MORAL TALES.

VOL. II.

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MORAL TALES,

BY MISS EDGEWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

THE GOOD AUNT,

AND

ANGELINA.

FIFTH EDITION.

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1809.

THE GOOD AUNT.

CHARLES HOWARD was left an orphan when he was very young: his father had dissipated a large fortune, and lost his life in a duel, about some *debt of honour*, which had been contracted at the gaming table. Without fortune, and without friends, this poor boy would probably have lived and died in wretchedness, but for the humanity of his good aunt, Mrs. Frances Howard. This lady possessed a considerable fortune, which, in the opinion of some of her acquaintance, was her highest merit: others respected her, as the branch of an ancient family: some courted her acquaintance, because she was visited by the best company in town; and many were ambitious of being introduced to her, because they were sure of meeting at her house several of those distinguished literary characters, who throw a radiance upon all who can contrive to get within the circle of their glories. Some few, some very few of Mrs. Howard's acquaintance admired her for her real worth, and merited the name of friends.

She was a young and cheerful woman, when she first undertook the education of her little nephew: she had the courage to resist the allurements of dissipation, or all that by her sex are usually thought allurements. She had the courage, at six and twenty, to apply herself seriously to the cultivation of her understanding; she educated herself, that she might be able to fulfil the important duty of educating a child. Hers was not the foolish fondness of a foolish aunt; she loved her nephew, and she wished to educate him, so that her affection might increase instead of diminishing, as he grew up. By associating early pleasure with reading, little Charles soon became fond of it: he was never forced to read books, which he did not understand: his aunt used, when he was very young, to read aloud to him any thing entertaining, that she met with; and whenever she perceived, by his eye, that his attention was not fixed, she stopped. When he was able to read fluently to himself, she selected for him passages from books, which she thought would excite his curiosity to know *more*; and she was not in a hurry to cram him with knowledge, but rather anxious to prevent his growing appetite for literature from being early satiated.—She always encouraged him to talk to her freely about what

he read, and to tell her when he did not like any of the books which she gave him. She conversed with him with so much kindness and cheerfulness; she was so quick at perceiving his latent meaning, and she was so gentle and patient when she reasoned with him, that he loved to talk to her better than any body else; nor could little Charles ever thoroughly enjoy any pleasure without her sympathy.

The conversation of the sensible, well-informed people, who visited Mrs. Howard, contributed to form her nephew's taste. A child may learn as much from conversation as from books, not so many historic facts, but as much instruction. Greek and Latin were the grand difficulties. Mrs. Howard did not understand Greek and Latin; nor did she, though a woman, set too high or too low a value upon the learned languages. She was convinced, that a man might be a great scholar, without being a man of sense; she was also persuaded that a man of sense might be a good scholar. She knew, that, whatever abilities her nephew might possess, he could not be upon a footing with other men in the world, without possessing that species of knowledge, which is universally expected from gentlemen, as an essential proof of their having received a liberal education; nor did she

attempt to undervalue the pleasures of classic taste, merely because she was not qualified to enjoy them: she was convinced, by the testimony of men of candour and judgement, that a classical taste is a source of real enjoyment, and she wished her nephew's literary pleasures to have as extensive a range as possible.

To instruct her nephew in the learned languages, she engaged a good scholar, and a man of sense: his name—for a man is nothing without a name—was Russell*. Little Charles did not at first relish Latin; he used sometimes to come from his Latin lessons, with a very dull stupefied face, which gradually brightened into intelligence, after he had talked for a few minutes with his aunt. Mrs. Howard, though pleased to perceive, that he was fond of her, had not the weakness, to sacrifice his permanent advantage to her transient gratification. One evening Charles came running up stairs to his aunt, who was at tea; several people happened to be present. "I have done with Mr. Russell, and my Latin, ma'am, thank

* Russell—This name is chosen for that of a good tutor, because it was the name of Mr. Edgeworth's tutor, at Oxford: Mr. Russell was also tutor to the late Mr. Day. Both by Mr. Day and Mr. Edgeworth he was respected, esteemed, and beloved in no common degree.

goodness—now may I have the elephant, and the camel, or the bear and her cubs, that you marked for me last night?"

The company laughed at this speech of Charles; and a silly lady, for even Mrs. Howard could not make all her acquaintance wise, a silly lady whispered to Charles, "I've a notion, if you'd tell the truth, now, that you like the bear and her cubs a great deal better than you do Latin and Mr. Russell."

"I like the bear a great deal better than I do Latin, to be sure," said the boy; "but as for Mr. Russell—why I think," added he, encouraged by the lady's smiles, "I think I like the bear better than Mr. Russell."

The lady laughed affectedly at this sally.

"I am sure," continued Charles, fancying that every person present was delighted with his wit, "I am sure, at any rate, I like the learned pig fifty times better than Mr. Russell!"

The judicious lady burst into a second fit of laughter. Mrs. Howard looked very grave. Charles broke from the lady's caresses, and going up to his aunt, timidly looking up in her face, "Am I a fool?"

"You are but a child," said Mrs. Howard; and turning away from him, she desired the servant, who waited at tea, to let Mr. Russell know, that she desired the

honour of his company.—Mrs. Holloway, for that was the silly lady's name, at the words "honour of his company," resumed her gravity, but looked round, to see what the rest of the company thought.

"Give me leave, Mr. Russell," said Mrs. Howard, as soon as he came into the room, "to introduce you to a gentleman, for whose works, I know, you have a great esteem." The gentleman was a celebrated traveller, just returned from abroad, whose conversation was as much admired as his writings.

The conversation now took a literary turn. The traveller being polite, as well as entertaining, drew out Mr. Russell's knowledge and abilities. Charles now looked up to his tutor with respect.—Children have sufficient penetration, to discover the opinions of others by their countenance and manner, and their sympathy is quickly influenced by the example of those around them. Mrs. Howard led the traveller to speak of what he had seen in different countries—of natural history—of the beaver, and the moose deer, and the humming-bird, that is scarcely larger than an humble-bee; and the mocking bird, that can imitate the notes of all other birds.—Charles *niched* himself into a corner of the sofa, upon which the gentlemen were sitting, and

grew very attentive.—He was rather surprised, to perceive, that his tutor was as much entertained with the conversation, as he was himself.

"Pray, Sir," said Mrs. Howard to the traveller, "is it true, that the humming-bird is a passionate little animal?—Is the story told by the author of the Farmer's Letters true?"

"What story?" said Charles eagerly.

"Of a humming-bird, that flew into a fury with a flower, and tore it to pieces, because it could not get the honey out of it all at once."

"O ma'am," said little Charles, peeping over his tutor's shoulder, "will you show me that?—Have you got the book, *dear* aunt?"

"It is Mr. Russell's book," said his aunt.

"Your book?" cried Charles, "what, and do you know all about animals, and those sort of entertaining things, as well as Latin?—And can you tell me, then, what I want very much to know, how they catch the humming-bird?"

"They shoot it."

"Shoot it, but what a large hole they must make in its body and beautiful feathers! I thought you said its whole body was no bigger than a bee—an humble bee."

"They make no hole in its body—they shoot it without ruffling even its feathers."

"How, how?" cried Charles, fastening upon his tutor, whom he now regarded no longer as a mere man of Latin.

"They charge the gun with water," said Mr. Russell, "and the poor little humming-bird is stunned by the discharge."

The conversation next turned upon the entertaining chapter on instinct in Dr. Darwin's Zoonomia. Charles did not understand all that was said, for the gentlemen did not address themselves to him. He never listened to what he did not understand; but he was very quick at hearing whatever was within the limits of his comprehension. He heard of the tailor-bird that uses its long bill as a needle, to sew the dead and the living leaf together, of which it makes its light nest, lined with feathers and gossamere:—of the fish called the old soldier, who looks out for the empty shell of some dead animal, and fits this armour upon himself:—of the Jamaica spider, who makes himself a house under ground, with a door and hinges, which door the spider and all the members of his family take care to shut after them, whenever they go in and out.

Little Charles, as he sat eagerly attentive in his corner of the sofa, heard of the

trumpet of the common gnat*, and of its proboscis, which serves at once for an awl, a saw, and a pump.

"Are there any more such things," exclaimed Charles, "in these books?"

"A great many," said Mr. Russell.

"I'll read them all," cried Charles, starting up—"May I? may not I, aunt?"

"Ask Mr. Russell," replied his aunt, "he, who is obliged to give you the pain of learning what is tiresome, should have the pleasure of rewarding you with entertaining books. Whenever he asks me for Dr. Darwin and St. Pierre, you shall have them. We are both of one mind. We know, that learning Latin is not the most amusing occupation in the world, but still it must be learned."

"Why?" said Charles, modestly, "you don't understand Latin, aunt, do you?"

"No," said Mrs. Howard, "but I am a woman, and it is not thought necessary that a woman should understand Latin; nor can I explain to you, at your age, why it is expected, that a gentleman should: but here are several gentlemen present; ask them whether it be not necessary, that a gentleman should understand Latin and Greek?"

* St. Pierre, Etudes de la Nature.

Charles gathered all the opinions, and especially that of the entertaining traveller.

Mrs. Holloway, the silly lady, during that part of the conversation, from which she might have acquired some knowledge, had retired to the farther end of the room, to a game at trictrac, with an obsequious chaplain. Her game being finished, she came up to hear what the crowd round the sofa could be talking about; and hearing Charles ask the opinions of the gentlemen about the necessity of learning Latin, she nodded sagaciously at Mrs. Howard, and, by way of making up for former errors, said to Charles, in the most authoritative tone:

"Yes, I can assure you, Mr. Charles, I am quite of the gentlemen's opinion, and so is every body—and this is a point upon which I have some right to speak; for my Augustus, who is only a year and seven months older than you are, sir, is one of the best scholars of his age, I am told, in England. But then, to be sure, it was flogged into him well at first, at a public school, which, I understand, is the best way of making good scholars."

"And the best way of making boys love literature?" said Mrs. Howard.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mrs. Holloway, who mistook Mrs. Howard's tone

of inquiry, for a tone of assertion, a tone more familiar to her—"Certainly, ma'am, I knew you would come round to my notions at last."

"I'm sure my Augustus must be fond of his Latin, for never in the vacations did I ever catch him with any English book in his hand."

"Poor boy!" said Charles, with unfeigned compassion.

"And when, my dear Mrs. Howard," continued Mrs. Holloway, laying her hand upon Mrs. Howard's arm, with a yet untasted pinch of snuff between her fingers, when will you send Mr. Charles to school?"

"O, aunt, don't send me away from you—O, sir! Mr. Russell, try me,—I will do my very *very* best, without having it flogged into me, to learn Latin—only try me."

"Dear sir, I really beg your pardon," said Mrs. Holloway to Mr. Russell, "I absolutely only meant to support Mrs. Howard's opinion for the sweet boy's good—and I thought I saw you go out of the room, or somebody else went out, whilst I was at trictrac. But I'm convinced a private tutor may do wonders at the same time, and if my Augustus prejudiced me in favour of public education, you'll excuse a mother's partiality.—Be-

sides, I make it a rule never to interfere in the education of my boys. Mr. Holloway is answerable for them, and if he prefer public schools to a private tutor, you must be sensible, sir, it would be very wrong in me, to set my poor judgement in opposition to Mr. Holloway's opinion."

Mr. Russell bowed: for when a lady claims a gentleman's assent to a series of inconsistent propositions, what answer can he make but—a bow? Mrs. Holloway's carriage was now at the door, and, without troubling herself any farther about the comparative merits of public and private education, she departed.

When Mrs. Howard was left alone with her nephew, she seized the moment, while his mind was yet warm, to make a lasting impression. Charles, instead of going to Buffon's account of the elephant, which he was very impatient to read, sat down resolutely to his Latin lesson. Mrs. Howard looked over his shoulder, and when he saw her smile of approbation, he said, "Then you won't send me away from you?

"Not unless you oblige me to do so," said his aunt: I love to have you with me, and I will try for one year, whether you have energy enough, to learn what is disagreeable to you, without—"

"Without its being flogged into me," said Charles—"you shall see."

This boy had a great deal of energy and application. The Latin lessons were learned very perfectly; and as he did not spend above an hour a day at them, he was not disgusted with application. His general taste for literature, and his fund of knowledge, increased rapidly from year to year, and the activity of his mind promised continual improvement. His attachment to Mrs. Howard increased as he grew up, for she never claimed any gratitude from her pupil, or exacted from him any of those little observances, which women sometimes consider as essential proofs of affection. She knew, that these minute attentions are particularly irksome to boys, and that they are by no means the natural expressions of their feelings. She had sufficient strength of mind, to be secure in the possession of those qualities, which merit esteem and love, and to believe, that the child, whom she had educated, had a heart and understanding, that must feel and appreciate her value.

When Charles Howard was about thirteen, an event happened, which changed his prospects in life. Mrs. Howard's large fortune was principally derived from an estate in the West Indies, which had

been left to her by her grand-father. She did not particularly wish to be the proprietor of slaves, and from the time that she came to the management of her own affairs, she had been desirous to sell her West India property. Her agent represented to her that this could not be done without considerable loss. From year to year the business was delayed, till at length a gentleman, who had a plantation adjoining to hers, offered to purchase her estate. She was neither one of those ladies, who, jealous of their free-will, would rather *act for themselves*, that is to say, follow their own whims in matters of business, than consult men who possess the requisite information; nor was she so ignorant of business, or so indolent, as to be at the mercy of any designing agent or attorney. After consulting proper persons, and after exerting a just proportion of her own judgement, she concluded her bargain with the West Indian. Her plantation was sold to him, and all her property was shipped for her on board the *Lively Peggy*.——— Mr. Alderman Holloway, husband to the silly Mrs. Holloway, was one of the trustees appointed by her grand-father's will. The alderman, who was supposed to be very knowing in all worldly concerns,

sanctioned the affair with his approbation. The lady was at this time rich, and Alderman Holloway applauded her humanity in having stipulated for the liberty and *provision grounds* of some old negroes upon her plantation; he even suggested to his son Augustus, that this would make a very pretty, proper subject for a copy of verses, to be addressed to Mrs. Howard. The verses were written in elegant Latin, and the young gentleman was proceeding with some difficulty in his English translation of them, when they were suppressed by parental authority.——The alderman changed his opinion, as to the propriety of the argument of this poem: the reasons which worked upon his mind were never distinctly expressed; they may, however, be deduced from the perusal of the following letter.

To Mrs. Frances Howard.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Sorry am I to be under the disagreeable necessity of communicating to you, thus abruptly, the melancholy news of the loss of "The Lively Peggy," with

your valuable consignment on board, viz. —Sundry puncheons of rum, and hogsheads of sugar, in which commodities (as usual) your agent received the purchase money of your late fine West India estate. I must not, however reluctantly, omit to mention the casket of your grand-mother's jewels, which I now regret was sent by this opportunity.—'Tis an additional loss—some thousands I apprehend.

"The captain of the vessel I have just seen, who was set on shore, on the 15th ultimo, on the coast of Wales; his mate mutinied, and, in conspiracy with the crew, have run away with the vessel.

"I have only to add, that Mrs. Holloway and my daughter Angelina sincerely unite with me in compliments and condolence; and shall be happy if I can be of any service in the settlement of your affairs.

"Mrs. Holloway desires me to say, she would do herself the honour of waiting upon you to-morrow, but is setting out for Margate.

"I am, dear madam,

"Your most obed. and humble servant,

"A. T. HOLLOWAY."

"P. S. Your agent is much to blame for neglecting to insure."

Mrs. Howard, as soon as she had perused this epistle, gave it to her nephew, who was reading in the room with her, when she received it. He showed more emotion on reading it, than she had done. The coldness of the alderman's letter seemed to strike the boy more than the loss of a fortune—"And this is a friend!" he exclaimed with indignation.

"No, my love," said Mrs. Howard, with a calm smile, "I never thought Mr. Holloway any thing more than a common acquaintance—I hope—I am sure I have chosen *my friends* better."

Charles fixed an eager inquiring eye upon his aunt, which seemed to say, "Did you mean to call me one of your friends?" and then he grew very thoughtful.

"My dear Charles," said the aunt, after nearly a quarter of an hour's silence, "may I know what you have been think-"ing of all this time?"

"Thinking of, ma'am," said Charles, starting from his reverie—"of a great many things—of all you have done for me—of—of what I could do—I don't mean now; for I know I'm a child, and can do nothing—I don't mean *nothing*.—I shall soon be a man, and then I can be a physician, or a lawyer, or something.—Mr. Russell told me, the other day, that,

if I applied myself, I might be whatever I pleased. What would *you* wish me to be, ma'am?—because that's what I will be—if I can."

"Then I wish you to be what you are."

"O madam," said Charles, with a look of great mortification, "but that's nothing. Won't you make me of some use to you?—But I beg your pardon, I know you can't think about me just now.—Good night," said he, and hurried out of the room.

The news of the loss of the Lively Peggy, with all the particulars mentioned in Alderman Holloway's letter, appeared in the next day's newspapers, and in the succeeding paper appeared an advertisement of Mrs. Howard's house in Portman-square, of her plate, china, furniture, books, &c.—She had never in affluence disdained economy.—She had no debts: not a single tradesman was a sufferer by her loss. She had always lived within her annual income, and though her generous disposition had prevented her from hoarding money, she had a small sum in the funds, which she had prudently reserved for any unforeseen exigence. She had also a few diamonds, which had been her mother's, which Mr. Carat, the jeweller,

who had new set them, was very willing to purchase. He waited upon Mrs. Howard, in Portman-square, to complete the bargain.

The want of sensibility, which Charles showed when his aunt was parting with her jewels to Mr. Carat, would have infallibly ruined him in the opinion of most ladies. He took the trinkets up, one by one, without ceremony, and examined them, asking his aunt and the jeweller questions about the use and value of diamonds—about the working of the mines of Golconda—about the shining of diamonds in the dark, observed by the children of Cogi Hassan, the rope-maker, in the Arabian Tales—about the experiment of Francis the First upon *melting* of diamonds and rubies. Mr. Carat was a Jew, and though extremely cunning, profoundly ignorant.

"Dat king wash very grand fool, beg his majesty's pardon," said the Jew, with a shrewd smile; "but kings know better now-a-days.—Heaven bless dere majesties!"

Charles had a great mind to vindicate the philosophic fame of Francis the First, but a new idea suddenly started into his head.——"My dearest aunt," cried he, stopping her hand, as she was giving her diamond earrings to Mr. Carat—"stay,

my dearest aunt, one instant, till I have seen whether this is a good day for selling diamonds.

"O, my dear young gentleman, no day in the Jewish calendar more proper for de purchase," said the Jew.

"For the purchase, yes," said Charles, "but for the sale?"

"My love," said his aunt, "surely you are not so foolish, as to think there are lucky and unlucky days."

"No, I don't mean any thing about lucky and unlucky days," said Charles, running up to consult the barometer, "but what I mean is not foolish indeed: in some book I've read that the dealers in diamonds buy them, when the air is light; and sell them, when it is heavy, if they can; because their scales are so nice that they vary with the change in the atmosphere. Perhaps I may not remember exactly the words, but that's the sense, I know; I'll look for the words, I know whereabouts to find them." He jumped upon a chair, to get down the book.

"But, master Charles," said the Jew, with a show of deference, "I will not pretend to make a bargain with you—I see you know great deal more than I of dese traffics."

To this flattery Charles made no an-

swer, but continued looking for the passage he wanted in his book.

Whilst he was turning over the leaves, a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Howard, who had promised her to meet Mr. Carat, came in. He was the gentleman formerly mentioned by the name of *the traveller:* he was a good judge of diamonds, and, what is better, he was a good judge of the human heart and understanding. He was much pleased with Charles's ready recollection of the little knowledge he possessed, with his eagerness to make that knowledge of use to his aunt, and more with his perfect simplicity and integrity; for Charles, after a moment's thought, turned to the Jew, and said,

"But the day that is good for my aunt must be bad for you. The buyers and sellers should each have fair play.—Mr. Carat, your weights should be diamonds, and then the changes in the weight of the air would not signify one way or the other*."

Mr. Carat smiled at this speech, but suppressing his contempt for the young gentleman, only observed, that he should most certainly follow Mr. Charles's advice, whenever he *wash* rich enough to have diamonds for weights."

* This observation was literally made by a boy of ten years old.

The traveller drew from his pocket a small book, took a pen, and wrote in the title page of it,—*For one who will make a good use of it*,—and, with Mrs. Howard's permission, he gave the book to her nephew.

"I do not believe," said the gentleman, "that there is at present another copy in England: I have just got this from France by a private hand."

The sale of his aunt's books appeared to Charles a much more serious affair than the parting with her diamonds. He understood something of the value of books, and he took a sorrowful leave of many, which he had read, and of many more, which he had intended to read. Mrs. Howard selected a few for her own use, and she allowed her nephew to select as many for himself as she had done. He observed, that there was a beautiful edition of Shakspeare, which he knew his aunt liked particularly, but which she did not keep, reserving instead of it Smith's Wealth of Nations, which would in a few years, she said, be very useful to him. He immediately offered his favourite Etudes de la Nature, to redeem the Shakspeare; but Mrs. Howard would not accept of it, because, she justly observed, that she could read Shakspeare *almost* as well without its being in such a beautiful

binding. Her readiness to part with all the luxuries, to which she had been for many years accustomed, and the freedom and openness, with which she spoke of all her affairs to her nephew, made a great impression upon his mind.

Those are mistaken, who think that young people cannot be interested in these sort of things; if no mystery be made of the technical parts of business, young people easily learn them, and they early take an interest in the affairs of their parents, instead of learning to separate their own views from those of their friends. Charles, young as he was, at this time was employed by his aunt frequently to copy, and sometimes to write letters of business for her. He drew out a careful inventory of all the furniture before it was disposed of; he took lists of all the books and papers; and at this work, however tiresome, he was indefatigable, because he was encouraged by the hope of being useful. The ambition to be useful had been early excited in his mind.

When Mrs. Howard had settled her affairs, she took a small neat house near Westminster School*, for the purpose of a boarding-house for some of the West-

* See the account of Mrs. C. Porten, in Gibbon's Life.

minster boys. This plan she preferred, because it secured an independent means of support, and at the same time enabled her, in some measure, to assist in her nephew's education, and to enjoy his company. She was no longer able to afford a sufficient salary to a well-informed private tutor; therefore, she determined to send Charles to Westminster School; and as he would board with her, she hoped to unite, by this scheme, as much as possible, the advantages of a private and of a public education. Mr. Russell desired still to have the care of Mrs. Howard's nephew; he determined to offer himself as a tutor at Westminster School; and as his acquirements were well known to the literary world, he was received with eagerness.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Howard to her nephew, when he first went to Westminster School, "I shall not trouble you with a long chapter of advice; do you remember that answer of the oracle, which seemed to strike you so much the other day, when you were reading the life of Cicero?"

"Yes," said Charles, "I recollect it—I shall never forget it. When Cicero asked how he should arrive at the height of glory? the oracle answered, 'By making his own genius, and not the opinion of the people, the guide of his life.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Howard, smiling, "if I were your oracle, and you were to put the same question to me, I think I should make you nearly the same answer: except, that I should change the word genius into good sense; and, instead of *the people*, I should say *the world*, which in general, I think, means all *the silly people* of one's acquaintance.—Farewell, now go to the Westminster world."

Westminster was quite a new world to young Howard. The bustle and noise, at first, astonished his senses, and almost confounded his understanding; but he soon grew accustomed to the din; and familiarized to the sight of numbers. At first, he thought himself much inferior to all his companions, because practice had given them the power of doing many things with ease, which to him appeared difficult, merely because he had not been used to them. In all their games and plays, either of address or force, he found himself foiled. In a readiness of repartee, and a certain ease and volubility of conversation, he perceived his deficiency; and though he frequently was conscious that his ideas were more just, and his arguments better, than those of his companions, yet he could not at first, bring out his ideas to advantage, or manage his arguments, so as to stand his ground against

the mixed raillery and sophistry of his school-fellows. He had not yet the tone of his new society, and he was as much at a loss, as a traveller in a foreign country, before he understands the language of a people, who are vociferating round about him. As fast, however, as he learned to translate the language of his companions into his own, he discovered that there was not so much meaning in their expressions, as he had been inclined to imagine, whilst they had remained unintelligible: but he was good humoured and good natured, so that, upon the whole, he was much liked, and even his inferiority, in many little trials of skill, was, perhaps, in his favour. He laughed with those that laughed at him, let them triumph in his awkwardness, but still persisted in new trials, till at last, to the great surprise of the spectators, he succeeded. He learned, by perseverance, the mysteries of trap-ball and marbles.

The art of boxing cost him more than all the rest; but as he was neither deficient in courage of mind, nor activity of body, he did not despair of acquiring the *necessary* skill in this noble science: necessary, we say, for Charles had not been a week at Westminster, before he was made sensible of the necessity of practising this art in his own defence. He had yet a stronger motive; he found it necessary for the de-

fence of one, who looked up to him for protection.

There was, at this time, at Westminster, a little boy, of the name of Oliver, a Creole, lively, intelligent, open hearted, and affectionate in the extreme, but rather passionate in his temper, and averse to application. His *literary* education had been strangely neglected before he came to school, so that his ignorance of the common rudiments of spelling, reading, grammar, and arithmetic, made him the laughing-stock of Westminster School. The poor boy felt inexpressible shame and anguish; his cheek burned with blushes, when every day, in the public class, he was ridiculed and disgraced; but his dark complexion, perhaps, prevented those blushes from being noticed by his companions, otherwise they certainly would have suppressed, or would have endeavoured to repress some of their insulting peals of laughter. He suffered no complaint or tear to escape him in public; but his book was sometimes blistered with the tears that fell when nobody saw them: what was worse than all the rest he found insurmountable difficulties at every step in his grammar. He was unwilling to apply to any of his more learned companions for explanations or assistance.—He began to sink into despair of his own abilities, and

to imagine, that he must for ever remain, what indeed, he was every day called, a dunce. He was usually flogged three times a week. Day after day brought no relief, either to his bodily or mental sufferings; at length his honest pride yielded, and he applied to one of the elder scholars for help. The boy to whom he applied was Augustus Holloway, Alderman Holloway's son, who was acknowledged to be one of the best Latin scholars at Westminster. He readily helped Oliver in his exercises, but he made him pay most severely for this assistance, by the most tyrannical usage; and, in all his tyranny, he thought himself fully justifiable, because little Oliver, beside his other misfortunes, had the misfortune to be a fag.

There may be—though many schoolboys will, perhaps, think it scarcely possible—there may be in the compass of the civilized world some persons, so barbarously ignorant, as not to know what is meant by the term fag. To these it may be necessary to explain, that at some English schools it is the custom, that all little boys, when they first go to school, should be under the dominion of the elder boys. These little boys are called fags, and are forced to wait upon and obey their master-companions. Their duties vary in different schools. I have heard of

its being customary, in some places, to make use of a fag regularly in the depth of winter, instead of a warming pan, and to send the shivering urchin through ten or twenty beds successively, to take off the chill of cold for their luxurious masters. They are expected in most schools to run of all the elder boys' errands, to be ready at their call, and to do all their high behests. They must never complain of being tired, or their complaints will, at least, never be regarded, because, as the etymology of the word implies, it is their business to be tired, The substantive *fag* is not to be found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; but the verb to fag, is there a verb active, from fatigo, Latin, and is there explained, to mean, "to grow weary, to faint with weariness." This is all the satisfaction we can, after the most diligent research, afford the curious and learned reader upon the subject of *fags* in general.

In particular, Mr. Augustus Holloway took great delight in teasing his fag, little Oliver. One day it happened, that young Howard and Holloway were playing at nine-pins together, and little Oliver was within a few yards of them, sitting under a tree, with a book upon his knees, anxiously trying to make out his lesson. Holloway, whenever the nine-pins were thrown down, called to Oliver, and made

him come from his book, and set them up again; this he did repeatedly, in spite of Howard's remonstrances, who always offered to set up the nine-pins, and who said it teased the poor little fellow, to call him every minute from what he was about.

"Yes," said Holloway, "I know it teases him, that I see plain enough, by his running so fast back to his *form*, like a hare—there he is, *squatting* again: halloo! halloo! come, start again here," cried Holloway, "you haven't done yet; bring me the bowl, halloo!"

Howard did not at all enjoy the diversion of hunting the poor boy about in this manner, and he said, with some indignation, "How is it possible, Holloway, that the boy can get his lesson, if you interrupt him every instant?"

"Pooh, what signifies his foolish lesson?"

"It signifies a great deal to him," replied Howard; "you know what he suffered this morning, because he had not it?"

"Suffered! why, what did he suffer?" said Holloway, upon whose memory the sufferings of others made no very deep impression. "O, ay, true, you mean he was flogged; more shame for him!—why did not he mind and get his lesson better?"

"I had not time to understand it

rightly," said Oliver, with a deep sigh; "and I don't think I shall have time to-day either."

"More shame for you," repeated Holloway; "I'll lay any bet on earth, I get all you have to get in three minutes."

"Ah, you, to be sure," said Oliver, in a tone of great humiliation; "but then, you know what a difference there is between you and me."

Holloway misunderstood him, and thinking he meant to allude to the difference in their age, instead of the difference of their abilities, answered, sharply,

"When I was your age, do you think I was such a dunce as you are, pray?"

"No, that I am sure you never were," said Oliver; "but, perhaps, you had some good father or mother, or somebody who taught you a little, before you came to school."

"I don't remember any thing about that," replied Holloway; "I don't know who was so good as to teach me, but I know I was so good as to learn fast enough, which is a goodness I've a notion some folks will never have to boast of—so trot and fetch the bowl for me, do you hear, and set up the nine-pins? You've sense enough to do that, have not you? and as for your lesson, I'll drive that into your head, by and by, if I can," added he,

rapping with his knuckles upon the little boy's head.

"As to my lesson," said the boy, putting aside his head from the insulting knuckles, "I had rather try and make it out by myself, if I can."

"If you can!" repeated Holloway, sneering; "but we all know you can't."

"Why can't he, Mr. Holloway?" exclaimed Howard, with a raised voice, for he was no longer master of his indignation; "Why can't he?" repeated Holloway, looking round upon Howard with a mixture of surprise and insolence, "you must answer that question yourself, Mr. Howard, "I say he can't."

"And I say he can, and he shall," replied Howard; "and he *shall* have time to learn; he's willing, and I'll answer for it, able to learn; and he shall not be called a dunce; and he shall have time; and he shall have justice."

"Shall! shall! shall!" retorted Holloway, vociferating with a passion of a different sort from Howard's: "pray, sir, who allowed you to say shall to me—and how dare you talk in this *here* style to me, about justice?—and what business have you, I should be glad to know, to interfere between me and my fag? What right have you to him, or his time either? And if I choose to call him a dunce forty times

a day, what then? he is a dunce, and he will be a dunce to the end of his days, I say, and who is there thinks proper to contradict me?"

"I," said Howard, firmly, "and I'll do more than contradict you; I'll prove, that you are mistaken. Oliver, bring your book to me."

"Oliver, stir at your peril," cried Holloway, clinching his first with a menacing gesture: "nobody shall give any help to my fag but myself, sir," added he to Howard.

"I am not going to help him, I am only going to prove to him, that he may do it without your help," said Howard.

The little boy sprang forward, at these words, for his book; but his tormentor caught hold of him, and pulling him back, said, "He's my fag! do you recollect sir, he's my fag?"

"Fag or no fag," cried Howard, "you shall not make a slave of him."

"I will, I shall, I will," cried Holloway, worked up to the height of tyrannical fury; "I will make a slave of him, if I choose it—a negro-slave, if I please!"

At the sound of negro-slave, the little Creole burst into tears: Howard sprang forward, to free him from his tyrant's grasp: Holloway struck Howard a furious blow, which made him stagger backwards.

"Ay," said Holloway, "learn to stand your ground, and fight, before you meddle with me, I advise you."

Holloway was an experienced pugilist, and he knew that Howard was not; but before his defiance had escaped his lips, he felt his blow returned, and a battle ensued. Howard fought with all his *soul;* but the *body* has something to do, as well as the soul, in the art of boxing, and his body was not yet a match for his adversary's. After receiving more blows than Holloway, perhaps, could have borne, Howard was brought to the ground.

"Beg my pardon, and promise never to interfere between me and my fag any more," said Holloway, standing over him triumphant; "ask my pardon."

"Never," said the fallen hero; "I'll fight you again, in the same cause, whenever you please; I can't have a better cause;" and he struggled to rise.

Several boys had, by this time, gathered round the combatants, and many admired the fortitude and spirit of the vanquished, though it is extremely difficult to boys, if not to men, to sympathize with the beaten. Every body called out, that Howard had had enough, for that night; and though he was willing to have renewed the battle, his adversary was

withheld by the omnipotence of public opinion. As to the cause of the combat, some few inquired into its merits, but many more were content with seeing the fray, and with hearing, vaguely, that it began about Mr. Howard's having interfered with Mr. Holloway's fag in an impertinent manner.

Howard's face was so much disfigured, and his clothes were so much stained with blood, that he did not wish to present himself such a deplorable spectacle before his aunt; besides, no man likes to be seen, especially by a woman, immediately after he has been beaten; therefore, he went directly to bed, as soon as he got home, but desired that one of his companions, who boarded at Mrs. Howard's, would, if his aunt inquired for him at supper, tell her, "that he had been beaten in a boxing match, but hoped to be more expert after another lesson or two." This lady did not show her tenderness to her nephew, by wailing over his disaster: on the contrary, she was pleased to hear, that he had fought in so good a cause.

The next morning, as soon as Howard went to school, he saw little Oliver watching eagerly for him.

"Mr. Howard——Charles," said he,

catching hold of him, "I've one word to say; let him call me dunce, or slave, or negro, or what he will, don't you mind any more about me; I can't bear to see it," said the affectionate child; "I'd rather have the blows myself, only I know, I could not bear them as you did."

Oliver turned aside his head, and Howard, in a playful voice, said, "Why, my little Oliver, I did not think you were such a coward; you must not make a coward of me."

No sooner did the boys go out to play, in the evening, than Howard called to Oliver, in Holloway's hearing, and said, "If you want any assistance from me, remember, I'm ready."

"You may be ready, but you are not able," cried Holloway, "to give him any assistance—therefore, you'd better be quiet; remember last night."

"I do remember it perfectly," said Howard, calmly.

"And do you want any more?—Come then, I'll tell you what, I'll box with you every day, if you please, and when you have conquered *me*, you shall have my fag all to yourself, if you please—but till then, you shall have nothing to do with him."

"I take you at your word," said

Howard, and a second battle began. As we do not delight in fields of battle, or hope to excel, like Homer, in describing variety of wounds, we shall content ourselves with relating, that after five pitched battles, in which Oliver's champion received bruises of all shapes and sizes, and of every shade of black, blue, green, and yellow, his unconquered spirit still maintained the justice of his cause, and with as firm a voice as at first he challenged his constantly victorious antagonist to a sixth combat.

"I thought you had learned by this time," said the successful pugilist, "that Augustus Holloway is not to be conquered by one of *woman bred*." To this taunt Howard made no reply; but whether it urged him to superior exertion, or whether the dear-bought experience of the five preceding days had taught him all the caution that experience only can teach, we cannot determine; but to the surprise of all the spectators, and to the lively joy of Oliver, the redoubted Holloway was brought, after an obstinate struggle, fairly to the ground. Every body sympathized with the generous victor, who immediately assisted his fallen adversary to rise, and offered his hand in token of reconciliation. Augustus Holloway, stunned

by his fall, and more by his defeat, returned from the field of battle, as fast as the crowd would let him, who stopped him continually with their impertinent astonishment and curiosity: for, though the boasted unconquerable hero had pretty evidently received a black eye, not one person would believe it without looking close in his face; and many would not trust the information of their own senses, but pressed to hear the news confirmed by the reluctant lips of the unfortunate Augustus. In the mean time, little Oliver, a fag no longer, exulting in his liberty, clapped his joyful hands, sang and capered round his deliverer.—"And now," said he, fixing his grateful, affectionate eyes upon Howard, "you will suffer no more for me, and if you'll let me, I'll be your fag. Do, will you? pray let me! I'll run of your errands before you can say one, two, three, and away; only whistle for me," said he whistling, "and I'll hear you, wherever I am. If you only hold up your finger, when you want me, I'm sure I shall see it; and I'll always set up your nine-pins, and fly for your ball, let me be doing what I will. May I be your fag?"

"Be my *friend*," said Howard, taking Oliver in his arms, with emotion which prevented him from articulating any other

words. The word friend went to the little Creole's heart, and he clung to Howard in silence. To complete his happiness, little Oliver this day obtained permission to board at Mrs. Howard's, so that he was now constantly to be with his protector. —Howard's friendship was not merely the sudden enthusiasm of a moment; it was the steady persevering choice of a manly mind, not the caprice of a school-boy. Regularly, every evening, Oliver brought his books to his friend, who never was too busy to attend to him. Oliver was delighted, to find that he understood Howard's manner of explaining himself: his own opinion of himself rose with the opinion, which he saw his instructor had of his abilities. He was convinced, that he was not doomed to be a dunce for life; his ambition was rekindled; his industry was encouraged by hope, and rewarded by success. He no longer expected daily punishment, and that worst of all punishments, disgrace. His heart was light, his spirits rose, his countenance brightened with intelligence, and resumed its natural vivacity: to his masters and his companions he appeared a new creature. "What has inspired you?" said one of his masters to him one day, surprised at the rapid development of his understanding:—what has inspired you?"

"My good genius," said the little boy, pointing to Howard.

Howard had some merit in giving up a good deal of his time to Oliver, because he knew the value of time, and he had not quite so much as he wished for himself. The day was always too short for him; every moment was employed; his active mind went from one thing to another, as if it did not know the possibility of idleness, and as if he had no idea of any recreation, but in a change of employment. Not that he was always poring over books, but his mind was active, let him be about what he would; and, as his exertions were always voluntary, there was not that opposition in his mind, between the ideas of play and work, which exists so strongly in the minds of those school-boys, who are driven to their tasks by fear, and who escape from them to that delicious exercise of their free will, which they call play.

"Constraint, the sweetest liberty,"

often gives a false value to its charms, or rather a false idea to its nature.—Idleness, ennui, noise, mischief, riot, and a nameless train of mistaken notions of pleasure, are often classed, in a young man's mind, under the general head of *liberty*.

Mr. Augustus Holloway, who was necessarily recalled to our recollection, when we want to personify an ill-educated young man, was, in the strictest sense of the word, a school-boy—a clever school-boy—a good scholar—a good historian—he wrote a good hand—read with fluency—declaimed at a public exhibition of Westminster orators with no bad grace and emphasis, and had always extempore words, if not extempore sense, at command. But still he was but a school-boy. His father thought him a man, and more than a man. Alderman Holloway prophesied to his friends, that his son Augustus would be one of the first orators in England. He was in a hurry to have him ready to enter the college, and had a borough secure for him at the proper age. The proper age, he regretted, that parliament had fixed to twenty-one; for the alderman was impatient to introduce his young statesman to the house, especially as he saw honours, perhaps a title, in the distant perspective of his son's advancement.

Whilst this vision occupied the father's imagination, a vision of another sort played upon the juvenile fancy of his son: a vision—of a gig; for, though Augustus was but a school-boy, he had very manly ideas—if those ideas be manly, which most

young men have.—Lord Rawson, the son of the earl of Marryborough, had lately appeared to Augustus in a gig. The young Lord Rawson had lately been a school-boy at Westminster like Augustus: he was now master of himself and three horses at college. Alderman Holloway had lent the earl of Marryborough certain monies, the interest of which the earl scrupulously paid in civility. The alderman valued himself upon being a shrewd man; he looked to one of the earl's boroughs as a security for his principal, and, from long-sighted political motives, encouraged an intimacy between the young nobleman and his son. It was one of those useful friendships, one of those fortunate connexions, which some parents consider as the peculiar advantage of a public school. Lord Rawson's example already powerfully operated upon his young friend's mind, and this intimacy was most likely to have a decisive influence upon the future destiny of Augustus. Augustus was the son of an alderman—Lord Rawson was two years older than Holloway—had left school—had been at college—had driven both a curricle and a barouche, and who had gone through all the gradations of coachmanship—was a man, and had *seen the world.* How many things to excite the ambition of a school-boy!—Au-

gustus was impatient for the moment when he might "be what he admired." The drudgery of Westminster, the confinement, the ignominious appellation of *a boy*, were all insupportable to this *young man*. He had obtained from his father a promise, that he should leave school in a few months; but these months appeared to him an age. It was rather a misfortune to Holloway, that he was so far advanced in his Latin and Greek studies, for he had the less to do at school; his school business quickly dispatched, his time hung upon his hands. He never thought of literature, as an amusement for his leisure hours; he had no idea of improving himself further in general science and knowledge. He was told, that his education was *nearly* at an end; he believed it was *quite* finished, and he was glad of it, and glad it was so well over. In the idle time, that hung upon his hands during his intermediate state at Westminster, he heartily regretted, that he could not commence his manly career by learning to *drive*—to drive a curricle. Lord Rawson had carried him down to the country, the last summer vacation, in his *dog cart* driven *random-tandem*. The reins had touched his fingers. The whip had been committed to his hand, and he longed for a repetition of these pleasures. From the

windows of the house in Westminster, where he boarded, Holloway at every idle moment lolled, to enjoy a view of every carriage, and of every coachman that passed.

Mr. Supine, Mr. Holloway's tutor, used, at these leisure moments, to employ himself with practising upon the german flute, and was not sorry to be relieved from his pupil's conversation. Sometimes it was provoking to the amateur in music, to be interrupted by the exclamations of his pupil; but he kept his eyes steadily upon his music book, and contented himself with recommencing a difficult passage, when Mr. Holloway's raptures about horses, and coachmanship, and driving well in hand, offended his musical ear. Mr. Supine was, both from nature and fashion, indolent; the trouble of reproving, or of guiding his pupil, was too much for him; besides, he was sensible, that the task of watching, contradicting, and thwarting a young gentleman, at Mr. Holloway's time of life, would have been productive of the most disagreeable scenes of altercation, and could possibly have no effect upon the gentleman's character, which, he presumed, was perfectly well formed at this time. Mr. and Mrs. Holloway were well satisfied with his improvements. Mr. Supine was on the best terms imaginable with the whole family,

and thought it his business to keep himself *well* with his pupil; especially as he had some secret hope, that, though Mr. Holloway's interest with Lord Rawson, and through Lord Rawson's influence with a young nobleman, who was just going abroad, he might be invited as a travelling companion in a tour upon the continent. His taste for music and painting had almost raised him to the rank of a connoisseur: an amateur he modestly professed himself, and he was frequently stretched in elegant ease, upon a sofa, already in reverie in Italy, whilst his pupil was conversing out of the window, in no very elegant dialect, with the driver of a stage-coach in the neighbourhood. Young Holloway was almost as familiar with this coachman, as with his father's groom, who, during his visits at home, supplied the place of Mr. Supine, in advancing his education. The stage coachman so effectually wrought upon the ambition of Augustus, that his desire to learn *to drive* became uncontrollable. The coachman, partly by entreaties, and partly by the mute eloquence of a crown, was prevailed upon to promise, that, if Holloway could manage it without his tutor's knowledge, he should ascend to the honours of the box, and at least have the satisfaction of *seeing some good driving*.

Mr. Supine was soon invited to a private concert, at which Mrs. Holloway was ex-

pected, and at which her daughter, Miss Angelina Holloway was engaged to perform. Mr. Supine's judicious applause of this young lady's execution was one of his greatest recommendations to the whole family, at least to the female part of it: he could not, therefore, decline an invitation to this concert. Holloway complained of a sore throat, and desired to be excused from accompanying his tutor, adding, with his usual politeness, that, "music was the greatest bore in nature, and especially Angelina's music." For the night of the concert Holloway had arranged his plan with the stage coachman. Mr. Supine dressed, and then practised upon the german flute, till towards nine o'clock in the evening. Holloway heard the stage-coach rattling through the street, whilst his tutor was yet in the middle of a long concerto; the coachman was to stop at a public house, about ten doors off, to take up parcels and passengers, and there he was to wait for Holloway; but he had given him notice, that he could not wait many minutes.

"You may practise the rest, without book, in the chair, as you are going to —— street, *quite at your ease*, Mr. Supine," said Holloway to his tutor.

"Faith, so I can, and I'll adopt your idea, for it's quite a novel thing, and may take, if the fellows will only carry one

steady. Good night, I'll mention your sore throat *properly* to Mrs. Holloway."

No sooner were the tutor and his german flute safely raised upon the chairman's shoulders, than his pupil recovered from his sore throat, ran down to the place where the stage was waiting, seized the stage coachman's down-stretched hand, sprang up, and seated himself triumphant upon the coach box.

"Never saw a cleverer fellow," said the coachman; "now we are off."

"Give me the reins then?" said Holloway.

"Not till we are out o'town," said the coachman: "when we get off the stones, we'll see a little of your driving."

When they got on the turnpike road, Holloway impatiently seized the reins, and was as much gratified by this coachman's praises of his driving, as ever he had been by the applauses he had received for his Latin verses. A taste for vulgar praise is the most dangerous taste a young man can have; it not only leads him into vulgar company, but it puts him entirely in the power of his companions, whoever they may happen to be. Augustus Holloway, seated beside a coachman, became, to all intents and purposes, a coachman himself; he caught, and gloried in catching, all his companion's slang, and with his lan-

guage, caught all his ideas. The coachman talked with rapture of some young gentleman's horses, whom he had lately seen; and said, that if he was a gentleman, there was nothing he should pride himself so much upon as his horses. Holloway, as he was a gentleman, determined to have the finest horses that could be had for money, as soon as he should become his own master.

"And then," continued the coachman, "if I was a gentleman born, I'd never be shabby in the matters of wages and perquisites to them, that be to look after my horses, seeing that horses can't be properly looked after for nothing."

"Certainly not," agreed the young gentleman:—"my friend, Lord Rawson, I know, has a prodigious smart groom, and so will I, all in good time."

"To be sure," said the coachman, "but it was not in regard to grooms I was meaning, so much as in regard to a coachman, which, I take it, is one of the first persons to be considered in a really grand family, seeing how great a trust is placed in him; (mind, sir, if you please, the turn at the corner, it's rather sharp) seeing how great a trust is placed in him, as I was observing, a good coachman's worth his weight in gold.

Holloway had not leisure to weigh the

solidity of this observation, for the conversation was now interrupted by the sound of a postchaise, which drove rapidly by.

"The job and four!" exclaimed the coachman, with as many oaths "*as the occasion required.*"

"Why did you let it pass us?" And with enthusiasm, which forgot all ceremony, he snatched the whip from his young companion, and, seizing the reins, drove at a furious rate. One of the chaise postillions luckily dropped his whip; they passed the job and four, and the coachman, having redeemed his honour, resigned once more the reins to Holloway, upon his promising not to let the job and four get a head of them. The postillions of the job and four were not without ambition; the men called to each other, and to their horses; the horses caught some portion of their masters' spirit, and began to gain upon the coach. The passengers in the coach put out their heads, and female voices screamed in vain. All their terrors increased the sport; till at length, at a narrow part of the road, the rival coachman and postillions hazarded every thing for precedency. Holloway was desperate in proportion to his ignorance; the coachman attempted to snatch the reins, but missing

his grasp, he shortened those of the off-hand horse, and drew them the wrong way; the coach ran upon a bank, and was overturned. Holloway was dismayed and silent; the coachman poured forth a torrent of abuse, sparing neither friend nor foe; the complaints of the female passengers were so incoherent, and their fears operated so much upon their imagination, that, in the first moments of confusion, each asserted, that she had broken either an arm or a leg, or fractured her skull.

The moon, which had shone bright in the beginning of the evening, was now under a cloud, and the darkness increased the impatience of the various complainers; at length, a lantern was brought from the turnpike house, which was near the spot where the accident happened. As soon as the light came, the ladies looked at each other, and after they had satisfied themselves, that no material injury had been done to their clothes, and that their faces were in no way disfigured, they began to recover from their terrors, and were brought to allow, that all their limbs were in good preservation, and that they had been too hasty in declaring, that their skulls were fractured. Holloway laughed loudly at all this, and joined in all the wit of the coachman upon

the occasion. The coach was lifted up, the passengers got in, the coachman and Holloway mounted the box, when just as they were setting off, the coachman heard a voice crying to him to stop. He listened, and the voice, which seemed to be that of a person in great pain, again called for assistance.

"It's the mulatto woman," said the coachman; "we forgot her in the bustle. Lend me hold of the lantern, and stand at the horses' heads, whilst I see after her," added the coachman, addressing himself to the man, who had come from the turnpike house.

"I shan't stir for a *mulatto*, I promise you," said Holloway, brutally; "she was on the top of the coach; wasn't she? She must have had a fine hoise!"

The poor woman was found to be much hurt; she had been thrown from the top of the coach into a ditch, which had stones at the bottom of it. She had not been able to make herself heard by any body, whilst the ladies' loud complaints continued; nor had she been able long to call for any assistance, for she had been stunned by her fall, and had not recovered her senses for many minutes. She was not able to stand, but when the coachman held her up, she put her hand to her head,

and in broken English, said, she felt too ill to travel farther that night.

"You shall have an inside place, if you'll pluck up your heart; and you'll find yourself better with the motion of the coach."

"What, is she hurt?—the mulatto woman—I say, coachy, make haste," cried Holloway, "I want to be off."

"So do I," said the coachman, "but we are not likely to be off yet; here's this here poor woman can't stand, and is all over bruises, and won't get into the inside of the coach, though I offered her a place."

Holloway, who imagined that the sufferings of all, who were not so rich as himself, could be *bought off* for money, pulled out a handful of silver, and leaning from the coach-box, held it towards the fainting woman,—"Here's a shilling for every bruise at least, my good woman:" —but the woman did not hear him, for she was very faint. The coachman was forced to carry her to the turnpike house, where he left her; telling the people of the house, that a return chaise would call for her, in an hour's time, and would carry her either to the next stage, or back to town, whichever she pleased. Holloway's diversion for the rest of the night

was spoiled, not because he had too much sympathy with the poor woman, who was hurt, but because he had been delayed so long by the accident, that he lost the pleasure of driving into the town of *****. He had intended to have gone the whole stage, and to have returned in the job and four. This scheme had been arranged before he set out by his friend the coachman; but the postillions in the job and four, having won the race, and made the best of their way, had now returned, and met the coach about two miles from the turnpike house.

"So," said Holloway, "I must descend, and get home before Mr. Supine wakens from his first sleep."

Holloway called at the turnpike house, to inquire after the mulatto; or rather one of the postillions stopped, as he had been desired by the coachman, to take her up to town, if she was able to go that night.

The postillion, after he had spoken to the woman, came to the chaise door, and told Holloway "that he could hardly understand what she said; she spoke, she talked such outlandish English; and that he could not make out where she wanted to be carried to."

"Ask the name of some of her friends

in town," cried Holloway, "and don't let her keep us here all night."

"She has no friends, as I can find," replied the postillion, "nor acquaintance neither."

"Well, who does she belong to then?

"She belongs to nobody, she's quite a stranger in these parts, and doesn't know no more than a child where to go to in all London; she only knows the Christian name of an old gardener, where she lodged," she says.

"What would she have us do with her then?" said Holloway. "Drive on, for I shall be late."

The postillion, more humane than Holloway, exclaimed, "No, master, no!—it's a sin to leave her upon the road this ways, though she's no Christian, as we are; poor copper-coloured soul! I was once a stranger myself in *Lon'on*, without a sixpence to bless myself, so I know what it is, master."

The good natured postillion returned to the mulatto woman. "Mistress," said he, "I'd fain see ye safe home, if you could but think of the t'other name of that gardener, that you mentioned lodging with, because there be so many Pauls in London town, that I should never find your Paul, as you don't know neither the name of his street,—but I'll

tell ye now all the streets I'm acqua
with, and that's a many; do you sto
mistress, when I come to the righ
you're sadly bruised, and I won't
left this ways on the road."

He then named several stree
mulatto woman stopped him at on
which she recollected to be the
the street in which the garden
The woman at the turnpike
soon as she heard the street, in
lived, named, said she knew th
er; that he had a large garde
mile off, and that he came fr
early almost every morning wi
for garden-stuff for the mark
vised the mulatto woman to
she was that night, and to
the gardener to come on to
house for her, in the morni
tillion promised to go to
"by the first break of da
raised her head to bless h
patient Holloway loudly calle
return to his horses, sweari
would not give him one farth
self, if he did not.

The anxiety, which Holl
escape detection, kept him
Holloway never measured
his pleasures and his pains

r discovered, that, even upon the selfish calculation, he had paid too for the pleasure of sitting upon a -box for one hour.

as two o'clock in the morning, be- e chaise arrived in town, when he down at the house, at which the oach put up, walked home, got in bed-chamber window — his bed- was upon the ground-floor; Mr. as fast asleep, and his pupil tri- n his successful *frolic*.

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olloway, in his dreams, was n, and again overturning , young Howard, in his less , saw Doctor B. the head Westminster school, advancing im, at a public examination, ize medal in his hand, which owar' thought, as he looked rst into the face of his aunt, on him; then into a striking his tutor, Mr. Russell, who upon him; and then changed d of little Oliver, whose eyes arkle with joy. Just at the

instant Howard awoke, and opening his eyes, saw Oliver's face close to him, laughing heartily.

"Why," exclaimed Oliver, "you seized my head with both your hands, when I came to waken you, what could you be dreaming of, Charles?"

"I dreamed, I took you for a medal, and I was right glad to have hold of you," said Howard, laughing; "but I shall not get my medal by dreaming about it. What o'clock is it? I shall be ready in half a second."

"Ay," said Oliver, "I won't tell you what o'clock it is, till you're dressed; make haste, I've been up this half hour, and I've got every thing ready, and I've carried the little table, and all your books, and the pen and ink, and all the things, out to our seat, and the sun shines upon it, and every thing looks cheerful, and you'll have a full hour to work, for it's only half after five."

At the back of Mrs. Howard's house there was a little garden; at the end of the garden was a sort of root-house, which Oliver had cleaned out, and which he dignified by the title of *the Seat*. There were some pots of geraniums and myrtles kept in it, with Mrs. Howard's permission, by a gardener, who lived next door to her, and who frequently

came to work in her garden. Oliver watered the geraniums, and picked off the dead leaves, whilst Howard was writing at the little table, which had been prepared for him. Howard had at this time two grand works in hand, on which he was enthusiastically intent; he was translating the little French book, which the traveller had given to him; and he was writing *an essay for a prize.* The young gentlemen at Westminster were engaged in writing essays for a periodical paper, and Doctor B. had promised to give a prize medal as the reward for that essay, which he, and a jury of critics, to be chosen from among the boys themselves, should pronounce to be the best composition.

"I won't talk to you, I won't interrupt you," said Oliver to Howard, "but only answer me one question: what is your essay to be about?"

Howard put his finger upon his lips, and shook his head.

"I assure you, I did not look, though I longed to peep at it this morning, before you were up. Pray, Charles, do you think *I* shall ever be able to write essays?"

"To be sure," said Howard, "why not?"

"Ah," said Oliver, with a sigh, "because I've no genius, you know."

"But," said Howard, "have not you found out, that you could do a great many things, that you thought you could not do?"

"Ay, thank you for that: but then you know, those things are the sort of things, which can be done without genius."

"And what *are* the things," replied Howard, "which cannot be done without genius?"

"O, a great, *great* many, I believe," said Oliver; "you know Holloway said so."

"But we are not forced to believe it, because Holloway said so, are we? Besides, a *great many things* may mean any thing, buckling your shoes, or putting on your hat, for instance."

Oliver laughed at this, and said, "these, to be sure, are not the sort of things, that can't be done without genius."

"What are the sort of things?" repeated Howard. "Let us, now I've the pen in my hand, make a list of them."

"Take a longer bit of paper."

"No, no, the list will not be so very long, as you think it will. What shall I put first—make haste, for I'm in a hurry?"

"Well — writing, then — writing, I'm sure, requires genius."

"Why?"

"Because I never could write, and I've often tried, and tried to write something, but I never could; because I've no genius for it."

"What did you try to write?" said Howard.

"Why, letters," said Oliver; "my uncle, and my aunt, and my two cousins, desired I would write to them regularly once a fortnight, but I never can make out a letter, and I am always sorry when letter-writing day comes; and if I sit thinking, and thinking, for ever so long I can find nothing to say. I used always to beg *a beginning* from somebody; but then, when I've got over the beginning, that's only three or four lines, and if I stretch it out ever so much, it won't make a whole letter, and what can I put in the middle? There's nothing but that *I am well, and hope they are all well;* or else, *that I am learning Latin, as you desired, dear uncle, and am forward in my English.*"

"The end I can manage well enough, because there's duty and loves to send to every body; and about *the post is just going out, and believe me to be, in haste, your dutiful and affectionate nephew.* But then," continued little Oliver, "this is all nonsense, I know, and I'm ashamed to

write such bad letters: now your pen goes on scratch, scratch, scratch, the moment you sit down to it, and you can write three pages of a nice, long, good letter, whilst I am writing '*My dear uncle John*,' and that's what I call having a genius for writing. I wonder how you came by it; could you write good letters when you were of my age?"

"I never wrote any letters at your age," said Howard.

"O how happy you must have been! But then if you never learned, how comes it that you can write them now? How can you always find something to say?"

"I never write, but when I have something to say, and you know, when you had something to say last post about Easter holidays, your pen, Oliver, went scratch, scratch, scratch, as fast as any body's."

"So it did," cried Oliver, "but, then, the thing is, I'm forced to write, when I've nothing about the holidays to say."

"Forced?"

"Yes, because I'm afraid my uncle and cousins should be angry if I didn't write."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," said Howard, "to my dear aunt, who never forced me to write; she always said, 'never write, Charles, but when you like

it: and I never did. When I had any thing to say, that is, any thing to describe, or any reasons to give, upon any subject, or any questions to ask, which I very much wished to have answered, then, you know, I could easily write, because I had nothing to do, but to write down just the words, which I should have said, if I had been speaking."

"But I thought writing was quite a different thing from speaking, because, in writing, there must be sentences, and long sentences, and fine sentences, such as there are in books."

"In *some* books," said Howard, "but not in all."

"Besides," continued Oliver, "one person's speaking is quite different from another person's speaking. Now I believe, I make use of a great number of odd words, and vulgar expressions, and bad English, which I learned from being with the servants, I believe, at home. You have never talked to servants, Charles, I dare say, for you have not one of their words."

"No," said Charles, "never, and my aunt took a great deal of pains, to prevent me from hearing any of their conversation; therefore, it was impossible that I should catch——"

Here the conversation was interrupted

by the appearance of old Paul, the gardener.

"So, Paul," cried little Oliver, "I've been doing your work for you, this morning; I've watered all the geraniums, and put the Indian corn in the sun; what kept you so late in your bed, this fine morning, Paul? fie, Paul!"

"You would not say fie, master," replied Paul, "if you knew how early I had been out of my bed this morning; I was abroad afore sun-rise, so I was, master."

"And why didn't you come to work then, Paul? You shall not have the watering-pot till you tell me: don't look so grave about it, you know you must smile when I please, Paul."

"I can't smile just now, master," said old Paul; "but he smiled, and then told Oliver, that the reason he could not smile was, that he was a little sick at heart, with just coming from the sight of a poor soul, who had been sadly bruised by a fall from the top of the stage, which was overturned last night. She was left all night at the *pike*, and as she had no other friends, she sent for me by a return chay-boy, and I went for her, and brought her home in my covered cart, to my good woman, which she liked, with good reason, better, ten to one, than the stage.

And she's terribly black and blue, and does not seem quite right in her head, to my fancy."

"I wish we could do something for her," said Howard. As soon as Mr. Russell is up, I'll ask him to go with us to see her. We will call, as we go by to school this morning.

"But, master," said the gardener, "I should warn ye before-hand, that may-hap you mayn't pity her so much, for she's rather past her best days; and bad must have been her best, for she's swarthy, and not like one of this country; she comes from over the seas, and they call her a—a—not quite a negro."

"A mulatto! — I like her the better," cried Oliver, "for my nurse was a mulatto. I'll go and waken Mr. Russell this instant, for I'm sure he'll not be angry." He ran away to Mr. Russell, who was not angry at being wakened, but dressed himself *almost* as expeditiously as Oliver wished, and set out immediately with his pupils, delighted to be the companion of their benevolent schemes, instead of being the object of their fear and hatred. Tutors may inspire affection, even though they have the misfortune to be obliged to teach Greek and Latin*.

* Vide Dr. Johnson's assertion to the contrary, in Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes.

When the boys arrived at the gardener's, they found the poor mulatto woman lying upon a bed, in a small close room, which was so full of smoke, when they came in, that they could hardly breathe; the little window, that let in but a glimmering light, could not, without difficulty, be opened. The poor woman made but few complaints; she appeared to be most concerned at the thoughts of being a burden to the good old gardener and his wife. She said, that she had been long in England, that she came to London in hopes of finding a family that had been very kind to her in her youth, but that after inquiry at the house where they formerly lived, she could hear nothing of them. After a great deal of trouble, she discovered, that a Welch gentleman, who had known her family, was now at Bath; but she had not the last farthing of her money, and she was, therefore, unable to undertake the journey. She had brought over with her, she said, some foreign seeds of flowers, which her young mistress used to be fond of when she was a child, which she had kept till hunger obliged her to offer them to a gardener for a loaf of bread. The gardener, to whom she offered them, was old Paul, who took compassion upon her

distress, lodged her for a week, and, at last, paid for an outside place for her upon the Bath coach. There was such an air of truth and simplicity in this woman, that Mr. Russell, more experienced than his pupils, believed her story, at once, as implicitly as they did. "O," exclaimed little Oliver, "I have but this half crown for her; I wish Holloway had ut paid me my half guinea; I'll ask him r it again to day; and will you come h us here again, this evening, Mr. ell, that I may bring it then?"

r. Russell and Howard hired the for a fortnight, in which the mu- woman was now lying; and paid l, the gardener, for it; promising, me time, to supply her with food. dener's wife, at the poor woman's equest, promised, that as soon s able to sit up, she would get her s coarse plain work to do.

"But," said Oliver, "how can she see to work in this smoke? I'm sure it makes my eyes water so, that I can hardly bear it, though I have been in it scarcely ten minutes."

"I wish," exclaimed Howard, turning to Mr. Russell, "that this chimney could be cured of smoking."

"O, welladay," said the gardener,

we must put up with it as it is, for, I've had doctors to it, at one time or another, that have cost me a power of money; but, after all, it's as bad as ever, and my good dame never lights a fire in it this fine spring weather; howsomever she," pointing to the mulatto woman, "is so chilly, coming from a country, that, by all accounts, is a hot-house, compared with ours, that she can't sleep o'nights, or live o'days, without a small matter of fire, which she's welcome to; though you see it almost fills the house with smoke."

Howard, during the gardener's speech, had been trying to recollect, where it was, that he had lately seen some essay upon smoky chimnies, and he suddenly exclaimed, "It was in Dr. Franklin's works; was it not, Mr. Russell?"

"What?" said Mr. Russell, smiling.

"That essay, upon smoky chimnies, which I said I would skip over, the other day, because I had nothing to do with it; and I thought I should not understand. Don't you remember telling me, sir, that I had better not skip it, because it might, some time or other, be useful to me? I wish I could get the book now? I would take pains to understand it, because, perhaps, I might find out how this poor man's chimney might be cured of smok-

ing; as for his window, I know how that can be easily mended, because I once watched a man, who was hanging some windows for my aunt, I'll get some sash line."

"Do you recollect what o'clock it is, my good friend?" said Mr. Russell, holding up his watch to Howard. "We cannot wait till you are perfect master of the theory of smoky chimnies, and the practice of hanging windows; it is time that we should be gone." Mr. Russell spoke this with an air of raillery, as he usually did, when he was particularly pleased.

As they were going away, Oliver eagerly repeated his request, that Mr. Russell would come again in the evening, that he might have an opportunity of giving the poor woman his half guinea. Mr. Russell promised him, that he would; but he at the same time added, "All charity, my dear Oliver, does not consist in giving money; it is easy for a man to put his hand in his pocket and take out a few shillings, to give to any person in distress."

"I wish," said Oliver, "I was able to do more! what can I do? I'll think of something. Howard, will you think of something that I can do? But I must see about my Latin lesson first, for I had not

time to look it over this morning, before I came out."

When they got back, the business of the day, for some hours, suspended all thought of the mulatto woman; but in the first interval of leisure, Oliver went in search of Mr. Holloway, to ask for his half guinea. Holloway had a crowd of his companions round him, whom he seemed to be entertaining with some very diverting story, for they were laughing violently, when little Oliver first came up to them; but they no sooner perceived him, than all their merriment suddenly ceased. Holloway first lowered his voice into a whisper, and then observing, that Oliver still stood his ground, he asked him, in his usual peremptory tone, what might be his business? Oliver drew him aside, and asked him to pay him *the* half guinea. "*The* half guinea?" repeated Holloway: "man, you talk of *the* half guinea, as if there was but one half guinea in the world; you shall have *the* half guinea, for I hate to be dunned—stay, I believe I have not *half* a guinea about me; you can't give me two half guineas for a guinea, can ye?"

"Me!"

"Well, then, you must wait till I can get change."

"Must I wait? but I really want it for a particular reason, this evening; I wish you could give it me now, you know you promised; but I don't like putting people in mind of their promises, and I would not ask you about the money, only that I really want it."

"Want it, nonsense; what can you want money for, such a little chap as you? I'll lay you any wager, your *particular reason*, if the truth was told, is, that you can't resist the tart-woman."

"I *can* resist the tart-woman," cried Oliver proudly; "I have a much better use for my money; but I don't want to boast neither; only, Holloway, do give me the half guinea; shall I run and ask somebody to give you two half guineas for a guinea?"

"No, no, I'll not be dunned into paying you. If you had not asked me for it, I should have given it to you to night; but since you could not trust to my honour; you'll please to wait till to morrow morning."

"But I did trust to your honour for a whole month."

"A month; a great while, indeed; then trust to it a day longer, and if you ask me for the money to morrow, you sha'n't have it till the next day; I'll teach

you not to be such a little dun; nobody, that has any spirit, can bear to be dunned, particularly for such small sums. I thought you had been above such meanness, or I promise you, I should never have borrowed your half guinea," added Holloway; and he left his unfortunate creditor, to reflect upon the new ideas of *meanness* and *spirit*, which had been thus artfully thrown out.

Oliver was roused from his reflections by his friend Howard; "Mr. Russell is ready to go with us to the gardener's again," said Howard, "have you a mind to come?"

"A great mind; but I am ashamed, for I've not got my half guinea, which I lent." Here his newly acquired fear of meanness checked Oliver, and, without complaining of his creditor's want of punctuality, he added—"but I should like to see the poor woman, though, for all that."

"They set out, but stopped in their way at a bookseller's, where Howard inquired for that essay of Dr. Franklin's on smoky chimnies, which he was impatient to see. This bookseller was well acquainted with Mr. Russell; Howard had promised to give the bookseller the translation of the little French book, which we formerly mentioned; and the book-

seller, on his part, was very obliging in furnishing Howard with any books he wanted.

Howard was deep in the essay on smoky chimnies, and examining the references in the print belonging to it, whilst Mr. Russell was looking over the prints in the Encyclopedia, with little Oliver. They were all so intent upon what they were about, that they did not perceive the entrance of Holloway and Mr. Supine. Mr. Supine called in, merely to see what Mr. Russell could be looking at, with so much appearance of interest. The indolent are always curious, though they will not always exert themselves, even to gratify their curiosity.

"Only the Encyclopedia prints," said Supine, looking over Mr. Russell's shoulder; "I thought you had got something new!"

"Only smoky chimnies," exclaimed Holloway, looking over Howard's shoulders; "what upon earth, Howard, can you find so entertaining in smoky chimnies? Are you turned chimney doctor, or chimney sweeper? This will be an excellent thing for Lord Rawson, won't it, Mr. Supine? We'll tell it to him on Thursday; it will be a good joke for us, for half the day.—Pray, Doctor Charles

Howard," continued the wit, with mock solemnity, " do you go up the chimnies yourself!"

Howard took this raillery with so much good humour, that Holloway looked quite disappointed, and Mr. Supine, in a careless tone, cried, " I take it reading such things as these will scarcely improve your style, sir; will they, think ye, Mr. Russell?"

" I am not sure," replied Mr. Russell, " that Mr. Howard's *first* object, in reading, is to improve his style; but," added he, turning to the title page, and pointing to Franklin's name, " you, perhaps, did not know——"

" O, Dr. Franklin's works," interrupted Supine, " I did not see the name before; to be sure I must bow down to *that*."

Having thus easily satisfied Mr. Supine's critical scruples by the authority of a name, Mr. Russell rose to depart, as he perceived that there was no chance of getting rid of the idlers.

" What are you going to do with yourself, Russell?" said Mr. Supine; " we'll walk with you, if you are for walking, this fine evening; only don't let's walk like penny post-men."

" But he's in a hurry," said Oliver, " he's going to see a poor woman."

"A *poor* woman!" said Supine, "down this close lane too."

"O, let's see all that's to be seen," whispered Holloway, "ten to one we shall get some diversion out of it; Russell's a quiz worth studying, and Howard's his ditto."

They came to the gardener's house. Holloway's high spirits suddenly subsided, when he beheld the figure of the mulatto woman.

"What's the matter," said Oliver, observing that he started; "why did you start so?"

"Tell Howard I want to speak one word with him, this instant, in the street; bid him come out to me," whispered Holloway; and he hastily retreated, before the poor woman saw his face.

"Howard," cried Holloway, "I sent for you, to tell you a great secret."

"I'm sorry for it," said Charles, "for I hate secrets."

"But you can keep a secret, man, can't you?"

"If it was necessary, I hope, I could; but I'd rather not hear—"

"Pooh, nonsense," interrupted Holloway, "you must hear it; I'll trust to your honour; and, besides, I have not a moment to stand shilly shally; I've got a promise from my father, to let me go

down, this Easter, with Lord Rawson, to Marryborough, in his dog cart, *random-tandem*, you know."

"I did not know it, indeed," said Charles; "but what then?"

"Why then, you see, I must be upon my good behaviour, and you would not do such an ill-natured trick as to betray me."

"Betray you! I don't know what you mean," said Howard, astonished.

Holloway now briefly told him his stage coach adventure, and concluded by saying, he was afraid, that the mulatto woman should recollect either his face or voice, and should *blow him*.

"And what"—said Howard, shocked at the selfishness which Holloway showed—"and what do you want me to do? why do you tell me all this?"

"Because," said Holloway, "I thought, if you heard what the woman said, when she saw me, you would have got it all out of her, to be sure; therefore I thought it best to trust you with my secret, and so put you upon honour with me. All I ask of you, is, to hold your tongue about my—my—my frolic, and just make some excuse for my not going into the room again, where the mulatto woman is: you may tell Supine, if he asks what's be-

come of me, that I'm gone to the music shop, to get some new music for him. That will keep him quiet.—Good bye."

"Stay," cried Howard, "I promise you only not to betray you; I will not make any false excuses."

"You are the greatest quiz, you are the most confounded prig, that ever existed: I tell you, I am going to the music shop:—I trust to your honour.—Lord Rawson, I know, will call me a fool for trusting to the honour of a quiz."

Howard stood for a few instants fixed to the spot, after Holloway left him; the words quiz and prig he had not heard without emotion; but his good sense quickly recovered him, and he dared to abide by his own ideas of honour, even though Lord Rawson might call it the honour of a quiz.

When Howard returned to the room where the mulatto woman lay, he expected to be questioned by Mr. Supine about Holloway's sudden departure; but this gentleman was not in the habit of paying great attention to his pupil's motions. He took it for granted, that Holloway had escaped, because he did not wish to be called upon for a charitable subscription; from the same fear, Mr. Supine affected unusual absence of mind,

whilst Mr. Russell talked to the mulatto woman, and at length, professing himself unable to endure any longer the smell of smoke, he pushed his way into the street. "Mr. Holloway, I suppose," said he, has taken himself home, very wisely, and I shall follow him: we make it a rule, I think, to miss one another; but to keep a young man in leading strings would be a great *bore*—we're upon the best footing in the world together: as to the rest——"

New difficulties awaited Holloway. He got home some time before Mr. Supine, and found his friend, the stage-coachman, waiting for him with a rueful face.

"Master," said he, "here's a sad job: there was a parcel lost last night, in the confusion of the overturn of the coach; and I must make it good, for it's booked, and it's booked to the value of five guineas, for it was a gold muslin gown, that a lady was very particular about—and, master, I won't peach if you'll pay; but as for losing my place, or making up five guineas afore Saturday, it's what I can't take upon me to do."

Holloway was much dismayed at this news; he now began to think he should pay too dear for his frolic. The coach-

man persisted in his demand. Mr. Supine appeared at the corner of the street, and his pupil was forced to get rid immediately of the coachman, by a promise, that the money should be ready on Saturday. When Holloway made this promise, he was not master of two guineas in the world; how to procure the whole sum was now the question. Alderman Holloway, with the hope of exciting in his son's mind a love for literature, made it a practice to reward him with *solid gold*, whenever he brought home any certificate of his scholarship. Holloway had lately received five guineas from his father for an approved copy of Latin verses; and the alderman had promised to give him five guineas more, if he brought home the medal, which was to be the reward for the best essay in the periodical paper, which the Westminster boys were now writing. Holloway, though he could write elegant Latin verses, had not any great facility in English composition; he, consequently, according to the usual practice of little minds, undervalued a talent, which he did not possess. He had ridiculed the scheme of writing an English periodical paper, and had loudly declared, that he did not think it worth his while to write English. His opinion

was, however, somewhat changed, by his father's promised reward; and the stage-coachman's impatience for his money now impelled Holloway to exertion. He began to write his essay late on Friday evening; the medal was to be given on Saturday morning; so that there could not be much time for revisal and corrections. Corrections he affected to disdain, and piqued himself upon the rapidity with which he wrote. "Howard," said he, when they met, to deliver in their compositions, "you have been three weeks writing your essay; I ran mine off in three hours and a quarter."

Mr. Holloway had not considered, that what is written with ease, is not always read with ease. His essay was written with such a careless superfluity of words, and such a lack of ideas appeared in the performance, that the judges unanimously threw it aside, as unworthy of their notice. "Gentlemen," cried Dr. B. coming forward among the anxious crowd of expectants, "which of you owns this motto; it is from Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden."

'Hear it ye Senates, hear this truth sublime;
He, who allows oppression, shares the crime*.'

"It's his!—it's his!—it's his!"—ex-

* Botanic Garden, vol. ii.

claimed little Oliver, clapping his hands; —"it's Howard's, sir."

Dr. B. pleased with this grateful little boy's honest joy, put the medal into his hands, without speaking, and Oliver ran with it to his friend. "Only," said he, "only let me be by, when you show it to your aunt."

How much the pleasure of success is increased by the sympathy of our friends! The triumph of a school-boy over his competitors is sometimes despicable; but Howard's joy was not of this selfish and puerile sort. All the good passions had stimulated him to exertion, and he was rewarded by his own generous feelings. He would not have exchanged the delight, which he saw in his little friend Oliver's face, the approving smile of his aunt, and the proud satisfaction Mr. Russell expressed at the sight of his medal, for all the solid gold, which Alderman Holloway deemed the highest reward of literature.

Alderman Holloway was filled with indignation, when he heard from Mr. Supine, that his son's essay had been rejected with contempt. The young gentleman was also much surprised at the decision of the judges; and his tutor, by way of pleasing his pupil's friends, hesitated not to hint, that there "certainly was

great injustice done to Mr. Augustus Holloway's talents." The subject was canvassed at a turtle dinner, at the alderman's. "There shall not be injustice done to my Augustus," said the irritated father, wisely encouraging his Augustus in all his mean feelings; "never mind 'em all, my boy; you have a father, you may thank Heaven, who *can* judge for himself, and *will*; you shall not be the loser by Doctor B.'s or doctor any body's injustice; I'll make it up to you, my boy; in the mean time join us in a bumper of port. Here's to Doctor B.'s better judgement; wishing him his health and happiness these Easter holidays, and *a new pair of spectacles*,—hey, Mr. Supine!"

This well chosen toast was drunk with much applause and laughter by the company. The alderman insisted upon having his Augustus's essay produced in the evening. Holloway had now ample satisfaction, for the whole company were unanimous in their plaudits, after Mr. Supine had read two or three sentences: the alderman, to confirm his own critical judgement, drew out his purse, and counting out ten bright guineas, presented them, with a look of high self-satisfaction, to his son. "Here, Augustus, my boy," said he, "I promised you five guineas, if you brought me home the

prize medal, but I now present you with ten, to make you the amends you so richly deserve, for not having got their medal. Thank God, I am able to afford it, and I hope," added the alderman, looking round, and laughing—"I hope I'm as good a patron of the *belles lettres* as the head doctor of Westminster himself."

Holloway's eyes sparkled with joy at the sight of the glittering bribe. He began some speech in reply, in which he compared his father to Mecænas, but being entangled in a sentence, in which the nominative case had been too long separated from the verb, he was compelled to pause abruptly.—Nevertheless, the alderman rubbed his hands with exultation; and, "Hear him! hear him!—hear your member!" was vociferated by all the friends of the young orator.—"Well, really," concluded his mother, to the ladies who were complimenting her upon her son's performance, "it was not a bad speech, considering he had nothing to say!"

Lord Rawson, who was one of the company, now congratulated his friend in a whisper—"You've made a good job of it to day, Augustus," said he; "solid pudding's better than empty praise. We're going," continued his lordship, to the alderman, "to try my new horses in my

barouche this evening;" and he pulled Augustus with him out of the room.

"There they go," said the prudent father, delighted with his son's being the chosen friend of a nobleman—"there they go, arm in arm—a couple of rare ones—we shall have fine work with them, I foresee, when Augustus gets to college—but young men of spirit must not be curbed like common boys—we must make allowances—I have been young myself.—Hey, Mr. Supine?"

"Certainly, Sir," said the obsequious tutor; "and you have still all the sprightliness of youth—and my ideas of education square completely with yours."

According to Alderman Holloway's ideas of education, the holidays were always to be made a season of complete idleness and dissipation, to relieve his son from his school studies. It was his great delight, to contrast the pleasures of home with the hardships of school, and to make his son compare the indulgence of a father with the severity of a school-master. How he could expect an education to succeed, which he sedulously endeavoured to counteract, it may be difficult for any rational person to conceive.

After Lord Rawson and Holloway had enjoyed the pleasures of driving a barouche and a dog-cart, *random-tandem*,

and had conversed about dogs and horses, till they had nothing left to say to each other, his lordship proposed stepping into Mr. Carat, the jeweller's shop, to look at some new watches: his Lordship said, he was tired of his own watch, for he had had it six months. Mr. Carat was not in the way, when they first went in. One of the young men, who attended in the shop, said, "that his master was extremely busy, in settling some accounts with a captain of a ship, who was to leave England in a few days."

"Don't tell me of settling accounts," cried Lord Rawson, "I hate the sound of settling accounts; run and tell Mr. Carat that Lord Rawson is here, and must speak to him this instant, for I'm in a desperate hurry."

A quarter of an hour elapsed before the impatient lord could be obeyed; during this time, his lordship and Holloway rummaged over every thing in the shop.—A pretty bauble, to hang to his watch, caught his lordship's fancy. His lordship happened to have no money in his pocket.—"Holloway," said he, "my good fellow, you've ten guineas in your pocket, I know; do lend them here." Holloway, rather proud of his riches, lent his ten guineas to his noble friend with alacrity; but a few minutes afterward re-

collected, that he should want five of them, that very night, to pay the poor stage-coachman. His recollection came too late, for after Lord Rawson had paid three or four guineas for his trinket, he let the remainder of the money down, with an absent nonchalance, into his pocket. "We'll settle—I'll pay you Holloway, to-morrow morning, you know."

Holloway, from false shame, replied, "O, very well." And at this instant Mr. Carat entered the shop, bowing and apologizing to his lordship for having been busy.

"I'm always, to be sure, in a very great hurry," cried Lord Rawson; "I never have a minute, that I can call my own. All I wanted, though, just now, was to tell you, that I could not settle any thing—you understand—till we come back from Marryborough. I go down there to morrow."

The Jew bowed with unlimited acquiescence, assuring his lordship, that he should ever wait his perfect convenience. As he spoke, he glanced an inquiring eye upon Holloway.

"Mr. Holloway, the eldest, the only son of alderman Holloway; rich as a Jew! and he'll soon leave Westminster," whispered Lord Rawson to the Jew. "Holloway," continued he, turning to

his friend, "give me leave to introduce Mr. Carat to you. You may," added his lordship, lowering his voice, "find this Jew a useful friend, sometime or other, my lad. He's my man in all money jobs."

The Jew and the school-boy seemed equally flattered and pleased by this introduction; they were quickly upon familiar terms with one another; and Mr. Carat, who was willing that such an acquaintance should begin in the most advantageous and agreeable manner on his part, took the young gentleman, with an air of mystery and confidence, into a little room behind the shop; there he produced a box full of old fashioned second-hand trinkets, and, without giving Holloway time to examine them, said, that he was going to make a lottery of these things. "If I had any young favourite friends," continued the wily Jew, "I should give them a little whisper in the ear, and bid them try their fortune; they never will have a finer opportunity." He then presented a hand-bill, drawn up in a style, which even Messrs. Goodluck and Co. need not have disdained to admire. The youth was charmed with the composition. The Jew made him a present of a couple of tickets for himself, and gave him a dozen more, to distribute amongst his

companions at Westminster. Holloway readily undertook to distribute the tickets, upon condition, that he might have a list of the prizes in the lottery. "If they don't see a list of the prizes," said he, "not a soul will put in."

The Jew took a pen immediately, and drew up a captivating list of prizes.

Holloway promised to copy it, because Mr. Carat said, his hand must not appear in the business, and it must be conducted with the strictest secrecy, because "the law," added the Jew, "has a little jealousy of these sort of things—government likes none but licensed lotteries, young gentleman."

"The law! I don't care what the law likes," replied the school-boy; "if I break the law, I hope I'm rich enough to pay the forfeit, or my father will pay for me, which is better still."

To this doctrine the Jew readily assented, and they parted, mutually satisfied with each other. It was agreed, that Lord Rawson should drive his friend to Marryborough the next Tuesday, and that he should return on Wednesday, with Holloway, to Westminster, on purpose that he might meet Mr. Carat there, who was then to deliver the prizes.

"I'll lay ye a bet," cried Lord Rawson, as he left the Jew's, that you'll have a

prize yourself. Now are not you obliged to me for introducing you to Carat?"

"Yes, that I am," replied Holloway; "it's easier to put into the lottery, than to write Latin verses, and English essays. I'll puzzle and bore myself no more with those things, I promise my father."

"Who does, after they've once left school, I want to know?" said his noble friend. "I'm sure I've forgot all I ever learned from Latin and Greek fellows; you know they tell just for nothing when one gets into the world. I make it a principle never to talk of books, for nobody does, you know, that has any thing else to talk of. None but quizes and quozes ever came out with any thing of that sort. Now, how they'd stare at Marryborough, Holloway, if you were to begin sporting some of your Horace and Virgil!"

The dashing, yet bashful school-boy, with much emotion, swore that he cared as little for Horace and Virgil as his lordship did. Holloway was really an excellent scholar, but he began to be heartily ashamed of it in his lordship's company, and prudently resolved to adopt the principles he had just heard; to forget, as fast as possible, all he had learned; never to talk of books; and to conceal both his knowledge and his abilities, lest *they should stare at him at Marryborough.*

The lottery tickets were easily disposed of amongst the young gentlemen at Westminster. As young men can seldom calculate, they are always ready to trust to their individual good fortune, and they are, consequently, ever ready to put into any species of lottery.

"Look here!" cried little Oliver, showing a lottery ticket to Howard; "look what Holloway has just offered to give me, instead of half a guinea, which he owes me. I told him I would just run and ask your advice. Shall I accept of it?"

"I would advise you not," answered Howard; "you are sure of your half-guinea, and you have only a chance of getting any thing in the lottery."

"O, but then I've a chance of such a number of fine things! You have not seen the list of prizes. Do you know there's a watch amongst them? Now, suppose my ticket should come up a prize, and that I should get a watch for my half guinea!—a real watch!—a watch that would *go!*—a watch that I should wind up myself every night! O, Charles! would not that be a good bargain for my half guinea? I'm sure you have not read the list of prizes, have you?"

"No; I have not," said Howard; "have you read the list of blanks?"

"Of blanks! No," said Oliver, with a changed countenance; "I never thought of the blanks."

"And yet in most lotteries there are many more blanks than prizes, you know."

"Are there? Well, but I hope I shall not have a blank," said Oliver.

"So every body hopes, but some people must be disappointed."

"Yes, said the little boy, pausing—"but then some people must win, and I have as good a chance as another, have not I?"

"And do you know what the chance against your winning is? Once I had a great mind as you have now, Oliver, to put into a lottery. It was just after my aunt lost all her fortune, and I thought that if I were to get the twenty thousand pound prize, I could give it to her."

"Ah, that is so like you! I'll give my watch (if I get it, I mean) to somebody. I'll give it to the mulatto woman, because she is poor. No; I'll give it to you, because you are the best, and I love you the best, and I am more obliged to you than to any body in the world, for you have taught me more; and you have taught me as I was never taught before, without laughing at, or scolding, or frightening, or calling me blockhead, or dunce; and

you have made me think a great deal better of myself; and I'm always happy when I'm with you; and I'm quite another creature since you came to school. I hope you'll never leave school whilst I am here," cried Oliver.

"But you have quite forgot the lottery," said Howard, smiling, and much touched by his little friend's simplicity and enthusiasm.

"O the lottery! ay," said Oliver, "you were telling me something about yourself, do go on."

"I once thought as you do now, that it would be a charming thing to put into a lottery."

"Well, and did you win?"

"No."

"Did you lose?"

"No."

"How then?"

"I did not put into the lottery, for I was convinced, that it was a foolish way of spending money."

"If you think it's foolish or wrong," said Oliver, "I'll have nothing to do with this lottery."

"I don't want to govern you by my opinion," said Howard; but if you have patience to attend to all the reasons, that convinced me, you will be able to judge, and form an opinion for yourself. You

know, I must leave school some time or other, and then——"

"Well, don't talk of that, but tell me all the reasons, quick."

"I can't tell them so very quickly," said Howard, laughing; "when we go home this evening, I'll ask my aunt to look for the passage in Smith's Wealth of Nations, which she showed me."

"O," interrupted Oliver, with a sigh, "*Smith's Wealth* of what? That's a book, I'm sure, I shall never be able to understand; is it not that great large book, that Mr. Russell reads?"

"Yes."

"But I shall never understand it."

"Because it's a large book?"

"No," said Oliver, smiling, "but because I suppose it's very difficult to understand."

"Not what I have read of it: but I have only read passages here and there. That passage about lotteries, I think, you would understand, because it is so plainly written."

"I'll read it then," said Oliver, "and try; and in the mean time I'll go and tell Holloway, that I had rather not put into the lottery, till I know whether it's right or not."

Holloway flew into a violent passion with little Oliver, when he went to re-

turn his lottery ticket. He abused and ridiculed Howard for his interference, and succeeded so well in raising a popular cry, that the moment Howard appeared on the play-ground, a general hiss, succeeded by a deep groan, was heard. Howard recollected the Oracle's answer to Cicero, and was not dismayed by the voice of the multitude. Holloway threw down half a guinea, to pay Oliver, and muttered to himself, "I'll make you remember this, Mr. Oliver."

"I'll give this half guinea to the mulatto woman, and that's much better than putting it into a lottery, Charles!" said the little boy; and as soon as the business of the day was done, Oliver, Howard, and Mr. Russell, took their usual evening's walk towards the gardener's house.

"Ay, come in!" cried old Paul, "come in! God bless you all! I don't know which is the best of you. I've been looking out of my door this quarter of an hour for ye," said he, as soon as he saw them, "and I don't know when I've been idle a quarter of an hour afore. But I've put on my best coat, though it's not Sunday, and wife has treated *her* to a dish of tea, and she's up and dressed; the mulatto woman, I mean, and quite hearty again. Walk in, walk in; it will do your hearts good to see her; she's so grateful too, though she

can't speak good English, which is her only fault, poor soul; but we can't be born what we like, or she would have have been as good an Englishman as the best of us. Walk in, walk in!—And the chimmey does not smoke master, no more than I do; and the window opens too; and the paper's up and looks beautiful. God bless ye, God bless ye; walk in." Old Paul, whilst he spoke, had stopped the way into the room; but at length he recollected, that they could not *walk in*, whilst he stood in the door-way, and he let them pass.

The little room was no longer the smoky, dismal, miserable place, which it was formerly. It was neatly papered; it was swept clean; there was a cheerful fire, which burned quite clearly; the mulatto woman was cleanly dressed, and, rising from her work, she clasped her hands together with an emotion of joyful gratitude, which said more than any words could have expressed.

This room was not papered, nor was the chimney cured of smoking, nor was the woman clad in new clothes, by magic. It was all done by human means; by the industry and abilities of a benevolent boy.

The translation of the little French book, which Howard had completed,

procured him the means of doing good. The bookseller to whom he offered it, was both an honest man, and a good judge of literary productions. Mr. Russell's name also operated in his pupil's favour, and Howard received ten guineas for his translation.

Oliver was impatient for an opportunity to give his half guinea, which he had held in his hand, till it was quite warm. "Let me look at that pretty thimble of yours," said he, going up to the mulatto woman, who had now taken up her work again; and, as he playfully pulled off the thimble, he slipt his half guinea into her hand; then he stopped her thanks, by running on to a hundred questions about her thimble. "What a strange thimble! How came you by such a thimble? Was it given to you? Did you buy it? What's the use of this screw round the inside of the rim of it? Do look at it, Charles?"

The thimble was, indeed, remarkable; and it seemed extraordinary, that such a one should belong to a poor woman, who had lately been in great distress.

"It is gold," said Mr. Russell, examining it, "and very old gold."

The mulatto woman sighed; and, as she put the thimble upon her finger again, said, that she did not know whether it was gold or not; but she had a great

value for it: that she had had it a great many years; that it had been given to her by the best friend she had ever had.

"Tell me about that best friend," said Oliver; "I like to hear about best friends."

"She was a very good friend indeed; though she was but young, scarcely bigger than yourself, at the time she gave me this thimble: she was my young mistress; I came all the way from Jamaica, on purpose to find her out, and in hopes to live with her in my elder days."

"Jamaica!" cried Howard—"Jamaica!" cried Oliver, in the same breath; "what was her name?"

"Frances Howard," said the woman.

"My aunt!" exclaimed Howard.

"I'll run and tell her; I'll run and bring her here, this instant!" said Oliver. But Mr. Russell caught hold of him, and detained him, whilst they farther questioned the woman. Her answers were perfectly consistent and satisfactory. She said, that her mistress's estate, in Jamaica, had been sold, just before she left the island: that some of the old slaves had been set at liberty, by orders, which came, she understood, in her mistress's last letter; and that, amongst the rest, she had been freed: that she had heard say, that her good mistress had desired the

agent to give her also some little *provision ground* upon the plantation, but that this had never been done; and that she had sold all the clothes and little things she possessed, to raise money to pay for her passage to England, hoping to find her mistress in London. She added, that the agent had given her a direction to her mistress; but that she had, in vain, applied at the house, and at every house in the same street. "Show us the direction, if you have it," said Mr. Russell. The woman said, she had kept it very carefully; but now it was almost worn out. The direction was, however, still legible upon the ragged bit of paper, which she produced—*To Mrs. Frances Howard, Portman-square, London.* The instant Mr. Russell was satisfied, he was as expeditious as Oliver himself; they all three went home immediately to Mrs. Howard: she had, some time before, been confined to her room by a severe tooth-ache. "You promised me, aunt," said her nephew, "that, as soon as you were well enough, you would go to old Paul's with us, to see our poor woman; can you go this evening?"

"O do! do, pray; I'm sure you won't catch cold," said Oliver; "for we have a very particular reason for wishing you to go."

"There is a sedan chair at the door," said Mr. Russell, "if you are afraid, madam, of catching cold."

"I am not rich enough to go out in sedan chairs," interrupted Mrs. Howard; "nor prudent enough, I am afraid, to stay at home."

"O, thank you," said Oliver, who had her clogs ready in his hands; "now you'll see something that will surprise you."

"Then take care you don't tell me what it is, before I see it," said Mrs. Howard.

Oliver, with some difficulty, held his tongue during the walk, and contented himself with working off his *superfluous animation*, by jumping over every obstacle in his way.

The meeting between the poor mulatto woman and her mistress was as full of joy and surprise, as little Oliver had expected; and this is saying a great deal, for where much is expected, there is usually much disappointment; and very sympathetic people are often angry with others, for not being as much astonished, or as much delighted, as they think the occasion requires.

When Mrs. Howard returned home, she found a letter had been left for her, from the Marquis of ———, who was,

at this time, high in power. It is well known, that a watchful eye is kept upon every rising genius, in the great seminaries of public education in England. A young man, at Westminster or Eton, who distinguishes himself for abilities, is not distinguished only by his masters and his companions, but by those who see in him the writer or the orator of a future day. Howard's prize essay appeared as well in print, as it had done in manuscript. The names of the boys, who received public premiums at Westminster, were sent, by particular desire, to the Marquis of ———; and with them Dr. B. sent the little essay, which, he thought, would do Howard credit. He was not mistaken in his judgement. The Marquis of ——, who possessed the "prophetic eye of taste," in his answer to Dr. B.'s note, said many civil things of the performance, and begged to know, if there were any thing in his power, which might be done for the lady, who had so well conducted Mr. C. Howard's education; a lady who, as he understood, had lately met with unmerited misfortunes. His lordship's letter concluded with a hint, that the place of a housekeeper for one of the king's palaces, an eligible situation, was then vacant, and that a handsome salary would be secured, &c.

Howard's joy at the perusal of this letter was heightened by the delight, which he saw painted in his aunt's countenance. She was a woman rather in the habit of repressing her emotions; therefore her sensibility commanded respect, as well as sympathy. "My dear boy! my dear nephew! my dear friend!" said she, "from this moment forward, remember, we are upon equal terms; and I rejoice at it: let me never hear more from you of *obligations* and *gratitude:* you have repaid, amply repaid, me for all."

"No, no; I never can; I never wish," interrupted Howard. But so many ideas, and so many grateful feelings, rushed upon his mind that he could not explain further what he wished, or what he did not wish.

"You can't speak, I perceive," said Mrs. Howard; "but we know, you can write: so sit down and write *your* answer to Lord ——'s letter, and I will write *mine.*"

"Must there be two answers?" said Howard.

"Not if you approve of mine?"

"That I am sure I shall," said Howard.

Mrs. Howard's letter was quickly written. She expressed, with much propriety, her sense of the honour which had been conferred upon her nephew; but she de-

clined, decidedly, the favour intended for herself.

"Why? May I ask why, my dear aunt," said young Howard, "do you send this answer? Is it not right for you to accept, what it is so right in Lord —— to offer? Is it not generous and noble," continued he, with enthusiasm—"is it not generous and noble in those who have wealth and power, to make so good a use of it? I don't mean to call it generous and noble in Lord —— to praise my essay," said Howard, recollecting himself; "but surely what is said of *you*, ma'am, in his letter, is very handsome: and you always told me, that you did not love that kind of pride, which will not receive any obligation."

"Nor do I," answered Mrs. Howard; "nor do I now act from that kind of pride: but you do not know enough of the world, to feel the nature of this obligation; you do not perceive, that you would hereafter be called upon, probably in honour and gratitude, to return this obligation for me."

"I should, I hope, be grateful for it," said Howard; "but how could I return it? I should wish to return it, if I could."

"Perhaps not in the manner it would be expected," replied his aunt. "At all

events, I should think myself unjustifiable, if I were tacitly to pledge you, young as you are, to any party, or to any public leader of a party. Whenever you go into public life, if that should ever be your choice, you will surely wish to have perfect liberty to act, as your unbiassed judgement and integrity shall direct?"

"Certainly," said Howard.

"Then," said his aunt, smiling, "seal my letter, and keep your *unbiassed judgement*. You will understand all this much better some years hence."

The letter was accordingly sealed and sent.

The day, which Mr. Augustus Holloway imagined would bring him such complete felicity,—the day, on which Lord Rawson had promised to call for him in his dog-cart, and to drive him down, *random-tandem*, to Marryborough, was now arrived. His lordship, in his dog-cart was at the door; and Holloway, in high spirits, was just going to get into the carriage, when some one pulled his coat, and begged to speak a few words with him. It was the stage-coachman, who

was absolutely in distress for the value of the lost parcel, which Holloway had promised him should be punctually paid: but Holloway, now that his excursion to to Marryborough was perfectly secure, thought but very slightly of the poor coachman's difficulties; and though he had the money, which he had raised by the lottery tickets, in his pocket, he determined to keep that for his amusements, during the Easter holidays. "You must wait till I come back from Marryborough; I can't possibly speak to you now; I can't possibly, you see, keep Lord Rawson waiting. Why didn't you call sooner? I'm not at all convinced that any parcel was lost."

"I'll show you the books.—It's booked, sir," said the man, eagerly.

"Well, well, this is not a time to talk of booking. I'll be with you in an instant, my lord," cried Holloway to Lord Rawson, who was all impatience *to be off*. But the coachman would not quit his hold. "I'm sorry to come to that, master," said he: "as long as we were both upon honour together, it was very well; but if you break squares with me, being a gentleman, and rich, you can't take it ill, I being a poor man, and my place and all at stake, if I take the shortest way to get

my own; I must go to Doctor B. your master, for justice, if you won't give it me without my peaching," said the coachman.

"I'll see you again to-morrow morning," said Holloway, alarmed; "we come up to town again to-morrow."

"To-morrow won't do," said the coachman; "I shall lose my place and my bread to-day. I know how to trust to young gentlemen's to-morrows."

A volley of oaths from Lord Rawson again summoned his companion. At this instant, Mr. Russell, young Howard, and little Oliver, came up the street, and were passing into Westminster School, when Holloway stopped Howard, who was the last of the party. "For Heaven's sake," said he, in a whisper, "do settle for me with this confounded dun of a coachman! I know you are rich; your bookseller told me so; pay five guineas for me to him, and you shall have them again to-morrow, there's a good fellow. Lord Rawson's waiting; good bye."

"Stay, stay," said Howard, who was not so easily to be drawn into difficulties by a moment's weakness, or by the want of a moment's presence of mind; "I know nothing of this business; I have other uses for my money; I cannot pay five guineas for you, Holloway."

"Then let it alone," cried Holloway, with a brutal execration; and he forcibly broke from the coachman, shook hands with his tutor, Mr. Supine, who was talking to Lord Rawson about the varnish of his gig, jumped into the carriage, and was whirled away from all reflection in a moment, by his noble companion.

The poor coachman entreated Howard to stay one instant, to hear him. He explained the business to him, and reproached himself bitterly for his folly. "I'm sure I thought," said he, "I was sure of a gentleman's honour; and young gentlemen ought to be above not paying handsome for their frolics, if they must have frolics; and a frolic's one thing, and cheating a poor man like me is another; and he had like to have killed a poor mulatto woman, too, by the overturn of the coach, which was all his doings."

"The woman is got very well, and is very well off now," interrupted Howard; "you need say nothing about that."

"Well, but my money, I must say about *that*," said the coachman. Here Howard observed, that Mr. Supine had remained at the door in a lounging attitude, and was quite near enough to overhear their conversation. Howard, therefore, to avoid exciting his attention by any mysterious whispers, walked away

from the coachman; but in vain; he followed: "I'll peach," said he—"I must in my own defence."

"Stay till to-morrow morning," said Howard, "perhaps you'll be paid then."

The coachman, who was a good natured fellow, said, "Well, I don't like making mischief among young gentlemen, I will wait till to-morrow, but not a day more, master, if you'd go down on your knees to me."

Mr. Supine, whose curiosity was fully awake, called to the coachman the moment Howard was out of hearing, and tried by various questions, to draw the secret from him. The words "*overturn of the coach,—mulatto woman,*" and the sentence, which the irritated coachman had pronounced in a raised voice, "*that young gentlemen should be above not paying handsome for their frolics;*" had reached Mr. Supine's attentive ear, before Howard had been aware that the tutor was a listener. Nothing more could Mr. Supine draw, however, from the coachman, who now felt himself *upon honour*, having promised Howard not to *peach* till the next morning. Difficulties stimulated Mr. Supine's curiosity; but he remained, for the present, satisfied in the persuasion, that he had discovered *a fine frolic* of the immaculate Mr. Charles Howard;

his own pupil he did not suspect upon this occasion. Holloway's whisperings with the coachman had ended, the moment Mr. Supine appeared at the door, and the tutor had, in the same moment, been so struck with the beautiful varnish of Lord Rawson's dog-cart, that his pupil might have whispered longer, without rousing his attention. Mr. Supine was farther confirmed in his mistake about Howard, from the recollection of the mulatto woman, whom he had seen at the gardener's; he knew, that she had been hurt by a fall from a stage-coach. He saw Howard much interested about her. All this he joined with what he had just overheard about *a frolic*, and he was rejoiced at the idea of implicating in this business Mr. Russell, whom he disliked.

Mr. Supine, having gotten rid of his pupil, went immediately to Alderman Holloway's, where he had a general invitation to dinner. Mrs. Holloway approved of her son's tutor, full as much for his love of gossiping, as for his musical talents: Mr. Supine constantly supplied her with news and anecdotes; upon the present occasion, he thought that his story, however imperfect, would be eagerly received, because it concerned Howard.

Since the affair of the prize essay, and the medal, Mrs. Holloway had taken a

dislike to young Howard, whom she considered as the enemy of her dear Augustus. No sooner had she heard Mr. Supine's blundering information, than, without any farther examination, she took the whole for granted: eager to repeat the anecdote to Mrs. Howard, she instantly wrote a note to her, saying, that she would drink tea with her that evening. Many apologies were added in the note, for Mrs. Holloway's not having waited upon Mrs. Howard since her return from Margate.

When Mrs. Holloway, attended by Mr. Supine, went, in the evening, to Mrs. Howard's, they found with her Mrs. B. the lady of Dr. B. the master of Westminster School.

"Is not this an odd rencontre?" whispered Mrs. Holloway to Mr. Supine, as she drew him to a recessed window, commodious for gossiping; "I shall be called a tell-tale, I know, at Westminster; but I shall tell our story, notwithstanding. I would keep any other boy's secret; but Howard is such a saint: and I hate saints."

A knock at the door interrupted Mrs. Holloway; she looked out of the window. "O, here he comes, up the steps," continued she, "after his sober evening promenade, and *his* Mr. Russell with—and, I declare the mulatto woman with him. Now for it!"

Howard entered the room, went up to his aunt, and said in a low voice,

"Ma'am, poor Cuba is come; she is rather tired with walking, and she is gone to rest herself in the front parlour."

"Her lameness, though," pursued little Oliver, who followed Howard into the room, "is almost well. I just asked her, how high she thought the coach was, from which she was—"

A look from Howard made Oliver stop short; for though he did not understand the full meaning of it, he saw it was designed to silence him. Howard was afraid of betraying Holloway's secret to Mr. Supine or to Mrs. Holloway; his aunt sent him out of the room with some message to Cuba, which gave Mrs. Holloway an opportunity of opening her business.

"Pray," said she, "might I presume to ask—for I perceive the young gentleman has some secret to keep from me, which he may have good reasons for—may I, just to satisfy my own mind, presume to ask whether, as her name leads one to guess, your Cuba, Mrs. Howard, is a mulatto woman?"

Surprised by the manner of the question, Mrs. Howard coldly replied, "Yes, madam—a mulatto woman."

"And she is lame, I think, sir, you

mentioned?" persisted the curious lady, turning to little Oliver.

"Yes, she's a little lame still; but she will soon be quite well."

"O, then, her lameness *came*, I presume, from an accident, sir, and not from her birth?"

"From an accident, ma'am?"

"O, an accident—a fall—a fall from a coach—from a stage-coach, perhaps," continued Mrs. Holloway, smiling significantly at Mr. Supine: "you take me for a conjurer, young gentleman, I see by your astonishment," continued she to Oliver; "but a little bird told me the whole story; and I see, Mrs. Howard knows how to keep a secret as well as myself."

Mrs. Howard looked for an explanation.

"Nay," said Mrs. Holloway, "you know best, Mrs. Howard: but as we're all *out of school* now, I shall not be afraid to mention such a little affair, even before the doctor's lady; for, to be sure, she would never let it reach the doctor's ears."

"Really, ma'am," said Mrs. Howard, "you puzzle me a little; I wish you would explain yourself; I don't know what it is, that you would not have reach the doctor's ears."

"You don't—well, then, your nephew must have been very clever, to have kept you in the dark; mustn't he, Mr. Supine?"

"I always, you know, thought the young gentleman very *clever*, ma'am," said Mr. Supine, with a malicious emphasis.

Mrs. Howard's colour now rose, and with a mixture of indignation and anxiety, she pressed both Mr. Supine and Mrs. Holloway to be explicit. "I hate mysteries!" said she. Mrs. Holloway still hung back, saying, it was a tender point; and hinting, that it would lessen her esteem and confidence, in one most dear to her, to hear the whole truth.

"Do you mean Howard, ma'am?" exclaimed little Oliver: "O, speak! speak! it's impossible Charles Howard can have done any thing wrong."

"Go for him, my dear," said Mrs. Howard, resuming her composure; "let him be present. I hate mysteries."

"But, my dear Mrs. Howard," whispered Mrs. Holloway, "you don't consider; you'll get your nephew into a shocking scrape; the story will infallibly go from Mrs. B. to Dr. B. You are warm, and don't consider consequences."

"Charles," said Mrs. Howard to her nephew, the moment he appeared, "from

the time you were five years old, till this instant, I have never known you tell a falsehood; I should, therefore, be very absurd, as well as very unjust, if I were to doubt your integrity. Tell me—have you got into any difficulties? I would rather hear of them from yourself, than from any body else. Is there any mystery about overturning a stage-coach, that you know of, and that you have concealed from me?"

"There is a mystery, ma'am, about overturning a stage-coach," replied Howard, in a firm tone of voice; "but, when I assure you, that it is no mystery of mine—nothing in which I have myself any concern, I am sure that you will believe me, my dear aunt; and that you will press me no farther."

"Not a word farther, not a frown farther," said his aunt, with a smile of entire confidence; of entire confidence, in which Mr. Russell joined, but which appeared incomprehensible to Mr. Supine.

"Very satisfactory indeed!" said that gentleman, leaning back in his chair! "I never heard any thing more satisfactory to my mind!"

"Perfectly satisfactory, upon my word!" echoed Mrs. Holloway; but no looks, no inuendoes, could now disturb Mrs. Howard's security, or disconcert

the resolute simplicity, which appeared in her nephew's countenance. Mrs. Holloway, internally devoured by curiosity, was compelled to submit in silence. This restraint soon became so irksome to her, that she shortened her visit as much as she decently could.

In crossing the passage, to go to her carriage, she caught a glimpse of the mulatto woman, who was going into a parlour. Resolute, at all hazards, to satisfy herself, Mrs. Holloway called to the retreating Cuba—began by asking some civil questions about her health; then spoke of the accident she had lately met with; and, in short, by a skilful cross examination, drew her whole story from her. The gratitude, with which the poor woman spoke of Howard's humanity, was by no means pleasing to Mr. Supine.

"Then it was not he who overturned the coach?" said Mrs. Holloway.

The woman eagerly replied, "O, no, madam!" and proceeded to draw, as well as she could, a description of the youth, who had been mounted upon the coach-box: she had seen him only by the light of the moon, and afterwards by the light of a lantern; but she recollected his figure so well, and described him so accurately, that Mr. Supine knew the picture

instantly, and Mrs. Holloway whispered to him, "Can it be Augustus?"

"Mr. Holloway!—Impossible! I suppose—"

But the woman interrupted him, by saying, that she recollected to have heard the young gentleman called by that name by the coachman.

The mother and the tutor were nearly alike confounded by this discovery. Mrs. Holloway got into her carriage, and in their way home Mr. Supine represented, that he should be ruined for ever with the alderman, if this transaction came to his knowledge; that in fact, it was a mere boyish frolic; but that the alderman might not consider it in that light, and would perhaps make Mr. Augustus feel his serious displeasure. The foolish mother, out of mistaken good nature, at length promised to be silent upon the subject. But, before he slept, Alderman Holloway heard the whole story. The footman, who had attended the carriage, was at the door when Mrs. Holloway was speaking to the mulatto woman, and had listened to every word that was said. This footman was in the habit of telling his master, when he attended him at night, all the news which he had been able to collect in the day. Mr. Supine was no favourite of

his; because, whenever the tutor came to the house, he gave a great deal of trouble, being too indolent to do any thing for himself, and yet not sufficiently rich, or sufficiently generous, to pay the usual premiums for the active civility of servants. This footman was not sorry, to have an opportunity of repeating any story, that might injure Mr. Supine with his master. Alderman Holloway heard it under the promise of concealing the name of the person, who had given him the information, and resolved to discover the truth of the affair the next day, when he was to visit his son at Westminster.

But we must now return to Mrs. Howard's. We mentioned, that Mrs. B. spent the evening with her. Dr. B. soon after Mrs. Holloway went away, called to take his lady home: he had been engaged to spend the evening at a card assembly; but as he was a man, who liked agreeable conversation better than cards, he had made his escape from a rout, to spend half an hour with Mr. Russell and Mrs. Howard. The doctor was a man of virtuous literature; able to appreciate others, he was not insensible to the pleasure of seeing himself appreciated. Half an hour passes quickly in agreeable conversation: the doctor got into an argument, concerning the propriety of the distinction

made by some late metaphysical writers between imagination and fancy. Thence he was led to some critical remarks upon Warton's beautiful ode to Fancy; then to the never-ending debate upon original genius; including also the doctrine of hereditary temper and dispositions, which the doctor warmly supported, and Mrs. Howard coolly questioned.

In the midst of their conversation, they were suddenly interrupted by a groan. They all looked round, to see whence it came. It came from little Oliver. He was sitting at a little table, at the farther end of the room, reading so intently in a large book, that he saw nothing else: a long unsnuffed candle, with a perilous fiery summit to its black wick, stood before him, and his left arm embraced a thick china jar, against which he leaned his head. There was by common consent, a general silence in the room, whilst every one looked at Oliver, as at a picture. Mrs. Howard moved gently round behind his chair, to see what he was reading: the doctor followed her. It was the account of the execution of two rebel Koromantyn negroes, related in Edwards's History of the West Indies*. To try whether it would interrupt Oliver's deep attention, Mrs. Howard leaned over him,

* Volume II. page 57; second edition.

and snuffed his dim candle; but the light was lost upon him, he did not feel the obligation. Dr. B. then put his hand upon the jar, which he pulled from Oliver's embrace. "Be quiet! I must finish this!" cried Oliver, still holding fast the jar, and keeping his eyes upon the book. The doctor gave a second pull at the jar, and the little boy made an impatient push with his elbow, then casting his eye upon the large hand, which pulled the jar, he looked up, surprised, in the doctor's face.

The nice china jar, which Oliver had held so sturdily, was very precious to him. His uncle had just sent him two jars of fine West-India sweetmeats. One of these he had shared with his companions: the other he had kept, to give to Mrs. Howard, who had once said, in his hearing, that she was fond of West-India sweetmeats. She accepted Oliver's little present. Children sometimes feel as much pleasure in giving away sweetmeats, as in eating them; and Mrs. Howard too well understood the art of education, even in trifles, to deny to grateful and generous feelings their natural and necessary exercise. A child can show gratitude and generosity only in trifles.

"Are these *all* the sweetmeats that you have left, Oliver?" said Mrs. Howard.

"Yes, all."

"Was not Rosseau wrong, Dr. B." said Mrs. Howard, "when he asserted, that no child ever gives away *his last mouthful* of any thing good?"

"Of any thing *good*," said the doctor, laughing; "when I have tasted these sweetmeats I shall be a better judge."

"You shall taste them this minute, then," said Mrs. Howard; and she rang for a plate, whilst the doctor, to little Oliver's great amusement, exhibited various pretended signs of impatience, as Mrs. Howard deliberately untied the cover of the jar. One cover after another she slowly took off; at length the last transparent cover was lifted up: the doctor peeped in; but lo! instead of sweetmeats, there appeared nothing but paper. One crumpled roll of paper after another Mrs. Howard pulled out; still no sweetmeats. The jar was entirely stuffed with paper, to the very bottom. Oliver was silent with amazement.

"The sides of the jar are quite clean," said Howard.

"But the inside of the paper, that covered it, is stained with sweetmeats," said Dr. B.

"There must have been sweetmeats in it lately," said Mrs. Howard, because the jar smells so strongly of sweetmeats."

Amongst the pieces of crumpled paper which had been pulled out of the jar, Dr. B. espied one, on which there appeared some writing: he looked it over.

"Humph! What have we here?" What's this? What can this be about a lottery?—tickets, price half a guinea—prizes—gold watch—!—silver ditto—chased tooth-pick case—buckles—knee buckles—What is all this?—April 10th, 1797—the drawing to begin—prizes to be delivered at Westminster School, by Aaron Carat, jeweller? Hey, young gentlemen," cried Dr. B. looking at Oliver and Charles, "do you know any thing of this lottery?"

"I have no concern in it, sir, I assure you," said Howard.

"Nor I, thank goodness—I mean, thank you, Charles," exclaimed Oliver; "for you hindered me from putting into the lottery; how very lucky I was to take your advice!"

"How very wise, you should say, Oliver," said Dr. B. "I must inquire into this business; I must find out, who ordered these things from Mr. Aaron Carat. There shall be no lotteries, no gaming at Westminster School, whilst I have power to prevent it. To-morrow morning I'll inquire into this affair; and to-morrow morning we shall also know, my little fellow, what became of your sweetmeats."

"O never mind *that*," cried the good natured Oliver; "don't say any thing, pray sir, about my sweetmeats: I don't mind about them; I know already—I guess, now, who took them; therefore you need not ask: I dare say it was only meant for a joke."

Doctor B. made no reply; but deliberately folded up the paper, which he had been reading; put it into his pocket, and soon after took his leave.

Lord Rawson was one of those young men, who measure their own merit and felicity by the number of miles, which their horses can go in a day; he undertook to drive his friend up from Marryborough to Westminster, a distance of forty miles, in six hours. The arrival of his lordship's gig was a signal, for which several people were in waiting at Westminster School. The stage-coachman was impatiently waiting to demand his money from Holloway. Mr. Carat, the jeweller, was arrived, and eager to settle with Mr. Holloway about the lottery: he had brought the prizes in a small case, to be delivered, upon receiving from Holloway, the money for all the tickets, of which he had disposed. Dr. B. was waiting for the

arrival of Mr. Holloway, as he had determined to collect all his pupils together, and to examine into the lottery business. Little Oliver was also watching for Holloway, to prevent mischief, and to assure him of forgiveness about the sweetmeats.

Lord Rawson's gig arrived: Holloway saw the stage-coachman as he alighted, and abruptly turning from him, shook hands with little Oliver, saying, "You look as if you had been waiting for me."

"Yes," said Oliver; "but I can't say what I want to say, before every body."

"I'll wait upon you presently," said Holloway, escaping from the coachman. As he crossed the hall, he descried Mr. Carat, and a crowd of boys surrounding him, crying, "Mr. Carat's come—he has brought the prizes — he's brought the prizes! he'll show them all as soon as you've settled with him." Holloway called to the Jew; but little Oliver insisted upon being heard first.

"You must hear me; I have something to say to you about the prizes, about the lottery."

These words arrested Holloway's attention; he followed Oliver; heard with surprise and consternation the history of the paper which had been found in the jar by Dr. B. "I've done for myself, now, faith!"

he exclaimed; "I suppose the doctor knows all about the hand *I* have in the lottery."

"No," replied Oliver, "he does not."

"Why *you* must have known it, and did not he question you and Howard?"

"Yes; but when we told him, that we had nothing to do with it, he did not press us farther."

"You are really a noble little fellow," exclaimed Holloway, "to bear me no malice for the many ill turns I have done you: this last has fallen upon myself, as ill luck would have it; but before we go any farther,—your sweetmeats are safe in the press, in my room; I didn't mean to steal them; only to plague you, child:—but you have your revenge now."

"I don't want any revenge indeed," said Oliver, "for I'm never happy when I've quarrelled with any body: and even when people quarrel with me, I don't feel quite sure that I'm in the right, which makes me uncomfortable; and, besides, I don't want to find out that they are quite in the wrong; and that makes me uncomfortable the other way. After all, quarrelling, and bearing malice, are very disagreeable things, somehow or other. Don't you, when you have made it up with people, and shaken hands, Holloway—don't you feel quite light, and ready to jump

again? So shake hands, if you are not above shaking hands with such a little boy as I am; and I shall never think again about the sweetmeats, or old *fag* times."

Holloway could not help feeling touched. "Here's my hand," cried he; "I'm sorry I've tormented you so often; I'll never plague you any more. But now—I don't know what upon earth to do. Where's Charles Howard? If he can't help me, I'm undone. I have got into more scrapes, than I can get out of, I know. I wish I could see Howard."

"I'll run and bring him to you; he's the best person at knowing what should be done—at least for me, I know, that ever I saw."

Holloway abruptly began, as soon as Howard came up to him. "Howard," said he, "you know this plaguy lottery business—but you don't know half yet: here's Carat come to be paid for his tickets; and here's that dunning stage-coachman sticks close to me for his five guineas; and not one farthing have I upon earth!"

"Not a farthing! but you don't mean that you have not the money for Mr. Carat?"

"But I *do* though."

"Why, you cannot have spent it since yesterday morning?"

"No; but I have lost half and lent half;

and the half that I have lent is gone for ever, I'm afraid, as much as that which I lost."

"Who did you lend the money to? How did you lose it?"

"I lost part to Sir John O'Shannon, last night, at billiards—more fool I to play, only because I wanted to cut a figure amongst those fine people at Marryborough. I wonder my father let's me go there; I know I shan't go back there this Easter, unless Lord Rawson makes me an apology, I can tell him. I've as good a right to be upon my high horse as he has, for though his father's an earl, my father's a great deal richer, I know; and has lent him a great deal of money too, and that's the only reason he's civil to us; but I can tell him—"

Here Howard brought the angry Holloway from his high horse, by asking what all this had to do with Mr. Carat, who was waiting to be paid?

"Why, don't I explain to you," said Holloway, "that I lent *him*—Lord Rawson, I mean—all the money I had left yesterday, and I cou'dn't get it out of him again, though I told him my distress about the stage-coachman. Did you ever know any thing so selfish?—Did you ever know any thing so shabby? so shameful? And then to make me his butt, as he did

last night at supper, because there were two or three dashing young men by; I think more of *that* than all the rest. Do you know, he asked me to eat custard with my apple pie, just to point me out for an alderman's son; and when I only differed from him about Captain Shouldham's puppy's ears, Lord Rawson asked how I should know any thing about dog's ears? just to put me in mind, that I was a school-boy; but I'll never go to Marryborough any more, unless he begs my pardon. I've no notion of being an humble friend; but it does not signify being in a passion about it now," continued Holloway. "What I want you, Howard, to do for me, is, just to think; for I can't think at present, I'm in such a hurry, with all these things coming across me at once. What can I do to find money for the stage-coachman and for Mr. Carat? Why both together comes to fifteen guineas—And what can I do about Dr. B.? And do you know, my father is coming here this very morning? How shall I manage? He'd never forgive me: at least he'd not give me any money, for I don't know how long, if these things were to come out. What would you advise me to do?"

Howard, with his usual honest policy,

advised Holloway, at once to tell all the circumstances to his father. Holloway was at first much alarmed at this proposal, and insisted upon it, that this method would not *do at all* with the alderman, though it might do very well with such a woman as Mrs. Howard. At length, however, overcome, partly by the arguments, and partly by the persuasion of his new adviser, Holloway determined upon this confession.

Alderman Holloway arrived, and was beginning to talk to Dr. B. of his son's proficiency in his studies, when the young gentleman made his appearance with a countenance extremely embarrassed and agitated. The sight of Dr. B. deprived Holloway of courage to speak. The doctor fixed his penetrating eye upon the pale culprit, who immediately stopped short in the middle of the room, stammering out—"I came to speak, sir.—I had something to say to my father, sir.—I came, if you please, to speak to my father, sir."

To Holloway's utter astonishment. Dr. B.'s countenance and manner suddenly changed at these words; all his severity vanished; and with a look and voice the most encouraging, he led the abashed youth toward his father.

"You came to speak to your father,

sir? Speak to him then without fear, without reserve: you will certainly find in a father your most indulgent friend. I'll leave you together."

This opening of the case by Dr. B. was of equal advantage both to the father and to the son. Alderman Holloway, though without literature, was not without understanding: his affection for his son made him quickly comprehend the good sense of the doctor's hint. The alderman was not *surprised* by the story of the overturn of the stage-coach, because he had heard it before from his footman. But the lottery transaction with the Jew —and, above all, with the loss and loan of so much money to his friend, Lord Rawson, struck him with some astonishment; yet he commanded his temper, which was naturally violent; and after a constrained silence, he begged his son to summon Mr. Supine. "At least," cried the alderman, I've a right to be in a passion with that careless, indolent, dilettanti puppy, whom I've been paying all this while for taking such good care of you. I wish I had hold of his German flute at this instant. You are very right, Augustus, to come like a man and tell me all these things; and now I must tell you, that some of them I had heard of before. I

wish I had that Jew, that Mr. Carat of yours here! and that stage-coachman, who had the impertinence to take you out with him at night. But it's all Mr. Supine's fault—and mine, for not choosing a better tutor for you. As to Lord Rawson, I can't blame you either much for that, for I encouraged the connexion, I must own. I'm glad you have quarrelled with him, however; and pray look out for a better friend as fast as possible; you were very right to tell me all these things; on that consideration, and that only, I'll lend my hand to getting you out of these scrapes."

"For that," cried Holloway, "I may thank Howard then; for he advised, and urged me to tell you all this at once."

"Call him; let me thank him," said the alderman; "he's an excellent young man then—call him."

Dr. B. now entered the room with little Oliver.

When Holloway returned with Howard, he beheld the stage-coachman standing silent on one side of his father; Mr. Carat, the Jew, on the other side, jabbering an unintelligible vindication of himself; whilst Dr. B. was contemplating the box of lottery prizes, which lay open upon the table. Mr. Supine, leaning against the

chimney piece, appeared in the attitude of an Antinous in despair.

"Come, my little friend," said Dr. B. to Oliver, "you did not put into the lottery, I understand. Choose from amongst these things whatever you please. It is better to trust to prudence than fortune, you see. Mr. Howard, I know that I am rewarding you, at this instant, in the manner you best like, and best deserve."

There was a large old fashioned chased gold tooth-pick case, on which Oliver immediately fixed his eye. After examining it very carefully, he made it his choice, in preference to any thing in the box. As soon as the doctor delivered it to him, Oliver, without waiting to hear his own praise, or yet to hear his friend Howard's, pushed his way hastily out of the room; whilst the alderman, with all the eloquence of which he was master, expressed his gratitude to Howard for the advice which he had given his son. "Cultivate this young gentleman's friendship," added he, turning to Holloway: "he has not a title; but even *I*, Augustus, am now ready to acknowledge he is worth twenty Lord Rawson's. Had he a title he would grace it; and that's as much as I can say for any man."

The Jew, all this time, stood in the greatest trepidation; he trembled, lest the

alderman should have him taken up and committed to gaol for his illegal, unlicensed lottery. He poured forth as many protestations, as his knowledge of the English language could afford, of the purity of his intentions; and to demonstrate his disinterestedness, began to display the trinkets in his prize-box, with a panegyric upon each. Dr. B. interrupted him, by paying for the tooth-pick case, which he had bought for Oliver. "Now, Mr. Carat," said the doctor, "you will please to return, in the first place, the money you have received for your *illegal* lottery tickets."

The word *illegal*, pronounced in a tremendous tone, operated instantaneously upon the Jew; his hand, which had closed upon Holloway's guineas, opened; he laid the money down upon the table; but mechanically seized his box of trinkets, which he seemed to fear would be the next seized, as forfeits. No persons are so apprehensive of injustice and fraud, as those who are themselves dishonest. Mr. Carat, bowing repeatedly to Alderman Holloway, shuffled toward the door, asking if he might now depart; when the door opened with such a force, as almost to push the retreating Jew upon his face.

Little Oliver, out of breath, burst into the room, whispered a few words to Dr.

B. and Alderman Holloway, who answered, "*He* may come in;" and a tall, stout, man, an officer from Bow-street, immediately entered. "There's your man, sir," said the alderman, pointing to the Jew—"there is Mr. Carat." The man instantly seized Mr. Carat, producing a warrant from justice ——, for apprehending the Jew, upon suspicion of his having in his possession certain valuable jewels, the property of Mrs. Frances Howard.

Oliver was eager to explain. "Do you know, Howard," said he, "how all this came about? Do you know your aunt's gone to Bow-street, and has taken the mulatto woman with her, and Mr. Russell is gone with her—and she thinks—and *I* think, she'll certainly have her jewels, her grandmother's jewels, that were left in Jamaica."

"How? but how?" exclaimed Howard. "Tell us how," cried every body at once.

"Why," said Oliver, "by the tooth-pick case. The reason I chose that tooth-pick case out of the Jew's box was, because it came into my head, the minute I saw it, that the mulatto woman's curious thimble—you remember her thimble, Howard—would just fit one end of it. I ran home,

with Mr. Russell, and tried it, and the thimble screwed on as nicely as possible; and the chasing, as Mr. Russell said, and the colour of the gold, matched exactly. O! Mrs. Howard was so surprised, when we showed it to her—so astonished to see this tooth-pick case in England, for it had been left, she said, with all her grand-mother's diamonds, and *things*, in Jamaica."

"Yes," interrupted Howard, "I remember my aunt told us, when you asked her about Cuba's thimble, that she gave it to Cuba, when she was a child, and that it belonged to some old trinket.—Go on."

"Well, where was I?—"

"O, then, as soon as she saw the tooth-pick case, she asked how it had been found; and I told her all about the lottery and Mr. Carat; then she and Mr. Russell consulted, and away they went, with Cuba, in a coach, and all the rest you know; and I wish I could hear the end of it!"

"And so you shall, my good little fellow; we'll all go together, to hear the Jew's examination; you shall go with me in my coach to Bow-street."

"This is a holiday," cried Dr. B. who was much interested in hearing the event of this business, and he begged to have a seat, as well as Oliver, in the alderman's

coach. Howard and Holloway ran for their hats, and they were all impatience for the coming of a hackney-coach, which the Bow-street officer had sent for at Mr. Carat's request.

In the midst of their bustle, the poor stage-coachman, who had waited with uncommon patience in hopes that Alderman Holloway would at last recollect him, pressed forward, and petitioned to be paid his five guineas for the lost parcel, "before the gentlemen went."—"I have lost my place already," said he, "and the little goods I have will be seized this day, for the value of that unlucky parcel, master."

The alderman put his hand slowly into his purse; but just when he had pulled out five guineas, a servant came into the room, to inform Dr. B. that a sailor was waiting in the hall, who desired to speak directly, about something of consequence, to the stage-coachman.

Dr. B., who imagined that the sailor might have something to do with the business in question, ordered that he might be shown into the room.

"I wants one Gregory Giles, a stage-coachman, if such a one be here amongst ye, gentlefolks, and no body else," cried the sailor, producing a parcel, wrapped up in brown paper.

"It's my very parcel," exclaimed the

stage-coachman; "I'm Gregory Giles! God bless your honest heart.—Where did ye find it?—Give it me!"

The sailor said, he had found it in a dry ditch on the Bath road, a little beyond the first turnpike going out of town; that he had inquired at the turnpike-house; had heard that the stage had been overturned a few days before, and that a parcel had been lost, about which the coachman had been in great trouble; that he had gone directly to the inn where the coach put up; had traced the coachman from place to place, and was heartily glad he had found him at last.

"Thank'ee, with all my heart," said the coachman, "for all the trouble you've been at; and here's the crown reward that I offered for it, and my thanks into the bargain."

"No, no," said the honest sailor, pushing back the money, "I won't take any thing from a poor fellow like myself; put your silver into your pocket; I hear you lost your place already, by that parcel. There was a great talk at the turnpike-house, about your losing your place for giving some young gentleman a lift.—Put up your money."

Young Howard, struck with this sailor's honesty and good nature, proposed a subscription for him, and began by putting

down half a guinea himself. All the young gentlemen, who had just received the half guineas for their lottery tickets, were present, and eager to bestow some of their money to better purpose. Holloway had no money to give.

The sailor received the money from Howard, with a single nod of his head by way of thanks. "I'm not a main speechifier, masters; but I'm thankful; and you, master, who were foremost, most of all, I wish you may roll in his Majesty's coin before you die yourself, so I do!"

The hackney-coach was now come to the door for Mr. Carat, and every body hurried off as fast as possible.

"Where are they all steering to!" said the sailor. The stage-coachman told him all that he had heard of the matter. "I'll be in their wake, then," cried the sailor; "I shall like to see the Jew upon his court-martial; I was choused once by a Jew myself." He got to Bow-street as soon as they did.

The first thing Howard learned was, that the jewels, which had been all found at Mr. Carat's, precisely answered the description which his aunt had given of them. The Jew was in the utmost consternation: finding that the jewels were positively sworn to, he declared, upon his examination, that he had bought them

from a captain of a ship; that he had paid the full value for them; and that, at the time he purchased them, he had no suspicion of their having been fraudulently obtained. This defence appearing evidently evasive, the magistrates, who examined Mr. Carat, informed him, that, unless he could produce the person from whom he had bought the jewels, he must be committed to Newgate, for receiving stolen goods. Terrified at this sentence, the Jew, though he had at first asserted, that he knew nothing of the captain from whom he had received the diamonds, now acknowledged, that he actually lodged at his house.

"Hah!" exclaimed Holloway, "I remember the day that I and Lord Rawson called at your house, you were settling accounts, your foreman told us, with a captain of a ship, who was to leave England in a few days; it's well he's not off."

An officer was immediately sent to Mr. Carat's, in quest of this captain; but there were great apprehensions, that he might have escaped at the first alarm of the search for the jewels. Fortunately, however, he had not been able to get off, as two of Justice ———'s men had been stationed at Mr. Carat's house. The officer from Bow-street found him in his own bedchamber, rummaging a portmanteau for

some papers which he wanted to burn. His papers were seized, and carried along with him before the magistrate.

Alderman Holloway knew the captain the moment he was brought into the room, though his dress and whole appearance were very different from what they had been, when he had waited upon the alderman, some months before this time, with a dismal, plausible story of his own poverty and misfortunes. He had then told him, that his mate and he had had a quarrel upon the voyage from Jamaica; that the mate knew what a valuable cargo he had on board; that just when they got in sight of land, the crew rose upon him; the mate seized him, and by force put him into a boat, and set him ashore.

The discovery of the jewels at Mr. Carat's at once overturned the captain's whole story: cunning people often insert something in their narration, to make it better, which ultimately tends to convict them of falsehood. The captain having now no other resource, and having the horrors of imprisonment, and the certainty of condemnation upon a public trial full before him, threw himself, as the only chance that remained for him, upon Mrs. Howard's mercy; confessed, that all that he had told her before was false; that his

mate and he had acted in concert; that the rising of the crew against him had been contrived between them; that he had received the jewels, when he was set ashore, for his immediate share of the booty; and that the mate had run the ship off to *Charlestown* to sell her cargo. According to agreement, the captain added, he was to have had a share in the cargo; but the mate had *cheated him* of that; he had never heard from him, or of him, he would take his oath, from the day he was set ashore, and knew nothing of him or the cargo.

"Avast, friend, by your leave," cried the honest sailor, who had found the stage-coachman's parcel—"avast, friend, by your leave," said he, elbowing his way between Alderman Holloway and his next neighbour, and getting clear into the middle of the circle—"I know more of this matter, *my lord*, or please your worship, which is much the same thing, than any body here! and I'm glad on't, mistress," continued the tar, pulling a quid of tobacco out of his mouth, and addressing himself to Mrs. Howard; then turning to the captain; "Wasn't *she* the *Lively Peggy*, pray?—it's no use tacking. Wasn't your mate one John Matthews, pray? And hadn't she a great patch in the star-

board side of her mainsail, I want to know? —Captain, your face tells truth in spite of your teeth."

The captain instantly grew pale, and trembled; on which the sailor turned abruptly from him, and went on with his story. "Mistress," said he, "though I'm a loser by it, no matter. The Lively Peggy and her cargo are safe and sound in Plymouth, at this very time being, and we have her mate in limbo, curse him. We made a prize of him, coming from America, for he was under French colours, and a fine prize we thought we'd made. But her cargo belongs to a British subject; and there's an end of our prize money: no matter for that. There was an ugly look with Matthews, from the first; and I found, the day we took her, something odd in the look of her stern. The rascals had done their best to paint over her name; but *I*, though no great scholar, made a shift to spell the Lively Peggy through it all. We have the mate in limbo at Plymouth: but it's all come out without any more to do; and, mistress, I'll get you her bill of lading in a trice, and I give ye joy with all my heart—you, I should say, master," said he, nodding at Howard, "for the gentlewoman's your kin, I've made out; God bless you both. I told you you'd roll in his Majesty's coin afore

you went to *Davy's locker*, and so you will, thank my stars."

Alderman Holloway, a man used to business, would not indulge himself in a single compliment upon this occasion, till he had cautiously searched the captain's papers. The bill of lading, which had been sent with the Lively Peggy from Jamaica, was found amongst them; it was an exact list, corresponding precisely with that, which Mrs. Howard's agent had sent her by post, of the consignment shipped after the sale of her plantation. The alderman, satisfied, after counting the puncheons of rum and hogsheads of sugar, turned to Mrs. Howard, and shook hands with her, with a face of mercantile congratulation, declaring that, "she was now as good a woman as ever she had been, and need never desire to be better."

"My dear Oliver," cried Howard, "this all owing to you: *you* discovered—"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Oliver, precipitately; "all that I did was accident; all that you did was not accident. You first made me love you, by teaching me that I was not a blockhead, and by freeing me from—"

"*A tyrant*, you were going to say," cried Holloway, colouring deeply; "and if you had, you'd have said the truth. I thought, Howard, *afterward*, that you

were a brave fellow for taking his part, I confess.—But, Oliver, I thought you had forgiven me for all these things."

"Forgiven! O, yes, to be sure," cried little Oliver; "I wasn't thinking of myself, or you either; I was only thinking of Howard's good nature; and then," continued he, "Howard was just as good to the mulatto woman, as he was to me—Wasn't he, Cuba?"

"That he was! replied the poor woman, and looking at Mrs. Howard, added, "Massa's *heart* as good as her's."

"And his *head's* as good as his heart, which makes it all better still," continued Oliver, with enthusiasm. "Mr. Russell, you know how hard he worked at that translation, to earn money to support poor Cuba, and to paper the room, and to pay the bricklayer *for* the smoky chimney: these things weren't done by accident, were they? though it was by accident, that I happened to observe Cuba's curious thimble."

"There are some people," interrupted Mr. Russell, "who, by accident, never observe any thing. We will not allow you, Oliver, to call your quick habit of observation accident; your excellent capacity will—"

"*My* excellent capacity!" repeated Oliver, with unfeigned surprise; "why,

you know, I get by rote slower than any body in the world."

"You may, notwithstanding, have an excellent capacity; much may be learned without books; much more with books, Oliver; but, for your comfort, you need not learn them by rote."

"I'm glad of it, heartily," cried Oliver, but this put something out of my head, that I was in a great hurry to say—O, one other thing about *accident*. It was not *accident;* but it was Howard's sense, in persuading me not to put into the lottery, that was the very cause of Doctor B.'s giving me the choice of all the things in the Jew's box; and the sailor, who found the parcel—it was Howard's generosity to him, that made him follow us, and be interested about us, and listen—was not it, sailor?"

The sailor, as soon as he at all understood what Oliver meant to ask him, replied, "Master, it was a small whiff of *curiosity* that brought me to this port; but you may make it out to be what you please—not but what I was glad to do a good turn, where a good turn had been done me, when it came in my way."

Oliver looked rather disappointed, that he could not get precisely the answer he wanted; but Dr. B. made his case out for him to universal satisfaction, by saying,

"Well, Oliver, we are ready to allow all you want us to perceive, in one word, that your friend Howard *has not been educated by accident*," looking at Mrs. Howard.

The Jew and the captain of the Lively Peggy were now left in the hands of the law. The sailor was properly rewarded. Mr. Russell was engaged to superintend the education of Holloway. He succeeded, and was presented by the alderman with a living in Surry. Mr. Supine never visited Italy, and did not meet with any consolation, but in his German flute. Howard continued eager to improve himself; nor did he imagine, that the moment he left school, and parted from his tutor, his education was finished; and that his books were, "like past misfortunes," good for nothing, but to be forgotten. His love for literature he found one of the first pleasures of his life; nor did he, after he came into the possession of a large fortune, find that his habits of constant occupation lessened his enjoyments, for he was never known to yawn at a window upon a rainy morning!

Little Oliver's understanding rapidly improved; his affection for his friend Howard increased as he grew up, for he always remembered, that Howard was the first person who discovered that he was

not a dunce. Mrs. Howard had the calm satisfaction of seeing an education well finished, which she had well begun; and she enjoyed, in her nephew's friendship, esteem, and unconstrained gratitude, all the rewards which her good sense, firmness, and benevolence had so well deserved.

ANGELINA;

OR,

L'AMIE INCONNUE.

ANGELINA;

OR,

L'AMIE INCONNUE.

CHAPTER I.

"BUT my dear Lady Di., indeed you should not let this affair prey so continually upon your spirits," said Miss Burrage, in the condoling tone of an humble companion.—"You really have almost fretted yourself into a nervous fever.—I was in hopes, that change of air, and change of scene, would have done every thing for you, or I never would have consented to your leaving London; for you know your ladyship's always better in London than any where else.—And I'm sure your ladyship has thought and talked of nothing but this sad affair since you came to Clifton."

"I confess," said Lady Diana Chillingworth, "I deserve the reproaches of my friends for giving way to my sensibility as I do, upon this occasion: but I own I

cannot help it—Oh, what will the world say! What will the world say!—The world will lay all the blame upon *me;* yet I'm sure I'm the last, the very last person, that ought to be blamed."

"Assuredly," replied Miss Burrage, "nobody can blame your ladyship; and nobody will, I am persuaded.—The blame will all be thrown where it ought to be, upon the young lady herself."

"If I could but be convinced of that," said her ladyship in a tone of great feeling; "such a young creature, scarcely sixteen, to take such a step!—I am sure I wish to Heaven her father had never made me her guardian.—I confess, I was most exceedingly imprudent, out of regard to her family, to take under my protection such a self-willed, unaccountable romantic girl.—Indeed, my dear," continued Lady Diana Chillingworth, turning to her sister, Lady Frances Somerset, "it was you, that misled me. You remember, you used to tell me, that Anne Warwick had such great abilities!——"

"That I thought it a pity they had not been well directed," said Lady Frances.

"And such generosity of temper, and such warm affections!" said Lady Di.—

"That I regretted their not having been properly cultivated."

"I confess, Miss Warwick was never a

great favourite of mine," said Miss Burrage,—"but now that she has lost her best friend——"

"She is likely to find a great number of enemies," said Lady Frances.

"She has been her own enemy, poor girl! I am sure, I pity her," replied Miss Burrage; "but, at the same time, I must say, that ever since she came to my Lady Di. Chillingworth's, she has had good advice enough.—"

"Too much, perhaps; which is worse than too little," thought Lady Frances.

"Advice!" repeated Lady Di. Chillingworth, "why, as to that, my conscience, I own, acquits me there; for to be sure, no young person of her age, or of any age, had ever more advice, or more *good* advice, than Miss Warwick had from me; I thought it my duty to advise her, and advise her I did from morning till night, as Miss Burrage very well knows, and will do me the justice, I hope, to say in all companies."

"*That* I shall certainly make it a principle to do," said Miss Burrage. "I am sure it would surprise and grieve you, Lady Frances, to hear the sort of foolish, imprudent things, that Miss Warwick, with all her abilities, used to say. I recollect——"

"Very possibly," replied Lady Frances;

"but why should we trouble ourselves to recollect all the foolish, imprudent things, which this poor girl may have said?—This unfortunate elopement is a sufficient proof of her folly and imprudence. With whom did she go off?"

"With nobody," cried Lady Diana—"there's the wonder."

"With nobody!—Incredible!—She had certainly some admirer, some lover, and she was afraid, I suppose, to mention the business to you."

"No such thing, my dear; there is no love at all in the case:—Indeed, for my part, I cannot in the least comprehend Miss Warwick, nor never could. She used, every now and then, to begin and talk to me some nonsense about her hatred of the forms of the world, and her love of liberty, and I know not what;—and then she had some female correspondent, to whom she used to write folio sheets, twice a week, I believe; but I could never see any of these letters. Indeed, in town, you know, I could not possibly have leisure for such things; but Miss Burrage, I fancy, has one of the letters, if you have any curiosity to see it.—Miss Burrage can tell you a great deal more of the whole business than I can; for you know, in London, engaged as I always was, with scarcely a moment ever to my-

self, how could I attend to all Anne Warwick's oddities?—I protest I know nothing of the matter, but that, one morning, Miss Warwick, was nowhere to be found, and my maid brought me a letter, of one word of which I could not make sense: the letter was found on the young lady's dressing table, according to the usual custom of eloping heroines.—Miss Burrage, do show Lady Frances the letters, you have them somewhere; and tell my sister all you know of the matter, for I declare, I'm quite tired of it; besides, I shall be wanted at the card-table."

Lady Diana Chillingworth went to calm her sensibility at the card-table; and Lady Frances turned to Miss Burrage for further information.

"All I know," said Miss Burrage, "is, that one night I saw Miss Warwick putting a lock of frightful hair into a locket, and I asked her whose it was?"—"My amiable Araminta's;" said Miss Warwick.—"Is she pretty?" said I; "I have never seen her," said Miss Warwick; "but I will show you a charming picture of her mind;"—and she put this long letter into my hand. I'll leave it with your ladyship, if you please; it is a good, or rather, a bad hour's work to read it."

"*Araminta!*" exclaimed Lady Frances, looking at the signature of the letter,—

"this is only a nom de guerre, I suppose."

"Heaven knows!" answered Miss Burrage; "but Miss Warwick always signed her epistles Angelina, and her *unknown friend's* were always signed Araminta.—I do suspect that Araminta, whoever she is, was the instigator of this elopement."

"I wish," said Lady Frances, examining the post mark of the letter, "I wish, that we could find out where Araminta lives; we might then, perhaps, recover this poor Miss Warwick, before the affair is talked of in the world: before her reputation is injured."

"It would certainly be a most desirable thing," said Miss Burrage; "but Miss Warwick has such odd notions, that I question whether she will ever behave like other people; and, for my part, I cannot blame Lady Diana Chillingworth for giving her up. She is one of those young ladies, whom it is scarcely possible to manage by common sense."

"It is certainly true," said Lady Frances, "that young women of Miss Warwick's superior abilities require something more than *common* sense, to direct them properly. Young ladies, who think of nothing but dress, public amusements, and forming what they call high connexions,

are undoubtedly most easily managed, by the fear of what the world will say of them; but Miss Warwick appeared to me, to have higher ideas of excellence; and I therefore regret, that she should be totally given up by her friends."

"It is Miss Warwick, who has given up her friends," said Miss Burrage, with a mixture of embarrassment and sarcasm in her manner; it is Miss Warwick, who has given up her friends; not Miss Warwick's friends, who have given up Miss Warwick."

The letter from the "amiable Araminta," which Miss Burrage left for the perusal of Lady Frances Somerset, contained three folio sheets, of which it is hoped the following abridgement will be sufficiently ample, to satisfy the curiosity, even of those who are lovers of long letters.

"Yes, my Angelina! Our hearts are "formed for that higher species of friend- "ship, of which common souls are ina- "dequate to form an idea, however their "fashionable puerile lips may, in the in- "tellectual inanity of their conversation, "profane the term. Yes, my Angelina, "you are right!—Every fibre of my "frame, every energy of my intellect, tells "me so. I read your letter by moon- "light!—The air, balmy and pure, as

"my Angelina's thoughts! The river "silently meandering!—The rocks! The "woods!—Nature in all her majesty.— "Sublime confidante! sympathizing with "my supreme felicity.—And shall I con- "fess to you, friend of my soul! that I "could not refuse myself the pleasure of "reading to my Orlando some of those "passages in your last, which evince, so "powerfully, the superiority of that un- "derstanding, which, if I mistake not "strangely, is formed to combat, in all "her Proteus forms, the system of social "slavery?—With what soul-rending elo- "quence does my Angelina describe the "solitariness, the *isolation* of the heart, "she experiences in a crowded metro- "polis!—With what emphatic energy of "inborn independence, does she exclaim "against the family phalanx of her ari- "stocratic persecutors!—Surely—surely "she will not be intimidated from '*the* "'*settled purpose of her soul*' by the "phantom-fear of worldly censure!—The "garish-tinselled wand of Fashion has "waved in vain in the illuminated halls of "folly-painted pleasure;—my Angelina's "eyes have withstood, yes, without a "blink! the dazzling enchantment.—— "And will she—No, I cannot—I will not "think so for an instant—Will she now "submit her understanding, spell-bound

" to the soporific charm of nonsensical
" words, uttered in an awful tone by that
" potent enchantress *Prejudice?*—The
" declamation, the remonstrances of self-
" elected judges of right and wrong,
" should be treated with deserved con-
" tempt by superior minds, who claim the
" privilege of thinking and acting for
" themselves!—The words *ward* and *guar-*
" *dian*, appal my Angelina! but what are
" legal technical formalities, what are
" human institutions, to the view of
" shackle-scorning Reason?——Oppress-
" ed, degraded, enslaved—must our un-
" fortunate sex for ever submit to sacri-
" fice their rights, their pleasures, their
" *will*, at the altar of public opinion,
" whilst the shouts of interested priests,
" and idle spectators, raise the senseless
" enthusiasm of the self-devoted victim,
" or drown her cries in the truth-extort-
" ing moment of agonizing nature?——
" You will not perfectly understand, per-
" haps, to what these last exclamations
" of your Araminta allude:—But, chosen
" friend of my heart! when we meet—
" And O let that be quickly!—My cot-
" tage longs for the arrival of my unso-
" phisticated Angelina!—When we meet
" you shall know all—your Araminta,
" too, has had her sorrows——Enough of
" this!——But her Orlando has a heart,

" pure as the infantine god of Love could,
" in his most sportive mood, delight at
" once to wound, and own—joined to an
" understanding—shall I say it?—worthy
" to judge of your Araminta's.——And
" will not my sober-minded Angelina
" prefer, to all that palaces can afford,
" such society in a cottage?—I shall re-
" serve for my next the description of a
" cottage, which I have in my eye, within
" view of——, but I will not anticipate.
" —Adieu, my amiable Angelina—I en-
" close, as you desire, a lock of my hair.
" —Ever, unalterably, your affectionate,
" though almost heart-broken,

" ARAMINTA.

" April, 1800.—*Angelina Bower!*

" So let me christen my cottage!"

What effect this letter may have on *sober-minded* readers in general, can easily be guessed; but Miss Warwick, who was little deserving of this epithet, was so charmed with the sound of it, that it made her totally forget to judge of her amiable Araminta's mode of reasoning—" *Garish-tinselled wands*"—" *shackle-scorning Reason*"—"*isolation of the heart*"—" *soul-rending eloquence*"—with " rocks and woods, and a meandering river,—

balmy air—moonlight—Orlando—energy of intellect—a cottage, and a heart-broken friend," made, when all mixed together, strange confusion in Angelina's imagination. She neglected to observe, that her Araminta was, in the course of two pages—"almost heart broken"—and in the possession of—"supreme felicity." —Yet Miss Warwick, though she judged so like a simpleton, was a young woman of considerable abilities: her want of what the world calls common sense arose from certain mistakes in her education.—She had passed her childhood with a father and mother, who cultivated her literary taste, but who neglected to cultivate her judgement: her reading was confined to works of imagination; and the conversation which she heard, was not calculated to give her any knowledge of realities. Her parents died when she was about fourteen, and she then went to reside with Lady Diana Chillingworth, a lady who placed her whole happiness in living in a certain circle of high company in London. Miss Warwick saw the follies of the society with which she now mi[x]ed; she felt insupportable ennui from [the] want of books and conversation su[ited] her taste; she heard, with imp[atience] Lady Diana's dogmatical advic[e] ed, with disgust, the mean[ness]

companion, Miss Burrage, and felt with triumph the superiority of her own abilities. It was in this situation of her mind, that Miss Warwick happened, at a circulating library, to meet with a new novel, called, "The Woman of Genius."—The character of Araminta, the heroine, charmed her beyond measure; and having been informed, by the preface, that the story was founded on facts in the life of the authoress herself, she longed to become acquainted with her; and addressed a letter to "The Woman of Genius," at her publisher's. The letter was answered in a highly flattering, and, consequently, very agreeable style, and the correspondence continued for nearly two years; till, at length, Miss W. formed a strong desire, to see her *unknown friend*. The ridicule, with which Miss Burrage treated every thing, and every idea, that was not sanctioned by fashion, and her total want of any taste for literature, were continually contrasted, in Miss Warwick's mind, with the picture she had formed of her Araminta.—Miss Burrage, who dreaded, though certainly without reason, that she ght be supplanted in the good graces dy Diana, endeavoured, by every eans in her power, to disgust her val with the situation in which laced. She succeeded beyond

her hopes. Miss Warwick determined to accept of her *unknown friend's* invitation to Angelina-bower — a charming romantic cottage in South Wales, where, according to Araminta's description, she might pass her halcyon days in tranquil, elegant retirement. It was not difficult for our heroine, though unused to deception, to conceal her project from Lady Diana Chillingworth; who was much more observant of the appearance of her protégée in public, than interested about what passed in her mind in private. Miss Warwick quitted her ladyship's house without the least difficulty, and the following is the letter, which our heroine left upon her dressing table. Under all the emphatic words, according to the custom of some letter writers, were drawn emphatic lines.

"Averse, as I am, to every thing, that "may have the appearance of a clandes- "tine transaction, I have, however, found "myself under the necessity of leaving "your ladyship's house, without impart- "ing to you my intentions.—Confidence "and sympathy go hand in hand, nor "can either be *commanded* by the voice "of authority. Your ladyship's opinions "and mine, upon *all* subjects, differ so "*essentially*, that I could never hope for "your approbation, either of my *senti-*

" *ments*, or my conduct. It is my *unal-*
" *terable determination*, to *act* and *think*
" upon every occasion for myself; though
" I am well aware, that they, who start
" out of the common track, either in words
" or action, are exposed to the ridicule
" and persecution of vulgar or illiberal
" minds. They who venture to carry
" the *first* torch into *unexplored*, or *un-*
" *frequented* passages in the mine of truth,
" are exposed to the most imminent dan-
" ger. Rich, however, are the treasures
" of the place, and cowardly the soul
" that hesitates!—But I forget myself;—
" '*Taistoi, Jean Jacques, on ne te comprend*
" *pas.*'

" It may be necessary to inform your
" ladyship, that, disgusted with the fri-
" volity of what is called fashionable life,
" and *unable* to *live* without the higher
" pleasures of friendship, I have chosen
" for my asylum the humble tranquil
" cottage of a female friend, whose tastes,
" whose principles have long been known
" to me; whose *genius* I admire! whose
" *virtues* I revere! whose example I *emu-*
" *late!*

" Though I do not condescend to use
" the fulsome language of *a mean depend-*
" *ant*, I am not forgetful of the kindness
" I have received from your ladyship. It
" has not been without a *painful* strug-

" gle, that I have broken my bonds a-
" sunder—the bonds of what is *falsely*
" called *Duty* — *Spontaneous* gratitude
" ever will have full, *indisputable*, *undis-*
" *puted* power over the *heart* and *under-*
" *standing* of

" ANNE-ANGELINA WARWICK.

" P. S. It will be in vain, to attempt
" to discover the place of my retreat.—All
" I ask is to be left in peace, to enjoy, in
" my retirement, *perfect felicity*."

CHAPTER II.

FULL of her hopes of finding "perfect felicity" in her retreat at Angelina-bower, exulting in the idea of the courage and magnanimity, with which she had escaped from her, " aristocratic persecutors," our heroine pursued her journey to South-Wales.

She had the misfortune, and it is a great misfortune to a young lady of her way of thinking—to meet with no difficulties or adventures—nothing interesting upon her journey.—She arrived, with inglorious safety, at Cardiffe.—The inn at Cardiffe was kept by a land-lady of the name of Hoel.—"Not high-born Hoel. Alas!"

said Angelina to herself, when the name was screamed in her hearing by a waiter, as she walked into the inn.—"Vocal, no more to high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellynn's lay!" —— A harper was sitting in the passage, and he turned his harp to catch her attention as she passed. —"A harp!—O play for me some plaintive air!"——The harper followed her into a small parlour.

"How delightful!" said Miss Warwick, who, in common with other heroines, had the habit of talking to herself; or to use more dignified terms, who had the habit of indulging in soliloquy:—"how delightful to taste at last the air of Wales.—But 'tis a pity 'tis not North instead of South Wales, and Conway instead of Cardiffe Castle."——

The harper, after he had finished playing a melancholy air, exclaimed,—"That was but a melancholy ditty, miss.—We'll try a merrier." And he began;

"Of a noble race was Shenkin."

"No more," cried Angelina, stopping her ears—"No more, barbarous man!—You break the illusion."

"Break the what?" said the harper to himself,—"I thought, miss, that tune would surely please you; for it is a favourite one in these parts."

"A favourite with Welch squires, perhaps," said our heroine; "but, unfortunately, *I* am not a Welch squire, and have no taste for your 'Bumper squire Jones.'"

The man tuned his harp sullenly,—"I'm sorry for it, miss," said he; "More's "the pity, I can't please you better!"

Angelina cast upon him a look of contempt.—"He no ways fills my idea of a bard!—an ancient and immortal bard!—He has no soul, fingers without a soul!"—No "master's hand," or "prophet's fire!"—No "deep sorrows;"—No "sable garb of woe!"—No loose beard or hoary hair, "streaming like a meteor to the troubled air!"—No "haggard eyes!"—Heigho!——

"It is time for me to be going," said the harper, who began to think, by the young lady's looks and manners, that she was not in her right understanding.—"It is time for me to be going; the gentlemen above, in the Dolphin, will be ready for me."——

"A mere modern harper!—He is not even blind,"—Angelina said to herself, as he examined the shilling, which she gave him.—"Begone, for Heav'n's sake!" added she, aloud, as he left the room;—and "leave me, leave me to repose."

She threw up the sash, to taste the evening air; but scarcely had she begun to repeat a sonnet to her Araminta;—— scarcely had she repeated the first two lines,

> "Hail, far fam'd fairest unknown friend,
> "Our sacred silent sympathy of soul,"

when a little ragged Welch boy, who was playing with his companions, in a field at the back of Cardiffe Inn, espied her, gave the signal to his play fellows, and immediately they all came running up to the window at which Angelina was standing, and with one loud shrill chorus of "Gi'me ha'penny!— Gi'me ha'penny!— Gi'me one ha'penny!" — interrupted the sonnet. Angelina threw out some money to the boys, though she was provoked by their interruption: her donation was, in the true spirit of a heroine, much greater than the occasion required; and the consequence was, that these urchins, by spreading the fame of her generosity through the town of Cardiffe, collected a Lilliputian mob of petitioners, who assailed Angelina with fresh vehemence. Not a moment's peace, not a moment for poetry or reverie would they allow her; so that she was impatient for her chaise to

come to the door. Her Araminta's cottage was but six miles distant from Cardiffe; and, to speak in due sentimental language, every moment, that delayed her long expected interview with her beloved unknown friend, appeared to her an age.

"And what would you be pleased to have for supper, ma'am?" said the land-lady.—"We have fine Tenby oysters, ma'am; and, if you'd like a Welch rabbit—"

"Tenby oysters!—Welch rabbits!" repeated Angelina in a disdainful tone!—"O, detain me not in this cruel manner!—I want no Tenby oysters, I want no Welch rabbits;—only let me be gone.—I am all impatience to see a dear friend.—O, if you have any feeling, any humanity, detain me not!" cried she, clasping her hands.

Miss Warwick had an ungovernable propensity, to make a display of sensibility, a fine theatrical scene upon every occasion; a propensity which she had acquired from novel-reading. It was never more unluckily displayed, than in the present instance; for her audience and spectators, consisting of the land-lady, a waiter, and a Welch boy, who just entered the room with a knife-tray in his hand, were all more inclined to burst into rude

laughter, than to join in gentle sympathy.—The chaise did not come to the door one moment sooner than it would have done, without this pathetic wringing of the hands. As soon as Angelina drove from the door, the land-lady's curiosity broke forth—

"Pray tell me, Hugh Humphries," said Mrs. Hoel, turning to the postillion, who drove Angelina from Newport—"Pray, now, does not this seem strange, that such a young lady as this should be travelling about in such wonderful haste? —I believe, by her flighty airs, she is upon no good errand—And I would have her to know, at any rate, that she might have done better than to sneer, in that way, at Mrs. Hoel of Cardiffe, and her Tenby oysters, and her Welch rabbit—O! I'll make her repent her *p*ehaviour to Mrs. Hoel, of Cardiffe.—'Not high born Hoel,' forsooth!—How does she know that, I should be glad to hear—The Hoels are as high born, I'll venture to say, as my young miss herself, I've a notion; and would scorn, moreover, to have a runaway lady for a relation of theirs—O, she shall learn to repent her disrespects to Mrs. Hoel of Cardiffe—I *p*elieve she shall soon meet herself in the public news-papers—her eyes and her nose, and her hair, and her inches, and her description

at full length she shall see — and her friends shall see it too—and may be they shall thank, and may be they shall reward handsomely, Mrs. Hoel of Cardiffe."

Whilst the angry Welch land-lady was thus forming projects of revenge, for the contempt with which she imagined that her high birth and her Tenby oysters had been treated, Angelina pursued her journey towards the cottage of her unknown friend, forming charming pictures, in her imagination, of the manner in which her amiable Araminta would start, and weep, and faint, perhaps, with joy and surprise, at the sight of her Angelina. It was a fine moon-light night; an unlucky circumstance, for the by-road, which led to Angelina-bower, was so narrow and bad, that, if the night had been dark, our heroine must infallibly have been overturned, and this overturn would have been a delightful incident in the history of her journey; but fate ordered it otherwise. Miss Warwick had nothing to lament, but that her delicious reveries were interrupted, for several miles, by the Welch postillion's expostulations with his horses.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed she, "cannot the man hold his tongue! — His uncouth vociferations distract me!—So fine a scene, so placid the moon-light—

but there is always something, that is not in perfect unison with one's feelings."

"Miss, if you please, you must 'light here, and walk for a matter of a quarter of a mile, for I can't drive up to the house door, because there is no carriage road down this lane, but, if you be pleased, I'll go on before you—my horses will stand quite quiet here—and I'll knock the folks up for you, miss."

"Folks!—O don't talk to me of knocking folks up," cried Angelina, springing out of the carriage; "stay with your horses, man, I beseech you—You shall be summoned when you are wanted — I choose to walk up to the cottage alone."

"As you please, miss," said the postillion, "only *hur* had better take care of the dogs."

This last piece of sage counsel was lost upon our heroine; she heard it not—she was "rapt into future times."

"By moon-light will be our first interview—just as I had pictured to myself—but can this be the cottage?—It does not look quite so romantic, as I expected—but 'tis the dwelling of my Araminta—Happy! thrice happy moment!—Now for our secret signal—I am to sing the first, and my unknown friend the second part of the same air."

Angelina then began to sing the following stanza—

"O waly waly up the bank,
"And waly waly down the brae,
"And waly waly yon burn side,
"Where I and my love were wont to gae."

She sung and paused, in expectation of hearing the second part from her amiable Araminta—but no voice was heard.

"All is hushed," said Angelina, "ever tranquil be her slumbers!—Yet I must waken her—her surprise and joy at seeing me thus will be so great!—by moon-light too!"

She knocked at the cottage window—still no answer.

"All silent as night!" said she—

"When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
"And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene."

—Angelina, as she repeated these lines, stood with her back to the cottage window; the window opened, and a Welch servant girl put out her head; her night-cap, if cap it might be called, which shape had none, was half off, her black hair streamed over her shoulders, and her face was the face of vulgar superstitious amazement.

"Oh, 'tis our old ghost of Nelly Gywnn, all in white, walking and saying her prayers packwards—I heard 'em quite plain as I hope to preathe"—said the terrified girl to herself; and shutting the window with a trembling hand, she hastened to waken an old woman, who slept in the same room with her.—Angelina, whose patience was by this time exhausted, went to the door of the cottage, and shook it with all her force.—It rattled loud, and a shrill scream was heard from within.

"A scream!" cried Angelina; "Oh my Araminta!—All is hushed again."—Then raising her voice, she called as loudly as she could at the window—"My Araminta! my unknown friend! be not alarmed, 'tis your Angelina."

The door opened slowly and softly, and a slip-shod beldame peeped out, leaning upon a stick; the head of Betty Williams appeared over the shoulder of this sybil; Angelina was standing in a pensive attitude listening at the cottage window: at this instant the postillion, who was tired of waiting, came whistling up the lane; he carried a trunk on his back, and a bag in his hand. As soon as the old woman saw him, she held up her stick, exclaiming—

"A man! a man!—a ropper and murterer!—Cot save us! and keep the toor

fast polted." — They shut the door instantly.

"What is all this?" said Angelina, with dignified composure.

"A couple of fools, I take it, miss,—who are afraid and in tread of roppers," said the postillion; "put I'll make 'em come out I'll pe pound, plockheads."—So saying he went to the door of Angelina-bower, and thundered and kicked at it, speaking all the time very volubly in Welch. In about a quarter of an hour he made them comprehend, that Angelina was a young lady come to visit their mistress; then they came forth curtsying.

"My name's Betty Williams," said the girl, who was tying a clean cap under her chin, "welcome to Llanwaetur, miss!—pe pleased to excuse our keeping hur waiting, and polting the toor, and taking hur for a ghost and a ropper—put we know who you are now—the young lady from London, that we have been told to expect."

"O, then, I have been expected, all's right—and my Araminta, where is she? where is she?"

"Welcome to Llanwaetur, welcome to Llanwaetur, and Cot bless her pretty face," said the old woman, who followed Betty Williams out of the cottage.

"Hur's my grandmother, miss;" said Betty.

"Very likely—but let me see my Araminta," cried Angelina; "cruel woman! where is she, I say?"

"Cot pless hur!—Cot pless hur pretty face," repeated the old woman, curtsying.

"My grandmother's as deaf as a post, miss—don't mind her, she can't tell Inglis well, put I can;—who would you pe pleased to have?"

"In plain English, then—the lady who lives in this cottage."

"Our Miss Hodges?"

This odious name of Hodges provoked Angelina, who was so used to call her friend Araminta, that she had almost forgotten her real name.

"O miss," continued Betty Williams, "Miss Hodges is gone to Pristol for a few days."

"Gone! how unlucky! my Araminta gone!"

"But Miss Hodges will pe pack on Tuesday—Miss Hodges did not expect hur till Thursday—put hur ped is very well aired—pe pleased to walk in, and I'll light hur a candle, and get hur a night-cap."

"Heigho! must I sleep again without seeing my Araminta—Well, but I shall sleep in a cottage for the first time in my life—

"The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed."

At this moment, Angelina, forgetting to stoop, hit herself a violent blow as she was entering Angelina-bower, the roof of which, indeed, "was too low for so lofty a head."—A head-ache came on, which kept her awake the greatest part of the night. In the morning she set about to explore the cottage; it was nothing like the species of elegant retirement, of which she had drawn such a charming picture in her imagination. It consisted of three small bed-chambers, which were more like what she had been used to call closets; a parlour, the walls of which were, in many places, stained with damp; and a kitchen which smoked. The scanty moth-eaten furniture of the rooms was very different from the luxury and elegance to which Angelina had been accustomed in the apartments of Lady Diana Chillingworth.—Coarse and ill dressed was the food, which Betty Williams—unlike—Oh how unlike! "the neat-handed Phillis"—with great bustle and awkwardness served up to her guest; but Angelina was no epicure. The first dinner which she ate on wooden trenchers delighted her — the second, third, fourth, and fifth appeared less and less delectable, so that by the time she had boarded one week at her cottage, she was completely convinced, that

"A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
"And water from the spring,"

though delightful to Goldsmith's Hermit, are not quite so satisfactory in actual practice, as in poetic theory; at least to a young lady, who had been habituated to all she luxuries of fashionable life. It was in vain that our heroine repeated—

"Man wants but little here below;"

she found, that even the want of double refined sugar, of green tea, and Mocha coffee, was sensibly felt. Hour after hour, and day after day, passed with Angelina, in anxious expectation of her Araminta's return home. Her time hung heavy upon her hands, for she had no companion with whom she could converse; and one odd volume of Rosseau's Eloise, and a few well thumbed German plays, were the only books, which she could find in the house. There was according to Betty Williams's report, "a vast sight of books in a press, along with some table cloths," but Miss Hodges had the key of this press in her pocket. Deprived of the pleasures both of reading and conversation, Angelina endeavoured to amuse herself by contemplating the beauties of nature. There were some wild, solitary walks in the neighbourhood of Angelina-

bower; but though our heroine was delighted with these, she wanted, in her rambles, some kindred soul, to whom she might exclaim*—"How charming is solitude!"—The day after her arrival in Wales, she wrote a long letter to Araminta, which Betty Williams undertook to send by a careful lad, a particular friend of her own, who would deliver it, without fail, into Miss Hodges's own hands, and who would engage to bring an answer by three o'clock the next day. The careful lad did not return till four days afterward, and he then could give no account of his mission, except that he had left the letter at Bristol, with a particular friend of his own, who would deliver it, without fail, into Miss Hodges's own hands, if he could meet with her. The post seems to be the last expedient, which a heroine ever thinks of, for the conveyance of her letters; so that if we were to judge from the annals of romance, we should infallibly conclude, there was no such thing as a post-office in England. —On the sixth day of her abode at this comfortless cottage, the possibility of sending a letter to her friend by the post occurred to Angelina, and she actually discovered, that there was a post-office at Cardiffe. Before she could receive an

* Voltaire.

answer to this epistle, a circumstance happened, which made her determine to abandon her present retreat. One evening, she rambled out to a considerable distance from the cottage, and it was long after sunset ere she recollected, that it would be necessary to return homewards, before it grew dark. She mistook her way at last, and following a sheep-path, down the steep side of a mountain, she came to a point, at which she, apparently, could neither advance nor recede. A stout Welch farmer, who was counting his sheep in a field, at the top of the mountain, happened to look down its steep side in search of one of his flock that was missing: the farmer saw something white at a distance below him, but there was a mist, it was dusk in the evening, and whether it were a woman, or a sheep, he could not be certain. In the hope that Angelina was his lost sheep, he went to her assistance, and though, upon a nearer view, he was disappointed, in finding that she was a woman, yet he had the humanity, to hold out his stick to her, and he helped her up by it, with some difficulty. One of her slippers fell off, as she scrambled up the hill —there was no recovering it; her other slipper, which was of the thinnest kid leather, was cut through by the stones; her silk stockings were soon stained with

the blood of her tender feet, and it was with real gratitude, that she accepted the farmer's offer, to let her pass the night at his farm-house, which was within view. Angelina-bower was, according to his computation, about four miles distant, as well, he said, as he could judge of the place she meant by her description; she had unluckily forgotten, that the common name of it was Llanwaetur. At the farmer's house, she was, at first, hospitably received, by a tight-looking woman; but she had not been many minutes seated, before she found herself the object of much curiosity and suspicion. In one corner of the room, at a small round table, with a jug of ale before him, sat a man, who looked like the picture of a Welch squire; a candle had just been lighted for his worship, for he was a magistrate, and a great man, in those parts, for he could read the newspaper, and his company was, therefore, always welcome to the farmer, who loved to hear the news, and the reader was paid for his trouble with good ale, which he loved even better han literature.

"What news, Mr. Evans?" said the farmer.

"What news!" repeated Mr. Evans, looking up from his paper, with a sarcastic smile, "Why, news that might not

be altogether so agreeable to the whole of this good company; so 'tis best to keep it to ourselves."

"Every thing's agreeable to me, I'm sure," said the farmer, "every thing's agreeable to me in the way of news."

"And to me, not excepting politics, which you, gentlemen, always think it so polite," said Mrs. Evans, "to keep to yourselves; but, you recollect, Mr. Evans, I was used to politics when I lived with my uncle at Cardiffe;—not having, though a farmer's wife, always lived in the country, as you see, ma'am—nor being quite illiterate.—Well, Mr. Evans, let us have it.—What news of the fleets?"

Mr. Evans made no reply, but pointed out a passage in the newspaper to the farmer, who leant over his shoulder, in vain endeavouring to spell and put it together: his smart wife, whose curiosity was at least equal to her husband's, ran immediately to peep at the wonderful paragraph, and she read aloud the beginning of an advertisement;—

"Suspected to have strayed, or eloped, "from her friends or relations, a young "lady, seemingly not more than sixteen "years of age, dressed in white, with a "straw hat: blue eyes, light hair,"—

Angelina coloured so deeply, whilst this was reading, and the description so exactly suited with her appearance, that

the farmer's wife stopped short; the farmer fixed his eyes upon her, and Mr. Evans cleared his throat several times with much significance.—A general silence ensued; at last the three heads nodded to one another across the round table, the farmer whistled and walked out of the room, his wife fidgetted at a buffet in which she began to arrange some cups and saucers; and, after a few minutes, she followed her husband. Angelina took up the newspaper, to read the remainder of the advertisement. She could not doubt, that it was meant for her, when she saw, that it was dated the very day of her arrival at the inn at Cardiffe, and signed by the land lady of the inn, Mrs. Hoel. Mr. Evans swallowed the remainder of his ale, and then addressed Angelina in these words.

"Young lady, it is plain to see you know when the cap fits; now, if you'll take my advice, you'll not make the match you have in your eye: for though a lord's son, he is a great gambler. I dined with one that has dined with him not long ago. My son, who has a living near Bristol, knows a great deal—more about you than you'd think;—and 'tis my advice to you, which I wouldn't be at the trouble of giving, if you were not as pretty as you are, to go back to your relations; for he'll never marry you, and

marriage to be sure is your object. I have no more to say, but only this, I shall think it my duty, as a magistrate, to let your friends know as soon as possible where you are, coming under my cognizance as you do; for a vagabond, in the eye of the law, is a person—"

Angelina had not patience to listen to any more of this speech; she interrupted Mr. Evans with a look of indignation, assured him, that he was perfectly unintelligible to her, and walked out of the room with great dignity. Her dignity made no impression upon the farmer or his wife, who now repented having offered her a night's lodging in their house; in the morning, they were as eager to get rid of her, as she was impatient to depart. Mr. Evans insisted upon seeing her safe home, evidently for the purpose of discovering precisely where she lived. Angelina saw, that she could no longer remain undisturbed in her retreat, and determined to set out immediately in quest of her unknown friend at Bristol.—Betty Williams, who had a strong desire to have a jaunt to Bristol, a town which she had never seen but once in her life, offered to attend Miss Warwick, assuring her, that she perfectly well knew the house, where Miss Hodges always lodged. Her offer was accepted, and what adventures our heroine met with in Bris-

tol, and what difficulties she encountered before she discovered her Araminta, will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

ANGELINA went by water from Cardiffe to Bristol; the water was rather rough, and as she was unused to the motion of a vessel, she was both frightened and sick. She spent some hours very disagreeably, and without even the sense of acting like a heroine, to support her spirits. It was late in the evening before she arrived at the end of her voyage; she was landed on the quay, at Bristol. No hackney-coach was to be had, and she was obliged to walk to the Bush. To find herself in the midst of a bustling, vulgar crowd, by whom she was unknown, but not unnoticed, was new to Miss Warwick. Whilst she was with Lady Diana Chillingworth, she had always been used to see crowds make way for her; she was now surprised to feel herself jostled in the streets by passengers, who were all full of their own affairs, hurrying different ways in pursuit of objects, which probably seemed to them as important, as the search for an unknown friend appeared to Angelina.

Betty Williams's friend's friend, the careful lad, who was to deliver the letter to Miss Hodges, was a waiter at the Bush. Upon inquiry it was found, that he had totally forgotten his promise; Angelina's letter was, after much search, found in a bottle-drainer, so much stained with port wine, that it was illegible; the man answered with the most provoking nonchalance, when Angelina reproached him for his carelessness—"That indeed no such person as Miss Hodges was to be found. That nobody he could meet with had ever heard the name."—They who are extremely enthusiastic suffer continually from the total indifference of others to their feelings; and young people can scarcely conceive the extent of this indifference, until they have seen something of the world. Seeing the world does not *always* mean seeing a certain set of company in London.

Angelina, the morning after her arrival at the Bush, took a hackney-coach, and left the care of directing the coachman to Betty Williams, who professed to have a perfect knowledge of Bristol. Betty desired the man to drive to the drawbridge; and, at the sound of the word drawbridge, various associations of ideas with the drawbridges of ancient times were called up in Miss Warwick's imagination. How dif-

ferent was the reality from her castles in the air. She was roused from her reverie, by the voices of Betty Williams and the coachman.

"Where *will* I drive ye to, I ask you?" said the coachman, who was an Irishman, "*Will* I stand all day upon the draw-bridge stopping the passage?"—

"Trive on a step, and I will get out and see apout me," said Betty; "I know the look of the house, as well as I know any thing."

Betty got out of the coach, and walked up and down the street, looking at the houses like one bewildered.

"Bad luck to you! for a Welch woman as you are," exclaimed the coachman, jumping down from the box. "Will I lave the young lady standing in the street all day alone for you to be making a fool this way of us both?—Sorrow take me now! If I do——."

"Pless us, pe not in a pet or a pucker, or how shall I recollect any body or any thing.—Cood! Cood!—Stand you there while I just say over my alphabet; a, p, c, t, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m, n, o, b.—It was some name which pegins with *p* and ends with a *t*, I pelieve."

"Here's a pretty direction upon my troth;—some name which begins with a *p* and ends with a *t*," cried the coachman;

and, after he had uttered half a score of Hibernian execrations upon the Welch woman's folly, he with much good-nature went along with her to read the names on the street doors.—Here's a name now that's the very thing for you—here's Pushit now.—Was the name Pushit?—Ricollict yourself, my good girl, was that your name?"

"Pushit!—O yes I am sure, and believe it was Pushit—Mrs. Pushit's house, Pristol, where our Miss Hodges lodges always."

"Mrs. Pushit, but this is quite another man; I tell you this is Sir John—Faith now we are in luck:" continued the coachman, "here's another P. just at hand; here's Mrs. Puffit; sure she begins with a P. and ends with a t, and is a milliner into the bargain; so sure enough I'll engage the young lady lodges here.—Puffit—Hey—Ricollict now, and don't be looking as if you'd just been pulled out of your sleep, and had never been in a Christian town before now."

"Pless us, Cot pless us!" said the Welch girl, who was quite overpowered by the Irishman's flow of words—and she was on the point of having recourse, in her own defence to her native tongue, in which she could have matched either male or female, in fluency; but, to An-

gelina's great relief, the dialogue between the coachman and Betty Williams ceased. The coachman drew up to Mrs. Puffit's; but, as there was a handsome carriage at the door, Miss Warwick was obliged to wait in her hackney-coach, some time longer. The handsome carriage belonged to Lady Frances Somerset.——By one of those extraordinary coincidences, which sometimes occur in real life, but which are scarcely believed to be natural, when they are related in books, Miss Warwick happened to come to this shop at the very moment when the persons, she most wished to avoid, were there.—Whilst the dialogue between Betty Williams and the hackney-coachman was passing, Lady Diana Chillingworth and Miss Burrage were seated in Mrs. Puffit's shop: Lady Diana was extremely busy bargaining with the milliner; for though rich, and a woman of quality, her ladyship piqued herself upon making the cheapest bargains in the world.

"Your la'ship did not look at this eight-and-twenty shilling lace," said Mrs. Puffit, "'tis positively the cheapest thing your la'ship ever saw—Jesse! the laces in the little blue bandbox—Quick! for my Lady Di.—Quick!"

"But it is out of my power to stay to look at any thing more now;" said Lady

Diana; "and yet," whispered she to Miss Burrage, "when one does go out a shopping, one certainly likes to bring home a bargain."

"Certainly, but Bristol's not the place for bargains," said Miss Burrage; "you will find nothing tolerable, I assure you, my dear Lady Di., at Bristol."

"Why, my dear," said her ladyship, "were you ever at Bristol before?—How comes it, that I never heard that you were at Bristol before?—Where were you, child?"

"At the Wells, at the Wells, ma'am;" replied Miss Burrage, and she turned pale and red in the space of a few seconds; but Lady Diana, who was very near-sighted, was holding her head so close to the blue band-box full of lace, that she could not see the changes in her companion's countenance. The fact was, that Miss Burrage was born and bred in Bristol, where she had several relations, who were not in high life, and by whom she consequently dreaded to be claimed. When she first met Lady Diana Chillingworth, at Buxton, she had passed herself upon her for one of the Burrages of Dorsetshire, and she knew, that if her ladyship was to discover the truth, she would cast her off with horror. For this reason, she had done every thing, in her power,

to prevent Lady Di. from coming to Clifton; and, for this reason, she now endeavoured to persuade her, that nothing tolerable could be met with at Bristol."

"I am afraid, Lady Di., you will be late at Lady Mary's," said she.

"Look at this lace, child, and give me your opinion—eight and twenty shillings, Mrs. Puffit, did you say?"

"Eight and twenty, my lady—and I lose by every yard I sell at that price. Ma'am you see," said Mrs. Puffit, appealing to Miss Burrage, "'tis real Valenciennes you see."

"I see 'tis horrid dear;" said Miss Burrage: then in a whisper to Lady Di. she added,—"at Miss Trentham's, at the Wells, your ladyship will meet with such bargains!"

Mrs. Puffit put her lace upon the alabaster neck of the large doll which stood in the middle of her shop.—"Only look, my lady—only see, ma'am, how beautiful becoming 'tis to the neck, and sets off a dress so you know, ma'am.—And (turning to Miss Burrage) eight and twenty you know, ma'am, is really nothing for any lace you'd wear; but more particularly for real Valenciennes, which can scarce be had *real* for love or money since the French Revolution—Real Valenciennes!—and will wear, and wash, and wash, and

wear (not that your ladyship minds that) for ever and ever—and is such a bargain, and so becoming to the neck, especially to ladies of your la'ship's complexion."

"Well, I protest I believe, Burrage—I don't know what to say, my dear—Hey?"

"I'm told," whispered Miss Burrage, "that Miss Trentham's to have a lace raffle at the Wells next week."

"A raffle!" cried Lady Di. turning her back immediately upon the doll and the lace.

"Well," cried Mrs. Puffit, "instead of eight, say seven and twenty shillings, Miss Burrage, for old acquaintance sake."

"Old acquaintance!" exclaimed Miss Burrage—La! Mrs. Puffit, I don't remember ever being twice in your shop all the time I was at the Wells before."

"No, ma'am," replied Mrs. Puffit, with a malicious smile—"but when you *was* living on St. Augustin's Back."

"Saint Augustin's Back, my dear!" exclaimed Lady Diana Chillingworth, with a look of horror and amazement.

Miss Burrage, laying down a bank-note on the counter, made a quick and expressive sign to the milliner to hold her tongue.

"Dear Mrs. Puffit," cried she, "you certainly mistake me for some other strange person.—Lady Di. now I look at

it with my glass, this lace *is* very fine, I must agree with you, and not dear by any means for real Valenciennes—cut me off three yards of this lace—I protest there's no withstanding it, Lady Di."

"Three yards at eight and twenty—Here Jesse," said Mrs. Puffit, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, for my mistake; I supposed it was some other lady of the same name—There are so many Burrages. —*Only* three yards did you say, ma'am?"

"Nay I don't care if you give me four. —I'm of the Burrages of Dorsetshire."

"A very good family, those Burrages of Dorsetshire, as any in England," said Lady Di.—"and put up twelve yards of this for me, Mrs. Puffit."

"Twelve at eight and twenty—yes, my lady——very much obliged to your ladyship—much obliged to you, Miss Burrage—Here, Jesse, this to my Lady Di. Chillingworth's carriage." Jesse called at the shop door in a shrill voice to a black servant of Lady Frances Somerset's—"Mr. Hector, Mr. Hector!—Sir, pray put this parcel into the carriage for Lady Diana Chillingworth."

Angelina, who was waiting in her hackney-coach, started; she could scarcely believe, that she heard the name rightly:—but an instant afterwards, the voice of Lady Diana struck her ear, and she

sunk back in great agitation. However, neither Miss Burrage, nor Lady Di. saw her; they got into their carriage, and drove away.

Angelina was so much alarmed, that she could scarcely believe, that the danger was past, when she saw the carriage at the farthest end of the street.——

"Wouldn't you be pleased to light, ma'am?" said Jesse.—"We don't bring things to the door."

"Who have we here?" cried Mrs. Puffit,—"who have we here?"

"Only some folks out of a hack that was kept waiting, and couldn't draw up whilst my Lady Di.'s carriage was at the door," said Jesse.

"A good pretty girl the foremost," said Mrs. Puffit.—"But in the name of wonder, what's that odd fish coming behind her?"——

"A queer looking pair in good truth!" said Jesse.

Angelina seated herself, and gave a deep sigh——"Ribbons, if you please, ma'am," said she to Mrs. Puffit—"I must," thought she, "ask for something, before I ask for my Araminta."

"Ribbons, yes, ma'am—what sort?—Keep an eye upon the glass," whispered the milliner to her shop girl, as she stooped behind the counter for a drawer of

ribbons—"Keep an eye on the glass, Jesse—a girl of the town, I take it—— What colour, ma'am?"

"Blue—'Cerulean blue'—Here child," said Angelina, turning to Betty Williams, "here's a ribbon for you."

Betty Williams did not hear her, for Betty was fascinated by the eyes of the great doll, opposite to which she stood fixed.

"Lord, what a fine lady! and how hur stares at Betty Williams!" thought she; "I wish hur would take hur eyes off me."

"Betty!—Betty Williams!—a ribbon for you," cried Angelina, in a louder tone.

Betty started—"Miss!—a ribbon!"—she ran forward, and, in pushing by the doll, threw it backward; Mrs. Puffit caught it in her arms, and Betty, stopping short, curtsied, and said to the doll—"Peg pardon, miss, peg pardon, miss—tit I hurt you? peg pardon.—Pless us! 'tis a toll, and no woman, I teclare."

The milliner and Jesse now burst into uncontrollable, and, as Angelina feared, "unextinguishable laughter."—Nothing is so distressing to a sentimental heroine, as ridicule—Miss Warwick perceived, that she had her share of that, which Betty Williams excited—and she, who

imagined herself to be capable of "combating in all its Proteus forms, the system of social slavery," was unable to withstand the laughter of a milliner and her 'prentice.

"Do you please to want any thing else, ma'am?" said Mrs. Puffit, in a saucy tone, "Rouge, perhaps?"

"I wish to know, madam," said Angelina, "whether a lady, of the name of Hodges, does not lodge here?"

"A lady of the name of Hodges—no ma'am—I'm very particular about lodgers—no such lady ever lodged with me. ——Jesse! to the door—quick! Lady Mary Tasselton's carriage."

Angelina hastily rose and departed. Whilst Jesse ran to the door, and whilst Mrs. Puffit's attention was fixed upon Lady Mary Tasselton's carriage, Betty Williams twitched from off the doll's shoulders, the remainder of the piece of Valenciennes lace, which had been left there. "Since hur's only wood, I'll make free," said she to herself, and she carried off the lace unobserved.

Angelina's impatience to find her Araminta was increased, by the dread of meeting Lady Di. Chillingworth in every carriage that passed, and in every shop where she might call. At the next house at which the coachman stopped, the

words—*Dinah Plait, relict of Jonas Plait, cheesemonger*, were written, in large letters, over the shop-door. Angelina thought she was in no danger of meeting her ladyship here, and she alighted. There was no one in the shop, but a child of seven years old; he could not understand well what Angelina or Betty said, but he ran to call his aunt. Dinah Plait was at dinner, and when the child opened the door of the parlour, there came forth such a savoury smell, that Betty Williams, who was extremely hungry, could not forbear putting her head in, to see what was upon the table.

"Pless hur! heggs and pacon and toasted cheese—Cot pless her!" exclaimed Betty.

"Aunt Dinah," said the child, "here are two women in some great distress, they told me—and astray and hungry."

"In some great distress, and astray and hungry—then let them in here, child, this minute."

There was seated, at a small table, in a perfectly neat parlour, a quaker, whose benevolent countenance charmed Angelina, the moment she entered the room.

"Pardon this intrusion," said she.

"Friend, thou art welcome," said Dinah Plait, and her looks said so more expressively than her words. An elderly

man rose, and leaving the cork-screw in the half drawn cork of a bottle of cider, he set a chair for Angelina, and withdrew to the window.

"Be seated and eat, for verily thou seemest to be hungry;" said Mrs. Plait to Betty Williams, who instantly obeyed, and began to eat like one that had been half famished.

"And now, friend, thy business, thy distress—what is it?" said Dinah, turning to Angelina, "so young to have sorrows."

"I had best take myself away," said the elderly gentleman, who stood at the window—"I had best take myself away, for miss may not like to speak before me—though she might for that matter."

"Where is the gentleman going?" said Miss Warwick; "I have but one short question to ask, and I have nothing to say, that need ———"

"I dare say, young lady, you can have nothing to say, that you need be ashamed of, only people in distress don't like so well to speak before third folks, I *guess*—though to say the truth, I have never known, by my own experience, what it was to be in much distress, since I came into the world—but, I hope, I am not the more hard-hearted for that—for I can guess, I say, pretty well, how those in distress feel, when they come to speak.—

Do as you would be done by, is my maxim, till I can find a better—so I take myself away, leaving my better part behind me, if it will be of any service to you, madam."

As he passed by Miss Warwick, he dropped his purse into her lap, and he was gone before she could recover from her surprise.

"Sir!—madam!" cried she, rising hastily, "here has been some strange mistake—I am not a beggar—I am much, very much obliged to you, but——"

"Nay, keep it, friend, keep it," said Dinah Plait, "pressing the purse upon Angelina—John Barker is as rich as a Jew, and as generous as a prince.—Keep it, friend, and you'll oblige both him and me—'tis dangerous in this world for one so young and so pretty as you are to be in *great distress;* so be not proud."

"I am not proud," said Miss Warwick, drawing her purse from her pocket—"but my distress is not of a pecuniary nature—Convince yourself—I am in distress only for a friend, *an unknown* friend."

"Touched in her brain, I doubt?" thought Dinah.

"Coot ale!" exclaimed Betty Williams, "Coot heggs and pacon."

"Does a lady, of the name of Aramin-

ta—Miss Hodges I mean, lodge here?" said Miss Warwick.

"Friend, I do not let lodgings; and I know of no such person as Miss Hodges."

"Well, I swear hur name, the coachman told me, did begin with a p, and end with a t," cried Betty Williams, "or I would never have let him knock at hur toor."

"O, my Araminta! my Araminta!" exclaimed Angelina, turning up her eyes towards heaven—"when, O when shall I find thee? I am the most unfortunate person upon earth."

"Had not hur petter eat a hegg, and a pit of pacon, here's one pit left," said Betty; "hur must be hungry, for 'tis two o'clock past, and we preakfasted at nine—hur must be hungry"—and Betty pressed her *to try the pacon;* but Angelina put it away, or, in the proper style, motioned the bacon from her.

"I am in no want of food," cried she, rising, "happy they who have no conception of any but corporeal sufferings.—Farewell, madam!—may the sensibility, of which your countenance is so strongly expressive, never be a source of misery to you!"—and with that depth of sigh, which suited the close of such a speech, Angelina withdrew.

"If I could but have felt her pulse," said Dinah Plait, to herself, "I could have prescribed something, that may-be would have done her good, poor distracted thing!—Now it was well done of John Barker, to leave this purse for her—but how is this—poor thing! she's not fit to be trusted with money—here she has left her own purse full of guineas."

Dinah ran immediately to the house-door, in hopes of being able to catch Angelina; but the coach had turned down into another street, and was out of sight; Mrs. Plait sent for her constant counsellor, John Barker, to deliberate on the means of returning the purse. It should be mentioned, to the credit of Dinah's benevolence, that at the moment when she was interrupted by the entrance of Betty Williams and Angelina, she was hearing the most flattering things from a person who was not disagreeable to her; her friend, John Barker, was a rich hosier, who had retired from business; and who, without any ostentation, had a great deal of real feeling and generosity.—But the fastidious taste of *fine*, or sentimental readers, will probably be disgusted by our talking of the feelings, and generosity of a hosier, and a cheesemonger's widow.—It belongs to a certain class of people, to

indulge in the luxury of sentiment: we shall follow our heroine therefore, who, both from her birth and education, is properly qualified to have—"exquisite feelings."

The next house, at which Angelina stopped to search for her amiable Araminta, was at Mrs. Porett's academy for young ladies.

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Hodges is here—Pray walk into this room, and you shall see the young lady immediately."——Angelina burst into the room instantly, exclaiming—

"O my Araminta! have I found you at last!"

She stopped short, a little confounded, at finding herself in a large room full of young ladies, who were dancing reels, and who all stood still at one and the same instant, and fixed their eyes upon her, struck with astonishment at her theatrical entrée and exclamation.

"Miss Hodges!" said Mrs. Porett—and a little girl of seven years old came forward:—"Here, ma'am," said Mrs. Porett to Angelina, "here is Miss Hodges."

"Not *my* Miss Hodges! not my Araminta! alas!"

"No, ma'am," said the little girl, "I am only Letty Hodges."

Several of her companions now began to titter.

"These girls," said Angelina to herself, "take me for a fool:"—and turning to Mrs. Porett, she apologized for the trouble she had given, in language as little romantic as she could condescend to use.

"Tid you bid me, miss, wait in the coach or the passage?" cried Betty Williams, forcing her way in at the door, so as almost to push down the dancing-master, who stood with his back to it.—Betty stared round, and dropped curtsy after curtsy, whilst the young ladies laughed and whispered, and whispered and laughed—and the words, odd—vulgar—strange—who is she?—what is she?—reached Miss Warwick.

"This Welch girl," thought she, "is my torment. Wherever I go, she makes me share the ridicule of her folly."

Clara Hope, one of the young ladies, saw and pitied Angelina's confusion.

"Gif over, an ye have any gude nature—gif over your whispering and laughing," said Clara, to her companions, "ken ye not ye make her so bashful, she'd fain hide her face wi her twa hands."

But it was in vain that the good natured Clara Hope remonstrated; her companions could not forbear tittering, as

Betty Williams, upon Miss Warwick's laying the blame of the mistake on her, replied in strong Welch accent—

"I will swear almost, the name was Porett or Plait, where our Miss Hodges tid always lodge in Pristol.—Porett, or Plait, or Puffit, or some of hur names that pekin with a p and ent with a t."

Angelina, quite *overpowered*, shrunk back, as Betty bawled out her vindication, and she was yet more confused, when Monsieur Richelet, the dancing-master, at this unlucky instant came up to her, and, with an elegant bow, said, "It is not difficult to see by her air, that mademoiselle dances superiorly.—Mademoiselle, vould she do me de plaisir—de honneur to dance one minuet?"

"O, if she would but dance!" whispered some of the group of young ladies.

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Warwick.

"Not a minuet!—den a minuet de la cour, a cotillion, or contredanse, or reel; vatever mademoiselle please, vill do us honneur."

Angelina, with a mixture of impatience and confusion, repeated, "Excuse me, sir—I am going—I interrupt—I beg I may not interrupt."

"A coot morrow to you all, creat and small," said Betty Williams, curtsying awkwardly at the door as she went out before Miss Warwick.

The young ladies were now diverted so much, beyond the bounds of decorum, that Mrs. Porett was obliged to call them to order.

"O, my Araminta, what scenes have I gone through! to what derision have I exposed myself for your sake!" said our heroine to herself.

Just as she was leaving the dancing-room, she was stopped short by Betty Williams, who, with a face of terror, exclaimed, "'tis a poy in the hall, that I tare not pass for my lifes; he has a pasket full of pees in his hand, and I cannot apide pees, ever since one tay when I was a chilt, and was stung on the nose by a pee. The boy in the hall has a pasketful of pees, ma'am," said Betty, with an imploring accent, to Mrs. Porett.

"A basketful of bees!" said Mrs. Porett, laughing, "O, you are mistaken; I know what the boy has in his basket, they are only flowers, they are not bees; you may safely go by them."

"Put I saw pees with my own eyes," persisted Betty.

"Only a basketful of the bee orchis, which I commissioned a little boy to bring from St. Vincent's rocks, for my young botanists," said Mrs. Porett to Angelina; "you know the flower is so like a bee, that at first sight you might easily mistake

it. Mrs. Porett, to convince Betty Williams, that she had no cause for fear, went on before her into the hall; but Betty still hung back, crying,—

"It is a pasket full of pees! I saw the pees with my own eyes."

The noise she made excited the curiosity of the young ladies in the dancing-room; they looked out to see what was the matter.

"O, 'tis the wee-wee French prisoner boy, with the bee orchises for us—there, I see him staunding in the hall," cried Clara Hope, and instantly she ran, followed by several of her companions, into the hall.

"You see that they are not bees," said Mrs. Porett, to Betty Williams, as she took several of the flowers in her hand. Betty, half convinced, yet half afraid, moved a few steps into the hall.

"You have no cause for dread," said Clara Hope; "poor boy, he has nought in his basket that can hurt any body."

Betty Williams's heavy foot was now set upon the train of Clara's gown, and as the young lady sprang forwards, her gown, which was of thin muslin, was torn so, as to excite the commiseration of all her young companions.

"What a terrible rent! and her best gown!" said they; "Poor Clara Hope!"

"Pless us! peg pardon, miss!" cried the awkward, terrified Betty, "peg pardon, miss!"

"Pardon's graunted," said Clara; and whilst her companions stretched out her train, deploring the length and breadth of her misfortune, she went on speaking to the little French boy.—Poor wee boy! 'tis a sad thing to be in a strange country, far away from one's ane ane kin and happy hame—poor wee thing;" said she, slipping some money into his hand.

"What a heavenly countenance!" thought Angelina, as she looked at Clara Hope, "O that my Araminta may resemble her!"

"Plait il—take vat you vant—tank you," said the little boy, offering to Clara Hope his basket of flowers, and a small box of trinkets, which he held in his hand.

"Here's a many pretty toys—who'll buy!" cried Clara, turning to her companions.

The young ladies crowded round the box and the basket.

"Is he in distress?" said Angelina, "perhaps I can be of some use to him!" and she put her hand into her pocket, to feel for her purse.

"He is a very honest, industrious lit-

tle boy," said Mrs. Porett, "and he supports his parents by his active ingenuity."

"And Louis, is your father sick still?" continued Clara Hope, to the poor boy.

"Bien malade! bien malade! very sick! very sick!" said he.

The unaffected language of real feeling and benevolence is easily understood, and is never ridiculous; even in the broken French of little Louis, and the broad Scotch tone of Clara, it was both intelligible and agreeable.

Angelina had been, for some time past, feeling in her pockets for her purse.

"'Tis gone—certainly gone!" she exclaimed, "I've lost it! lost my purse! Betty, do you know any thing of it? I had it at Mrs. Plait's!—What shall I do for this poor little fellow?—This trinket is of gold!" said she, taking from her neck a locket—"Here, my little fellow, I have no money to give you, take this—nay, you must, indeed."

"Tanks! tanks! bread for my poor fader! joy! joy!—too much joy! too much!"

"You see you were wrong to laugh at her;" whispered Clara Hope, to her companions, "I liked her lukes from the first."

Natural feeling, at this moment, so

entirely occupied and satisfied Angelina, that she forgot her sensibility for her unknown friend; and it was not till one of the children observed the lock of hair in her locket, that she recollected her accustomed cant of—

"*O my Araminta! my amiable Araminta!* could I part with that hair, more precious than gold!"

"Bless us!" said Betty, "put if she has lost her purse, who shall pay for the coach, and what will become of our tinners?"

Angelina silenced Betty Williams, with peremptory dignity.

Mrs. Porett, who was a good and sensible woman, and who had been interested for our heroine by her good-nature to the little French boy, followed Miss Warwick as she left the room.

"Monsieur Richelet," said she, "I have a few words to say to this young lady"—and Mrs. Porett opened the door of a little study.—"Let me detain you, but for a few minutes," said she.—"You have nothing to fear, from any impertinent curiosity, on my part; but, perhaps, I may be of some assistance to you."—Miss Warwick could not refuse to be detained a few minutes by so friendly a voice.

"Madam, you have mentioned the

name of Araminta several times since you came into this house, said Mrs. Porett, with something of embarrassment in her manner, for she was afraid of appearing impertinent. "I know, or at least I knew, a lady who writes under that name, and whose real name is Hodges."

"O, a thousand thousand thanks!" cried Angelina, "tell me, where can I find her?"

"Are you acquainted with her?—You seem to be a stranger, young lady, in Bristol?—Are you acquainted with Miss Hodges's *whole* history?"

"Yes, her *whole* history; every feeling of her soul; every thought of her mind!" cried Angelina with enthusiasm.—"We have corresponded for two years past."

Mrs. Porett smiled;—"It is not always possible," said she, "to judge of ladies by their letters—I am not inclined to believe *above half* what the world says, according to Lord Chesterfield's allowance for scandalous stories; but it may be necessary to warn you, as you seem very young, that ———"

"Madam," cried Angelina, "young as I am, I know that superior genius and virtue are the inevitable objects of scandal—It is in vain to detain me farther."

"I am truly sorry for it," said Mrs.

Porett; "but, perhaps, you will allow me to tell you that ———"

"No, not a word; not a word more will I hear," cried our heroine; and she hurried out of the house, and threw herself into the coach.—Mrs. Porett contrived, however, to make Betty Williams hear, that the most probable means of gaining any intelligence of Miss Hodges, would be to inquire for her at the shop of Mr. Barker, who was her printer.—To Mr. Barker's they drove—though Betty professed, that she was half unwilling to inquire for Miss Hodges from any one whose name did not begin with a p, and end with a t.

"What a pity it is," said Mrs. Porett, when she returned to her pupils—"What a pity it is, that this young lady's friends should permit her to go about in a hackney coach with such a strange, vulgar, servant girl as that!—She is too young to know how quickly, and often how severely, the world judges by appearances.—Miss Hope, now we talk of appearances, you forget that your gown is torn, and you do not know, perhaps, that your friend Lady Frances Somerset ——"

"Lady Frances Somerset!" cried Clara Hope—"I luve to hear her very name."

"For which reason you interrupt me the moment I mention it—I have a great

mind not to tell you—that Lady Frances Somerset has invited you to go to the play with her to night:—"The Merchant of Venice and the Adopted Child."

"Gude natured Lady Frances Somerset, I'm sure an' if Clara Hope had been your adopted child twenty times over, you cude not have been more kind to her *nor* you have been.—No, not had she been your ane country-woman, and of your ane clan—And all for the same reasons that make some neglect and look down upon her—because Clara is not meikle rich, and is far away from her ane ane friends.—Gude Lady Frances Somerset! Clara Hope luves in her heart, and she's as blythe wi' the thought o'ganging to see you, as if she were going to dear Inverary."

It is a pity, for the sake of our story, that Miss Warwick did not stay a few minutes longer at Mrs. Porett's, that she might have heard this eulogium on Lady Frances Somerset, and might have, a second time in one day, discovered, that she was on the very brink of meeting with the persons she most dreaded to see; but however temptingly romantic such an incident would have been, we must, according to our duty as faithful historians, deliver a plain unvarnished tale.

Miss Warwick arrived at Mr. Barker's,

and as soon as she had pronounced the name of Hodges, the printer called to his devil for a parcel of advertisements, which he put into her hand; they were proposals for printing by subscription a new novel,—"The Sorrows of Araminta."

"O, my Araminta! my amiable Araminta, have I found you at last?—*The Sorrows of Araminta, a novel, in nine volumes;*— O charming!—*together with a tragedy on the same plan.*—Delightful!—*Subscriptions received at John Barker's, printer and bookseller; and by Rachael Hodges*—Odious name!—*at Mrs. Bertrand's.*"

"*Bartrand!*—There now *you*, do ye hear that? the lady lives at Mrs. Bartrand's; how will you make out now that Bartrand begins with a p and ends with a t now?" said the hackney coachman to Betty, who was standing at the door.

"Pertrant! why," cried Betty, "what would you have?"——

"Silence, O silence!" said Miss Warwick, and she continued reading, "*Subscriptions received at Mrs. Bertrand's.*"

"Pertrant you ear, plockead, you Irishman!" cried Betty Williams.

"Bartrand, you have no hears! Welchwoman as you are," retorted Terence O'Grady.

"Subscription two guineas, for the Sor-

rows of Araminta," continued our heroine; but looking up, she saw Betty Williams and the hackney-coachman making menacing faces and gestures at one another.

"Fight it out in the passage, for Heaven's sake!" said Angelina; "if you must fight, fight out of my sight."

"For shame, before the young lady!" said Mr. Barker, holding the hackne coachman, "have done disputing so loud."

"I've done, but she is wrong," cried Terence.

"I've done, but he is wrong;" said Betty.

Terence was so much provoked by the Welch woman, that he declared he would not carry her a step farther in his coach—that his *beasts* were tired, and that he must be paid his fare, for that he neither could, nor would, wait any longer. Betty Williams was desired, by Angelina, to pay him. She hesitated, but after being assured by Miss Warwick, that the debt should be punctually discharged in a few hours, she acknowledged, that she had silver enough "in a little box at the bottom of her pocket"—and, after much fumbling, she pulled out a snuff-box, which, she said, had been given to her by her "creat crandmother."—Whilst she was paying the coachman, the printer's devil

observed one end of a piece of lace hanging out of her pocket; she had, by accident, pulled it out along with the snuff-box.

"And was this your great grandmother's, too?" said the printer's devil, taking hold of the lace.

Betty started—Angelina was busy, making inquiries from the printer, and she did not see, or hear, what was passing close to her—the coachman was intent upon the examination of his shillings.—Betty, with great assurance, reproved the printer's devil, for touching such lace with his plack fingers.

"'Twas not my crandmother's—'tis the young lady's," said she; "let it pe, pray—look how you have placked it, and marked it, with plack fingers."

She put the stolen lace hastily into her pocket, and immediately went out, as Miss Warwick desired, to call another coach.

Before we follow our heroine to Mrs. Bertrand's, we must beg leave to go, and, if we can, to transport our readers with us to Lady Frances Somerset's house, at Clifton.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, how I am to get up this hill again, Heaven knows!" said Lady Diana Chillingworth, who had been prevailed upon to walk down Clifton-hill to the Wells—"heigho! that sister of mine, Lady Frances, walks, and talks, and laughs, and admires the beauties of nature, till I'm half dead."

"Why, indeed, Lady Frances Somerset, I must allow," said Miss Burrage, "is not the fittest companion in the world, for a person of your ladyship's nerves—but then it is to be hoped that the glass of water, which you have just taken fresh at the pump, will be of service, provided the racketing to Bristol to the play don't counteract it, and undo all again."

"How I dread going into that Bristol play-house!" said Miss Burrage, to herself, "some of my precious relations may be there, to claim me. My aunt Dinah, God bless her, for a starched quaker, wouldn't be seen at a play, I'm sure—so she's safe;—but the odious drysalter's

daughters might be there, dizened out—and between the acts, their great tall figures might rise in judgement against me—spy me out—stare and curtsy—pop—pop—pop at me, without mercy, or bawl out, across the benches, 'cousin Burrage! cousin Burrage!' and Lady Diana Chillingworth to hear it!—O, I should sink into the earth."

"What amusement," continued Miss Burrage, addressing herself to Lady Di., "what amusement Lady Frances Somerset can find at a Bristol playhouse, and at this time of the year too, is to me really unaccountable."

"I do suppose," replied Lady Diana, "that my sister goes only to please that child—(Clara Hope, I think they call her)—not to please me I'm sure;—but what is she doing all this time in the pump-room? does she know we are waiting for her?—O, here she comes——Frances, I am half dead."

"Half dead, my dear! well, here is something to bring you to life again," said Lady Frances; "I do believe I have found out Miss Warwick."

"I am sure, my dear, *that* does not revive me—I've been almost plagued to death with her, already;" said Lady Diana.

"There's no living in this world, without plagues of some sort or other—but

the pleasure of doing good makes one forget them all—here, look at this advertisement, my dear," said Lady Frances; "a gentleman, whom I have just met with in the pump-room, was reading it in the newspaper, when I came in, and a whole knot of scandal-mongers were settling who it could possibly be. One snug little man, a Welch curate, I believe, was certain it was the bar-maid of an Inn at Bath, who is said to have inveigled a young nobleman into matrimony. I left the Welchman in the midst of a long story about his father and a young lady, who lost her shoe on the Welch mountains, and I ran away with the paper to bring it to you."

Lady Diana received the paper with an air of reluctance.

"Was not I very fortunate to meet with it?" said Lady Frances.

"I protest I see no good fortune in the business, from beginning to end."

"Ah, because you are not come to the end yet—look—'tis from Mrs. Hoel, of the inn at Cardiff, and by the date, she must have been there last week."

"Who; Mrs. Hoel?"

"Miss Warwick, my dear, I beg pardon for my pronoun—But do read this—eyes, — hair — complexion—age—size, it certainly must be Miss Warwick."

"And what then?" said Lady Di. with

provoking coldness, walking on towards home.—"Why then, my dear, you know, we can go to Cardiff to-morrow morning, find the poor girl, and before any body knows any thing of the matter, before her reputation is hurt, or you blamed, before any harm can happen, convince the girl of her folly and imprudence, and bring her back to you and common sense."

"To common sense and welcome, if you can; but not to me——"

"Not to you!—Nay; but, my dear, what will become of her?"

"Nay: but, my dear Frances, what will the world say?"

"Of her?"

"Of me?"

"My dear Di., shall I tell you what the world would say?"

"No, Lady Frances; I'll tell *you* what the world would say — that Lady Diana Chillingworth's house was an asylum for runaways."

"An asylum for nonsense!—I beg your pardon, sister—but it always provokes me, to see a person afraid to do what they think right, because, truly, 'The world will say it is wrong.' What signifies the uneasiness we may suffer from the idle blame or tittle-tattle of the day, compared with the happiness of a young girl's whole life, which is at stake?"

"O, Lady Frances, that is spoke like yourself—I love you in my heart—that's right! that's right," thought Clara Hope.

Lady Diana fell back a few paces, that she might consult one, whose advice she always found agreeable to her own opinions.

"In my opinion," whispered Miss Burrage to Lady Diana, "you are right, quite right, to have nothing more to do with the *happiness* of a young lady, who has taken such a step."

They were just leaving St. Vincent's parade, when they heard the sound of music, upon the walk by the river side, and they saw a little boy there, seated at the foot of a tree, playing on the guitar, and singing—

"Jai quitté mon pays et mes amis,
"Pour jouer de la guittarre,
"Qui va clin, clin, qui va clin, clin,
"Qui va clin, clin, clin, clin."

"Ha! my wee-wee friend," said Clara Hope, "are you here?—I was just thinking of you, just wishing for you.—By gude luck, have you the weeny locket about you, that the young lady gave you this morning?—The weeny locket, my bonny boy?"

"Plait ill?" said little Louis.

"He *don't* understand one word," said

Miss Burrage, laughing sarcastically, "he don't understand one word of all your *bonnys*, and *wee-wees*, and *weenies*, Miss Hope; he, unfortunately, don't understand broad Scotch, and may-be he mayn't be so great a proficient, as you are, in *boarding-school* French; but I'll try if he can understand *me*, if you'll tell me what you want."

"Such a trinket as this," said Clara, showing a locket which hung from her neck.

"Ah oui — yes, I comprehend now," cried the boy, taking from his coat-pocket a small case of trinkets—"la voila!—here is vat de young lady did give me—good young lady!" said Louis, and he produced the locket.

"I declare," exclaimed Miss Burrage, catching hold of it, "'tis Miss Warwick's locket! I'm sure of it—here's the motto—I've read it and laughed at it twenty times—L'Amie Inconnue."

"When I heard you all talking just now, about that description of the young lady in the newspaper, I cude not but fancy," said Clara Hope, "that the lady whom I saw this morning, must be Miss Warwick."

"Saw—where?" cried Lady Frances, eagerly.

"At Bristol—at our academy—at Mrs.

Poretti's," said Clara; "but mark me, she is not there now—I do not ken where she may be now."

"Moi je scais!—I do know de demoiselle did stop in a coach at one house; I was in de street — I can show you de house."

"Can you so, my good little fellow? then let us begone directly!" said Lady Frances.

"You'll excuse me, sister;" said Lady Di.

"Excuse you!—*I* will, but *the world* will not.—You'll be abused, sister, shockingly abused."

"This assertion made more impression upon Lady Di. Chillingworth, than could have been made either by argument or entreaty.

"One really does not know how to act —people take so much notice of every thing that is said and done by persons of a certain rank—if you think that I shall be so much abused—I absolutely do not know what to say."

"But I thought," interposed Miss Burrage, "that Lady Frances was going to take you to the play to night, Miss Hope?"

"O, never heed the play—never heed the play, or Clara Hope—never heed taking me to the play; Lady Frances is go-

ing to do a better thing.——Come on, my bonny boy;" said she to the little French boy, who was following them.

We must now return to our heroine, whom we left on her way to Mrs. Bertrand's. Mrs. Bertrand kept a large confectionary and fruit-shop, in Bristol.

"Please to walk through this way, ma'am,—Miss Hodges is above stairs—she shall be apprised directly—Jenny! run up stairs," said Mrs. Bertrand, to her maid, "run up stairs, and tell Miss Hodges, "here's a young lady wants to see her in a great hurry——You'd best sit down, ma'am," continued Mrs. Bertrand, to Angelina, "till the girl has been up with the message."

"O, my Araminta! how my heart beats!" exclaimed Miss Warwick.

"How my mouth waters!" cried Betty Williams, looking round at the fruit and confectionaries.

"Would you, ma'am, be pleased," said Mrs. Bertrand, "to take a glass of ice this warm evening? cream ice, or water-ice, ma'am? pine-apple or strawberry-ice?"—As she spoke, Mrs. Bertrand held a salver, covered with ices, towards Miss Warwick, but, apparently, she thought, that it was not consistent with the delicacy of friendship, to think of eating or drinking, when she was thus upon

the eve of her first interview with her Araminta. Betty Williams, who was of a different *nature* from our heroine, saw the salver recede, with excessive surprise and regret; she stretched out her hand after it, and seized a glass of raspberry-ice; but no sooner had she tasted it, than she made a frightful face, and let the glass fall, exclaiming—

"Pless us! 'tis not as cood as cooseperry fool."

Mrs. Bertrand next offered her a cheese-cake, which Betty ate voraciously.

"She's actually a female Sancho Panza," thought Angelina — her own more striking resemblance to the female Quixote never occurred to our heroine—so blind are we to our own failings.

"Who is the young lady?" whispered the mistress of the fruit shop, to Betty Williams, whilst Miss Warwick was walking, we should say *pacing*, up and down the room, in *anxious solicitude and evident agitation*.

"Hur's a young lady," replied Betty, stopping to take a mouthful of cheese-cake between every member of her sentence, "a young lady—that has—lost hur"—

"Her heart—so I thought."

"Hur purse!" said Betty, with an accent, which showed that she thought this the more serious loss of the two.

"Her purse!—that's bad indeed—you pay for your own cheese-cake and raspberry ice, and for the glass that you broke?" said Mrs. Bertrand.

"Put hur has a creat deal of money in her trunk, I pelieve, at Llanwaetur;" said Betty.

"Surely Miss Hodges does not know I am here," cried Miss Warwick, "her Angelina!"

"Ma'am, she'll be down immediately, I do suppose," said Mrs. Bertrand. "What was it you pleased to call for; Angelica, ma'am, did you say? At present we are quite out, I'm ashamed to say, of Angelica, ma'am.—Well, child," continued Mrs. Bertrand to her maid, who was at this moment seen passing by the back door of the shop in great haste.

"Ma'am—anan," said the maid, turning back her cap from off her ear.

"Anan! deaf doll! didn't you hear me tell you, to tell Miss Hodges a lady wanted to speak to her in a great hurry?"

"No, ma'am," replied the girl, who spoke in the broad Somersetshire dialect; "I heard you zay, *up to Miss Hodges*, zoo I thought it was the bottle o'brandy, and zoo I took a alung with the tea-kettle—but I'll go up again now, and zay miss bes in a hurry, az she zays."

"Brandy!" repeated Miss Warwick—

on whom the word seemed to make a great impression.

"Pranty, ay, pranty," repeated Betty Williams, "our Miss Hodges always takes pranty in hur teas at Llanwaetur."

"Brandy!—Then she can't be my Araminta."

"O the very same, and no other; you are quite right, ma'am," said Mrs. Bertrand, "if you mean the same that is publishing the novel, ma'am, 'The Sorrows of Araminta'—for the reason I know so much about it is, that I take in the subscriptions, and distribute the *pur*poseals."

Angelina had scarcely time to believe or disbelieve what she heard, before the maid returned with "Mam, mizz Hodges haz hur best love to you, mizz, and please to walk up—There be two steps, please to have a care, or you'll break your neck."

Before we introduce Angelina to her "unknown friend," we must relate the conversation, which was actually passing between the amiable Araminta and her Orlando, whilst Miss Warwick was waiting in the fruit shop.—Our readers will be so good as to picture to themselves a woman, with a face and figure which seemed to have been intended for a man, with a voice and gesture capable of set-

ting even man, 'imperial man,' at defiance.—Such was Araminta—She was, at this time, sitting cross-legged in an arm-chair at a tea table, on which, beside the tea equipage, was a medley of things, of which no prudent tongue or pen would undertake to give a correct list.—At the feet of this fair lady, kneeling on one knee, was a thin, subdued, simple-looking quaker of the name of Nathaniel Gazabo.

"But now, Natty," said Miss Hodges, in a voice more masculine than her looks, "You understand the conditions—If I give you my hand, and make you my husband, it is upon condition, that you never contradict any of my opinions; do you promise me that?"

"Yea, verily,"—replied Nat.

"And you promise to leave me entirely at liberty to act, as well as to think, in all things as my own independent understanding shall suggest?"

"Yea, verily,"—was the man's response.

"And you will be guided by me in all things?"

"Yea, verily."

"And you will love and admire me all your life, as much as you do now?"

"Yea, verily."

"Swear,"—said the unconscionable woman.

"Nay, verily," replied the meekest of men, "I cannot swear, my Rachel, being a quaker; but I will affirm."

"Swear, swear," cried the lady in an imperious tone, "or I will never be your Araminta."

"I swear," said Nat. Gazabo, in a timid voice.

"Then, Natty, I consent to be Mrs. Hodges Gazabo.—Only remember always to call me your dear Araminta."

"My dear Araminta! thus," said he, embracing her, "thus let me thank thee, my dear Araminta."

It was in the midst of these thanks, that the maid interrupted the well-matched pair, with the news that a young lady was below, who was in a great hurry to see Miss Hodges.

"Let her come," said Miss Hodges; "I suppose 'tis only one of the Miss Carvers —Don't stir, Nat; it will vex her so to see you kneeling to me—Don't stir, I say ——.

"Where is she? Where is my Araminta?" cried Miss Warwick, as the maid was trying to open the outer-passage door for her, which had a bad lock.

"Get up, get up, Natty; and get some fresh water in the tea-kettle—Quick!" cried Miss Hodges, and she began to clear away some of the varieties of litera-

ture, &c. which lay scattered about the room. Nat, in obedience to her commands, was making his exit with all possible speed, when Angelina entered exclaiming,

"My amiable Araminta!—My unknown friend!"

"My Angelina!—My charming Angelina!"—cried Miss Hodges.

Miss Hodges was not the sort of person our heroine expected to see!—and to conceal the panic, with which the first sight of her unknown friend struck her disappointed imagination, she turned back to listen to the apologies, which Nat Gazabo was pouring forth about his awkwardness and the tea-kettle.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear!" cried Miss Hodges, with the tone and action of a bad actress, who is rehearsing an embrace.—"Turn, Angelina, ever dear.—Thus, thus let us meet to part no more."

"But her voice is so loud," said Angelina to herself, and her looks so vulgar, and there is such a smell of brandy!—How unlike the elegant delicacy I had expected in my unknown friend!"—Miss Warwick involuntarily shrunk from the stifling embrace.

"You are overpowered, my Angelina, lean on me;" said her Araminta.

Nat Gazabo re-entered with the tea-kettle—

"Here's *boiling* water, and we'll have fresh tea in a trice—the young lady's over-tired seemingly—— here's a chair, miss, here's a chair;" cried Nat——Miss Warwick *sunk* upon the chair: Miss Hodges seated herself beside her, continuing to address her in a theatrical tone.

"This moment is bliss unutterable! my kind, my noble-minded Angelina, thus to leave all your friends for your Araminta!" suddenly changing her voice, "set the tea-kettle, Nat!"

"Who is this Nat, I wonder?" thought Miss Warwick.

"Well, and tell me," said Miss Hodges, whose attention was awkwardly divided between the ceremonies of making tea and making speeches—"and tell me, my Angelina——That's water enough, Nat——and tell me, my Angelina, how did you find me out?"

"With some difficulty, indeed, *my Araminta.*" Miss Warwick could hardly pronounce the words.

"So kind, so noble-minded," continued Miss Hodges, "and did you receive my last letter—three sheets?—And how did you contrive——Stoop the kettle, *do*, Nat."

"O this odious Nat! how I wish she

would send him away;" thought Miss Warwick.

"And tell me, my Araminta—my Angelina, I mean—how did you contrive your elopement — and how did you escape from the eye of your aristocratic Argus—how did you escape from all your unfeeling persecutors—tell me, tell me, all your adventures, my Angelina!——Snuff the candle, Nat:" said Miss Hodges, who was cutting bread and butter, which she did not do with the celebrated grace of Charlotte, in the Sorrows of Werter.

"I'll tell you all, my Araminta," whispered Miss Warwick, "when we are by ourselves."

"O never mind Nat," whispered Miss Hodges.

"Couldn't you tell him," rejoined Miss Warwick, "that he need not wait any longer?"

"*Wait*, my dear! why, what do you take him for?"

"Why, is not he your footman?" whispered Angelina.

"My footman! — Nat!" exclaimed Miss Hodges, bursting out a laughing, "my Angelina took you for my footman."

"Good Heavens! what is he?" said Angelina, in a low voice.

"Verily," said Nat Gazabo, with a sort

of bashful simple laugh, "Verily, I am the humblest of her servants."

"And does not my Angelina—spare my delicacy," said Miss Hodges: "Does my Angelina not remember, in any of my long letters, the name of—Orlando—— There he stands."

"Orlando! — Is this gentleman your Orlando, of whom I have heard so much?"

"He! he! he!" simpered Nat.—"I am Orlando, of whom you have heard so much—and she—(pointing to Miss Hodges) she is to-morrow morning, God willing, to be Mistress Hodges Gazabo."

"Mrs. Hodges Gazabo my Araminta!" said Angelina, with astonishment which she could not suppress.

"Yes, my Angelina: so end 'The Sorrows of Araminta'—Another cup?—do I make the tea too sweet?" said Miss Hodges, whilst Nat handed the bread and butter to the ladies officiously.

"The man looks like a fool," thought Miss Warwick.

"Set down the bread and butter, and be quiet, Nat.—Then as soon as the wedding is over, we fly, my Angelina, to our charming cottage in Wales, there may we bid defiance to the storms of fate:——

"The world forgetting by the world forgot."

"That," said Angelina, "is the blame-

less vestal's lot;"—but you forget, that you are to be married, my Araminta; and you forget, that, in your letter of three folio sheets, you said not one word to me of this intended marriage."

"Nay, my dear, blame me not for a want of confidence, that my heart disclaims," said Miss Hodges; "from the context of my letters, you must have suspected the progress my Orlando had made in my affections; but, indeed, I should not have brought myself to decide apparently so precipitately, had it not been for the opposition, the persecution of my friends—I was determined to show them, that I know, and can assert, my right to think and act, upon all occasions, for myself."

Longer, much longer, Miss Hodges spoke in the most peremptory voice: but whilst she was declaiming on her favourite topic, her Angelina was "revolving in her altered mind" the strange things, which she had seen and heard in the course of the last half hour; every thing appeared to her in a new light; when she compared the conversation and conduct of Miss Hodges with the sentimental letters of her Araminta; when she compared Orlando in description to Orlando in reality, she could scarcely believe her senses; accustomed as she had been

to elegance of manners, the vulgarity and awkwardness of Miss Hodges shocked and disgusted her beyond measure.—The disorder, &c.—for the words must be said—slatternly dirty appearance of her Araminta's dress, and of every thing in her apartment, were such as would have made a hell of heaven; and the idea of spending her life in a cottage with Mrs. Hodges-Gazabo and Nat overwhelmed our heroine with the double fear of wretchedness and ridicule.

"Another cup of tea, my Angelina?" said Miss Hodges, when she had finished her tirade against her persecutors; that is to say, her friends.—"Another cup, my Angelina;—do—after your journey and fatigue, take another cup?"

"No more I thank you."

"Then reach me that tragedy, Nat.—you know——"

"Your own tragedy, is it, my dear?" said he.

"Ah, Nat, now! you never can keep a secret," said Miss Hodges.—I wanted to have surprised my Angelina."

"I am surprised!" thought Angelina—"Oh how much surprised!"

"I have a motto for our cottage here somewhere," said Miss Hodges, turning over the leaves of her tragedy—" But I'll keep that till to morrow—since to-mor-

row's the day sacred to love and friendship."

Nat, by way of showing his joy in a becoming manner, rubbed his hands, and hummed a tune. His mistress frowned, and bit her lips, but the signals were lost upon him, and he sung out in an exulting tone,

"When the lads of the village so merrily ah!
"Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along."

"Fool! Dolt! Ideot!" cried his Araminta rising furious, "Out of my sight!" —Then sinking down upon her chair she burst into tears, and threw herself into the arms of her pale, astonished Angelina. —"O my Angelina!" she exclaimed, "I am the most ill-matched! most unfortunate! most wretched of women!"

"Don't be *frighted*, miss," said Nat; "she'll come *to* again presently—'Tis only *her way*."—As he spoke, he poured out a bumper of brandy, and kneeling, presented it to his mistress.—"'Tis the only thing in life does her good," continued he, "in these sort of fits."

"Heavens, what a scene!" said Miss Warwick to herself—"And the woman so heavy, I can scarce support her weight —And is this *my unknown friend?*"

How long Miss Hodges would willingly have continued to sob upon Miss War-

wick's shoulder, or how long that shoulder could possibly have sustained her weight, is a mixed problem in physics and metaphysics, which must for ever remain unsolved:—but suddenly a loud scream was heard.—Miss Hodges started up—the door was thrown open, and Betty Williams rushed in crying loudly,—"O shave me! shave me! for the love of Cot shave me, miss!" and pushing by the swain who held the unfinished glass of brandy in his hand, she threw herself on her knees at the feet of Angelina.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Nat, "whatever you are, you need not push one so."——

"What now, Betty Williams? is the wench mad or drunk?" cried Miss Hodges.

"We are to have a mad scene next, I suppose;" said Miss Warwick calmly—"I am prepared for every thing, after what I have seen."

Betty Williams continued crying bitterly, and wringing her hands—"O shave me this once, miss! 'tis the first thing of the kind I ever did, inteet, inteet!—O shave me this once, I tid not know it was worth so much as a shilling, and that I could be hanged, inteet; and I——"

Here Betty was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Puffit, the milliner; the

printer's devil, and a stern looking man, to whom Mrs. Puffit, as she came in, said, pointing to Betty Williams and Miss Warwick—" There they are—do your duty—Mr. Constable—I'll swear to my lace."

" And I'll swear to my black thumbs," said the printer's devil—I saw the lace hanging out of her pocket, and there's the marks of my fingers upon it, Mr. Constable."

" Fellow!" cried Miss Hodges, taking the constable by the arm, this is my apartment, into which no minion of the law has a right to enter; for, in England, every man's house is his castle."

" I know that as well as you do, *madam!*" said the constable; " but I make it a principle, to do nothing without a warrant—here's my warrant."

" O shave me!—the lace is hur's inteet"—cried Betty Williams, pointing to Miss Warwick, " O, miss is my mistress, inteet——"

" Come, mistress, or miss, then, you'll be pleased to come along with me," said the constable, seizing hold of Angelina—" Like mistress, like maid."

" Villain! unfeeling villain! O unhand my Angelina, or I shall die! I shall die!" exclaimed Araminta, falling into the arms of Nat Gazabo, who immediately held the

replenished glass of brandy to her lips—"O my Angelina, my Angelina!"

Struck with horror at her situation, Miss Warwick shrunk from the grasp of the constable, and leaned motionless on the back of a chair.

"Come, my angel, as they call you, I think—The lady there has brandy enough, if you want spirits—All the fits and faintings in Christendom won't save you now—I'm used to the tricks o'the trade—The law must take its course; and if you can't walk, I must carry you."—

"Touch me at your peril; I am innocent," said Angelina.

"Innocent, innocence itself! pure, spotless, injured innocence!" cried Miss Hodges,—"I shall die! I shall die! I shall die on the spot!—barbarous, barbarous villain!"

Whilst Miss Hodges spoke, the ready Nat poured out a fresh glass of that restorative, which he always had ready for cases of life and death; and she screamed, and sipped, and sipped and screamed, as the constable took up Angelina in his arms, and carried her towards the door.

"Mrs. Innocence," said the man, "you shall see who you shall see."

Mrs. Puffit opened the door—and, to the utter astonishment of every body present, Lady Diana Chillingworth entered

the room, followed by Lady Frances Somerset and Mrs. Bertrand. The constable set down Angelina — Miss Hodges set down the glass of brandy — Mrs. Puffit curtsied — Betty Williams stretched out her arms to Lady Diana, crying, —"Shave me! shave me this once!"— Miss Warwick hid her face with her hands.

"Only my Valenciennes lace, that has been found in that girl's pocket, and—"

Lady Diana Chillingworth turned away with incredible haughtiness, and addressing herself to her sister, said,—"Lady Frances Somerset, you would not, I presume, have Lady Diana Chillingworth lend her countenance to such a scene as this—I hope, sister," added her ladyship, as she left the room—"I hope, sister, that you are satisfied now."

"Never was farther from being satisfied in my life"—said Lady Frances.

"If you look at this, my lady," said the constable, holding out the lace, "you'll soon be satisfied, as to what sort of a young lady *that* is."

"O, you mistake the young lady," said Mrs. Bertrand, and she whispered to the constable—"Come away: you may be sure you'll be satisfied, we shall all be satisfied handsomely, all in good time.—Don't let the *delinquency*, there on her

knees," added she aloud, pointing to Betty Williams—"Don't let the *delinquency* there on her knees escape."

"Come along, mistress," said the constable, pulling up Betty Williams from her knees—"But I say the law must have its course—if I'm not satisfied."

"O, I am confident," said Mrs. Puffit, the milliner, "we shall all be satisfied, no doubt; but Lady Di. Chillingworth knows my Valenciennes lace, and Miss Burrage too, for they did me this morning the honour——"

"Will you do me the favour," interrupted Lady Frances Somerset, "to leave us good Mrs. Puffit, for the present.—Here is some mistake—the less noise we make about it the better.—You shall be satisfied."

"O, your ladyship—I'm sure I'm confident—I shan't utter another syllable.—Nor never would have articulated a syllable about the lace (though Valenciennes, and worth thirty guineas, if it is worth a farthing) had I had the least intimacy or suspicion the young lady was your la'ship's protegée—I shan't, at any rate, utter another syllable."

Mrs. Puffit, having glibly run off this speech, left the room, and carried in her train the constable and Betty Williams, the printer's devil, and Mrs. Bertrand, the woman of the house.

Miss Warwick, whose confusion during this whole scene was excessive; stood without power to speak or move.

"Thank God they are gone!" said Lady Frances, and she went to Angelina, and taking her hands gently from before her face, said in a soothing tone — "Miss Warwick, your friend Lady Frances Somerset, you cannot think that she suspects——"

"La dear, no!" cried Nat Gazabo, who had now sufficiently recovered from his fright and amazement to be able to speak—"Dear heart! who could go for to suspect such a thing; but they made such a bustle and noise, they quite flabbergasted me, so *maany* on them in this small room—please to sit down, my lady —Is there any thing I can do?"——

"If you could have the goodness, sir, to leave us for a few minutes," said Lady Frances, in a polite persuasive manner,— "If you could have the goodness, sir, to leave us for a few minutes."

Nat, who was not *always* spoken to by so gentle a voice, smiled, bowed, and was retiring, when Miss Hodges came forward with an air of defiance—"Aristocratic insolence!" exclaimed she, "stop, Nat,—Stir not a foot, at your peril, at the word of command of any of the privileged orders upon earth—Stir not a foot, at

your peril, at the behest of any titled *She* in the universe!—Madam, or my lady—or by whatever other name more high—more low, you choose to be addressed—This is my husband."

"Very probably, madam," said Lady Frances, with an easy calmness, which provoked Miss Hodges to a louder tone of indignation.

"Stir not a foot, at your peril, Nat," cried she, "I will defend him, I say, madam, against every shadow, every penumbra of aristocratic insolence."

"As you and he think proper, madam," replied Lady Frances.—"'Tis easy to defend the gentleman against shadows."

Miss Hodges marched up and down the room with her arms folded—Nat stood stock still.

"The woman," whispered Lady Frances to Miss Warwick—"is either mad or drunk—or both; at all events we shall be better in another room.—As she spoke, she drew Miss Warwick's arm within hers.—"Will you allow aristocratic insolence to pass by you, sir?" said she to Nat Gazabo, who stood like a statue in the door-way; he edged himself aside——

"And is this your independence of soul, my Angelina," cried Araminta, setting her back to the door, so as effectually to prevent her from passing—"And

is this your independence of soul, my Angelina?—thus! thus tamely to submit, to resign yourself again to your unfeeling, proud, prejudiced, intellect-lacking persecutors?"—"This lady is my *friend*, madam," said Angelina, in as firm and tranquil a tone as she could command, for she was quite terrified by her Araminta's violence.

"Take your choice, my dear; stay or follow me as you think best," said Lady Frances.

"Your friend!" pursued the oratorical lady, detaining Miss Warwick with a heavy hand—"Do you feel the force of the word—*Can* you feel it, as I once thought you could?"

"Your friend! am not *I* your friend, your best friend, my Angelina? your own Araminta, your amiable Araminta, your *unknown friend?*"

"My *unknown* friend indeed!" said Angelina. Miss Hodges let go her struggling hand, and Miss Warwick that instant followed Lady Frances, who, having effected her retreat, had by this time gained the staircase.

"Gone!" cried Miss Hodges; "then never will I see or speak to her more.—"Thus I whistle her off, and let her down the wind to prey at fortune."

"Gracious heart! what quarrels," said

Nat, " and doings, the night before our wedding day !"

We leave this well-matched pair to their happy prospects of conjugal union and equality.

Lady Frances, who perceived that Miss Warwick was scarcely able to support herself, led her to a sofa, which she luckily saw through the half open door of a drawing room, at the head of the staircase.

" To be taken for a thief!—O, to what have I exposed myself!" cried Miss Warwick.

" Sit down, my dear, now we are in a room where we need not fear interruption.—Sit down, and don't tremble like an aspen leaf," said Lady Frances Somerset, who saw, that at this moment, reproaches would have been equally unnecessary and cruel.

Unused to be treated with judicious kindness, Angelina's heart was deeply touched by it, and she opened her whole mind to Lady Frances, with the frankness of a young person conscious of her own folly, not desirous to apologize or extenuate, but anxious to regain the esteem of a friend.

" To be sure, my dear, it was, as you say, rather foolish, to set out in quest of an *unknown friend*," said Lady Frances,

after listening to the confessions of Angelina. "And why, after all, was it necessary to have an elopement?"

"O, madam, I am sensible of my folly —I had long formed a project of living in a cottage in Wales—and Miss Burrage described Wales to me as a terrestrial Paradise."

"Miss Burrage! then why did she not go to Paradise along with you?" said Lady Frances.

"I don't know—she was so much attached to Lady Di. Chillingworth, she said she could never think of leaving her —she charged me never to mention the cottage scheme to Lady Di. who would only laugh at it.—Indeed Lady Di. was almost always out whilst we were in London, or dressing, or at cards, and I could seldom speak to her, especially about cottages. —And I wished for a friend, to whom I could open my whole heart, and whom I could love and esteem, and who should have the same tastes and notions with myself."

"I am sorry that last condition is part of your definition of a friend," said Lady Frances smiling, "for I will not swear, that my notions are the same as yours, but yet I think you would have found me as good a friend as this Araminta of yours, —Was it necessary to perfect felicity, to have *an unknown friend?*"

"Ah! there was my mistake," said Miss Warwick.—"I had read Araminta's writings, and they speak so charmingly of friendship and felicity, that I thought—

"Those best can paint them, who can feel them most."

"No uncommon mistake," said Lady Frances.

"But I am fully sensible of my folly," said Angelina.

"Then there is no occasion to say any more about it at present—To-morrow, as you like romances, we'll read Arabella, or the Female Quixote; and you shall tell me which, of all your acquaintance the heroine resembles most. And in the mean time, as you seem to have satisfied your curiosity about your *unknown friend*, will you come home with me?"

"O, madam," said Angelina with emotion, "your goodness"—

"But we have not time to talk of my goodness yet—stay—Let me see—Yes, it will be best that it should be known, that you are with us, as soon as possible—for there is a thing, my dear, of which, perhaps, you are not fully sensible—of which you are too young to be fully sensible,—that to people who have nothing to do or to say, scandal is a necessary luxury of life; and that by such a step as you have taken, you have given room

enough for scandal-mongers to make you and your friends completely miserable."

Angelina burst into tears—though a sentimental lady, she had not yet acquired the art of *bursting into tears* upon every trifling occasion.—Hers were tears of real feeling. Lady Frances was glad to see that she had made a sufficient impression upon her mind; but she assured Angelina, that she did not intend to torment her with useless lectures and reproaches. Lady Frances Somerset understood the art of giving advice, rather better than Lady Diana Chillingworth.

"*I* do not mean, my dear," said Lady Frances, "to make you miserable for life—but I mean to make an impression upon you that may make you prudent and happy for life.—So don't cry till you make your eyes so red as not to be fit to be seen at the play to night, where they must—positively—be seen."

"But Lady Diana is below," said Miss Warwick, "I am ashamed and afraid to see her again."

"It will be difficult, but I hope not impossible, to convince my sister," said Lady Frances, "that you clearly understand you have been a simpleton; but that a simpleton of sixteen is more an object of mercy, than a simpleton of sixty.—So my verdict is—Guilty;—but recommended to mercy."

By this mercy Angelina was more touched, than she could have been by the most severe reproaches.

CHAPTER V.

WHILST the preceding conversation was passing, Lady Diana Chillingworth was in Mrs. Bertrand's fruit shop, occupied with her smelling-bottle and Miss Burrage.—Clara Hope was there also, and Mrs. Puffit, the milliner, and Mrs. Bertrand, who was assuring her ladyship, that not a word of the affair about the young lady and the lace should go out of her house.

"Your la'ship need not be in the least uneasy," said Mrs. Bertrand, "for I have satisfied the constable, and satisfied every body; and the constable allows Miss Warwick's name was not mentioned in the warrant; and as to the servant girl, she's gone before the magistrate, who, of course, will send her to the house of correction; but that will no ways implicate the young lady, and nothing shall transpire from this house detrimental to the young lady, who is under your la'ship's protection.—And I'll tell your ladyship, how Mrs. Puffit and I have set-

tled to tell the story—With your ladyship's approbation, I shall say——"

"Nothing if you please,"—said her ladyship, with more than her usual haughtiness.—"The young lady, to whom you allude, is under Lady Frances Somerset's protection—not mine—and whatever you do or say, I beg, that in this affair, the name of Lady Diana Chillingworth may not be used."

She turned her back upon the disconcerted milliner as she finished this speech, and walked to the farthest end of this long room, followed by the constant flatterer of all her humours, Miss Burrage.

The milliner and Mrs. Bertrand now began to console themselves for the mortification they had received from her ladyship's pride, and for the insolent forgetfulness of her companion, by abusing them both in a low voice.—Mrs. Bertrand began with, "Her ladyship's so touchy, and so proud, she's as high as the moon and higher."

"O, all the Chillingworths, by all accounts, are so;" said Mrs. Puffit, but then to be sure they have a right to be so, if any body has, for they certainly are real high-born people."

"But I can't tolerate to see some people, that aren't no ways born nor entitled to it, give themselves such airs, as

some people do.—Now, there's that Miss Burrage, that pretends not to know me, ma'am."

"And me, ma'am—just the same.—Such provoking assurance—I that knew her from this high."

"On St. Augustin's-Back, you know," said Mrs. Puffit.

"On St. Augustin's-Back, you know," echoed Mrs Bertrand.

"So I told her this morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Puffit.

"And so I told her this evening, ma'am, when the three Miss Herrings came in to give me a call in their way to the play—Girls, that she used to walk with, ma'am, for ever and ever in the green, you know."

"Yes; and that she was always glad to drink tea with, ma'am, when asked, you know;" said Mrs. Puffit.

"Well, ma'am," pursued Mrs. Bertrand, "here she had the impudence to pretend not to know them.—She takes up her glass—my Lady Di. herself couldn't have done it better, and squeezes up her ugly face this way, pretending to be near sighted, though she can see as well as you or I can"

"Such airs! *she* near sighted!" said Mrs. Puffit, "what will the world come to!"

Could young ladies, who are like Miss Burrage, know to what contempt they expose themselves by their airs of consequence, and by their meanness, they would not, surely, persist in their wilful offences against good nature and good manners.

"O, I wish her pride may have a fall," resumed the provoked milliner, as soon as she had breath. "I dare to say now she wouldn't know her own relations if she was to meet them: I'd lay any wager she would not vouchsafe a curtsey to that good old John Barker, the friend of her father, you know, who gave up to this Miss Burrage I don't know how many hundreds of pounds, that was due to him, or else Miss wouldn't have had a farthing in the world; yet now, I'll be bound, she'd forget this as well as St. Augustin's-Back, and wouldn't know John Barker from Abraham.——And I don't doubt but she'd pull out her glass at her aunt Dinah, because she is a cheesemonger's widow."

"O, no;" said Mrs. Bertrand, "she couldn't have the baseness to be near sighted to good Dinah Plait, that [illegible] her up, and was all in all to her.

Just as Mrs Bertrand finished [illegible] into the fruit-shop walked [illegible] persons of whom she had [illegible] Dinah Plait and Mr. Barker.

"Mrs. Dinah Plait, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bertrand.

"I never was so glad to see you, Mrs. Plait and Mr. Barker, in all my days;" said Mrs. Puffit.

"Why you should be so particularly glad to see me, Mrs. Puffit, I don't know;" said Mr. Barker, laughing; "but I'm not surprised Dinah Plait should be a welcome guest wherever she goes—especially with a purse full of guineas in her hand."

"Friend Bertrand," said Dinah Plait, producing a purse, which she held under her cloak, "I am come to restore this purse to its rightful owner: after a great deal of trouble, John Barker (who never thinks it a trouble to do good) hath traced her to your house."

"There is a young lady here to be sure," said Mrs. Bertrand, "but you can't see her just at present, for she is talking on *petticlar* business with my Lady Frances Somerset above stairs."

"'Tis well," said Dinah Plait; "I [illegible] willingly restore this purse, not to [illegible] creature herself, but to some of [illegible]—for I fear she is not quite in [illegible]e of mind,—if I could see any [illegible], lady's friends."

"[illegible]s Burrage!" cried Mrs. Bertrand, [illegible] voice so loud, that she could [illegible]earing it even in the inner

room, " are not you one of the young lady's friends?"—

" What young lady's friend?" replied Miss Burrage, without stirring from her seat.

" Miss Burrage, here's a purse for a young lady," said Mrs. Puffit.

" A purse for whom?—Where?" said Miss Burrage, at last deigning to rise and come out of her recess.

" There, ma'am," said the milliner. " Now for her glass!" whispered Mrs. Puffit to Mrs. Bertrand.

And exactly as it had been predicted, Miss Burrage eyed her aunt Dinah through her glass, pretending not to know her.—" The purse is not mine," said she, coolly—" I know nothing of it—nothing."

" Hetty!" exclaimed her aunt—but as Miss Burrage still eyed her through her glass with unmoved invincible assurance, Dinah thought, that, however strong the resemblance, she was mistaken.—" No, it can't be Hetty.—I beg pardon, madam," said she, " but I took [illegible] not I hear you say [illegible] friend Puffit?"

niece, Hetty Burrage?" Miss Burrage, who overheard these words, immediately turned her back upon her aunt.—"A grotesque statue of starch—one of your quakers, I think, they call themselves.—Bristol is full of such primitive figures," said Miss Burrage to Clara Hope, and she walked back to the recess and to Lady Di.

"So like, voice and all, to my poor Hester," — said Dinah Plait, and she wiped the tears from her eyes.—"Though Hetty has neglected me so of late, I have a tenderness for her.—We cannot but have some for our own relations."

Grotesque, or not, 'tis a statue that seems to have a heart and a gude one," said Clara Hope.

"I wish we could say the same of every body," said Mrs. Bertrand.

All this time old Mr. Barker leaning on his cane, had been silent;" Burrage, of Dorsetshire!" said he, "I'll soon see whether she be or no—for Hetty has a

that I cannot forget,

d what she pleases."

a plain spoken

ladyship, going to meet her sister, and drawing her into the recess at the farthest end of the room,—"Here are more misfortunes — misfortunes without end—What will the world say?—Here's this Miss Burrage—take no more notice of her, sister—she's an impostor: who do you think she turns out to be? daughter to a hosier, niece to a cheesemonger. Only conceive!—a person that has been going about with *me* every where!—What will the world say?"

"That it is very imprudent, to have *unknown friends*, my dear;" replied Lady Frances.—"The best thing you can possibly do, is to say nothing about the matter, and to receive this penitent ward of yours without reproaches—for, if you talk of her *unknown friends*, the world will certainly talk of yours."

"Lady Diana drew back with haughtiness, when her sister offered to put Miss Warwick's hand into hers; but she condescended to say, after an apparent struggle with herself,—"I am happy to hear, Miss Warwick, that you have returned to your senses.—Lady Frances takes you under her protection, I understand;—at which, for all our sakes, I rejoice; and I have only one piece of advice, Miss Warwick, to give you——"

"Keep it till after the play, my dear Diana,"—whispered Lady Frances—"It will have more effect."

"The play!—Bless me!" said Lady Diana,—"Why, you have contrived to make Miss Warwick fit to be seen, I protest. But after all I have gone through to night, how can I appear in public?—My dear, this Miss Burrage's business has given me such a shock—Such nervous affections!"

"Nervous affections!—Some people, I do believe, have none but nervous affections,"—thought Lady Frances.——

"Permit me," said Mrs. Dinah Plait, coming up to Lady Frances, and presenting Miss Warwick's purse,—"Permit me, as thou seemest to be a friend to this young lady, to restore to you her purse, which she left by mistake at my house this forenoon:—I hope she is better, poor thing."

"She *is* better, and I thank you for her, madam," said Lady Frances, who was struck with the obliging manner and benevolent countenance of Dinah Plait; and who did not think herself contaminated by standing in the same room with the widow of a cheesemonger.

"Let me thank you myself, madam," said Angelina—"I am perfectly in my