, at any time, but by bolting my door.

Upon returning to my room, I found the *frotteur** making my bed.

“Do not the housemaids do this business in Paris?” I said, astonished; “or has the Marchioness taken them all into the country?”

The man was astonished in his turn at my ignorance, and assured me, that *les femmes de Madame la Marquise*† had no skill in making beds.

“And are there no maid servants in the family but the Marchioness's women?”

“Maid servants are only *dans les maisons bourgeoises*,” he said, “*jamais dans les hôtels de la noblesse*‡.”

There was a woman, who appeared to me

* The man who dry rubs the rooms.

† The Marchioness's women.

‡ In citizen's houses, never in noblemen's hotels.

to belong to the house, in the court yard at that moment, "Who was she?"

That was *la femme du suisse* *, who had no concern with the family, but sold very fine point-lace, if I wanted any; had I not taken notice of her little shop, just under the *porte cochere* †, as we entered?

My surprise at all these novelties is a constant source of amusement to Lady Belfont, who has been so frequently in Paris, that it had not occurred to her how much they would strike me.

5th.—Lord Belfont arrived yesterday. He had missed all the letters upon the road, that would have informed him of Lady Barbara Brackley's elopement; so you may judge what was his surprise, when, instead of his niece, he saw me; but you will not easily form an idea of the violence of his displeasure, and the very unreasonable manner in which he testified it to Lady Belfont before me.

I saw her so much hurt at my being witness to it, that I left the room.

* The porter's wife.

† The gate way.

She sent for me back in about an hour's time, and then he was quite reconciled to her, and almost as foolishly fond as he had before been unpardonably harsh.

This morning Lady Belfont came into my room, anxious to gloss over his behaviour, and assured me, that when I was better acquainted with him I should like him; for, excepting that unguarded warmth of temper, into which he sometimes suffered himself to be betrayed, there did not exist a man of a kinder heart, or greater worth.

I own the first moments have not prejudiced me in his favour; but I will not yet allow myself to judge. I earnestly hope, it may be as she wishes me to think.

I cannot continue to day, my dearest brother; I am not quite well. The *Seine water*, they say, affects all new comers; it occasions a giddiness in my head.

8th.—I have had a feverish head ach these three days; but it is a little easier now, and I wish to indulge in half an hour's conversation with my best friend.

Interrupted by a paquet from Lausanne!

LADY BELFONT TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, September 12.

Although I have not the honour of being personally known to you, Sir, I flatter myself I am not an entire stranger; and the motive of this abrupt address has an excuse but too valid in Miss Riversdale's indisposition. She is confined to her bed with a fever, which the physicians flatter me has no dangerous symptoms, though attended with occasional delirium.

She has requested me, to forward the packet which accompanies this, together with Lady Riversdale's two letters, which, I believe, gave strength to a disorder that had been hanging about her for some days. Your sister's extreme sensibility gives an exquisite finish to her perfections; but, I fear, it will frequently impede her own happiness, as well as injure her health. I must, however, congratulate both you and myself upon the step Lady Riversdale has taken, in the hope, that when this distressing effect of the first shock is past, my lovely friend will be restored to brighter prospects, than those she had sketched for herself.

Had I been sure of my brother Charles's being in London at this moment, I should have commissioned him to impart Miss Riversdale's situation, in preference to my intruding my correspondence upon you; but in the uncertainty of his motions, and the persuasion of the anxiety you will experience on your sister's account, I shall continue to inform you regularly how we go on, until Louisa can again resume her pen.

Allow me to assure you, Sir, of the esteem with which she has impressed me for her brother; and of the strong disposition I have to become your affectionate friend, as well a obedient servant,

H. BELFONT.

LADY RIVERSDALE TO LOUISA.

(Enclosed in the foregoing.)

Lausanne, September 1.

I will not complain, my dear child, that you should have placed more confidence in another person than in me, because I have long made up my mind, to the impossibility of a mother's being the confidential friend of her daughter; I should not, however,

quite have expected that chosen person to have been the young man, whom circumstances ought peculiarly to have precluded from being admitted to a footing of intimacy with you; but my Louisa's happiness, so far outstrips all other considerations with me, that I accept the means of promoting it, from whatever hand they may be furnished; and leaving reproaches aside, I shall confine myself to a plain statement of the manner, in which I have pursued the evident line of conduct, that was offered to me.

I imagine you are not aware of a visit I received from Prince Polinski, on the morning of his quitting Geneva. The purpose of it was, to impart an acknowledgement which you had made to him, in these strong words: *although I am convinced I shall make myself wretched by fulfilling my engagement to Colonel Malcolm, I must abide by it; from the dictates of honour there is no appeal.* This he felt himself justified in betraying to me, for your own sake, he said, as he had reason to believe the avowal would never have been drawn from you, but in the unguarded manner it was; his motives could only be as disinterested as they were friendly, and he

left to my judgment, the use to be made of the information.

I did not ask an explanation of the manner in which it had been drawn from you, disdaining to owe to him what you had thought proper to withhold from me; and I considered this reserve, on your part, as leaving me at full liberty to act as I should see best, without imparting my intentions.

I have, therefore, written to Colonel Malcolm, and informed him of the motive and expectation, with which you were now fulfilling the engagement, you had originally considered in a light so different. I enclose you the copy of my letter, and trust to Lady Belfont's friendly offices, for reconciling you to the step I have taken, and convincing you of its necessity; and may that share of happiness become your portion, which you had so wantonly thrown from you! and upon which, together with that of your brother, I wholly build mine. I expect Colonel Malcolm's answer by to-morrow's post; I can have little doubt of what it will be, and shall instantly forward it; but wished this should prepare you for its contents.

I well know, my child, that your over-

strained ideas of rectitude will make this intelligence painful to you; but I am not like an inexperienced practitioner, to desist from the amputation of a gangrenous limb, because it will increase the temporary suffering of my patient. I rely upon Lady Belfont's assistance in healing the wound, and shall in her success find a sufficient reward for all the anxious hours, this dreaded event has occasioned to your (not *weakly* but) *truly* affectionate

Mother,

CAROLINE RIVERSDALE.

COPY OF LADY RIVERSDALE'S LETTER TO
COLONEL MALCOLM.

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

The apprehension of the pain I shall inflict upon a heart, the friendly sentiments of which have so long been the pride and gratification of every individual of my family, might have deterred me from the attempt I am called upon to make; could a parent have an option, where the happiness or misery of her child is at stake; but I am compelled to be the messenger of disappointment to you, my re-

spected friend, and shall, without farther preface, unfold the purpose of this letter.

I believe I need not say, what an impartial review of my conduct must have convinced you of, that, whilst I considered my daughter's happiness as centred in the fulfilment of her engagement with you, I never suffered myself to interfere, whatever unfavourable prospects my anxious eyes discovered in the union. But *now*, that I find she is merely become the *slave of her word*, and determined to keep it from a point of honour only, it behoves me, for *her* sake—for *yours*—and for my *own*, to interpose, and acquaint you with what she would never have acknowledged, had it not been unguardedly drawn from her by a friend.

Her words were, *although I am convinced I shall make myself wretched by fulfilling my engagement to Colonel Malcolm, I must abide by it; from the dictates of honour there is no appeal.*

But sure I am, that to your honourable nature, which would scorn to accept of her upon such terms, I may appeal. Too well, and too long, have I been acquainted with you, to apprehend a moment's hesitation on

your part, to release Louisa from a promise so precipitately given. A man of your delicacy and high spirit could not purchase happiness so much at the expence of a beloved object; her felicity is as necessary to the completion of it, as your own; and now that they are become distinct, I cannot doubt what your determination will be.

In the sacrifice of your wishes, you open a prospect of happiness to Louisa; and will very soon recover yours, in the consciousness of having acted nobly: in keeping her to her word, you may effectually destroy the peace of both: to see her wretched, and feel yourself the cause of it, could produce no other consequence.

I have nothing to add, but that I believe myself to be equally fulfilling the duty of a friend, and of a parent, in the step I am taking; and this gives me courage to run the hazard even of your being unjust to my motives, and doubting the assurance, which I never uttered with greater sincerity than at this moment, of my being your most

Truly affectionate friend,

CAROLINE RIVERSDALE.

LADY BELFONT TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, September 20.

I am more grieved than I can express, that I have yet no better accounts to give you, my dear Sir, of your beloved sister. The fever is of a putrid nature, and the delirium has, for this week past, been extremely high, and almost incessant: still the physicians flatter me, that her youth and natural good constitution may carry her through the danger.

I am seldom allowed to approach her, on account of the nature of her disorder; but whenever I do, she instantly recognises me, and falls into a strain of self-reproach, and appeals to my friendly interposition, to avert the evils she has brought upon herself, by putting her into a nunnery the moment she reaches England: she knows there are protestant nunneries there, she says, where she may conceal her disgrace, and make atonement for her wickedness. The tone of displeasure, in which Lady Riversdale's letter is written, has made a very strong impression upon her; she had, more than once, strongly accused herself to me of the impropriety of

which she had been guilty, in forming an engagement so important, without her mother's knowledge or concurrence, and determined, for the future, to let no apprehensions of censure or severity deter her from instantaneous communication.

This forenesh of mind, from which I could not wholly relieve her, has given double force to the sense of her broken faith to Colonel Malcolm. This stigma, she says, is affixed upon her in punishment of her disobedience; at times, she fancies him dead, for he had told her he should not survive the loss of her—she will erect a monument to his memory—she will sow flowers around it—and then she breaks out,

“ In yonder cowslip lies my dear,”

with such tones of plaintive sweetness, as wholly overpower me.

I ought, perhaps, to spare you this painful recital, but the participation relieves my oppressed spirits; and, I think, that by being thus particular, you will rely with certainty upon knowing the worst; sparing the feelings of an absent friend is a miserable

temporary expedient, which must end in the destruction of future confidence.

I write daily to Lady Riversdale, and am not without hopes of her coming hither; for, in addition to the severe distress of mind I am suffering, as well from the load of responsibility I have incurred, by separating Louisa from all her relations, as from my extreme affection for her; I have the mortification of seeing the time draw near, when Lord Belfont must necessarily be in London, and Louisa's disorder, however favourably it may turn out, affords no prospect of her being in a state to bear travelling. You may be very sure it is my wish, to remain here until Lady Riversdale's arrival, if I can persuade my Lord to leave me. At all events, you shall hear again by next post from, dear Sir,

Your sincere and obedient servant,

H. BELFONT.

LADY BELFONT TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE*.

Paris, October 20.

The short respite my Lord had obtained is at an end, and I have the unspeakable morti-

* Several letters of Lady Belfont are here suppressed, as they have only continued to convey the most doubtful and alarming accounts of Louisa's disorder.

fication of being under the necessity of leaving my lovely charge behind; although I have the comfort to think, and to assure you, that the crisis is past, and that she is certainly recovering, but the progress must be very slow. She has been free from delirium for many hours these last three days; but, in those intervals, is so extremely weak and low, as scarcely to bear being spoken to, and the most perfect quiet is enjoined; so that I also foresee the heart-rending circumstance of not being allowed to take leave, or apprise her that I am going. I do not suffer myself to enlarge upon my own distress to you, who are undergoing so much, but I really feel it very deeply; and the unfortunate addition of Lady Riversdale's gout, laying her under the impossibility of moving, when it was so very material that she should be here, sums up the whole to a very overpowering amount. Madame de Sainval's hastened arrival is, however, some consolation; her affectionate interest in Louisa almost equals my own, and her care will be unremitting. In her hands I leave Colonel Malcolm's answer, which did not arrive as Lady Riversdale had expected, but, at any

rate, could not have been communicated to your sister, as her seizure followed instantaneously upon the reading of your mother's letter; I do not know its contents, being enclosed in a sealed cover, and Lady Riversdale's own situation has only admitted of dictating her answers to my letters, which, of course, precludes all confidential subjects. I have earnestly requested, that the instant her Ladyship is able to hold a pen, it may trace such words of kindness as shall obliterate some of the painful ideas, that have taken such strong possession of the dear sufferer's mind.

If the winds prove favourable, we may reach London by Thursday, and I shall hope to see you in Arlington-street immediately; where, I now flatter myself, I shall be able to confirm in person the reviving tidings of continued amendment.

I am, dear Sir, with great regard, your

Obedient servant,

H. BELFONT.

LOUISA RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY
RIVERSDALE.*Paris, December 28.*

I am once more able to hold my pen—and you will perceive by the writing, that it is as much as I can do—I must not yet attempt to let it trace my feelings—O, my beloved brother! my dearest friend, much and variously have they been affected!—but I am scarcely yet allowed even to think.

I yesterday scrawled a line of gratitude to my mother; such a soothing kind letter as I have had from her—I thought the sight of my hand-writing would please her—but I was ill able; I am better to day, I am evidently recovering strength, but it is slowly.

Madame de Sainval insists upon my laying down my pen; I have written twice as much as she had allowed of—it flows so readily to you, that it seems no exertion—sitting up so long is the greatest difficulty——Adieu, dearest Henry.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.*January 6.*

Lady Belfont will have imparted my daily amendment to you, my dear brother; and the

change in my hand-writing since that first trembling specimen, will evince my improving strength. I now sit up two or three hours in a day, and get a good deal of sound sleep at night; and I am promised, if I go on progressively for another week, that I shall see *some letters* addressed to me, which Madame de Sainval has in her possession, but, in regard to which, I am not yet even to ask a question. Well do I know they will be very trying—but am I not at this moment bearing up under a trial sufficiently severe, to prove I have fortitude? Is not the period for the sailing of the India ships fast approaching, without my having a chance——

Madame de Sainval is really quite despotic; raising her eyes from her work, she perceived some indications of emotion in my countenance, and will not suffer me to proceed;—she had only agreed to let me write this letter, upon condition of its being a mere *bulletin**.

There then, my sweet tyrant! I have done.

* The written state of the patient's health, which is daily left with the porter at the hotels of the nobility, for the information of inquiring friends.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

January 18.

I am now gaining strength fast, dearest Henry, and shall soon be pronounced "*en pleine convalescence* *"

I have not yet attempted to walk across the room; the instant I am stout enough for that, I am to be entrusted with my letters. I only requested to know, whether there be any among them with the Vienna post mark; and the answer I get to this is, that my mother has repeatedly told Madame de Sainval in her letters, that Colonel Malcolm is well, and satisfied.

If, indeed, he be well, and satisfied—but how does this acquit me? Satisfied perhaps, because he despises the girl, who, in the first instance, infringed her filial obedience; and, in the next, may to him appear the underhand instigator of the step that has been taken. I cannot support the humiliation I have brought upon myself—could I have had the indulgence of passing a few weeks, or even days, with my dearest brother before

* In an undoubted state of recovery.

his departure, I might again have been restored to some little degree of self-esteem, by being taught in what manner to atone for the errors my presumption and levity have led me into: a few hours of conversation would have done more for me than volumes of writing can. Every way the disappointment of not seeing you oppresses me; before I had looked forward to it, I was reconciled to my fate; but the delightful visions my journey had called up, now serve only to renew and increase my former feelings—in this strain, however, I am prohibited from proceeding—O, that it were possible, to check my thoughts as well as my pen!—Adieu, dear Henry. I will write to Lady Belfont next post.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, January 23.

I enclose the letters. Read them before you proceed with mine; Madame de Sainval has taken the trouble to transcribe them; I number them, that you may take them in their regular order.

No. 1.

COLONEL MALCOLM TO LOUISA*.

Vienna, August 27.

"I know not how to credit my senses. Can these words have been uttered by Louisa?
'Although I am convinced I shall make myself wretched by fulfilling my engagement with Colonel Malcolm, I must abide by it; from the dictates of honour there is no appeal.'"

"No pen but your own shall make me believe it. I await my fate at your hands.

"MALCOLM."

No. 2.

LADY RIVERSDALE TO LOUISA†.

"I enclose to you Colonel Malcolm's long expected answer, my dearest child. The

* It does not appear how this letter was forwarded to Louisa, independently of Lady Riversdale, but it evidently only reached her together with the following.

† This and the following letter were enclosed under cover to Lady Belfont, with a request, that they might not be imparted to Louisa till her strength should be sufficiently restored, to bear with the agitation they would occasion; and by Lady Belfont left with Madame de Sainval.

time that has elapsed, before he vouchsafed it, led me to suppose, that he did not intend to give any. I am precluded from making any comments upon it, by the still remaining weakness of my hands. The sufferings of my feet and knees disable me from going to you, and those of my heart, at your present situation, are more than I can allow myself to express; but I put my trust in Heaven, and submit.

“ May the Almighty Dispenser of all good soon restore my beloved Louisa’s health, is the fervent prayer of her most anxious mother,

“ C. R.”

No. 3.

COLONEL MALCOLM TO LADY RIVERSDALE.

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

“ Madam,

Vienna, September 30.

“ You cannot wonder, that where a man’s existence is at stake, he should choose to proceed upon sure ground; I must acknowledge, therefore, that I appealed to Miss Riversdale, for the confirmation of the extraordinary contents of your letter; I have now staid

much beyond the time requisite, to bring me her answer. Her silence can admit of but one construction—I disdain to comment upon it, or the tortures I have endured. There are few women in the world who could have surprised me; I own, Miss Riversdale has. I hereby release her from all engagement to me, and leave you and her to every satisfaction, that may arise from inconstancy and the ill treatment of a man, who only wished to devote his life to her happiness.

“ F. MALCOLM.”

No. 4.

LADY MARY MELVILE TO MISS RIVERSDALE.

Plombières, October 16.

“ I hardly know how to express my astonishment, my dear young friend, at the contents of a letter just received from Colonel Malcolm; and were I not as incredulous as I am astonished, I should feel myself perplexed beyond any thing I have yet experienced; but some unexplained misunderstanding so evidently gives rise to the Colonel’s displeasure, that I have but one line of conduct to

purfue, which is, to endeavour immediately to clear it up.

“ Tell me, then, my love, what has happened, and let me be the mediator between you. Well do I know, happinefs can never be his portion but through you; and with certainty did I judge, before I left Geneva, that the fteadinefs of your attachment, the delicacy of your mind, and the propriety of your way of thinking, would make you find your fatisfaction in his, whenever fate permitted your union. You were aware of the jealoufy of his temper, and faw no difficulty in conforming to it—this you have fince confirmed by your letters—What then, in the name of Heaven, can have happened, to juftify my fenfible, judicious Mifs Riversdale, in perfifting in an obftinate hard-hearted filence, which not only denies, but precludes all poffibility of explanation ?

“ You muft folve this myftery to me; for, from the Colonel’s letter, I only difcover, that *you* are filent, and leave *him* to diftraction and defpair; the reft is all wild, incoherent complaint, and I can make nothing of it.

“ If he have in any shape offended the dignity or delicacy of your mind, (which, however, I can hardly suppose, knowing Malcolm as I do,) deign to give *me* the explanation, you refuse to *him*, and let me still be the fortunate instrument of restoring you to each other. Where, Miss Riversdale, will you meet with such another man? Where, with one in whom there is so little to be forgiven? Happy! happy girl, to have the power of conferring felicity, where it is so well merited! Do not let a trifle overset the good fortune you had in prospect!

“ Write to me without delay, my dear, and be explicit; more hangs upon your answer, than I can explain, or wish you to know.

“ I think I gather from his letter, that you are gone to Paris; but not knowing how to direct to you there, this must go by Geneva. My health continues restored as if by miracle, and prudence only detains me this winter out of my own country.

“ In most impatient expectation of your answer, ever truly and faithfully yours,

“ MARY MELVILE.”

No. 5.

LADY MARY MELVILE TO MISS RIVERSDALE.

December 6.

“ I have now allowed much more than the time requisite, to bring an answer even from England, whither, I understand, my dear Miss Riversdale has accompanied Lady Belfont, and where my letter would undoubtedly follow her; and am so confounded by a silence, which would have surprised me, even independently of the claims put in by my last letter, that I no longer know how to withhold a degree of concurrence in Colonel Malcolm’s opinion; so far, at least, as to conclude every thing irretrievably ended between you and him.

“ However incomprehensible this business appears to me, I cannot so entirely relinquish the opinion I have formed of your heart and understanding, my dear, as to suspect you either of unkindness, or neglect: you are assuredly acting upon some plan of conduct, which you have laid down for yourself, and which will one day, probably, explain the meaning of the disappointment I at this moment severely feel. Meanwhile, I must now

candidly lay open, what I withheld in my last only from an apprehension, that the slightest hint relative to myself might have worked upon your delicacy, to the total preclusion of the explanation and reconciliation I so earnestly wished to effect.

“ In the incoherent letter I mentioned having received from Colonel Malcolm, his complaints of you are mixed with regrets, that he had not been more sensible of the honour done him (he is pleased to say) by *my* partiality, at a time when it offered so fair a prospect of the steady and unalloyed satisfaction, for which a rational man ought alone to look in a matrimonial connexion; that rejected, cast off, as he now was, it would be an insult to me, to court my acceptance of his hand. In short, he expresses himself in every term of affectionate respect, accompanied with the strongest sense of having forfeited all claim to urge it; but informs me, at the same time, that his affairs were coming to a favourable issue, and that the slightest encouragement from me would bring him to my feet.

“ I do not wish to arrogate merit to myself, by stating this as any great trial of my

disinterestedness, because the happiness of a truly beloved object is by so much the first consideration in a generous mind, that what may appear *an effort* to low and narrow perceptions, is only following the *natural bent* of more refined ideas. You are formed to understand this doctrine, Miss Riversdale, and, therefore, will not be surprised, that, in the idea, there might be more of pique and resentment against you, than of affection to me, in the Colonel's proposal, my first attempt should be, to bring about the explanation I requested of you in my last; persuaded, that if I succeeded in reconciling you, I should secure greater felicity to him than I had to bestow; and if not, I should, in having made the attempt, secure to myself an unalloyed satisfaction, in being at length united to the only person for whom I had ever wished to live.

“ Your unrelenting silence, even to me, seems, however, at length, to put a decided end to Colonel Malcolm's hopes. I therefore mean to write, this very day, to tell him, that if his proposal to me is not solely dictated by anger against Miss Riversdale, but really arises from a wish of passing his life with a woman

whose every thought will be subservient to his pleasure, that my health is now so far restored, as to relieve me from the fear of being a constant source of disquietude to him; and that I am ready, with the same frankness I have ever professed, to convince him that my affection is of that generous sort, which only seeks the happiness of its object, and he may command my hand whenever he pleases to call for it.

“ At the same time, I now tell *you*, my sweet girl, that I may receive your answer to this, long before he can come to claim my offer; and should it appear, that any unforeseen accident, or miscarriage of letters, has occasioned the delay, and should I perceive the slightest tendency towards explanation or concession on your part still to hold out a chance of reconciliation to him, you shall find I am capable of acting consistently throughout; though I will, at the same time, honestly confess, it would, perhaps, *now* be a severer trial than ever it has proved yet.

“ Colonel Malcolm may probably be here by the new year. I will delay the conclusion till the latter end of January, which is giving all possible latitude for the reception of your

answer; let me, therefore, for pity's sake, hear from you in one shape or other, and believe me, invariably,

“ Your affectionate friend,

“ MARY MELVILE.”

And now, my dearest brother, what am I to do between my impeached honour, and my still increased admiration and affection for Lady Mary? O, that you were here, to counsel and direct me!

I need not expatiate upon the various emotions these letters have excited; you will understand them all—the difficulty, at this moment, is to know how to act.

Are you fully aware of the despicable light in which I must appear to Colonel Malcolm and Lady Mary Melvile? It is almost more than I can bear; but is it more than I have deserved? How does the petulant presumption, with which I ventured to judge and act for myself, in defiance of my mother's opinion, now sink me in my own eyes, as it must before have done in hers—in yours—in theirs!—Rash! humbled Louisa!—still, you know, I did not mean to break my faith,

Henry!—*that* is the severest imputation of all. Might I not attempt to clear myself, then?—What, at Lady Mary Melville's expense?—at the hazard of causing those affections again to waver, which now may reward all her sufferings?

Madame de Sainval is decidedly of opinion, that I ought not to write, till I am certain the union has taken place;—but Madame de Sainval is too warm a friend to be quite an impartial judge.

I think, Henry, however some parts of my conduct may have lessened me in your eyes, you will still give credit to the rectitude of my heart, when I declare, that I had rather have encountered the wretched lot I foresaw in the acquittal of my duty, supported, as I should have been, by an approving conscience, than to have better prospects opened to me in this disgraceful manner.

Might I but vindicate myself to Colonel Malcolm from the intention, or even wish, of receding from my word—surely, my dear brother, it would be great vanity in me to apprehend, that there could now be any danger of interfering with the justice he at

length does to Lady Mary Melville's unrivalled merit. This, however, is what Madame de Sainval strenuously urges.

Upon looking back, I seem to contradict myself: my head is not quite equal yet to the trying discussion; but I strongly feel that I deserve the humiliation I have incurred; and the only sacrifice in my power to make to Lady Mary, is voluntarily to prolong it, until her happiness shall be out of the reach of fate; and then it shall only be through *her*, that I will clear my honour to Colonel Malcolm, and it shall rest with herself to impart or withhold it, as prudence shall dictate.

*P. S. — Dictated by Louisa—written by
Madame de Sainval.*

January 26.

A slight return of fever ensued upon the agitation occasioned by the letters; but it has quite subsided again this morning, my dear brother; however Madame de Sainval, who writes this under my inditing, vows I shall be deprived of pen and ink for a week to come. She will sign her name to the truth of my

being quite as well as I was on Monday, before I saw the letters.

Addition, by Madame de Sainval.

Yes, indeed, I will sign, that she is in very good train of recovery, if she will let herself be directed, and be kept quiet; but when there is question of her brother, she will follow her head—her *heart*, I should better say, for I am jealous how much it is yours. I sooner write bad English as good French, to make proof how much I prepare me to acquit me of the duties of friendship, and am decided to conduct your charming sister myself to Lady Belfont in the fine season.

I regret you will be departed before that, as I should have great pleasure to show you my sincere esteem.

VALENCE, MARQUISE DE SAINVAL.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, February 5.

I am now really recovering very fast, my dearest brother, and am fully restored to the liberty of my pen, though not to the choice

of my subject: the only difficulty is to find a moment in which to use it; for the French have such a notion *de soigner les malades* *, that they do not leave one an instant. I do not say this in the way of complaint of Madame de Sainval; for by her I would not wish to be left; we can never be the least restraint upon each other; we read, or write, or work, or converse, or do nothing, as it happens, and enjoy them all the more for the participation. Do you recollect that beautiful passage you had transcribed from Rousseau? "*Les amis ont quelquefois besoin d'être seuls, pour le plaisir de ne se RIEN DIRE, à leur aise†.*" She mentioned it, as one she had also been struck with, and we frequently feel and illustrate its truth; but she says, none but a Swiss or an Englishman could have thought of such a thing as enjoying *silence*, and prides herself much upon being so *unfrench* as to admit it.

It is the friendly interruptions of *indifferent* people that I dislike, who think it in-

* Of attending upon the sick.

† Friends may even wish to be alone, for the sake of enjoying each other's *silence* without interruption.

cumbent upon them to come once a day, and wear my spirits with making me talk about nothing—*simplement pour me dissiper**, they say.

One or two of them are particular friends of Madame de Sainval, whom she wished me to see, and whose company I should like very well, if I were perfectly stout. One or two more are friends of Madame de Valence, whom she insisted upon introducing, as soon as I was able to see any body—" *Parcequ'il ne faut pas permettre qu'elle s'ennuye, cette pauvre petite!*" she said; "*cela ne vaut rien pour une convalescente; et tu as beau dire que tu ne la quittes pas ma fille, deux femmes en tête à tête, depuis le matin jusqu'au soir, cela doit être d'un maussade insupportable. Ah j'y mettrai ordre!*"† And sure enough she keeps her word, for she puts us out of

* Merely to drive away thought.

† "This poor little thing must not be left to tire! that would be quite against her recovering; and my daughter may say what she pleases about her keeping her company, but two women alone together, from morning till night, must be insufferably stupid. I will take care to manage that better for them."

patience ten times a day, with her kind contrivances to amuse me.

Then, there are two or three people, who are civilly attentive to me on Lady Belfont's account; one of whom is our Ambassador: all these, together with the good Abbé, and the brisk Chevalier, really do furnish such a succession of daily visitors, as leave me very completely exhausted by the time evening comes.

I take the privilege of an invalide, however, in dismissing my company at eight o'clock; and that of an Englishwoman, in resolutely refusing admittance, after I am in bed, to all, but Madame de Sainval and her mother; which piece of *prudery*, as they term it, is not treated with more indulgence here, than it was by Lady Barbara Brackley; but, as for any attempt to resist seeing company in my bed-chamber, *after I am up*, it was a thing so *outrè*, as not to be listened to at all; they were brought in *bon gré mal gré**, and I am now so accustomed to it, that I do not much mind it; and, indeed, until I am well enough to go down into the *salloon de*

* Whether I will or no.

compagnie, I have no resource but that of a little writing closet, adjoining to my room, which, from having a stone floor, would not yet be safe for me to sit in.

Monsieur de Sainval's expected arrival cramps my apartment; I might rather say, that I rob him of a great part of his. You are aware, how many families usually inhabit the same hôtel here. Madame de Sainval, and Madame de Valence, divide the *rez de chaussée** between them; Monsieur de Sainval and the *Commandeur*, (Madame de Valence's brother, whom I believe I have forgotten to name before) *au premier*†; *le second*‡ is not yet furnished; so there is a bed put up for the Marquis in his own anti-chamber, which adjoins to the writing closet, and communicates with a sort of passage room, that we both have in common. My interfering in this manner with his convenience, added to the consciousness of my being just now a very troublesome inmate, gives me a dread of his arrival; and nothing is said,

* Ground floor.

† On the first floor.

‡ Up two pair of stairs.

that leads me to believe him very indulgent to his wife's friends in general: on the contrary, I fear her preference may rather tend to preclude me from his; not that she has ever told me so, but silence often betrays as much as complaint.

February 7th.—Madame de Valence, and Madame de Sainval, are gone to mafs: I feel quite well, and I am determined I will write upon whatever subject I please to day; and what, my beloved brother, can be so near my heart as your situation, and your departure? Little did I know what I was wishing, when I so ardently prayed, that some Englishwoman might become the mistress of your affections—But surely, Henry, there is great want of feeling, in making so futile an objection, after giving such obvious encouragement!—You will not suffer me to blame her, you say; she cannot err—I do not see her conduct with your eyes, Henry; but at this distance I know my judgment can have no weight; I can, therefore, only partake in your sufferings, and now, from the bottom

of my soul, with you were gone*.—Yet, how does my heart sink at the dreadful thought!—The misery of absence surely increases with the distance!—I cannot pursue this painful subject, now I have begun upon it—I seem to be parting with you anew; and the idea, that you may have failed before even this letter can reach you, benumbs my faculties——

* * * *

I was obliged to lay down my pen—I will now endeavour to confine my thoughts to what (next to you) is entitled to fill them, the Colonel, and Lady Mary . . . (I hope by this time) *Malcolm*.

I have now allowed more than the time she mentioned, for bringing her fate to a crisis: your concurrence in the propriety of my delay has very much soothed the irritation of my mind, under the sense of the obloquy I had condemned myself to prolong. But how, indeed, even when it comes to the point, can I wholly acquit myself? The perjury was not in my choice, but the inconstancy too surely was mine. In vain do you,

* This remains unexplained; the Editor finds no farther allusion to it in any of the papers.

and my respected mother, both assert, that my preference for Colonel Malcolm never amounted to love: however that may be, I certainly, at first, felt an affection for him, which his subsequent conduct destroyed. Does that admit of any palliation? or if it does, can I palliate the impropriety of my avowal to Prince Polinski? Ungenerous Prince Polinski, to betray me to such unremitting disquietude!—never shall I forgive myself for putting it into his power.

My red eyes and blistered paper inform Madame de Sainval, who is just come in, that my subject is too interesting; and she prohibits me from proceeding. O, that she could banish the consciousness from my breast!—it signifies little whether or not I express it, whilst it rankles so painfully there.

February 10th.—I enclose the copy of my letter to Lady Mary. It cannot half convey my sense of her exalted disinterestedness. Generous! amiable woman!—may she at length be repaid by his utmost tenderness for all her sufferings! Her happiness only can compensate for my humiliation.

TO LADY MARY MELVILLE.

“ The long and severe illness, from which I am just recovering, will, I trust, my dear Madam, acquit my silence of every other construction, but that of my inability to break it. Ill should I have deserved your extraordinary kindness, and highly valued friendship, could I have hesitated, for an instant, when called upon by you for an explanation, let my motives for withholding it from others have been what they might. That I cannot now enter fully into a subject of such heavy accusation against me, will be more readily ascribed, by your Ladyship’s candid mind, to the change of circumstances which has taken place during my long disorder, than to the want of exculpating reasons to be offered for my conduct: if the result of it, however, has insured your happiness, I can say, from my heart, that to attain such an end, I would pay any price; it is no small one, to submit to a humiliating appearance of culpability, without attempting a justification.

“ Thus much can I only allow myself to say, that had I been in a state to write, or

even to receive letters, at the time Colonel Malcolm, and your Ladyship, first reached Paris, I should have felt it incumbent upon me, to clear myself from the imputed *intention* of receding from an engagement, which I had, on the contrary, devoted my life to fulfil; but Colonel Malcolm must, long ere this, have become so truly sensible, how much more rationally and permanently his happiness is now secured, than it ever could have been by me, that he will readily forgive me for rejoicing in my own inability to thwart an event, which turns out so greatly to his advantage.

“ I was seized with a putrid fever, in a very few days after my arrival at Paris. Lady Belfont being obliged to proceed to England with her Lord, left me under the care of the Marchioness de Sainval; to whose kindness and friendship I cannot do justice. I am not yet able to leave my room, and it is only within this last fortnight, that I have been allowed to see the letters, that have been lying here for me these many months.

“ The contents of your Ladyship’s last precluded an answer to Colonel Malcolm’s; not from the vanity of supposing myself

likely to come again into competition with merit so transcendent, but fearing, that a too delicate sense of honour might induce him to consider his engagement in preference to his inclination.

“ From the bottom of a heart bound to you by every tie of gratitude and affection, do I declare my ardent hope, that your union with Colonel Malcolm has, ere this, placed your happiness out of the reach of all human interference. My next wish is, to stand justified in your sight; and, through your Ladyship’s means, in the Colonel’s, whose esteem becomes still more valuable to me, when I consider him as the husband of the first of women.

“ Do not, dearest Madam, let me lose any part of your friendship, which I consider it as the greatest pride of my life to have obtained, at a moment that my admiration is still increased, as much by the noble frankness with which you have at length accepted of Colonel Malcolm’s hand, as by the consistent disinterestedness, that induced you for a time to hang back from the proffered felicity. I can but use the common language of gratitude and esteem, to express feelings the

most uncommon: my life must evince their strength and their sincerity.

“ Ever, dearest Madam, your most gratefully affectionate, and devoted,

“ L. R.”

I am a little fatigued with transcribing—shall be happy if you approve—and must dispatch this packet without any addition, but the name of

Your

LOUISA RIVERSDALE.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

February 12th.

I have long feared that Madame de Sainval was unhappy, and she has just made the distressing acknowledgment. In consequence of my testifying surprise at the coolness with which she informed me, that she had received intelligence of Monsieur de Sainval's intended arrival to morrow, she replied—

“ What would you have me do? You will soon perceive, that he does not awaken one's inclination to sing and dance.”

“ Happiness need not always manifest itself in feats of activity; but you have ever evaded

my inquiries upon this head, my dear friend; do you fear to trust me?"

"No, my Louisa—I fear to distress you, and I hate the humiliating topic."

"Why humiliating? I have always understood, that domestic happiness was but little considered in French marriages."

"True! not in general—but I will show you many instances to the contrary, among some of my most intimate acquaintances; and I am unfortunately born with a disposition for it, which makes me deeply sensible of the void."

"Is the Marquis so dissipated then, that all your agreeableness cannot inspire him with a taste for home?"

"Whatever agreeableness you may think me possessed of is wholly thrown away upon him, I assure you. He hated me before ever he saw me; and that is a sentiment quite as likely to become reciprocal as love, and which matrimony is admirably calculated to improve," said she, affecting to laugh.

"Dearest Adine, you treat this with a levity which is not in your heart—do be serious, and tell me in what this mutual dislike originated?"

“ It is a subject upon which I must either laugh, or cry: you will not admit of the one, and have not yet nerves for the other; so, then, we will leave it for the present. Had he not been coming, I should have said nothing of it; but you must now soon see, what I should in vain attempt to conceal: at some future period, you shall know more;” and she left me, with tears in her eyes.

You may be very sure I shall not let this remain long uninvestigated: she appears too sensible of her unhappiness for actual hatred; hatred, I should think, would close the heart to all sense of unkindness from its object. I shall probably know better what to think, when I have seen him, and heard the particulars from herself, but you will not wonder, that I look for his arrival with a happy mixture of dread and dislike.

13th.—Dearest Henry, whom do you think I have seen? Your friend, Mr. Stanville!—but you will not be surprised, because you probably knew of his sudden expedition to Paris—I did not.

He sent up a letter from Lady Belfont, begging at the same time to know when he

might see me, to deliver a message from my brother. The idea of meeting a person so immediately connected with, and come from, those so very dear to me, agitated me to a degree, that I had scarcely breath to say, I would go down to him instantly; (for I now go down stairs for an hour or two every day;) I was obliged to take some minutes to compose myself, and then, with the assistance of Flora's arm, went trembling down.

I was very much struck with his appearance; and, "O," as Madame de Sevigné says, "how I looked at those eyes which had so lately seen yours!" I was almost afraid he would think me bold, but I believe he would read my meaning; there is such a benevolent expression in his animated countenance—a kind heartedness in all he utters, so like his lovely sister's—a resemblance to *her* in his features likewise—but, certainly, his fine person seems to be his least perfection. He is rather shy, and his manner a little bordering upon what the French call *mauvaise honte**; but then, it evidently proceeds from diffidence of himself, which, when joined

* Awkward bashfulness.

to talents so very brilliant, as you describe his to be, makes one like him still the better.

He has a kind of English lounge in his air, which forms such a happy contrast to all the upright Frenchmen I see, that I am inclined to think it agreeable. Madame de Sainval found great fault with it, however, for being so like the *mauvaise grace** of her husband.

Mr. Stanville told me, that this letter may still reach you. It founded like a reprieve, my best friend, to find that you were not gone—yet, what can it now signify?—Go you must—and all my hopes of seeing you are at an end.

14th.—The only attention to myself, that is now strongly enjoined, is to avoid all agitating subjects, as my nerves are my weak part; so I laid down my pen yesterday, and will not again recur to the subject.

Mr. Stanville spoke of you with a warmth, and an admiration, that quite opened my heart to him; he, however, only answered my questions, and I could not, at a first in-

* Ungraceful manner

terview, touch upon delicate strings. He mentioned his sister in terms congenial to my feelings; and is quite free from the affectation of disclaiming her perfections, because so nearly connected with her; he considers her as a superiour being, and perfectly adores her.

I am happy to find, that Lady Belfont has, at length, brought the negotiation, she had so much at heart, to a favourable issue; so far, at least, as that both Lord Egmore and Lord Belfont agree to see Lady Grantin, though they will not see each other. It appears to me singular, that public and political differences should so much affect private intercourse, where one would imagine they might so easily, and with so much advantage to all parties, be kept distinct; but, I suppose, I shall understand that better when I get to England.

Monsieur de Sainval is arrived, Henry, and I am rather agreeably surpris'd with his appearance; a tall, genteel looking man, about thirty, with a reserved dignity in his manner, which I should not have construed into *morgue* & *dédain**, if Madame de

* Superciliousness and contempt.

Sainval had not dwelt upon those features in his character, when she came to inquire what impression his *premier abord** had made upon me.

His address to me was certainly not *prévenant*†, but it was polite and quiet. I regretted to him the inconvenience to which he was put, by my occupying a part of his apartment. He said, he hoped I had not *been led* to think so ill of him, as that he could deem any thing an inconvenience, that was done to accommodate *une dame souffrante*‡. Our interview was short, but it has made me doubly impatient for the promised narrative. I thought that his eye glanced at his wife, as he said *been led*; she took no notice of it, however, either then, or afterward.

Madame de Sainval is much disturbed at Mr. Stanville's shyness. It had, indeed, manifested itself more to her, than to me; he had objected to my sending for her, excusing himself upon his want of fluency in

* First introduction.

† Courteous.

‡ A sick lady.

French. I told him, that she sought opportunities of improving herself in English; still when she unexpectedly entered the room, and that I named him to her, he rather hung back, and it was with difficulty she could get him to speak at all. She expatiated at large upon it in the evening. The Vicomte d'Urfain, one of Madame de Valence's friends, observed, that it required "*un fonds de taciturnité bien inébranlable, pour pouvoir la conserver en vous voyant, mesdames**", bowing slightly to Madame de Sainval and me, in conscious triumph at the advantage his volubility gave him over Mr. Stanville.

"*Mais tous les Anglais sont comme cela!*" the Countess said, "*rappelles toi donc my Lord Belfont, ma fille!—il se seroit tenu la une heure à côté de la fenêtre, sans s'apercevoir qu'il y eut ame qui vive dans le salon: vous croyez peutêtre qu'il regardoit les passans dans les Champs Elisées; point du tout, il ne voyoit que son spleen;—Müßs nous donnera des nouvelles de tout cela,*

* An immovable fund of taciturnity, to preserve it in your company, ladies.

quand elle sera à Londres ; j'imagine que cela doit faire une société fort gaie."*

"Mais encore, maman, s'ils ne parlent que lorsqu'ils ont quelque chose à dire, cela ne laisse pas que d'avoir son mérite†," replied the Marchioness.

"Ah ma fille ! tu prends aussi toujours le parti des Anglais‡!" exclaimed the Countess.

Madame de Sainval coloured deeply, and the Marquis cast a piercing look, first at her, then at her mother ; she replied, however, without embarrassment, *"Non, mais je cherche à être juste, et je sens que ce que nous appellons conversation, n'est souvent que du babil, dont je me passerois fort bien,—*

* *"But all the English are so : only recollect Lord Belfont, who would stand by the hour staring through the window, without attending to a soul in the room : you may fancy he was looking at the company in the walks ; not at all, he only saw his own spleen. Miss will give us an account of these things when she gets to London : I imagine the society there must be very lively."*

† *"But if they only speak when they have something to say, I should not much object to it."*

‡ *"Ah, you always defend the English."*

*et le frère de Louise par exemple, direz vous qu'il étoit taciturne *?"*

" Oh non pour celui-là, il a la tournure Française j'en conviens †"

Adine smiled at her mother's compliment to you, and I bowed my head in acknowledgment of her civil intention.

Madame de Sainval insists upon my calling her Adine, because it is an English mark of intimacy, she says, to call each other by their christian names. In French, you know, it is either *mon cœur* ‡, or *ma petite* §, between very intimate friends, for I am diverted at the gradations of intimacy that are attended to, here: relations, and those who have been brought up together, *tutoyer* || each other; then comes the class of *mon cœur* and *ma petite*; then the friends who meet daily, but not so confidentially, these say *ma chère*

* " No, but I wish to be unprejudiced, and what we call conversation is frequently mere babble, that I would readily be without. Now, there's Louisa's brother, do you reckon him too silent?"

† " No, his manners are more French, I allow."

‡ My heart.

§ My little one.

|| Thee and thou.

amie! or *Vicomtesse!* or *Marquise!* to each other, without the addition of *Madame*; and in speaking of each other, *la petite Marquise*, *la petite Vicomtesse*: then to your *coterie** in general, you say *Madame de Sainval*, *Madame de Valence*; and perfect strangers are addressed as *Madame la Comtesse*, *Madame la Duchesse*. All these etiquettes are perfectly understood, and indispensable among their own nation; but to the ignorance of foreigners they are extremely indulgent. Madame de Valence often mentions Lord Belfont, whose language, as well as manners, was a great fund of amusement to her. He never inquired after her daughter in any other way than "*comment est ce qu'il se porte, votre fille †?*" she says, "*qu'il péchoit également ‡*" against the rules of the language and of politeness; but that she never took notice of it to him, because she is aware, that the English *ne se piquent pas de savoir vivre §*.

* The circle of your intimates.

† How does he do, your daughter?

‡ Sinned equally.

§ Do not value themselves upon their politeness.

16th.—I meant to have given you some account of the Vicomte d'Urfain to day, whom I perceive I have slightly mentioned; but a more interesting subject has occurred. Madame de Sainval has related to me, a part at least of her sad tale, which I am impatient to communicate, dear Henry.

Monsieur de Sainval was forced into matrimony by his father, at a time that his heart was devoted to another woman; and Mademoiselle de Valence was led from her convent to the altar, to meet a man who had for years been known to be her destined husband, and whom the nuns had exerted all their eloquence to paint in the most odious colours, with a view, probably, to terrify her into the resolution of remaining among them: judge of the feelings with which they exchanged their mutual vows. As they left the church, he parted from her, saying, "I have now sacrificed myself to my father's convenience, but no power can oblige me to live with a wife so forced upon me!" and she fervently prayed he might abide by his determination.

Thus passed two years, not much to the satisfaction of the parents, who had literally

made the union between their estates; but with very little doubt of their children submitting peaceably to a situation so common in France. Trusting, however, to time, for bringing them to reason, no farther steps were taken.

Madame de Valence introduced her daughter into the world, where her beauty, and the avowed neglect of her husband, soon rendered her very conspicuous, and brought all the fashionable men to her feet; who, of course, made it their business, to heighten her contempt for a husband so insensible to her charms. What dangers her own giddiness, and extreme sensibility to admiration, might have exposed her to, she candidly confessed she could not say; but her mother's vigilance and experience guarded her against impropriety, and saved her from censure.

In the mean time, the Marquis's passion for Madame Dumans had subsided; and he was at leisure to reflect, that however little value he might set upon his wife's affection, her conduct was of consequence to his credit in the world: conscious how little he was entitled to her fidelity, he made no dependance

upon it, but conceived, that his only security must arise from the most unremitting watchfulness, and without a shadow of affection to prompt him, he took every step that the most unreasonable jealousy could have suggested. He tampered with her servants—placed spies upon her motions—and having, at length, convinced himself, that the most elegant and dangerous men in Paris were contending for her smiles, he took the alarm, and insisted upon Madame de Valence taking her daughter down to his estate in Languedoc; assuring her, as an inducement, that he meant to pass six months there himself, and would endeavour to consider Madame de Sainval as his wife.

Of course the Countess acquiesced; and, with infinite reluctance, Madame de Sainval accompanied her. The Marquis did not fail to join them; but it was only to watch over her—cavil at each word and action—and quarrel with her every hour of the day. Such conduct was little calculated to conciliate affection, and it increased a dislike, which his wife took no trouble to conceal.

The arrival of a young Englishman at Montpellier, brought matters to a crisis.

Lord Wilton, who was attending upon his mother, and a consumptive sister, brought letters to Monsieur de Sainval from our ambassador at Paris. A prepossession in favour of the English, which seems to be the only sentiment the husband and wife have in common, induced him to give Lord Wilton a friendly reception, and an invitation to become an occasional visitor at the castle.

Lord Wilton did not remain long inattentive to Madame de Sainval's attractions; and to him it was, alas! reserved, to make her sensible she had a heart. The admiration she had excited at Paris, had merely awakened and gratified her vanity; but Lord Wilton—handsome—amiable—insinuating—adding a refined mind, and a highly cultivated understanding, to solid worth—was an object far too dangerous to see with impunity, constantly opposed to a persecuting and unfeeling husband: inexperienced, and strongly susceptible, her principles secured only by the slight barrier of a *convent* education, so little qualified to guard innocence from the dangerous seductions to which it must be exposed in the world, what might have been the Marchioness's fate at this mo-

ment! had she not found her safety in the honourable purity of Lord Wilton's sentiments.

How would you have admired her, Henry! had you heard the candid simplicity with which she disclaimed taking that merit to herself for her un sullied virtue, upon which so few women could have resisted to build their reputation. Cruel fate, indeed! to have such a mind as hers thrown away upon a man so callous. I feel, at this moment, to hate him very thoroughly; but you shall hear stronger reasons for it, than I have yet given you.

Lord Wilton's passion, too sincere to be selfish, never sought a gratification that could alarm her delicacy, or taint her future peace of mind: to see her—to hear her—to pass his life in her presence—seemed to be the extent of his wishes: he took pains to form her mind; to inspire her with a taste for literature.

These are her own words; but I do not know what to say to Lord Wilton's disinterestedness, my dear brother. I think she gives him more credit, than I am inclined to do: true generosity should have debarred him

from her society at once, when he perceived its dangerous tendency—but it is not given to every one to be a *Henry Riversdale*.

Weeks flew after weeks, unperceived, in this dangerous and fascinating intercourse; and Monsieur de Sainval's eyes, so open to every one else, seemed closed to Lord Wilton—whether from a persuasion, that gallantry is wholly foreign to the English character, or what other cause, it is difficult to say. Returning from shooting earlier one day than usual, and being told that Lord Wilton was with the Marchioness in the garden, he went to look for him; but going up the other side of the *charmille** from that in which they were walking, he overheard some very passionate protestations of constancy uttered by Lord Wilton, and instantly discovered himself; using very opprobrious language, which was resented with a warmth, that must inevitably have drawn on immediate fatal consequences, but for the accidental interruption of some neighbouring visitors, with whom Madame de Valence had followed into the

* The thick yew hedge that borders their straight walks.

garden. This gave Lord Wilton a moment's time for reflection, and he withdrew. The Marquis was stopped from preventing him, by the interposition of the other men.

The extreme agitation of Madame de Sainval disabled her from instantly communicating to her mother what had passed; and before she was sufficiently recovered to speak with any kind of coherence, Monsieur de Sainval had mounted his horse, and was gone.

She related, with the utmost sincerity, to the Countess, every thing that had passed between Lord Wilton and herself; entreating her to impart it to the Marquis, the first moment she saw him, and to prevent the horrid consequences, if it were not already too late.

At his return, Madame de Valence undertook to plead her daughter's cause; he listened in silence, but all the answer she obtained was, that he thought it very expedient to keep his wife under lock and key for a time, in the hope this salutary rigour would bring her to a more proper sense of what she owed both to herself and him; but with regard to Lord Wilton, she could not obtain a word.

Madame de Valence, and the elder of the Marchioness's women, were the only two people he would suffer to approach her. The anxiety of being kept ignorant of every circumstance relative to Lord Wilton brought on an indisposition, that confined her to her bed; and her misery was intense, during four days that the Marquis continued absent from the castle.

On the fifth, the Countess received a note from him, directing her to prepare her daughter for the reception of visitors on the next day, among whom would be Lord Wilton; and he should judge, from the manner of his reception, and the emotions he should perceive his presence to occasion, how far her mind was guilty, or innocent, in regard to him.

Could there be a trial more wantonly cruel, Henry? She went through it, however, with a steadiness which probably disappointed his malice. The relief she experienced, from the certainty that nothing fatal had taken place, nor, to all appearance, was now likely to take place between them, gave her courage. Her indisposition afforded a pretence for receiving her company in bed,

where any change of countenance would be less discernable; and she acquitted herself of the arduous task to her own and her mother's satisfaction. Lord Wilton looked ill, but showed no peculiarity of manner whatever; the other visitors did not appear conscious there was any thing particular to observe. Monsieur de Sainval behaved to Lord Wilton as formerly; and in the course of conversation observed, that Madame de Sainval was probably too ill to attend to what civility required, or he was sure she would have told his Lordship, when he mentioned leaving Montpellier, how glad she should be to see him upon her arrival at Paris: she could only bow assent to this unaccountable speech, and they left her in astonishment and doubt at what it might mean.

Kindness to her, had however, no share in it; for the Marquis wrote to Madame de Valence that evening, to inform her he was setting out for Paris, and left her daughter in charge with her; for although she might be free from actual guilt in the present affair, she had so clearly evinced the bent of her inclinations, that he thought a few years of seclusion and reflection extremely necessary,

to fortify her mind against the dangers, to which her beauty might again lay her open in the world. He concluded Madame de Valence was too good a mother, to recede from the charge she undertook, where her daughter's ultimate benefit was in view; that if, however, solitude became irksome to her, or that he found she suffered any one to approach the Marchioness, beside herself and Mademoiselle Hortense, he should have no difficulty in obtaining *royal* concurrence*, to relieve her from the trouble of being gaoler.

This unfeeling, taunting letter, irritated both mother and daughter; and Madame de Sainval entreated that she might be beforehand with the threat it contained, and retire voluntarily into the convent; but Madame de Valence prudently dissuaded her from a step of such *éclat*, observing, that the pains he seemed to have taken, to counteract the spreading reports, gave room for the hope, that he might one day be brought to reason.

This is all I yet know of the story; for the interest and agitation it had created in me

* Meaning, that he would get a *lettre de cachet* to shut her up in a convent.

had by this time so much disordered me, that she reproached herself for having gone so far, and would not be persuaded to say another word; only thus much, to comfort me, she added, that she wished to impress one idea as strongly upon my mind as it was upon her own; and that was, that whatever good I may now find to love in her, originates from the very misfortunes which at the time were so severe to bear: and then she embraced me, and said she was going to write letters, which would employ her till dinner time.

But I believe her time was differently filled up; for when she came to eat her chicken, which she regularly does with me every day, her eyes were extremely red, and spirits more sunk than I have yet seen them.

We both avoided a renewal of the distressing topic. A succession of visitors dropped in, both before and after the *spectacles**. It was her night at the *Italiens*†, and I remained in my own apartment, during her absence, as well from unwillingness to meet

* The play.

† One of the theatres.

the Marquis in the saloon, (to whom I should now scarcely know how to be civil,) as from the wish to secure time to myself, for imparting what I am sure will interest you, dearest brother, as much as it does me.

17th.—Mr. Stanville has not called again, which rather surprises me, as Madame de Sainval gave him an obliging invitation to come, whenever he was not better engaged; perhaps he does not know, that the Parisian fashion admits of daily visits, and his diffidence leads him to fear being troublesome. I told her, he probably expected her to name a day in particular. She said his *sauvagine** might, indeed, make it necessary, and she would take the first opportunity he gave her, of making the access of her house quite easy to him.

I have not yet asked him half my questions, relative either to yourself, or to Lady Belfont; he knows little of friendship, if he thinks it so easily satisfied.

I have taken an airing to day for the first time, and cannot express to you how my

* Shyness.

long confinement beautifies the face of nature; and yet the season is not sufficiently advanced, to have many beauties to offer; but the mere smell of approaching spring, of which I was sensible in the *Bois de Boulogne*, gave me a sensation, that can only be understood by those who have been so near as myself to seeing it return no more.

The day is remarkably mild and bright—the birds chirping—the buds beginning to swell—the people all alive, and cheered by the exhilarating influence of the returning season—what a value does a fit of illness give to the sense of existence! I never before felt *mere* existence to be a positive blessing. To day, the very sight of life and action struck forcibly upon my heart, and raised it in grateful devotion to the Merciful Prolonger of my days—may they henceforth be marked by a more dependent sense of my duties, than I have hitherto acted upon! Dearest Henry! why did you not blame me more strongly, when I presumed to think and act in defiance of my mother's opinion and experience?

I was interrupted by Madame de Sainval, who brought me a letter from Lady Grantin,

enclosing one from Prince Polinski. It was left by Lady Belfont, together with those of which you have had copies; but had slipped in among other papers, and remained undiscovered till this morning. Pray, read them here.

LADY GRANTIN TO MISS RIVERSDALE.

Turin, October 1.

“ Do as you would be done by, has ever been my maxim, my dear Riversdale; and so I am ready to

‘ Speed the soft intercourse, from soul to soul,

‘ And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.’

“ And here you have the faithful transcript of your desponding lover’s thoughts; not (to tell you the truth) that I think him half so desponding as, in common decency, he ought to be, considering the hopelessness of his case: but then again, you know

‘ Love will hope where Reason would despair;’

and he probably flatters himself, that the gallant Colonel may one day choak in a paroxysm of jealousy, properly worked up, and leave you to reward the persevering constancy of your *innamorata*.

“ Do not you think, my dear, that I handle this subject like an adept in the science? It is not the fault of half a dozen *cicisbeos*, if I am not initiated in every branch of it; but I tell them I am satisfied to study it theoretically—I leave the practical part to the sentimental dames.

“ The credit of a score of lovers, and the comfort of a sound heart, are the height of my ambition; but the misfortune is, that Lord Grantin does not enter into the spirit of my innocent amusements at all, and takes it into his foolish head to be jealous. Thus far, however, it only serves to heighten the sport; because, when I have let him rave and storm his fill, (for you have no notion what a violent creature this *good humoured* man can be,) then I administer a sugarplumb to quiet him again; and I take him to the looking glass, and ask him how he can be so absurd as to imagine, that whilst I have such a handsome young husband as he, I shall be so much my own enemy, as to take up with any monkey-faced battered rake of them all? This is sound argument, you know, which he has just sense enough to comprehend; I could reduce it to mathematical demonstra-

tion, but that would be beyond his capacity; so then, we go on very well again, till some new freak seizes him.

“ Now I see you look quite demure, and if I were at hand, you would read me a lecture upon all this; and that would make it so much the better again. I conclude *you* intend to conform to all your old Colonel’s whims, and caprices, and jealousies; Lord have mercy upon you! What an undertaking it is to be *good*! I wish, out of pure friendship to you, that I could just have had the breaking him in for you; but you are such an ungrateful, reserved little gipsy, you never would enter upon this subject with me at all. My very best advice is at your service notwithstanding; and whenever you choose to have recourse to it, you shall find what a generous true friend you have in

“ BARBARA GRANTIN. ”

PRINCE POLINSKI TO MISS RIVERSDALE.

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

Turin, September 28.

* “ Il n’a pas fallu moins, que tout le tems qui s’est passé depuis mon départ de Genève, pour me mettre en état de vous écrire, Mademoiselle, sans vous offenser de nouveau: mais j’ose maintenant me laisser aller à tout ce qui me dicte un attachement épuré par votre vertu; j’ose réclamer le titre de *votre ami*, parcequ’en rendant un *hommage pur* à ce que le ciel a jamais formé de plus aimable, je m’en sens digne; & je ne prends pas le change sur le sentiment que j’éprouve aujourd’hui, parceque je le compare à celui dont je viens de triompher; dont tout le délire

* “ It has required all the time, that has elapsed since my departure from Geneva, to enable me to address Miss Riversdale, without the risk of again offending her. I now venture to give way to the dictates of feelings, refined by your virtue; I venture to lay claim to the title of *your friend*, because I am become worthy of it, by the purity of the homage I now pay to the most amiable object under Heaven, and I am secured against self-deception, by comparing my present sensations with those I have subdued, and of which the madness you were witness to was but a slight specimen;

que vous avez vue, n'étoit qu'une foible partie; et je ne crains pas d'y retomber, parceque la distance me rend fort. Agréez donc l'unique témoignage que je me permettrai de l'existence d'un sentiment, que me semble si exclusivement fait pour vous, que nul autre n'en approchera jamais; et pardonnez moi s'il me fait enfreindre la loi de silence que vous m'aviez imposée, en faveur de la satisfaction que vous devez trouver à pouvoir vous dire avec certitude, dans un age ou l'on n'inspire ordinairement que des desirs violens et des goûts passagers, j'ai su m'attacher un ami solide, vrai, et tendre, qui pourra dans sa vie avoir plus d'une passion, mais dont aucune ne ressemblera à l'impression que je lui ai faite, ni n'en ebranlera les principes dans

my security against a relapse is the distance that separates us. Accept, then, this only testimony of an attachment, so exclusively adapted to yourself, that no other will ever vie with it; and forgive the infringement of the silence you had commanded, in favour of the gratification you will find in the conviction, that at an age which usually inspires only impetuous passion, and transitory preference, you have found means to fix a *friend*, true, solid, and affectionate, who may, in the course of his life, love again, but never with feelings that can injure, or be compared to those you

son cœur. Dites vous ensuite, que vous n'aurez point à rougir de cet ami, puisque si jamais action ou même pensée malhonnête se présente à lui, il y opposeroit l'image de Louise, comme un talisman doué du pouvoir d'anéantir tout ce qui a des propriétés contraires à sa nature.

“ Votre éloignement de Genève, et par conséquent de Monsieur Malcolm, a concouru à m'enhardir à profiter de l'offre de Miladi Grantin, de vous faire parvenir une lettre; puisse t'elle m'obtenir la certitude que votre voyage indique la rupture de liens si peu faits pour vous.

“ Je pars sous peu de jours pour revoir des

have implanted in his breast. Assure yourself, also, that you shall never have cause to blush for this friend, because if ever an unworthy action, or even thought, could occur to him, he would oppose to it, the image of Louisa Riversdale, as a talisman endowed with the property of annihilating all that is foreign to its nature.

“ Your distance from Geneva, and consequently from Colonel Malcolm, is an additional encouragement to my presumption, in availing myself of Lady Grantin's offered conveyance of my letter; may it obtain, in return, the certainty that you are released from an engagement so unworthy your deserts. I shall leave this

lieux qui m'ont intéressés, avant que de retourner me fixer dans ma patrie; mais j'attendrai le tems nécessaire pour recevoir votre réponse, si vous daignez m'en accorder une; et si j'emporte l'espoir que votre étoile a enfin dissipé les sombres nuages, dont ce triste Colonel l'avoit enveloppée, tous mes vœux seront comblés.

“ Adieu, la plus charmante! la plus estimable! la plus réverée des amies!—puissiez vous être heureuse, et daigner exercer sur quelque mortel plus digne de vous

“ Ces graces, ces talens, ces appas,

“ Cet art de plaire et de n'y penser pas;”

place shortly to return home, taking in my way some objects of curiosity that I have before visited; but I shall await the time requisite to bring an answer to this, in case you should vouchsafe me one, and deem myself happy if I be confirmed in the hope, that your prospect will emerge from the cloud this gloomy Colonel had diffused over it.

“ Adieu, most charming, most worthy, most revered of friends! may you be happy, and exert your captivating influence upon some object more likely to do justice to

“ That beauty, those talents, and graces divine,

“ Which charm us the more, by not aiming to shine;”

qui jusqu'ici n'ont fait que des malheureux, en menaçant même d'y comprendre votre propre malheur.

“ Quant à moi, dont

“ Le maître étoit *l'amour*, j'en vais servir un autre,

“ Et porter par tout l'univers

“ Sa gloire et la votre.”

“ Voilà bien du la Fontaine! ah croyez cependant que mon cœur n'a besoin d'emprunter le secours de personne, pour exprimer des sentimens qui ne sont qu'à lui; mais ce n'est pas ma plume, c'est tout le cours de ma vie qui en fera preuve.”

“ LE PRINCE POLINSKI.”

This letter gives me great satisfaction: it is highly flattering, to improve a lover into a friend. Lady Grantin's requires no

which have hitherto caused only unhappiness to their admirers, and threaten to render you unhappy likewise. As for me,

“ Love once was my master—another bears sway.

“ My allegiance to him I engage,

“ And your glory and his with pride I'll convey

“ To each distant region and age.”

“ Though I borrow the words of La Fontaine, I beg you to believe, that my heart requires no adventitious aid to express sentiments which are peculiarly its own; but it is not to my pen, it is to the whole course of my life, that I refer to do them justice.”

comment; her destiny, I think, bespeaks itself, without calling in the assistance of the stars to foretel it.

A civil inquiry from Mr. Stanville after my health accompanies a large packet from my beloved brother, which I have expected with great anxiety. In some respects it relieves, in others again awakens, sympathetic feelings; but I must not now enter upon the contents, as Mr. Stanville also obligingly informs me, that a courier will be dispatched to night, by which he can forward any thing I wish to send to you.

I therefore conclude abruptly, in the hope it may still reach you.

Adieu! a *long* adieu, my dearest brother!

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.*

February 21.

Where this may reach my beloved brother, my best of friends, I cannot conjecture;

* As Louisa makes no farther mention of the packet alluded to in the conclusion of her last, she probably answered it in the interval between these two letters; but the answer is missing.

and the doubt is too distressing to dwell upon. Yet I am not sure it is well judged, however kindly meant, to concentrate anxiety, by denying it expression. I am convinced, it oppresses doubly by rankling in concealment, and that what they call my nervous lowness arises more from the cares lurking in my heart, than from any remains of disorder.

However, my mother in every letter repeats the prohibition of distressing topics; and, I think, I shall not readily again follow my own opinion in opposition to hers. So I submit to the *régime* of dissipation prescribed by my physician, who assures Madame de Sainval, "*qu'il n'y a que cela, pour remettre une Anglaise; elles seroient toujours noires, si on les laissoit faire**." And I really believe, they think the blue devils pervade the whole English nation.

An invitation to dinner was sent this morning to Mr. Stanville, accompanied with

* There is no other recipe for an Englishwoman; they would always be in the vapours, if they were left to themselves.

a request, to name any other day that might suit him better, if he happened to be engaged.

The answer just received is, that his daily attendance between Versailles and Paris must preclude him from the honour of accepting Madame de Sainval's invitation, or saying, when he may hope to make himself amends.

Is there not a deficiency of proper attention to Lady Belfont, and to you, Henry, in his never having called a second time? In my own right, I can certainly form no claim; but so affectionately interested, as his sister has no doubt expressed herself to be in my recovery, I think it is not quite consistent with his tenderness for her, to keep thus aloof from the means of confirming the accounts of my improving health: for as to the plea of want of time, I have often thought, and always found, that I could *make leisure* for the things that I was really desirous to do. Only consider, how I contrive to cut mine into eighths and sixteenths, to supply the correspondence I carry on with you—with my mother—and with Lady Belfont; to say nothing of occasional epistolary interlopers besides. I have, however, rescued

my mornings from interruption, now that I can dine below, and that the *petite liste** can have admittance to me, either before or after the play.

The *heures des spectacles*† regularly afford Madame de Sainval and me a comfortable *tête à tête*; for as the whole fashionable world invariably attend one or other of them every evening, no visits are ever made during that time.

I requested her, last night, to indulge me with the remainder of her story; which she did with the less scruple, she said, because I already knew the worst; for, as she had told me before, all her remaining trials had turned to the advantage of her mind.

You shall have it in her own words.

“Overawed, though not convinced, by my mother’s objections to my return into the convent, and despairing of the influence of reason over Monsieur de Sainval, upon which she depended, I gave myself up

* A list of the names of *intimate acquaintances*, who are entitled to admittance at all times, given to the porters at great houses.

† The hours of representation at the play houses.

for some time to the most unqualified misery. Wholly secluded from society, and expecting in vain to hear from Lord Wilton, I at length became so *devorée d'ennui**, that, in a fit of despair, I betook myself to an immense library, into which I had never before set my foot, having been told it contained no novels. The very first book, however, which fell into my hand, was *Eloise*. I was much pleased with the discovery, having frequently wished to read it, but my mother had objected; and, in Paris, my time had been too much devoted to amusement, to think of any means of getting it unknown to her. Now that chance threw it in my way, I seized upon it with an avidity, heightened by the opposition that had been made. The first volume entirely answered to the idea generally held out of its dangers; in every line of St. Preux's, I traced Lord Wilton's sentiments—his delicacy—his passion: in myself, I recognised all the tender feelings, that actuated Julie; and shall I confess to you, at the risk of sinking myself in your esteem, that I, for a moment, even regretted Lord

* Worn down with listless despondency.

Wilton's having been more disinterested than St. Preux, and that I had not, like Julie, sacrificed every consideration to love? As I went on, however, I soon found my breast glow with nobler sentiments; I found that the strength and brilliancy of colouring, which Rousseau had given to passion, faded before the energetic touches that irradiate virtue. Of love I had learnt nothing but what my own heart had frequently before suggested; but in his masterly representation of the enjoyments arising from the practice of virtue, I found I had indeed new lessons to learn; and so forcibly did his impressive style fix them on my heart, that every hour, as I read, I found myself becoming a better creature: the instantaneous revulsion produced in the mind of Julie, by the sanctimonious vows pronounced at the altar, darted a new light into my soul; I shrunk from my own inconsiderate levity, in having contracted a similar engagement, without ever bestowing a serious thought upon it till that moment; and when with the simple eloquence of truth he sets forth the domestic happiness of Madame de Wolmar, obtained by the sacrifice of her inclination to her duty—the scenes of tranquil

felicity, that innocence can secure—then did I first experience a sensation of regret, at the total absence of such a prospect from my hopes; and then it was that I first felt the total alienation of my husband's heart to be a misfortune."

"My dearest friend," I exclaimed, "you do not hate your husband, since you feel a regret at his alienation?"

"But he hates me," interrupted she, "and that comes to the same thing, in regard to my future prospect——"

I feared she said too true, and repressed the expression of the eager hope, to which her acknowledgement had given rise, that there might exist a possibility of reconciliation between them. She continued——

"I was also led to cast my eyes upon the beauties, which Nature had poured in profusion around me, and of which I had occasionally spoken with admiration, in compliance with Lord Wilton's taste but, in fact, I had only considered them as connected with his idea. I had now acquired a new perception of their charms, which raised my thoughts to a higher and a purer source of happiness; my mind expanded to nobler

aims, and I became ambitious of emulating the virtue, which communicated its enthusiasm to my soul: I felt my advantage, in one respect, over Julie; which, however I might in the first instance owe to Lord Wilton's generosity, I now determined to take to myself the merit of improving upon it, by liberating my mind from the guilt of harbouring a thought contrary to the duty of a married woman. I perceived, that, whether at the time Julie gave way to her passion, or when she afterward triumphed over it, she is never wholly free from the stings of remorse; and from these, I thanked Heaven, I was exempt: this consciousness gave me energy, to accomplish the difficult task, and secure to myself the dignified feelings, that arise from the sense of deserving a better fate, than it had pleased Providence to allot me. In the fulness of these sentiments, I revolved the most efficacious mode of giving them permanence, and found it in the pursuit of useful employment. I solicited my mother, to direct our walks to the habitations of our peasants, and sought for objects to relieve; took their most promising children into the family, to train up as ser-

vants, and devoted some part of each day to their education. I engaged in the study of botany, which Rousseau also facilitated to me; and the hours I spent within doors were divided between useful reading, drawing, and music. The library afforded ample food to my newly awakened wish for instruction, to the delights of which I had only been insensible, for never before having had them thrown in my way. I can scarcely give you an adequate idea of the change that took place in me; I became serene, resigned to my fate, and can with truth declare, that I passed many really happy hours."

I could not help expressing my surprise at an effect so extraordinary, from a work I have ever heard so severely reprobated.

Madame de Sainval answered, that she did not pretend to determine what its general use or mischief might be; she only spoke from her own experience *. "My mother," she continued, "was astonished at a change to which she could find no clew. Averse to books in general, she had confined her own

* See this discussion resumed in the last volume, by Lady Belfont and Louisa.

reading entirely to such memoirs of the two last reigns, as made her acquainted with the various connexions and intrigues of those families about the court, whom she might occasionally have to solicit in favour of friends or relations. These, her *heures**, and two or three other books of piety, made up her library. I do not mention this to depreciate her understanding, which is indeed admirably good upon all points to which she has ever turned it; but early prejudices can only be counteracted by strong efforts of the mind, and the education of the last generation, in France, left *mind* very much out of the question. My mother had forbidden me *Eloise*, because she had heard it reckoned a dangerous book; and as to any others, she considered it as matter of perfect indifference, whether I looked into them or no; if they served to kill an hour, it was very well, but any farther advantage, that might accrue from reading, had never occurred to her at all. Satisfied however now, from my restored cheerfulness, that all recollection of Lord Wilton was obliterated from my thoughts,

* Prayer book.

and extremely tired of our solitude, she wrote strongly to the Marquis upon the subject; but he was inexorable, and she at length fell into a *maladie de langueur**, which gave me very serious alarms. Our prolonged absence, however, became finally a subject of discussion at Versailles, and at Paris; and the Queen, who had always treated me with very marked distinction, and of whom Monsieur de Sainval was soliciting a government, spoke to him upon the subject; and hinted, that she did not understand how Madame de Valence, who had always appeared so averse to retirement, should on a sudden take a fancy to *claquemurer*† herself and her daughter in that *triste château*‡! Were she even turned *dévot*§, which seemed the only way of accounting for it, how came he to suffer his wife to be the victim of it? This, said in a way that imported more than it expressed, induced him to reflect upon the consequences

* A fever upon the spirits.

† The literal sense of the expression is, to be shut up between walls.

‡ Melancholy castle.

§ A methodist.

of persisting in what might at length expose him to ridicule, as well as displeasure; for of all the *travers* a man can run into, that of jealousy meets with the least indulgence in this country. Changing, therefore, the style of his letters to my mother, they became full of anxiety for her health: he requested she would make an excursion into Switzerland, to consult the mountain doctor*; whence she might take me to Boisrose, where he might possibly join us, and be enabled to form a judgment, whether the time given me for reflection had subdued my intolerable spirit of coquetry, so far as to afford a chance of my appearing in the world with more credit to him and myself; in which case, he should not object to my return to Paris before winter. My mother was infinitely more elated than I was with this letter. The habits I had now contracted set my former amusements in a very different light. I must separate myself from the books, in which I had taken so much pleasure, and from which I was constantly reaping new benefit; and, above all, I dreaded the first meeting with

* Michel Shouppach.

Monfieur de Sainval, from whom I had every mortification, and no one fatisfaction, to expect. Of courfe we went”

“ O, my deareft Adine !” I interrupted, “ you were in *this* fituation, when we firft became acquainted.”

“ I was indeed; which naturally accounts to you for my being fo much upon my guard, and fo very quick-fighted to the impreffion I made upon your brother. I trembled at the bare idea of fresh food being adminiftered to Monfieur de Sainval’s jealoufy. Previous to our departure from Montemar, my mother, in rummaging out the contents of a *secrétaire**, of which the Marquis had given her the ufe, had difcovered a private drawer, which had before efaped her notice: it contained a letter directed to me, with the feal broken—it was from Lord Wilton, and written in the interval between Monfieur de Sainval’s difcovery of our attachment, and the vifit I had been compelled to receive from him—was, of courfe, intercepted by the Marquis, and probably forgotten in the hurry of putting up his papers upon leaving the

* A writing defk.

castle. This letter contained passionate lamentations at having been the cause of my unhappiness, expressed in terms which clearly evinced the absence of all criminal intentions between us. Lord Wilton informed me, that a moment's reflection had been sufficient to convince him of the injury my reputation must suffer, from a duel between him and the Marquis; conscious, besides, that appearances justified Monsieur de Sainval's resentment, he had, without hesitation, determined upon such a concession as might, at least for the present, avert it. He had therefore written, he told me, to offer Monsieur de Sainval an explanation, which he trusted would entirely vindicate me; and had added, that if it proved satisfactory, he should hope, from the Marquis's candour, that he would say something to that effect in the presence of those gentlemen, who had been witnesses to the quarrel. Should any doubt, however, or wish for farther satisfaction, remain afterward in Monsieur de Sainval's breast, Lord Wilton would hold himself in readiness to meet him at Paris, at a remoter period, when some other cause might be supposed to have arisen for it. The an-

swer given to this had been characteristic of a gentleman, and a man of honour. The Marquis had answered, that the step taken by Lord Wilton gave strong presumption of a noble mind, and a clear conscience; nothing short of these could inspire the courage, to act contrary to received opinions. He declared himself willing to hear the explanation, and conform to the method proposed of quieting the reports, that might have gone abroad. He did not wish to stigmatise himself by exposing his wife, and no personal affront had past, which required to be washed off by blood; at the same time, he reserved to himself the liberty of reverting to the concluding part of Lord Wilton's letter, after the explanation had taken place, which could alone determine the answer it called for. The explanation had, however, proved so satisfactory, that Monsieur de Sainval had been induced to go a step farther than Lord Wilton had even thought of, and offered to bring him back himself to the castle, and cause him to be received as usual by Madame de Sainval, in the presence of several uninterested spectators, who would naturally, by reporting what they had seen, put an end to

the story. To this, however, Lord Wilton informed me, he had only agreed, in case it met my approbation; as he could neither bear the thought of increasing my distress, nor yet of putting my firmness to a test, that might fall short of the proof meant to rest upon it. He added, that he had, in the course of the explanation, candidly acknowledged, that the mischief he had drawn upon me had opened his eyes to the culpability of indulging an affection, improperly placed at any rate, let the purity of intention be what it might; and that he had inflicted upon himself, in atonement, the penalty of never seeing me more, happy if such a sacrifice could restore me to peace, and my husband to the confidence I merited. The remainder of his letter was filled with the wretchedness, to which he had thus condemned himself; but he felt it was due to me, and should religiously abide by the determination, though his life should pay the price."

Madame de Sainval appeared considerably agitated by the repetition of the contents of Lord Wilton's letter, and paused a moment to recover herself.

"You have cleared the Marquis," I said, "from the imputation that, in my mind

lay heaviest against him, by this account of his motive for bringing Lord Wilton again into your presence; the wanton cruelty of which had before appeared to me the most inexcusable part of his conduct."

"I should rather have expected an encomium upon Lord Wilton's disinterestedness, than a palliation of Monsieur de Sainval's cruelty, to have arisen from the communication of this letter," Madame de Sainval replied.

"I am willing to do justice to Lord Wilton," I answered; "but I acknowledge myself more interested, in discovering a possibility of reconciling the Marquis's conduct to motives, that may not preclude all chance of a reconciliation between you."

She shook her head.

"Dearest Adine, forgive what I am going to say; but does not some remaining predilection for Lord Wilton place Monsieur de Sainval in a more unfavourable light, than he perhaps quite deserves?"

"I do not believe, Louisa, that one ever becomes wholly insensible to a first and only love; the painful sensations recalled to my breast, by the retracing what raised him so

high in my esteem, prove the truth of the observation. I do assure you, however, that he has long ceased to inspire me with any feelings, but what the most rigid virtue may avow. I shall, during my existence, retain a most grateful esteem and friendship for him; but his own situation is now become as effectual a bar as mine to any apprehension of my peace being again endangered by him: he is married."

"That," I exclaimed, "is a very fortunate circumstance!—and if the step were prompted by a generous concern for your peace, which I think highly probable, it would indeed raise my opinion of him very much."

"I am afraid you give him more credit there, than he is quite entitled to; for had concern for my peace prompted the step, I think he would have fallen upon some method of saving me from the danger of betraying emotion at the abrupt intelligence. But I believe it is not in man, to retain any delicate considerations of the uneasiness, that may still linger about a woman's heart, after he has conquered his own love for her."

“ I am perhaps a little romantic in my expectations; and I could have wished to place Lord Wilton above the common level, as a better excuse for my friend’s partiality.”

“ You think, then, it requires an excuse beyond a husband’s ill treatment?”

“ I imagine you are of the same opinion, by the stress you have laid upon the change operated in your mind.”

“ I am of opinion, that the dignity of my own virtue called for the sacrifice; but not that I owed it to a husband, who shows such perfect insensibility to me.”

“ But does not his treatment of Lord Wilton bespeak a nobleness of mind, that entitles him to be more highly thought of than——”

“ I really,” interrupting me with quickness, “ did for a moment do him the justice in my own mind, to admire the manner in which he had taken Lord Wilton’s concession. I am aware, that it requires a mind to understand the working of a mind, and I had never before suspected Monsieur de Sainval to be possessed of one.”

“ And did he remain wholly insensible

to the greater degree of kindness this change, in your way of thinking, must naturally have occasioned in your reception of him?"

"He never put it into my power, for a moment, to behave to him with any thing like kindness: meeting me with the feelings a man ever must have towards a person he had used ill, and convinced of the impossibility that I should forgive him, he fancied an implied reproach in every word I uttered; and I, who, as the aggrieved person, looked for some concession at least on his part, could not degrade myself by coming forward, whilst he coldly and haughtily kept back."

"So that your meeting at Boisrose produced nothing like a reconciliation?"

"It produced nothing in the world but daily altercations."

"And ended in your being left there?"

"No, the interested motives I before mentioned deterred him from that; I have passed these last two winters in Paris. But a country life is so much more consonant to my taste, that I follow your English fashion of dividing my time between Paris and Boisrose; and, by this means, I am also sure of being six months out of Monsieur de

Sainval's reach, whose military concerns, and attendance at Versailles, divide his summer between Paris and some part of the kingdom distant from that which I inhabit. In his absence, I can sometimes forget I have a husband, and that is my only chance for peace."

"But husbands and wives see so very little of each other in this country—for I have heard you say, that dinner is almost the only hour of the twenty-four in which they usually meet—and surely, during that short period, which is scarcely ever *tête à tête* either, they need not make themselves very disagreeable to each other."

"The generality need not, I grant you, because they are wholly indifferent; but where positive ill usage has taken place, and hatred arisen out of it, there is no carrying it off so: besides, as I was unfortunately born with a disposition for domestic enjoyment, and deprived of it, I know not where to seek for happiness!" And her eyes ran over——

The entrance of visitors put an end to our conversation; but I cannot think it is

hatred, that Adine feels for her husband. Of him I can yet judge but little: the extreme dislike I had conceived to him, from the first part of her story, had induced me to continue to dine in my own room longer than was absolutely necessary, purposely to avoid him. But I went down to dinner this day, with a wish to become better acquainted.

Upon my appearance in the *salloon*, he immediately came towards me with a polite inquiry after my health, and congratulation on the improvement in my looks, since he had seen me.

He had only sent his daily inquiries by his valet de chambre, he said, whilst I kept my room; because he knew that English ladies were scrupulous about receiving men in their bedchambers—nothing else would have prevented him from making them in person.

Supposing this to be only a civil excuse, does it not strike you to be beyond the common forms of politeness? The attention of not offending against customs different from their own, must arise from a considerate re-

finer civility of mind, which I have not before met with here; and which differs widely from the rough impression I had received of the Marquis.

I assured him, that my English scruples had been very much worn down in this long fit of illness; and the husband of my friend was entitled to be an exception, even if I had adhered more rigorously to the rules of my country.

I said this with a view to remove the idea he had, in our very first meeting, thrown out of Madame de Sainval's making him her theme of complaint; for I cannot help thinking, there is more of misunderstanding than of positive dislike between them.

His look testified surprise, but he only bowed, and there it rested.

23d.—No Mr. Stanville yet! Is it not a little odd? so very civil and obliging as his first visit was. He must have conceived some sudden dislike to me; misconstrued, perhaps, the warmth with which I received him, in consequence of his attachment to you and his sister, into a natural forwardness in me. I could wish him to call again, were it only

to retrieve my credit with him. I feel very uneasy, to be low in the estimation of a friend of my brother's, and a brother of Lady Belfont's.

I am exposed to a persecution, which is extremely irksome. The Chevalier d'Urfain, of whom I was going to give you some account in my last, but something more interesting intervened, has taken it into his head to be very troublesomely assiduous in his attentions.

His being nephew to the *Commandeur*, gives him *les entrees libres** at all times; he is rather a sensible, elegant man, but extremely talkative and forward. He wears *la petite croix de Malthe*†, but would very readily relinquish all prospect of *commanderies*‡, for the happiness of obtaining my hand, as he has repeatedly and delicately assured me, in presence of half a dozen witnesses.

I did not at first trouble myself much

* Liberty of admission.

† Worn before they actually take their vows of celibacy.

‡ Commanderies are only obtained after the vow.

about him, ascribing it wholly to the habit *de conter fleurettes**, which every man here, old and young, (some of the very respectable clergy only excepted,) thinks it necessary to do, without the smallest idea of its being construed into any meaning at all; but since his language and his attentions have become more pointed, I have endeavoured in vain to repress them.

I have hitherto always believed, it was in a woman's own power to check addresses that were disagreeable to her, by her steadiness and consistency in showing them to be so; but with a Frenchman this is of no avail. When I have expressed myself in the most explicit terms, he concludes with the assurance, *qu'il ne se laissera pas rebuter*†, being perfectly aware, that young English women avail themselves of the privilege of choosing for themselves, to take a great deal of courting.

I shall be obliged to have recourse to Madame de Sainval, to deliver me from this torment.

* What is generally understood by the word *flirting*.

† That he should not despair of success.

24th.—Monsieur de Sainval and I are becoming quite sociable, and he really is a very different man from what I had expected. He possesses much solid sense, and a feeling heart; but, certainly, very little of the *tour-nure Francaise*; *il se présente mal*; *il manque de prévenance**—a woman may let her fan or pocket handkerchief fall, *et il ne se précipite pas*† from the other end of the room, to pick it up; and these, I am assured, are *grands torts*‡; neither does he trouble himself, to *faire de l'esprit*§, which stamps him irretrievably stupid. As the three great hinges of French conversation are *saillie*, *repartie*, and *persiflage*||, he makes a very *unbrilliant* appearance with his plain good sense; which, however, upon the long run, suits my taste a good deal better, and, perhaps, may not lower him as much in your

* French turn; he presents himself ungracefully; is deficient in courtesyness.

† Does not precipitate himself headlong.

‡ Serious errors.

§ Turn every thing into wit.

|| Sally, repartee, and irony.

estimation, as it does in that of the Marchionefs.

He is passionately fond of music, and has improved his taste in it by a year's residence in Italy. I yesterday, at his desire, attempted a canzonet; and was greatly surpris'd, when I had done, to see the tears in his eyes: surely, this bespeaks feeling!

Madame de Valence hop'd, that, when my voice was quite restor'd to its strength, I would take a few lessons from Grandval, who would give it a little French brilliancy; which was all, she thought, that my singing wanted.

Monsieur de Sainval, smiling, asked whether she did not think Sacchini might do as well?

“ By no means; he is quite spoiling Mademoiselle Renaud, who had *le plus joli gosier** imaginable, before he undertook to teach her; but the *chant Italien*, (*J'en demande pardon à Mifs*) *me paroît insipide à mourir*†. A few nights of the *Grand Opera*,

* The prettiest warble.

† The Italian mode of singing (I beg Miss's pardon) is insipid beyond endurance.

when you are well enough to attend it, will bring you over to my opinion, my dear," she added.

I was diverted with the recollection of what you had said upon that subject; but not yet having heard any real French music myself, I did not attempt to speak upon it, and the subject dropped.

25th.—I have this morning ventured out on foot, beyond the garden, for the first time; it opens, as I told you, into the *Champs Elisées*, which is very convenient as well as pretty.

I am a little fatigued; but so delighted to find myself recovering the use of my bodily faculties!—there is no saying how beneficial a fit of sickness is, in opening the mind to a sense of blessings, which it had never before dwelt upon.

As we reached the garden gate, Monsieur de Sainval overtook us, and insisted upon my taking his arm.

Madame de Sainval amuses herself, whenever we are alone, with observing upon the metamorphosis he has undergone; which she chooses to attribute to my influence. I be-

lieve the real fact is, that her eyes are opening to his merit, though she will not allow it.

“ You really have transformed him from a savage into a civilized member of society,” said she, as we returned into my room. “ I wish you would send to Otaheite for a subject to try your power upon, and see whether in him you could *create* ideas, which would be going one step farther than with Monsieur de Sainval, in whom you only *bring them to light*; you see my readiness to do him all possible justice, in the preference I give him, to an Otaheitan.”

When she confines her raillery to our *tête à têtes*, I have not a wish to curb her agreeable vein; but I have once or twice ventured to remonstrate with her, upon turning the Marquis into ridicule to the company, which, wanting wit to retort, he repels with ill temper, and this gives rise to very unpleasant scenes.

“ It is very hard,” she says, “ now your presence fixes him in my drawing room every evening, if I may not, at least, try to derive *some* amusement from it.”

“ I own myself at a loss to understand the amusement that arises from provoking anger.”

“ Why, even that is better than indifference, you know; it is a sentiment at least, and there cannot be a more cruel humiliation to a woman, than not to inspire a sentiment of some sort.”

“ But are you not frequently hurt with the bad humour you call up?”

“ To be sure; that’s amiable again on my part, because then I show him that he can inspire *me* with a sentiment.”

“ My dearest Adine, you affect a levity upon this subject, that is not in your heart; and I every day see fresh cause to think, that your mutual alienation rests upon much slighter grounds, than I had at first supposed. I am perfectly sure, that were you to allow Monsieur de Sainval to become sensible of your real merits——”

“ Well, I consider my wit as one of my first perfections; and, I’m sure, I give him every opportunity of admiring it.”

“ But people seldom admire what they so severely smart under.”

“ Let him pay me in kind then, and I would show him my good temper in taking a joke; that’s another great perfection, you know.”

“ But wit is not his talent; and you are surely aware, that to expose a person’s inferiority, is putting their disposition to a test so severe, that nothing but an excess of affection, or of humility, can brook it.”

“ And as he is equally remote from either of these, you would have me appear as silent and stupid as himself, lest I might gain credit for being possessed of more wit than he can boast? This is the English matrimonial creed, I presume?”

“ Indeed, I hope it is; but I should not think of recommending it to you, were I not convinced, that you might be made happy by the love of the man you pretend to hold so cheap; and I really believe that it would turn, upon very slight concessions on your part——”

“ Concessions!” interrupting me; “ I think, indeed, that knowing what you know, it is singular you should call upon me for concessions! Recollect, that independantly of my private grievances, my birth and fortune entitled me to marry into any family in France; though I do not mean to disparage his descent, which is certainly ancient, still I feel conscious of a claim to

*égards** on that account, which I have never met with. And you would have me let myself down by concession!—I should never have expected that, Louisa"—with warmth.

"Neither should I urge it, did I perceive you to be perfectly careless of his sentiments; but where much may be obtained, some sacrifice must be made. And if you, who so strongly feel the want of domestic happiness, could purchase it, by merely refraining from displaying your wit at your husband's expense, should you think the price very high?"

"If you call that a concession," recovering to a smile, from the slight glow of displeasure that had begun to take possession of her features, "I have done much more than that already, and in your presence too, if you will do me the justice to recollect it, but all in vain."

"It does not at this moment occur to me, I confess, that any great tendency to conciliation has appeared on your part; and I think it would have given me too much satisfaction, to have escaped unnoticed."

"Ay, there's the consequence of his ad-

* Respectful attentions.

miration of you ; it already makes you a partaker of his injustice, and blinds you to his faults, and to my merits."

" You are very ready with your accusation ; but I call upon you to convict me, before I shall plead guilty."

" Only recollect then what passed at dinner, no longer ago than yesterday, when, in the presence of Madame de Fronzac, who is a very leading woman at court, I purposely turned the conversation upon music, although it is a subject of which I know nothing myself, merely to give him an opportunity of holding forth to advantage, that her report of his judgment and taste might gain favour at Versailles, and obtain admittance for him to the private concerts, which might ultimately, you know, produce success in his solicitation."

" Yes ; that was a very amiable attention on your part, I allow ; but——"

" But what ? You smile, as if you were not inclined to give me any more credit than he did, who——"

" I beg your pardon, I give you all due credit ; for considering how far his skill in music might be conducive to obtaining the

*intendance** of Dauphiné; that was an excess of kindness, that might not have occurred even to a more affectionate wife."

She shook her head at me. "You are sarcastic, Louisa."

"But my smile reverted to what followed upon your intended kindness, which might, perhaps, a little invalidate the merit of it with Monsieur de Sainval."

"I do not recollect what that was."

"Madame de Fronzac, in admiration of the knowledge he had displayed, observed, as you intended she should, that he had given her new ideas upon the subject, with which she should not fail to make her court; and added, when Monsieur de Sainval takes the trouble to impart his thoughts, one is always surprised to find how much he knows. Upon which the Chevalier d'Urfain, who thinks himself at liberty to say any thing, exclaimed, '*Oui, diable m'importe, c'est juste: il semble Marquis que tu gardes ton esprit en bouteille, pour n'en donner qu'à propos*†;'

* The governors of provinces are called *intendants*.

† Devil take me, but that's true enough, Marquis; you seem to bottle up your understanding in reserve for particular occasions.

to which you answered, '*s'il garde son esprit en bouteille, à coup sûr il ne fera pas sauter le bouchon**.'

"Ha! ha! ha! so I did indeed, and they all laughed very heartily, you know."

"All, but Monsieur de Sainval, who looked grave and hurt."

"How silly that was in him! for I meant nothing by it but to show my own quickness; it was a good repartee, you'll allow, and I did not reflect a moment for it."

"No, for if you had, you would perhaps have suppressed it."

"For what? It is not my fault, that he can neither take, nor retort, a witticism. He has not even the sense to understand his own interest, you see; if he would bear with my wit, I might occasionally be tempted to lend him the advantage of it; for one may often carry a point by a happy stroke of pleasantry, when all the pleas of merit and services have failed."

"I am very glad to hear that wit can repay, in any shape, the mischief it occasions in so many to its possessor."

* What he may bottle up, will certainly never make the cork fly.

“ I protest, Monsieur de Sainval has infected you, Louisa. You are the first person, with real pretensions to wit, that ever I knew hold it cheap; for of that, and of birth, it is said with great truth, that it is only by those who are deficient in them, they are ever disparaged.”

“ You give me credit for pretensions to which I certainly have very little claim, and if I had, I should studiously repress them; for I believe, Adine, it is said with at least equal truth, that wit has lost many a friend, but never yet made one.”

“ It creates admiration.”

“ And enemies.”

“ The one counterbalances the other.”

“ Though the enemy should be a husband?”

“ Ah! would to Heaven, *ma petite*, that my happiness had no other impediment!”

“ That your wit might have the full credit of the sacrifice you choose to make to it?”

“ No, indeed—that I might show you how much I would sacrifice for domestic peace.”

“ And are you equally capable of making a sacrifice to friendship?”

“ Try me.”

“ Why then, my dearest Adine, sacrifice to me, for one month only, the amusement of exposing the Marquis; merely to satisfy me, whether as much turns upon that single circumstance as I believe.”

“ There’s my hand upon it. I will make the trial, though I know it will be in vain; but I would do much more to recover your opinion, which I see is shaken, my Louisa; I never knew you severe before.” Her eyes filled.

“ I beg your pardon, if I have appeared so; but, indeed, the difficulty of bringing you to be a moment serious, upon a subject so very important to you, betrayed me into it. So far from thinking less well of you, I believe there are very few women in the world, who could have the candour and generosity you evince, in having brought yourself even to wish for a reconciliation, after the treatment you have experienced.”

“ My dear! my only friend!” throwing her arms about my neck, the tears now trickling fast, “ to you do I owe all that I have ever experienced of real happiness; and

could I pass my life with you, it would make me amends for every other privation."

Equally affected with herself, I pressed her to my heart; and, just at this moment, Monsieur de Sainval entered the apartment.

With much appearance of surprise, he said, "What may this mean, Miss Riverdale? I do not believe Madame de Sainval was ever softened to tears before; but you are formed to subdue every one."

She left the room without making an answer. I accept this first instance of forbearance as a favourable omen, and cannot but flatter myself that good will arise out of it.

The opinion he seems to have conceived of me may perhaps put it into my power, at a future opportunity, to remove some of the prejudices, that warp his judgment in regard to her.

27th.—Madame de Sainval is gone to pay her court at Versailles, which is generally the business of a couple of days; with her it will be longer, because a ball is intended for Thursday.

I was much entertained with Mademoiselle

Bertin, who honours Madame de Sainval with her protection, and calls upon her regularly, as she returns from her Sunday *travail* at Versailles, for approbation, or, peradventure, criticism of the newly invented *chiffons**; “*car elle a le goût parfait comme la figure, cette charmante Marquise!*†” she says.

She was very condescending in her approbation of me likewise, and assured me she would work for me with pleasure; which was more than she could say for the generality of my countrywomen, who certainly did not set off her work to the best advantage, though they all came flocking to her upon their arrival; “*comme s’il dépendoit de moi,*” she said, “*de leur donner l’aisance de taille, et la grace qui distinguent nos dames; tout ce que je puis moi, c’est de les faire valoir quand je les trouve*‡.”

* Millinery goes by the general name of *chiffons*.

† For this charming Marchioness’s taste is as perfect as her person.

‡ As if it rested with me to impart the easy shape and grace that distinguish our French ladies; all I can do, is to set them off to advantage, where nature has given them.

“*Vous êtes aussi par trop modeste**,” said the Marchioness, ironically.

“*Ma foi non; tenez, ce n’est pas mon défaut,*” said she, taking her chocolate; “*Mais voyons qu’est ce qu’il lui faut à cette belle enfant†?*”

“I should be glad to see some caps,” I replied, “that I might choose a very quiet one, suitable to an invalide, who is to dine out for the first time.”

She did not keep caps to send about; but if I would tell her where I was to dine, she would take care and suit me.

“At the English ambassador’s; but a very small party, and I would rather be under than over dressed.”

“*Ah, mon Dieu! laissez moi faire‡!* Don’t I know better what will do than you, who are in Paris for the first time? Ask Madame de Sainval how I succeed, when I take an interest in my customers.”

* You are too modest.

† Faith, no! that’s not my failing; but what does this pretty child want?

‡ Oh, my God! let me alone for that.

"*Oh, pour cela oui,*" replied the Marchioness, smiling, "*si Mademoiselle Bertin vous prend en amitié mon cœur, votre fortune est faite*.*"

"*Cette jolie Marquise est en possession de perfiſſer son monde,*" she said, "*et tout lui va au reste†;*" but I should see how she would adapt her taste to my convalescent state.

I could not resist giving you this little specimen of a French milliner. They are not, however, all so despotic: my friend assures me, she presumes upon her favour at court, where she is actually nearly upon the same footing with the Queen, that she puts herself upon, with her Paris customers. She attends regularly at Versailles on a Sunday, not only to dress her Majesty, but to invent new fashions, in the Queen's private apartment, which receive the royal assent before they are given to the public; and this she calls

* Certainly, if Mademoiselle Bertin favour you, your fortune is made.

† This pretty Marchioness has the privilege of turning people into ridicule; but whatever she does becomes her.

*faire un travail avec la Reine**. She would not work for a bourgeoisie on any account; scarcely, indeed, for a *femme de robe*†, and as to the *finance*‡!—*fi donc! cela n'a ni ton ni grace*§! she says.

28th.—The Chevalier d'Urfain takes the advantage of Madame de Sainval's absence, to be very troublesome indeed in his assiduities; and I have been obliged to have recourse to Madame de Valence.

She cannot understand my objections to him. His views are certainly matrimonial, she observed, or she should have interfered, on the score of relationship, when she saw his passion becoming so serious.

I should not have been under the necessity of applying to her, I replied, if I had thought them otherwise. I hoped I should always

* Make a millinery study with the Queen.

† A lawyer's wife. *La robe*, includes all the law dignities; and is reckoned *seconde noblesse*, i. e. secondary nobility.

‡ *Finance* is what they call *roture*, answering to English gentry.

§ *Fy!* they have neither manner nor grace.

know how to assert the dignity of virtue, without troubling my friends.

Ah! that was not always so easy, she said, when a woman had neither husband nor brother to appeal to: but what could induce me to refuse the Chevalier, who is *de tres bonne maison*, though *sans illustration**; not rich at present, indeed, but heir to a good estate, and the title of Duke, at the death of an old uncle; beside the survivorship of a considerable place at court, of which the actual possessor is *moribond*†. And by settling out in a quiet way, under the auspices of his mother, who has no will but his, and would certainly be very ready *de faire ménage ensemble*‡, until we were a little more at ease, she thought every thing might be arranged without difficulty, and could not imagine where the objection lay.

I assured her, all these considerations had never occurred to me; that I had an objec-

* Of a very good family, though not *illustrated*.—
N. B. *Illustration* means such dignities in a family, as entitle them to enter the King or Queen's coach, such as *Duc et Pair*, *Maréchal de France*, &c.

† Dying by inches.

‡ To join in housekeeping.

tion more valid than want of fortune could ever appear to me, which was to his person and manners, and the total want of coincidence in our dispositions and way of thinking.

“ *Mais mon enfant,*” she exclaimed, “ *si on s’arrête à des niaiseries pareilles**, one may never marry at all. There is nothing forbidding in his person, and his manners are *comme ceux de tout le monde†.*”

I did not by any means think matrimony essential to happiness, unless it resulted from mutual affection, I told her.

“ *Ah, bon Dieu! comme toutes ces têtes Anglaises sont exaltées‡!*” cried she, shrugging her shoulders.

However, though I have not been able to convince her I am right, she has promised to make a point with the Chevalier to desist from his pretensions.

Of Mr. Stanville you must not expect to

* But, my child, if a woman be deterred by such nonsensical considerations as these.

† Are like every body’s.

‡ Ah, good God! how romantic all your English heads are!

hear any more: I am tired of forming conjectures, and am determined to leave it to the explanation he will probably give you himself, or to Lady Belfont:—surely some little excuse will be necessary to you both, for a neglect so marked of a girl so highly honoured in her partiality, and your affection. He is her favourite brother, you know; and, on that account, I cannot mention to her a subject, that must wear the form of a complaint.

March 1st.—Madame de Sainval returns from Versailles to morrow, and on Saturday we dine at our Ambassador's; a very small party—no women but ourselves—still it is my first emerging into the world, and I feel agitated with the very expectation of it.

Mr. Stanville will probably be there——

Monfieur de Sainval interrupted what I was going to say, and I have had a conversation with him, which has given me an opening, that I hope to improve at some future opportunity.

He knocked at the door of my writing closet, but seeing the pen in my hand would

have withdrawn. I requested him to come in, saying, that I usually employed my solitary hours either in writing or reading, but never to the preclusion of a friend's conversation.

He could not have flattered himself with being so soon admitted to that title, however ambitious of meriting it, when he considered what a strong prejudice he must have to overcome, in the mind of Madame de Sainval's confidential friend—"but Miss Riversdale's penetration——"

"Has had little to do in this," I interrupted. "I will not affect ignorance of what I so sincerely lament as the coolness between you and the Marchioness"

"Coolness is a very gentle word for positive hatred."

"I have not yet had an opportunity of judging of your feelings for her; I can only speak of hers for you."

"I should imagine *contempt* is the best modification you can give them."

"I really should be unjust to her, were I to admit your supposition; it is, on the contrary, from her representation of some noble traits in Monsieur de Sainval's character,

that I was induced to wish, I might have the good fortune of adding his friendship to hers."

I spoke this with the strictest truth, Henry.

"It will be the only point of union, I believe, that we shall ever form," he replied with quickness; "but since you condescend to admit me to your friendship, allow me to take the privilege of a friend, in pleading for *un malheureux de votre façon**, who has had recourse to me, from the severity with which Madame de Valence has treated him on your part."

I repeated to him my objections to the Chevalier d'Ursain, enforced by the considerations of country and religion, which I had not urged to Madame de Valence, because I knew she would not give them a moment's thought; Paris being, in her opinion, the terrestrial paradise, and her religion what no body would hesitate to conform to, who was so lucky as to have it thrown in their way.

Monsieur de Sainval paid many compli-

* An unfortunate of your making.

ments to the solidity of my way of thinking, and promised to *mettre à la raison** the Chevalier.

He adverted to the good effects of English education, in forming a young woman's mind, and enabling her to judge and act for herself.

"Praise undeserved is *censure* in disguise;" a conscious blush overspread my face at the mortifying recollections that obtruded themselves, and I made no answer.

Monsieur de Sainval proceeded to lament the double cruelty of marriages in this country; which, beside being contracted without the concurrence of the parties, were made indissoluble. He considered the liberty of divorce as one of the first of blessings.

This so evidently pointed to his own situation, that I took the opportunity of recurring to the subject he had before evaded; but we were interrupted by the entrance of Madame de Valence.

However, it will now be easy to revert to this topic again; and the very great deference

† Bring him to hear reason.

he upon all occasions expresses for me, gives me a hope, that my interference may not be ineffectual.

2d.—Madame de Sainval is returned; she has been extremely *fêtée** at Versailles; indeed, her beauty, wit, and elegance, must command admiration every where. Is it to be conceived, that her husband should continue blind to them?

She saw Mr. Stanville at the Duchesse de P——'s, and conversed a good deal with him; she thought him extremely agreeable, and as his shyness wore off, she was surprised to find how easily he expressed himself in French, though his ideas, she said, evidently lost some of their elegance, by his ignorance of the *finesse & nuances*† of the language. He spoke with enthusiastic warmth of Lady Belfont—of you—but of *your* sister, and *his* sister's friend, scarcely an inquiry—at least, I think, Adine would have told me, if he had even remembered to name me; and I did not choose to ask—I'm sure I don't

* Much made of.

† Idiomatic refinements, and shades of expression.

know why, for I hope I am free from the mean selfishness of only valuing people in proportion to their partiality for me; and yet, the mortification I feel at his total neglect borders so much upon resentment, that I am quite ashamed of it.

3d.—I am just come from under the hands of Monsieur Leonard*, who is an original, as complete in his way as Mademoiselle Bertin; *mais c'est une féerie que sa coiffure*†; that's the expression.

I have taken up my pen, while Madame de Sainval is getting ready, simply *pour me distraire*‡, as they call it; for this first introduction into the world really appears to me very tremendous. I do not know when I have felt so much agitation—and I cannot tell what it is I fear—my nerves are weaker still, I believe, than I had imagined.

* The Queen's hair dresser.

† The air he gives to the head dress is like the work of the fairies.

‡ To divert one's thoughts from any unpleasant subject.

I begin to wonder at not having an answer from Lady Mary Melville. Surely—

3d. at night.—It is evidently to *me*, Henry, that Mr. Stanville has conceived a dislike—nothing could be more strongly marked, as you shall hear—but, believe me, I only feel hurt at it, from a sense of the mortification it will cause to your affectionate partiality for your Louisa; the very recollection of which draws tears from my eyes at this moment.

And Lady Belfont too!—I am sure it would have been gratifying to her, that her brother should have approved of her friend—and then, his being a man so uncommonly interesting in point of character and abilities would have made his good opinion highly flattering.

But this was not what I meant to begin upon. You will have understood my unfinished sentence to imply my being called away.

We were only ten at table; and Madame de Sainval and I, being the only women, were, of course, on each side of the Ambassador. It so happened, that in moving towards the table, Mr. Stanville must naturally

have sat on my other hand, had he not pointedly shrunk back from the place, and gone all the way round, to seat himself next to Madame de Sainval, saying to Sir George Rutland, "I beg your pardon; I did not mean to be in your way!" who immediately took the seat next me.

Could any thing be more marked?—And I should have told you, that when we entered, he was standing before the chimney; and upon my being seated in the *fauteuil au coin du feu**, as the warmest place for an invalide, he made me a very grave bow, inquired after my health, and then retired to the window, where he was joined by another gentleman, whom he soon after led towards me, saying, "May I take the liberty, Miss Riversdale, of introducing to you my friend, Sir George Rutland?" with an embarrassment so evident, as to be distressing; and whilst I addressed some words of common civility to Sir George, he instantly again withdrew to a distance.

I perceive I am giving you a very lame and confused account of this matter; but really,

* The large arm chair by the fire side, which is reckoned the place of honour in French houses.

dearest Henry, the subject is not sufficiently agreeable to go over it again; so I must trust to your making it out. I should certainly have begun by telling you, that the Ambassador being out of the way, just at the moment of our arrival, the Secretary came to hand us out of our carriage, and Mr. Stanville, who had let him come *alone* to do the honours to *two* women, was standing unoccupied before the fire when we went in. I trembled so much from weakness, that I could scarce support myself, but he neither came forward to offer assistance, nor, indeed, seemed to perceive it; and I had been seated for some little time, before he even took the constrained notice of me which I mentioned.

At dinner the conversation was uncommonly brilliant, chiefly supported between the Marchioness and Mr. Stanville; she speaking French—he English. Wit sparkled on both sides, but I thought a great deal of what Madame de Sainval said borrowed its prettiness from the language in which it was spoken; while Mr. Stanville lent a grace to his expressions, of which I was not aware the English language was susceptible. His selection of words is very striking; for, with-

out the smallest degree of pedantry, he says the very commonest thing in the very best possible manner, and seems indeed, as you say, to have a turn of thought peculiarly his own.

The tone of his voice appeared to me also singularly pleasing. I should think his persuasion would be irresistible—what influence must his oratory derive from this in the House of Commons! Did you ever hear him speak, Henry?

The conversation at one time took a political turn, and Madame de Sainval having expressed a curiosity, in regard to the different merits of some of the most admired speakers; Sir George said, that Lord N—'s fort seemed to lie in the clearness of his financial statements, and the simplicity of his arguments, never weakening their force by superfluous declamation.

“Add to this his extraordinary self-possession, and peculiar felicity in warding off the scurrilous invective, with which he is frequently attacked,” said Mr. Stanville. “I can often fancy I see his guardian angel perched upon his shoulder, and whispering in his ear the best possible reply upon every oc-

caſion. Then, his pleaſantry ſo conciliating; his ridicule enlivening, without irritating the houſe—the very objects of it joining irreſiſtibly in the laugh; his wit is phoſphoric, brilliant, without being cauſtic.”

“ *Comment !*” interrupted Madame de Sainval, “ *on ſe permet dans votre grave parlement, de faire de l’eſprit? J’aurois crue que ce ſeroit un crime de lèſe-raiſon*.*”

“ You would perhaps, on the contrary, think it uſurped a portion far too conſiderable of the debate,” replied Mr. Stanville, “ if you were to hear the ſplendid, figurative, animated imagery of B——, ſoaring away from his ſubject, till it is ſcarce poſſible for the mind’s eye to follow him; quoting from Lucretius, Hudibras, Cicero, Rabelais, or an old ballad, with equal readineſs.”

“ But all this occaſionally ſo interlarded with puerile pathos, and vulgar ſcurrility,” ſaid Sir George.

“ That ariſes from want of taſte, not of powers,” Mr. Stanville replied.

* How, is wit allowed of in your ſerious parliament? I ſhould have expected it to be conſidered as high treaſon againſt reaſon.

“ Digressions without end,” continued Sir George, “ the apparent conclusion of his speech starting into the exordium of another, like Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*; in short, I am come to consider his rising to speak, merely as a signal to adjourn to the beef-steak room; and so, I’ll be sworn, did the better half of the members, when they nicknamed him the Dinner bell.”

“ I believe it may be fair to say of him,” rejoined Mr. Stanville, “ that for good, bad, and indifferent, he has not his equal. There is a mixture of delight and disgust in hearing him, which seems to endue the ear at once with the centripetal and centrifugal motions; at the same time, his mind is perfectly electric, for upon the slightest friction it pours forth a stream of intellectual light.”

“ Which so completely dazzles his devotees,” interrupted Sir George, “ that they are ready to subscribe even to his judgment.”

The Ambassador thought, that, as a finished orator, Mr. P— soared above competition.

Mr. Stanville admitted his talents to be refined, versatile, and polished. “ His flowing harmonious periods, his nice selection of

apparently unstudied phrases, his inexhaustible copiousness, are very striking; and that perspicuity of diction, which seems to express his ideas with such clearness."

"*Seems to express?*" interrupted the Ambassador.

"Certainly, only *seems*, for upon a moment's reflection, you will commonly find it impossible to attach any precise meaning to it."

"But this I take to be a peculiar art, for which I give him great credit," contended the Ambassador; "for you will allow, that when it suits his purpose to be fully understood, he can state the most complicated business with the clearest accuracy."

"So that your Lordship values his powers of language," replied Mr. Stanville, archly, "in proportion as they serve to disguise his meaning?"

This occasioned a general smile. Monsieur de Sainval, who, from having served in America, understands English, and speaks it with tolerable fluency, observed, that he had always conceived British orators to be above every sort of trick themselves, while they so

constantly affixed that epithet as the stigma of French politics.

“ We have an old adage which may account for it,” said Sir George; “ Mocking is catching.”

Mr. Stanville, good humouredly seeming to wish to do away his friend’s bluntness, said, “ There are certain *ruses de guerre** admitted in all governments; and I do not mean to detract from abilities so conspicuous as Mr. ——’s in particular; I have always admired the never failing felicity, with which he improves, to his own advantage, the slightest opening given by his antagonist.”

“ But observe,” said Sir George, “ whether it be ever possible to carry away, or quote any thing from his speeches.”

“ No, they certainly are characterised,” Mr. Stanville replied, “ by a languid, glittering verbosity, which fills the ear without satisfying the mind. How strikingly contrasted with the energetic, commanding, impassioned eloquence of his rival! which at once convinces the understanding, and seizes upon the heart.”

* Stratagems of war.

“ Ay, there indeed,” exclaimed Sir George, “ are candour and acuteness, joined to sound judgment, depth of thought, and force of logic, unequalled.”

“ His elocution level to every capacity,” rejoined Mr. Stanville; “ never seeking for a word to embellish his period, but enlisting and disciplining the commonest in a moment, to charge in the ranks, and bear down all opposition. He proves the irresistible power of luminous common sense, leaving all the little arts of debate at a distance, and stands forth alone the *Orator of Reason*.”

“ There I recognize the true English character,” said Madame de Sainval, “ and I judged your whole parliament to be so composed.”

“ You did us too much honour, indeed,” replied Sir George, shaking his head. “ One such man in a century would be sufficient to support the dignity of the human race! You’ll allow him to be phosphoric and electric too, Stanville?”

“ He!” exclaimed Mr. Stanville, with an enthusiasm that well became him. “ His oratory is the effulgence of the meridian sun,

darting the clear ray of unsophisticated reason around, and shedding intellectual day."

"Upon my soul, you are inspired, Stanville!" cried Sir George, looking delighted with the brilliancy of his friend's observations.

"*Et inspiré encore par la raison, dénuée des graces!*" added Madame de Sainval, smiling, "*cette grande triste raison—si froide—si âpre—si peu inspirante—quel miracle*!*"

"Perhaps, upon *better* acquaintance with her, you might think more favourably," said Monsieur de Sainval, with a degree of archness which I did not think he had possessed.

Her eye struck fire as she glanced at him; and the 'retort,' *not* 'courteous,' I believe, was rising to her lips; but Mr. Stanville averted it by observing, that Madame de Sainval would not easily find the opportunity of improving an acquaintance, which her appearance was so likely to put to flight.

"Mr. Stanville's wit, like Midas's touch,

* And inspired by *reason*, divested of the graces moreover! gigantic dismal REASON, so cold—so dry—so uninspiring! What a miracle!

has the property of converting all to gold. It would not readily have occurred to any one else, to turn the mere repetition of a reproach into a compliment," replied the Marchioness smiling, who required but the moment's reflection, to curb her displeasure, for which he had given her time; she added, "I may be excused, if I fail in the accurate appreciation of *un personnage de trop mauvais ton**, to be admitted into French good company; but I shall trust to my Louisa, for putting me in the way *de lui faire réparation d'honneur*† in England; where I expect to find her presiding at every tea table—*et puis, nous irons aussi entendre ces miracles au parlement; n'est-ce pas mon cœur*‡?"

I said, I was afraid she must take them upon trust, for I had understood that women were now excluded from the gallery.

"To the eternal disgrace of our gallantry, I confess it," the Ambassador said.

* A person too unfashionable.

† Make her honourable amends.

‡ And then we shall also go and hear those wonders in the house of commons. Shall we not, my love?

“ *Ah, les Ostrogots *!*” cried Madame de Sainval. “ No wonder that reason should have power, where women are inadmissible.”

“ Would any of us have dared to utter such an implied sarcasm upon the sex?” exclaimed Mr. Stanville. “ In virtue of my claim, as its professed champion, I beg leave, in our parliamentary language, to offer an amendment, by substituting the word *graces*; which, however it may strike us all *at this moment*, to be synonymous with woman, will certainly rescue a part of the sex at least, from the severity of Madame de Sainval’s remark: which will then be reduced to this political axiom, ‘ that the triumph of reason can only be secured by the exclusion of the graces.’ And this is undoubtedly the principle upon which those senators acted, who voted the ladies out of the gallery.”

This happy knack of complimentary sarcasm, in which fulsome and severity are equally lost, brought your agreeable Mrs. Blandford’s appeal into my mind.

* Oh, the Hottentots!

After dinner, Sir George Rutland desired to be presented to Madame de Sainval; and talked to us of Lady Belfont, whom he greatly admires. He also said very handsome things of Mr. Stanville, with whom he has lived in habits of intimacy ever since they both left college: and a more honourable, noble-minded man never existed, he says; his very faults arise out of his virtues. Upon this subject I could have nothing to say, as I had had no opportunity of judging; but I observed, that his parts were very conspicuous.

“Yes, they are universally acknowledged,” Sir George replied; “but his heart is only known to his friends, and to the unfortunate. I have often wished it less susceptible, for his own sake. Poor Stanville!” added he sighing, and looking affectionately at him.

I really like Sir George very much; he appears to be a sensible, friendly, unaffected man, and I thought his conversation quite agreeable, when it did not interfere with the attention I wished to pay to whatever fell from Mr. Stanville: it is so seldom that an opportunity offers of hearing any thing so very superiour, that I was unwilling to lose a

word—and how wonderfully his countenance lightens up, when he speaks, Henry!

Cards were proposed till the hour of the *spectacles*. Madame de Sainval sat down to *trifette* with the Ambassador, Mr. Stanville, and another young man.

I remained by the fire with Sir George Rutland and Monsieur de Sainval, to whom I was giving an account, how much I had been diverted with Monsieur Leonard's coming in his *cabriolet*, with his page in waiting, to put the *papillottes* into my hair.

“He would not fail to *débiter mille galanteries**, while he was about it,” said Monsieur de Sainval.

“It was quite as amusing to see Louisa's blushes, and embarrassed looks,” cried Madame de Sainval from the card table, “as to hear Leonard's *flagoneries*†.”

“He compared your hair to the Queen's, of course,” the Marquis said.

“That comparison probably holds good for every fair hair'd woman that he dresses,” I answered.

* Say a thousand gallant things.

† Fulsome flattery.

“ But I assure you, he is very choice of his compliments,” cried Madame de Sainval; “ they are only bestowed upon those that he thinks will do credit to his skill. Do pray repeat his panegyric, that Sir George may learn how to trace analogies.”

“ He assured me that my hair, in its present diminished state, was an emblem of the delicacy of my mind; more impressive than the luxuriant flowing locks of the most beautiful healthy woman of the court; that it was soft and silky like my temper, he was sure—”

I stopt—feeling myself really embarrassed at thus repeating, before strangers, a piece of flattery addressed to myself, however absurd or insignificant the flatterer.

This may appear very affectedly inconsistent with my promptness in retailing to you compliments of far greater magnitude; but I consider my brother as my confessor, to whom both good and bad must be uttered without reserve: besides, I always bear in mind, that when you enjoined me to be minute, in stating conversations which were any way interesting or characteristic, you added, “ for I shall often form my opinion of a man’s sincerity, upon more trifling circumstances

than you can be aware of; the very turn of his flattery will enable me to judge, whether he merely admire your person, or respect your understanding."

"*Eh bien!*" exclaimed Madame de Sainval, "*continuez donc! peut on être enfant au point de se laisser décontenancer par les bêtises d'un friseur? et son enthousiasme, pour 'ces cheveux si bien plantés *' and his wish, if you would have given him time to invent a new coiffure en tête naissante†, with which you should eclipse the Princess de L—— herself, it should be so distingué, and add so much new grace to your beauty.*"

"Nature might have bidden him defiance there," said Mr. Stanville; but instantly checking himself, as if afraid that I should, even for a moment feel obliged by the elegant compliment, he added, addressing himself to the Marchioness, with a quickness of manner which was really peculiar, "Do you recollect a thought, to this effect, of Dorat's,

* Go on then! Can any one be so childish, as to be put out of countenance by the nonsense of a hairdresser, and his enthusiasm for the shape of your forehead?

† A growing head dress.

with which perhaps you might yourself have inspired him, as I understand he is the avowed favourite of all the wits and beauties of Paris?"

" Et la nature en formant ses attraits,

" Sût assortir l'esprit avec les traits,

" De peur que l'art ne gâtât son ouvrage."

" Your own thought is certainly more applicable than your quotation, Stanville," said the Ambassador; " for however happy the assortment between Miss Riversdale's mind and her person, Leonard did not seem to carry his idea quite so far."

" I admire," said Madame de Sainval, " the ingenuity with which Mr. Stanville has edged *me* into the compliment. No experienced coquette, between two lovers, *se seroit mieux tirée d'affaire**; though, were I maliciously inclined to mark a distinction, I might say, that Louisa's part of it occurred spontaneously, whilst mine was supplied by recollection, *comme pour le gaser*†."

Mr. Stanville, colouring excessively, said,

* Could have managed the matter better.

† As if to veil it.

he should never venture to bid defiance to Madame de Sainval's wit; and there it rested.

Madame de Sainval went to the opera; but I was too much fatigued with this first exertion, to accompany her, so she set me down at home; and I established myself at her writing table in the salon, imagining I should be uninterrupted till the time for re-assembling after the play, but Monsieur de Sainval soon followed me.

4th.—I could not proceed last night, to give you the account of my conversation with Monsieur de Sainval; my spirits were so much worn, that I have not quite recovered them to this moment, after a night's rest—not, indeed, so good as usual.—Did you ever find yourself fatigued beyond the power of obtaining rest, Henry? I hope not, as I attribute it to remaining weakness.

And now, my dearest brother, give me your opinion upon the very singular behaviour of Mr. Stanville; for that, among other things, recurred during my sleepless hours—give me your opinion, did I say? O, my first of friends! my beloved brother! before

I can now have your opinion upon any subject, however important—weeks—months—years, may roll away!—Whenever this chilling idea occurs, it overpowers me.

5th.—When I took up my pen yesterday, it was my intention to speak only of Monsieur de Sainval, but other subjects somehow obtruded themselves, to which I found myself unequal, and I was obliged to desist from writing.

And now—I have had the oddest conversation with Madame de Sainval, who laughs exceedingly at the notion of Mr. Stanville's aversion to me; and will have it that I really scarcely know how to tell you her opinion, it appears to me so perfectly unfounded—and her accusation of me too!—but you shall have it in her own words.

Sir George Rutland had called yesterday evening, and, in the course of conversation, had mentioned Mr. Stanville with some anxiety. He is of late, it seems, become so grave and reserved, except when he appears to make an effort to force spirits, that Sir George fears he is not well. It was very natural that I should hear this with pain, who

am so much interested in him, through the medium of others; for certainly, on my own account, I cannot be supposed to have much reason to care, unless, indeed, from a consciousness which immediately struck me, that I might perhaps have been unjust in the displeasure I had conceived at him. . . . In short, I believe I coloured more than I now know how to account for, though I really think the Marchioness is a good deal mistaken in the cause, to which she chooses to ascribe it—that is—I mean, it certainly was not altogether what she thought—however, at all events, I flatter myself it has escaped Sir George's notice, as I could not bear that he should have formed the same idea.

The instant he was gone, she began to rally me upon Mr. Stanville's supposed dislike. It would be no more than a deserved retaliation, she thought, for all the mortifications I inflicted upon others; there was the poor Chevalier d'Urfain, making his moan to the *échos d'alentour**, and protesting how near this first refusal he has ever experienced goes, to make him hang himself; and actually,

* Surrounding echoes.

she believed he was only saved from it, by finding in the novelty of the circumstances a new subject of conversation, which is the zest of life with him;—and must not she enjoy my humiliation, in revenge for having enveigled her husband's heart, which otherwise might now, perhaps, *pur pur désœuvrement**, have bestowed itself upon her?

My spirits were more than usually weak; and I entreated her to spare me, with a look more disturbed, possibly, than I was aware of; for she instantly changed her tone, and, with the most soothing kindness, began enumerating her reasons for judging very differently of Mr. Stanville's motives from what I did. "Trust me, who am somewhat of an adept in these matters," said she, "a man betrays his preference for a woman as much, and often more, by excess of reserve, as by excess of attention. He studiously avoided, but was unintentionally attracted towards you—why else his incessant blunders at Trifette? why that awkwardly ingenious attempt at giving me a share in the compliment to your

* Mere want of employment.

beauty, which it had seemed to force from him by surprise? and why, above all, his extreme confusion, when I so handsomely restored the whole of it to you?"

"And why, my dear friend, if there were the slightest grounds for all these observations, should he impose this difficult task upon himself? I must still feel humbled, that it should appear necessary so studiously to avoid the object of his sister's partiality—if he thought me worthy of his, what should prevent his avowing it? He is independent, and in easy, though not affluent circumstances."

"I perceive at least, my Louisa, that whatever obstacles there may be in his way, he will not find you averse to assist in removing them: nay, now you look just as embarrassed and foolish as he did—shall I desist from the disagreeable subject," archly, "and leave you to flatter yourself, I am as blind as you wish me to be?"

"Are you quite kind, Adine, in indulging your wit at my expense just now?"

"You tell me, I often indulge it at my own; and it is the most undeniable proof of affection,

to treat one's friend like one's self, you know," she replied, as she kissed away the tear that had started into my eye.

"Indeed I must wish, that you would treat both yourself and your friend better in that respect."

"And so I shall in time, I dare say, if we remain long enough together; for I really am sometimes astonished at my own improvement, and I did now intend to be quite serious, from the moment I perceived you were hurt; but then, I expected you to be honest in return, and when you show me a want of confidence, I feel entitled to take my own methods of conquering your reserve."

"Surely nothing could less merit this accusation, than the fairness, with which I was stating my want of perception of the obstacles there could be in the way of Mr. Stanville's evincing the preference you allege he feels; but the archness of your look made me shrink from the fear of my sincerity being misconstrued into a forward wish for the existence of such a preference."

"And in your conscience, Louisa, you have no such wish?"

“ In my conscience, Adine, if I have it, it has hitherto been unknown to myself; and I think I have only felt humbled, to believe myself an object of dislike, where it was so much my ambition to please.”

“ And your conscience wholly acquits you of any particular views in the style of your dress for yesterday’s dinner at the Ambassador’s? when you quarrelled with the *toque** Mademoiselle Bertin sent you; and made Leonard twist a bandeau into your hair, at the risk of giving you cold?”

“ I always wore a bandeau before my illnesses.”

“ And it had not the slightest reference to the report I had made of my conversation with Mr. Stanville, at Versailles; and his admiration of a simple bandeau, in preference to the fantastic headdresses displayed at the ball?”

“ That might again bring a bandeau into my head—I can’t exactly say—but what a cruel observer you are!—”

“ Only an accurate one, Louisa, that’s all

* A particular kind of cap.

—but now to be serious with you, my love. I do really wish to open your eyes to yourself, for I am very apprehensive, that your mind dwells more upon this subject, than will prove consistent with your peace. Whether your conjecture, or mine, be right in regard to Mr. Stanville, it is very evident that he has some reason, with which we are unacquainted, for avoiding you—and, therefore, I wish you not to let him engross your thoughts, as of late he has appeared to do.”

“ And has he appeared to engross my thoughts ?” I asked with unfeigned surprise.

“ I should imagine your letters must partake so much of the turn of your conversation, that I am tempted to refer to them for the proof of my assertion ; look back a few pages of your journal to your brother, and if there be two, in which Mr. Stanville is not in some shape or other introduced, I will forfeit my claim to penetration in future.”

I did so, Henry, and was confounded.

“ Good Heavens !” I exclaimed, “ this is a humiliation indeed !”—

“ I will not allow you to think it so—you know what one of your poets says—

‘ A maid unask’d, may own a well-placed flame;
‘ Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong* is shame.’

It is your *peace*, and not your *pride*, that I see reason to be concerned for.”

But surely, my dear brother—surely! Madame de Sainval mistakes the nature of the interest I take in Mr. Stanville! The moment she left me, I endeavoured, fairly and calmly, to investigate my own feelings; and I would not be guilty of insincerity either to her or to you. I candidly acknowledge, that Mr. Stanville appears to me quite unexceptionable, and certainly calculated to make any woman happy, whom he might prefer; yet, if he have reasons for shunning me, I trust I shall not find it so very difficult to make myself easy upon the subject, particularly if I can divest myself of the mortifying idea of dislike.

Certainly, Madame de Sainval’s judgment is likely to be more accurate and impartial than mine—Mr. Stanville assuredly did seem to wish to recall what fell from him at the

card table—but after all, what was it?—a mere compliment to my person—it is not for an advantage so trivial to make a lasting impression upon such a mind as Mr. Stanville's. He has seen a thousand handsomer women, and is still free.

His embarrassment, perhaps, only arose from seeing, that he had put me out of countenance, for I felt myself colour exceedingly—that would look as if he cared, though—I bewilder myself in vain conjectures—but, upon the whole, I feel my mind rather more at ease.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.