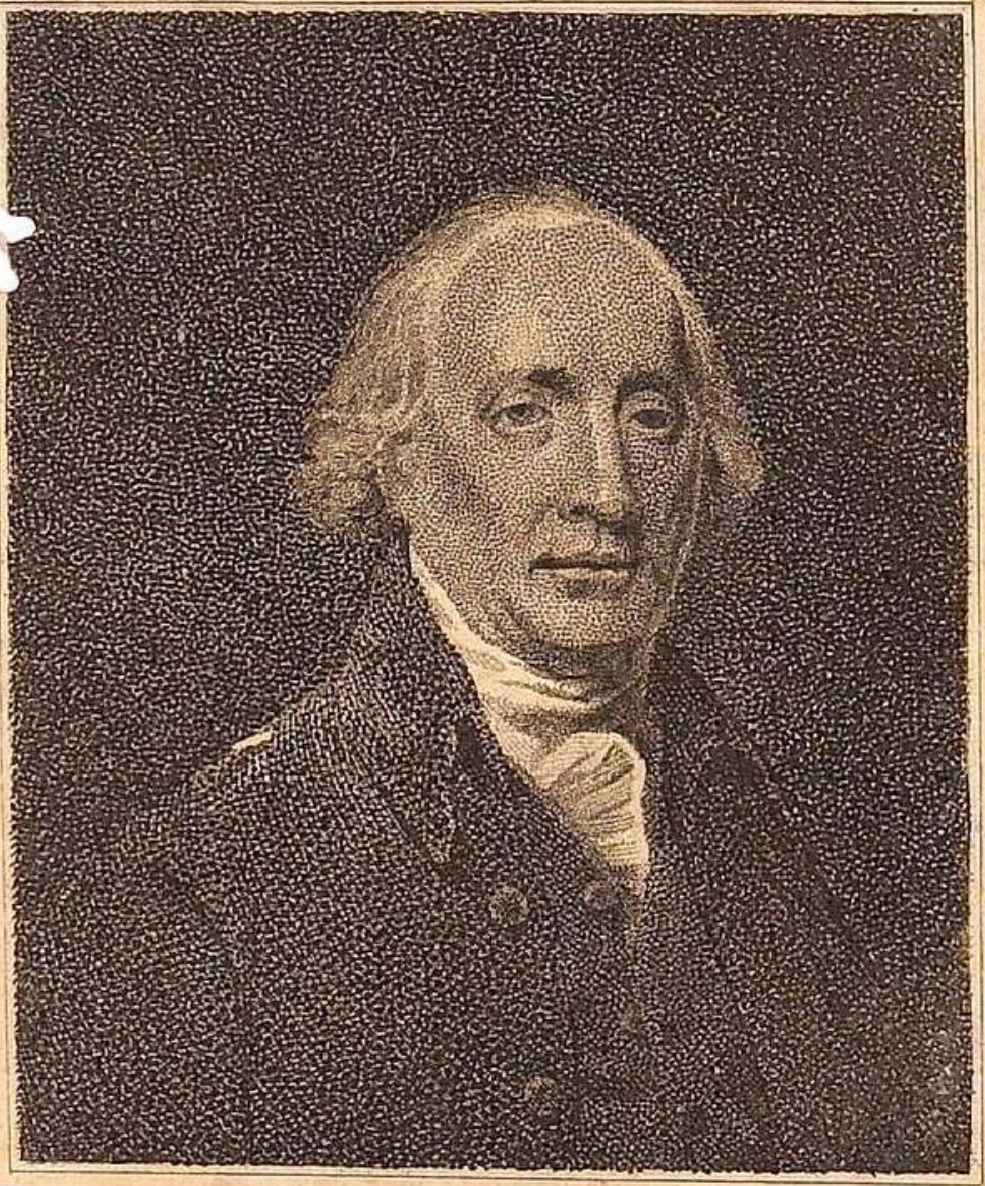

E. Mitchell, Sculp.t

HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.R

Published by A. Allardice, Leith 1815.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

THE MAN OF FEELING, AND PAPERS FROM THE LOUNGER.

LEITH:

Printed by and for A. Allardice;

J. OGLE, AND J. ANDERSON & CO., EDINBURGH; J. ANDERSON, STIRLING; AND LACKINGTON, ALLEN, & CO., LONDON.

1815.

GENERAL TABLE

OF

CONTENTS.

Page.

Vol. I. continued.

THE

MAN OF FEELING.

VOL. I. A

INTRODUCTION

My dog had made a point on a piece of fallow ground, and led the curate and me two or three hundred yards over that and some stubble adjoining, in a breathless state of expectation, on a burning first of September.

It was a false point, and our labour was vain; yet, to do Rover justice, (for he's an excellent dog, though I have lost his pedigree,) the fault was none of his, the birds were gone; the curate shewed me the spot where they had lain basking, at the root of an old hedge.

I stopped, and cried hem! The curate is fatter than I; he wiped the sweat from his brow.

There is no state where one is apter to pause and look round one, than after such a disappointment. It is even so in life. When we have been hurrying on, impelled by some warm wish or other, looking neither to the right-hand, nor to the left, we find of a sudden that all our gay hopes are flown; and the only slender consolation that some friend can give us, is to point where they were once to be

found. And, lo! if we are not of that combustible race, who will rather beat their heads in spite, than wipe their brows with the curate, we look round and say, with the nauseated listlessness of the King of Israel, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

I looked round with some such grave apophthegm in my mind, when I discovered for the first time, a venerable pile, to which the inclosure belonged. An air of melancholy hung about it. There was a languid stillness in the day, and a single crow, that perched on an old tree by the side of the gate, seemed to delight in the echo of its own croaking.

I leaned on my gun, and looked; but I had not breath enough to ask the curate a question. I observed carving on the bark of some of the trees: 'twas indeed the only mark of human art about the place, except that some branches appeared to have been lopped, to give a view of the cascade, which was formed by a little rill at some distance.

Just at that instant I saw pass between the trees, a young lady with a book in her hand. I stood upon a stone to observe her; but the curate sat him down on the grass, and leaning his back where I stood, told me, 'That was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman of the name of WALTON, whom he had seen walking there more than once.

'Some time ago,' he said, 'one HARLEY lived there, a whimsical sort of a man I am told, but I was not then in the cure; though,

if I had a turn for those things, I might know a good deal of his history, for the greatest part of it is still in my possession.'

'His history!' said I. 'Nay, you may call it what you please,' said the curate; 'for indeed it is no more a history than it is a sermon. The way I came by it was this: Some time ago, a grave, oddish kind of a man boarded at a farmer's in this parish. The country-people called him The Ghost: and he was known by the slouch in his gait, and the length of his stride. I was but little acquainted with him, for he never frequented any of the clubs hereabouts. Yet for all he used to walk a-nights, he was as gentle as a lamb at times; for I have seen him playing at te-totum with the children, on the great stone at the door of our church-yard.

'Soon after I was made curate, he left the parish, and went nobody knows whither; and in his room was found a bundle of papers, which was brought to me by his landlord. I began to read them, but I soon grew weary of the task; for, besides that the hand is intolerably bad, I could never find the author in one strain for two chapters together; and I don't believe there's a single syllogism from beginning to end.'

'I should be glad to see this medley,' said I. 'You shall see it now,' answered the curate; 'for I always take it along with me a shooting.' 'How came it so torn?' 'Tis excellent wadding,' said the curate. This was a plea of expediency I was not in a condition to answer;

for I had actually in my pocket great part of an edition of one of the German Illustrissimi, for the very same purpose. We exchanged books; and by that means (for the curate was a strenuous logician) we probably saved both.

When I returned to town, I had leisure to peruse the acquisition I had made. I found it a bundle of little episodes, put together without art, and of no importance on the whole, with something of nature, and little else in them. I was a good deal affected with some very trifling passages in it; and had the name of Marmontel, or a Richardson, been on the title-page——'tis odds that I should have wept: But

One is ashamed to be pleased with the works of one knows not whom.

THE

MAN OF FEELING.

CHAP. XI*.

OF BASHFULNESS.—A CHARACTER.—HIS OPINION ON THAT SUBJECT.

THERE is some rust about every man at the beginning; though in some nations (among the French, for instance) the ideas of the inhabitants, from climate, or what other cause you will, are so vivacious, so eternally on the wing, that they must, even in small societies, have a frequent collision; the rust, therefore, will wear off sooner; but in Britain it often goes with a man to his grave; nay, he dares not even pen a *hic jacet* to speak out for him after his death.

---

* The reader will remember, that the Editor is accountable only for scattered chapters, and fragments of chapters; the curate must answer for the rest. The number at the top, when the chapter was entire, he has given as it originally stood, with the title which its author had affixed to it.

'Let them rub it off by travel,' said the baronet's brother, who was a striking instance of excellent metal, shamefully rusted. I had drawn my chair near his. Let me paint the honest old man: 'tis but one passing sentence to preserve his image in my mind.

He sat in his usual attitude, with his elbow rested on his knee, and his fingers pressed on his cheek. His face was shaded by his hand; yet it was a face that might once have been well accounted handsome; its features were manly and striking, and a certain dignity resided on his eye-brows, which were the largest I remember to have seen. His person was tall and well made; but the indolence of his nature had now inclined it to corpulency.

His remarks were few, and made only to his familiar friends; but they were such as the world might have heard with veneration: and his heart, uncorrupted by its ways, was ever warm in the cause of virtue and his friends.

He is now forgotten and gone! The last time I was at Silton-hall, I saw his chair stand in its corner by the fire-side; there was an additional cushion on it, and it was occupied by my young lady's favourite lap-dog. I drew near unperceived, and pinched its ear in the bitterness of my soul; the creature howled, and ran to its mistress. She did not suspect the author of its misfortune, but she bewailed it in the most pathetic terms; and, kissing its lips, laid it gently on her lap, and covered it with a cambric handkerchief. I sat in my old

friend's seat; I heard the roar of mirth and gaiety around me; poor Ben Silton! I gave thee a tear then; accept of one cordial drop that falls to thy memory now.

'They should wear it off by travel.'—Why, it is true, said I, that will go far; but then it will often happen, that in the velocity of a modern tour, and amidst the materials through which it is commonly made, the friction is so violent, that not only the rust, but the metal too, is lost in the progress.

Give me leave to correct the expression of your metaphor, said Mr Silton. That is not always rust which is acquired by the inactivity of the body on which it preys; such, perhaps, is the case with me, though indeed I was never cleared from my youth; but (taking it in its first stage) it is rather an encrustation, which Nature has given for purposes of the greatest wisdom.

You are right, I returned; and sometimes, like certain precious fossils, there may be hid under it gems of the purest brilliancy.

Nay, farther, continued Mr Silton, there are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

From the incidents I have already related, I imagine it will be concluded, that Harley was of the latter species of bashful animals; at least,

if Mr Silton's principle is just, it may be argued on this side; for the gradation of the first-mentioned sort, it is certain, he never attained. Some part of his external appearance was modelled from the company of those gentlemen, whom the antiquity of a family, now possessed of bare £.250 a-year, entitled its representative to approach. These indeed were not many; great part of the property in his neighbourhood being in the hands of merchants, who had got rich by their lawful calling abroad, and the sons of stewards, who had got rich by their lawful calling at home; persons so perfectly versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, (whose degrees of precedency are plainly demonstrable from the first page of the Complete Accomptant, or Young Man's best Pocket Companion), that a bow at church from them, to such a man as Harley, would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility.

CHAP. XII.

OF WORLDLY INTERESTS.

THERE are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly; but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate.

Ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, they bring to an undistinguished scale the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.

There are never wanting to a young man some grave and prudent friends to set him right in this particular, if he need it; to watch his ideas as they arise, and point them to those objects which a wise man should never forget.

Harley did not want for some monitors of this sort. He was frequently told of men, whose fortunes enabled them to command all the luxuries of life, whose fortunes were of their own acquirement; his envy was incited by a description of their happiness, and his emulation by a recital of the means which had procured it.

Harley was apt to hear those lectures with indifference; nay, sometimes they got the better of his temper; and as the instances were not always amiable, provoked, on his part, some reflections, which I am persuaded his good nature would else have avoided.

Indeed, I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire,—a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools,

whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself. I do not mean, however, to insinuate this to have been the case with Harley; on the contrary, if we might rely on his own testimony, the conceptions he had of pomp and grandeur served to endear the state which Providence had assigned him.

He lost his father, the last surviving of his parents, as I have already related, when he was a boy. The good man, from a fear of offending, as well as a regard to his son, had named him a variety of guardians; one consequence of which was, that they seldom met at all to consider the affairs of their ward; and when they did meet, their opinions were so opposite, that the only possible method of conciliation was, the mediatory power of a dinner and a bottle, which commonly interrupted, not ended, the dispute; and after that interruption ceased, left the consulting parties in a condition not very proper for adjusting it. His education, therefore, had been but indifferently attended to; and, after being taken from a country-school, at which he had been boarded, the young gentleman was suffered to be his own master in the subsequent branches of literature, with some assistance from the parson of the parish, in languages and philosophy, and from

the exciseman, in arithmetic and book-keeping. One of his guardians, indeed, who, in his youth, had been an inhabitant of the Temple, set him to read Coke upon Lyttleton; a book which is very properly put into the hands of beginners in that science, as its simplicity is accommodated to their understandings, and its size to their inclination. He profited but little by the perusal; but it was not without its use in the family; for his maiden aunt applied it commonly to the laudable purpose of pressing her rebellious linens to the folds she had allotted them.

There were particularly two ways of increasing his fortune, which might have occurred to people of less foresight than the counsellors we have mentioned. One of these was, the prospect of his succeeding to an old lady, a distant relation, who was known to be possessed of a very large sum in the stocks; but in this their hopes were disappointed; for the young man was so untoward in his disposition, that, notwithstanding the instructions he daily received, his visits rather tended to alienate than gain the good-will of his kinswoman. He sometimes looked grave when the old lady told the jokes of her youth: he often refused to eat when she pressed upon him, and was seldom or never provided with sugar-candy or liquorice when she was seized with a fit of coughing; nay, he had once the rudeness to fall asleep, while she was describing the composition and virtue of her favourite cholic-water. In short,

he accommodated himself so ill to her humour, that she died, and did not leave him a farthing.

The other method pointed out to him was, an endeavour to get a lease of some crown-lands, which lay contiguous to his little paternal estate. This, it was imagined, might be easily procured, as the crown did not draw so much rent as Harley could afford to give, with very considerable profit to himself; and the then lessee had rendered himself so obnoxious to the ministry, by the disposal of his vote at an election, that he could not expect a renewal. This, however, needed some interest with the great, which Harley or his father never possessed.

His neighbour, Mr Walton, having heard of this affair, generously offered his assistance to accomplish it. He told him, that though he had long been a stranger to courtiers, yet he believed there were some of them who might pay regard to his recommendation; and that, if he thought it worth the while to take a London journey upon the business, he would furnish him with a letter of introduction to a baronet of his acquaintance, who had a great deal to say with the First Lord of the Treasury.

When his friends heard of this offer, they pressed him with the utmost earnestness to accept of it. They did not fail to enumerate the many advantages which a certain degree of spirit and assurance gives a man who would make a figure in the world; they repeated their instances of good fortune in others, a-

scribed them all to a happy forwardness of disposition; and made so copious a recital of the disadvantages which attended the opposite weakness, that a stranger who had heard them would have been led to imagine, that in the British code there was some disqualifying statute against any citizen who should be convicted of—modesty.

Harley, though he had no great relish for the attempt, yet could not resist the torrent of motives that assaulted him; and as he needed but little preparation for his journey, a day, not very distant, was fixed for his departure.

CHAP. XIII.

THE MAN OF FEELING IN LOVE.

The day before that on which he set out, he went to take leave of Mr Walton.——We would conceal nothing;—there was another person of the family to whom also the visit was intended, on whose account, perhaps, there were some tenderer feelings in the bosom of Harley, than his gratitude for the friendly notice of that gentleman (though he was seldom deficient in that virtue) could inspire. Mr Walton had a daughter, and such a daughter! we will attempt some description of her by and by.

Harley's notions of the beautiful, were not

always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to, though we could define them. A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him, like the cestus of Cytherea, unequalled in conferring beauty. For all these Miss Walton was remarkable; but as these, like the above-mentioned cestus, are perhaps still more powerful, when the wearer is possessed of some degree of beauty, commonly so called; it happened, that from this cause they had more than usual power in the person of that young lady.

She was now arrived at that period of life which takes, or is supposed to take, from the flippancy of girlhood those sprightlinesses with which some good-natured old maids oblige the world at three-score. She had been ushered into life (as that word is used in the dialect of St James's) at seventeen, her father being then in parliament, and living in London. At seventeen, therefore, she had been a universal toast; her health, now she was four-and-twenty, was only drank by those who knew her face at least. Her complexion was mellowed into a paleness, which certainly took from her beauty; but agreed, at least Harley used to say so, with the pensive softness of her mind. Her eyes were of that gentle hazel colour which is rather mild than piercing; and, except when they were lighted up by good humour, which was frequently the case, were supposed by the fine gentlemen to want fire. Her air and manner were elegant in the highest degree, and

were as sure of commanding respect, as their mistress was far from demanding it. Her voice was inexpressibly soft; it was, according to that incomparable simile of Otway's,

——'like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.'

The effect it had upon Harley, himself used to paint ridiculously enough; and ascribed it to powers which few believed, and nobody cared for.

Her conversation was always cheerful, but rarely witty; and, without the smallest affectation of learning, had as much sentiment in it as would have puzzled a Turk, upon his principles of female materialism, to account for. Her beneficence was unbounded; indeed, the natural tenderness of her heart might have been argued, by the frigidity of a casuist, as detracting from her virtue in this respect, for her humanity was a feeling, not a principle; but minds like Harley's are not very apt to make this distinction, and generally give our virtue credit for all that benevolence which is instinctive in our nature.

As her father had some years retired to the country, Harley had frequent opportunities of seeing her. He looked on her for some time merely with that respect and admiration which her appearance seemed to demand, and the opinion of others conferred upon her. From this cause, perhaps, and from that extreme sensibility of which we have taken frequent notice,

Harley was remarkably silent in her presence. He heard her sentiments with peculiar attention, sometimes with looks very expressive of approbation, but seldom declared his opinion on the subject, much less made compliments to the lady on the justness of her remarks.

From this very reason it was, that Miss Walton frequently took more particular notice of him than of other visitors, who, by the laws of precedency, were better entitled to it. It was a mode of politeness she had peculiarly studied, to bring to the line of that equality, which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests, those whose sensibility had placed them below it.

Harley saw this; for though he was a child in the drama of the world, yet was it not altogether owing to a want of knowledge on his part; on the contrary, the most delicate consciousness of propriety often kindled that blush which marred the performance of it. This raised his esteem something above what the most sanguine descriptions of her goodness had been able to do; for certain it is, that notwithstanding the laboured definitions which very wise men have given us of the inherent beauty of virtue, we are always inclined to think her handsomest when she condescends to smile upon ourselves.

It would be trite to observe the easy gradation from esteem to love. In the bosom of Harley there scarce needed a transition; for there were certain seasons when his ideas were flushed to a degree much above their common

complexion. In times not credulous of inspiration, we should account for this from some natural cause; but we do not mean to account for it at all. It were sufficient to describe its effects; but they were sometimes so ludicrous, as might derogate from the dignity of the sensations which produced them to describe. They were treated, indeed, as such by most of Harley's sober friends, who often laughed very heartily at the awkward blunders of the real Harley, when the different faculties, which should have prevented them, were entirly occupied by the ideal. In some of these paroxysms of fancy, Miss Walton did not fail to be introduced; and the picture which had been drawn amidst the surrounding objects of unnoticed levity, was now singled out to be viewed through the medium of romantic imagination. It was improved of course, and *esteem* was a word inexpressive of the feelings which it excited.

CHAP. XIV.

HE SETS OUT ON HIS JOURNEY.—THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and, early as it was next morning when Harley

came down stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, 'I will not weep.' He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him: Peter folded up the step. 'My dear master,' said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, 'I have been told as how London is a sad place.' ——He was choaked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard; but it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on that quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his

fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He penciled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat mended with different coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees, (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ancles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

'Our delicacies,' said Harley to himself, 'are fantastic; they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.'—The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too:—it was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, 'that if he

wanted to have his fortune told.'—Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar; it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. 'I would much rather learn,' said Harley, 'what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one; sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.'

'Master,' replied the beggar, 'I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can; and lying is, as you call it, my profession; but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth.

'I was a labourer, Sir, and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by, indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley.' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know me.' 'Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of: How should I tell fortunes else?' 'True; but to go on with your story; you were a labourer you say, and a wag: your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.'

'What signifies sadness, Sir; a man grows lean on't. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was

seized with a jail-fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however; but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke. I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I have found it, Mr Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg, or a withered arm, is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who chuse to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in

fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose. They dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the serjeant of a marching regiment, (and by the way he can steal too upon occasion), I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which, I have heard some persons say, is all that a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, Sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or captains in the army: a question which I promised to answer them by that time.'

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's,

not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him: His fingers lost their compression;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

CHAP. XIX.

HE MAKES A SECOND EXPEDITION TO THE BARONET'S.—THE LAUDABLE AMBITION OF A YOUNG MAN TO BE THOUGHT SOMETHING BY THE WORLD.

We have related, in a former chapter, the little success of his first visit to the great man, for whom he had the introductory letter from Mr Walton. To people of equal sensibility, the influence of those trifles we mentioned on his deportment will not appear surprising; but to his friends in the country, they could not be stated, nor would they have allowed them any place in the account. In some of their letters, therefore, which he received soon after, they expressed their surprise at his not having been more urgent in his application, and again recommended the blushless assiduity of successful merit.

He resolved to make another attempt at the baronet's; fortified with higher notions of his own dignity, and with less apprehension of repulse. In his way to Grosvenor-square, he began to ruminate on the folly of mankind, who affixed those ideas of superiority to riches, which reduced the minds of men, by nature equal with the more fortunate, to that sort of servility which he felt in his own. By the time he had reached the square, and was walking along the pavement which led to the baronet's, he had brought his reasoning on the subject to such a point, that the conclusion, by every rule of logic, should have led him to a thorough indifference in his approaches to a fellow-mortal, whether that fellow-mortal was possessed of six, or six thousands pounds a-year. It is probable, however, that the premises had been improperly formed; for it is certain, that when he approached the great man's door, he felt his heart agitated by an unusual pulsation.

He had almost reached it, when he observed a young gentleman coming out, dressed in a white frock, and a red laced waistcoat, with a small switch in his hand, which he seemed to manage with a particular good grace. As he passed him on the steps, the stranger very politely made him a bow, which Harley returned, though he could not remember ever having seen him before. He asked Harley, in the same civil manner, if he was going to wait on his friend the baronet; 'for I was just calling,' said he, 'and am sorry to find that he is gone for some

days into the country.' Harley thanked him for his information; and was turning from the door, when the other observed, that it would be proper to leave his name, and very obligingly knocked for that purpose. 'Here is a gentleman, Tom, who meant to have waited on your master.' 'Your name if you please, Sir?' 'Harley.'—'You'll remember, Tom, Harley.' —The door was shut. 'Since we are here,' said he, 'we shall not lose our walk, if we add a little to it by a turn or two in Hyde-park.' He accompanied this proposal with a second bow, and Harley accepted of it by another in return.

The conversation, as they walked, was brilliant on the side of his companion. The playhouse, the opera, with every occurrence in high life, he seemed perfectly master of; and talked of some reigning beauties of quality, in a manner the most feeling in the world. Harley admired the happiness of his vivacity; and opposite as it was to the reserve of his own nature, began to be much pleased with its effects.

Though I am not of opinion, with some wise men, that the existence of objects depends on idea; yet I am convinced that their appearance is not a little influenced by it. The optics of some minds are in so unlucky a perspective, as to throw a certain shade on every picture that is presented to them; while those of others, (of which number was Harley,) like the mirrors of the ladies, have a wonderful effect in bettering

their complexions. Through such a medium, perhaps, he was looking on his present companion.

When they had finished their walk, and were returning by the corner of the park, they observed a board hung out of a window, signifying, 'An excellent ORDINARY on Saturdays and Sundays.' It happened to be Saturday, and the table was covered for the purpose. 'What if we should go in and dine here, if you happen not to be engaged, Sir?' said the young gentleman, 'It is not impossible but we shall meet with some original or other; it is a sort of humour I like hugely.' Harley made no objection; and the stranger showed him the way into the parlour.

He was placed, by the courtesy of his introductor, in an arm chair that stood at one side of the fire. Over against him was seated a man of a grave considering aspect, with that look of sober prudence which indicates what is commonly called a warm man. He wore a pretty large wig, which had once been white, but was now of a brownish yellow; his coat was one of those modest-coloured drabs which mock the injuries of dust and dirt; two jack-boots concealed, in part, the well-mended knees of an old pair of buckskin breeches, while the spotted handkerchief round his neck, preserved at once its owner from catching cold, and his neckcloth from being dirtied. Next him sat another man with a tankard in his hand, and a quid of to-

bacco in his cheek, whose eye was rather more vivacious, and whose dress was something smarter.

The first-mentioned gentleman took notice that the room had been so lately washed, as not to have had time to dry; and remarked, that wet lodging was unwholesome for man or beast. He looked round at the same time for a poker to stir the fire with, which he at last observed to the company, the people of the house had removed, in order to save their coals. This difficulty, however, he overcame, by the help of Harley's stick, saying, 'that as they should, no doubt, pay for their fire in some shape or other, he saw no reason why they should not have the use of it while they sat.'

The door was now opened for the admission of dinner. 'I don't know how it is with you, gentlemen,' said Harley's new acquaintance; 'but I am afraid I shall not be able to get down a morsel at this horrid mechanical hour of dining.' He sat down, however, and did not shew any want of appetite by his eating. He took upon him the carving of the meat, and criticised upon the goodness of the pudding.

When the table-cloth was removed, he proposed calling for some punch, which was readily agreed to; he seemed at first inclined to make it himself, but afterwards changed his mind, and left that province to the waiter, telling him to have it pure West Indian, or he could not taste a drop of it.

When the punch was brought, he undertook

to fill the glasses and call the toasts.—'The King.'—The toast naturally produced politics. It is the privilege of Englishmen to drink the king's health, and to talk of his conduct. The man who sat opposite to Harley (and who by this time, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintance on his left hand, was discovered to be a grazier) observed, 'That it was a shame for so many pensioners to be allowed to take the bread out of the mouth of the poor.' 'Ay, and provisions,' said his friend, 'were never so dear in the memory of man; I wish the king and his counsellors would look to that.' 'As for the matter of provisions, neighbour Wrightson,' he replied, 'I am sure the prices of cattle——.' A dispute would have probably ensued, but it was prevented by the spruce toast-master, who gave a sentiment: and, turning to the two politicians, 'Pray, gentlemen,' said he, 'let us have done with these musty politics; I would always leave them to the beer-suckers in Butcher-row. Come, let us have something of the fine arts. That was a damn'd hard match betwixt the Nailor and Tim Bucket. The knowing ones were cursedly taken in there! I lost a cool hundred myself, faith.'

At mention of the cool hundred, the grazier threw his eyes aslant, with a mingled look of doubt and surprise; while the man at his elbow looked arch, and gave a short emphatical sort of cough.

Both seemed to be silenced, however, by this

intelligence; and while the remainder of the punch lasted, the conversation was wholly engrossed by the gentleman with the fine waistcoat, who told a great many 'immense comical stories,' and 'confounded smart things,' as he termed them, acted and spoken by lords, ladies, and young bucks of quality, of his acquaintance. At last, the grazier, pulling out a watch, of a very unusual size, and telling the hour, said, that he had an appointment. 'Is it so late?' said the young gentleman; 'then I am afraid I have missed an appointment already; but the truth is, I am cursedly given to missing of appointments.'

When the grazier and he were gone, Harley turned to the remaining personage, and asked him, If he knew that young gentleman? 'A gentleman!' said he, 'ay, he is one of your gentlemen at the top of an affidavit. I knew him, some years ago, in the quality of a footman; and, I believe, he had sometimes the honour to be a pimp. At last, some of the great folks, to whom he had been serviceable in both capacities, had him made a gauger; in which station he remains, and has the assurance to pretend an acquaintance with men of quality. The impudent dog! with a few shillings in his pocket, he will talk you three times as much as my friend Mundy there, who is worth nine thousand, if he's worth a farthing. But I know the rascal, and despise him, as he deserves.'

Harley began to despise him too, and to conceive some indignation at having sat with

patience to hear such a fellow speak nonsense. But he corrected himself, by reflecting, that he was perhaps as well entertained, and instructed too, by this same modest gauger, as he should have been by such a man as he had thought proper to personate. And surely the fault may more properly be imputed to that rank where the futility is real, than where it is feigned; to that rank, whose opportunities for nobler accomplishments have only served to rear a fabric of folly, which the untutored hand of affectation, even among the meanest of mankind, can imitate with success.

CHAP. XX.

HE VISITS BEDLAM.—THE DISTRESSES OF A DAUGHTER.

Of those things called Sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, 'because,' said he, 'I think it an unhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant, who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with the painful reflection, that it is not in

their power to alleviate it.' He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party, (amongst whom were several ladies); and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return. He seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for shew, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent looking man came up, and smiling at

the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. 'He fell a sacrifice,' said he, 'to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me Sir,' continued the stranger 'I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions.' Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South Sea annuities, India stock, and Three per cent. annuities consol. 'This,' said Harley's instructor, 'was a gentleman well known in 'Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch!

he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum.'—

'It is a spondee, and I will maintain it,' interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. 'That figure,' said the gentleman, 'whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a school-master of some reputation. He came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr Bentley.

'But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited. The world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse.' 'It is true,' answered Harley, 'the passions of men are temporary madness; and sometimes very fatal in their effect:

'From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.'

'It was, indeed,' said the stranger, 'a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it.'— 'Sir!' said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. 'Why, yes,' answered the other, 'the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary.'

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror. Upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper who accompanied them observed it. 'This,' said he, 'is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune; but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if she ever saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and

died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar.'

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley. 'My Billy is no more!' said she, 'do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!'—She drew nearer to Harley. —'Be comforted, young lady,' said he, 'your Billy is in heaven.'—'Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I

sing; when I am saddest I sing:—You shall hear me—hush!

'Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave!'

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

'Do you weep again?' said she; 'I would not have you weep; you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! it was the last time ever we met!—

''Twas when the seas were roaring—I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him.'—She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears.—'Nay, that is Billy's ring,' said she, 'you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to day of some gold-thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl!—but my heart is harmless; my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats!'—She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening—'Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler: my Billy is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring.'—She put it on his finger.—'Farewell; I must leave you now.'—She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held

it to his lips.—'I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly; farewell!'——She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand: 'Be kind to that unfortunate.'—He burst into tears, and left them.

CHAP. XXI.

THE MISANTHROPIST.

The friend, who had conducted him to Moorfields, called upon him again the next evening. After some talk on the adventures of the preceding day; 'I carried you yesterday,' said he to Harley, 'to visit the mad; let me introduce you to night, at supper, to one of the wise; but you must not look for any thing of the Socratic pleasantry about him; on the contrary, I warn you to expect the spirit of a Diogenes. That you may be a little prepared for his extraordinary manner, I will let you into some particulars of his history.

He is the elder of the two sons of a gentleman of considerable estate in the country. Their father died when they were young; both were remarkable at school for quickness of parts, and extent of genius; this had been

bred to no profession, because his father's fortune, which descended to him, was thought sufficient to set him above it; the other was put apprentice to an eminent attorney. In this the expectations of his friends were more consulted than his own inclination; for both his brother and he had feelings of that warm kind, that could ill brook a study so dry as the law, especially in that department of it which was allotted to him. But the difference of their tempers made the characteristical distinction between them. The younger, from the gentleness of his nature, bore with patience a situation entirely discordant to his genius and disposition. At times, indeed, his pride would suggest, of how little importance those talents were, which the partiality of his friends had often extolled; they were now incumbrances in a walk of life where the dull and the ignorant passed him at every turn; his fancy and his feeling were invincible obstacles to eminence in a situation, where his fancy had no room for exertion, and his feeling experienced perpetual disgust. But these murmurings he never suffered to be heard; and that he might not offend the prudence of those who had been concerned in the choice of his profession, he continued to labour in it several years, till, by the death of a relation, he succeeded to an estate of a little better than £.100 a year, with which, and the small patrimony left him, he retired into the country, and made a love-match with a young lady of a temper similar

to his own, with whom the sagacious world pitied him for finding happiness.

'But his elder brother, whom you are to see at supper, if you will do us the favour of your company, was naturally impetuous, decisive, and overbearing. He entered into life with those ardent expectations by which young men are commonly deluded; in his friendships, warm to excess; and equally violent in his dislikes. He was on the brink of marriage with a young lady, when one of those friends, for whose honour he would have pawned his life, made an elopement with that very goddess, and left him, besides, deeply engaged for sums which that good friend's extravagance had squandered.

'The dreams he had formerly enjoyed were now changed for ideas of a very different nature. He abjured all confidence in any thing of human form; sold his lands, which still produced him a very large reversion, came to town and immured himself with a woman who had been his nurse, in little better than a garret; and has ever since applied his talents to the vilifying of his species. In one thing I must take the liberty to instruct you; however different your sentiments may be, (and different they must be), you will suffer him to go on without contradiction; otherwise he will be silent immediately, and we shall not get a word from him all the night after.' Harley promised to remember this injunction, and accepted the invitation of his friend.

When they arrived at the house, they were

informed that the gentleman was come, and had been shewn into the parlour. They found him sitting with a daughter of his friend's, about three years old, on his knee, whom he was teaching the alphabet from a horn-book. At a little distance stood a sister of her's, some years older: 'Get you away, Miss,' said he to this last, 'you are a pert gossip, and I will have nothing to do with you.' 'Nay,' answered she, 'Nancy is your favourite; you are quite in love with Nancy.' 'Take away that girl,' said he to her father, whom he now observed to have entered the room, 'she has woman about her already.' The children were accordingly dismissed.

Betwixt that and supper-time he did not utter a syllable. When supper came, he quarrelled with every dish at table, but eat of them all; only exempting from his censures a sallad, 'which you have not spoiled,' said he, 'because you have not attempted to cook it.'

When the wine was set upon the table, he took from his pocket a particular smoking apparatus, and filled his pipe, without taking any more notice of Harley, or his friend, than if no such persons had been in the room.

Harley could not help stealing a look of surprise at him; but his friend, who knew his humour, returned it, by annihilating his presence in like manner; and, leaving him to his own meditations, addressed himself entirely to Harley.

In their discourse some mention happened to

be made of an amiable character, and the words *honour* and *politeness* were applied to it. Upon this, the gentleman, laying down his pipe, and changing the tone of his countenance, from an ironical grin to something more intently contemptuous; 'Honour!' said he, 'Honour and Politeness! this is the coin of the world, and passes current with the fools of it. You have substituted the shadow Honour, instead of the substance Virtue; and have banished the reality of friendship for the fictitious semblance, which you have termed politeness: politeness, which consists in a certain ceremonious jargon, more ridiculous to the ear of reason than the voice of a puppet. You have invented sounds, which you worship, though they tyrannize over your peace; and are surrounded with empty forms, which take from the honest emotions of joy, and add to the poignancy of misfortune.' —'Sir,' said Harley—His friend winked to him, to remind him of the caution he had received. He was silenced by the thought.—The philosopher turned his eye upon him: he examined him from top to toe, with a sort of triumphant contempt. Harley's coat happened to be a new one; the other's was as shabby as could possibly be supposed to be on the back of a gentleman: there was much significance in his look with regard to his coat: it spoke of the sleekness of folly, and the threadbareness of wisdom.

'Truth,' continued he, 'the most amiable, as well as the most natural of virtues, you are

at pains to eradicate. Your very nurseries are seminaries of falsehood; and what is called Fashion in manhood, completes the system of avowed insincerity. Mankind, in the gross, is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed. Nor is their vanity less fallacious to your philosophers, who adopt modes of truth to follow them through the paths of error, and defend paradoxes, merely to be singular in defending them. These are they whom ye term Ingenious; 'tis a phrase of commendation I detest; it implies an attempt to impose on my judgment, by flattering my imagination. Yet these are they whose works are read by the old with delight, which the young are taught to look upon as the codes of knowledge and philosophy.

'Indeed, the education of your youth is every way preposterous; you waste at school years in improving talents, without having ever spent an hour in discovering them; one promiscuous line of instruction is followed, without regard to genius, capacity, or probable situation in the commonwealth. From this bear-garden of the pedagogue, a raw unprincipled boy is turned loose upon the world to travel, without any ideas but those of improving his dress at Paris, or starting into taste by gazing on some paintings at Rome. Ask him of the manners of the people, and he will tell you, That the skirt is worn much shorter in France, and that every body eats macaroni in Italy. When he returns home, he buys a seat in

Parliament, and studies the constitution at Arthur's.

'Nor are your females trained to any more useful purpose. They are taught, by the very rewards which their nurses propose for good behaviour, by the first thing like a jest which they hear from every male visitor of the family, that a young woman is a creature to be married; and when they are grown somewhat older, are instructed, that it is the purpose of marriage to have the enjoyment of pin-money, and the expectation of a jointure.'

* 'These, indeed, are the effects of luxury, which is perhaps inseparable from a certain degree of power and grandeur in a nation. But it is not simply of the progress of luxury that we have to complain. Did its votaries keep in their own sphere of thoughtless dissipation, we might despise them without emotion; but the frivolous pursuits of pleasure are mingled with the most important concerns of the state; and public enterprise shall sleep till he who should guide its operation has decided his bets at New-

* Though the curate could not remember having shewn this chapter to any body, I strongly suspect that these political observations are the work of a later pen than the rest of this performance. There seems to have been, by some accident, a gap in the manuscript, from the words, 'Expectation of a jointure,' to these, 'In short man is an animal,' where the present blank ends; and some other person (for the hand is different, and the ink whiter) has filled part of it with sentiments of his own. Whoever he was, he seems to have caught some portion of the spirit of the man he personates.

market, or fulfilled his engagement with a favourite mistress in the country. We want some man of acknowledged eminence to point our counsels with that firmness which the counsels of a great people require. We have hundreds of ministers, who press forward into office, without having ever learned that art which is necessary for every business, the art of thinking; and mistake the petulance, which could give inspiration to smart sarcasms on an obnoxious measure in a popular assembly, for the ability which is to balance the interest of kingdoms, and investigate the latent sources of national superiority. With the administration of such men the people can never be satisfied; for besides that their confidence is gained only by the view of superior talents, there needs that depth of knowledge, which is not only acquainted with the just extent of power, but can also trace its connection with the expedient, to preserve its possessors from the contempt which attends irresolution, or the resentment which follows temerity.'

* * * * * * *

[Here a considerable part is wanting.]

* * 'In short, man is an animal equally selfish and vain. Vanity, indeed, is but a modification of selfishness. From the latter, there are some who pretend to be free; they are generally such as declaim against the lust of

wealth and power, because they have never been able to attain any high degree in either; they boast of generosity and feeling. They tell us (perhaps they tell us in rhyme) that the sensation of an honest heart, of a mind universally benevolent, make up the quiet bliss which they enjoy; but they will not, by this, be exempted from the charge of selfishness. Whence the luxurious happiness they describe in their little family circles? Whence the pleasure which they feel, when they trim their evening fires, and listen to the howl of winter's wind? Whence, but from the secret reflection of what houseless wretches feel from it? Or do you administer comfort in affliction—the motive is at hand; I have had it preached to me in nineteen out of twenty of your consolatory discourses —the comparative littleness of our own misfortunes.

'With vanity your best virtues are grossly tainted. Your benevolence, which ye deduce immediately from the natural impulse of the heart, squints to it for its reward. There are some, indeed, who tell us of the satisfaction which flows from a secret consciousness of good actions; this secret satisfaction is truly excellent—when we have some friend to whom we may discover its excellence.'

He now paused a moment to re-light his pipe, when a clock, that stood at his back, struck eleven; he started up at the sound, took his hat and his cane, and nodding good night with his head, walked out of the room.

The gentleman of the house called a servant to bring the stranger's surtout. 'What sort of a night is it fellow?' said he. 'It rains, Sir,' answered the servant, 'with an easterly wind.'—'Easterly for ever!'—He made no other reply; but shrugging up his shoulders till they almost touched his ears, wrapped himself tight in his great coat, and disappeared.

'This is a strange creature,' said his friend to Harley. 'I cannot say,' answered he, 'that his remarks are of the pleasant kind; it is curious to observe how the nature of truth may be changed by the garb its wears; softened to the admonition of friendship, or soured into the severity of reproof; yet this severity may be useful to some tempers; it somewhat resembles a file; disagreeable in its operation, but hard metals may be the brighter for it.'

* * * * * * * * *

CHAP. XXV.

HIS SKILL IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

The company at the baronet's removed to the playhouse accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of

his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough, therefore, to slacken his pace as he approached, and at last to make a full stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about him. At saying this, he looked piteously on the fellow. There was something in his physiognomy which caught Harley's notice; indeed physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had been often rebuked by his aunt in the country; who used to tell him, that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know that all's not gold that glisters; and it must be owned, that his aunt was a very sensible, harsh-looking maiden lady of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him. Stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, 'Your intentions, Sir,' said he, 'are so good, that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into execution,' and gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley. They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. 'There is no use of money,' said he, 'equal to that of beneficence. With the profuse it is lost; and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the ob-

jects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing; but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours, when it ceases to be in our possession.'

'Yet I agree in some measure,' answered Harley, 'with those who think, that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced; there are objects less obtrusive, whose title is a better one.'

'We cannot easily distinguish,' said the stranger; 'and even of the worthless, are there not many whose imprudence, or whose vice, may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?'

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, the old gentleman leaning on the rails to take breath; and in the mean time they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby. Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

The elder of the strangers complained of the closeness of the evening, and asked the other, if he would go with him into a house hard by, and take one draught of excellent cyder. 'The man who keeps this house,' said he to Harley, 'was once a servant of mine. I could not think of turning loose upon the world, a faith-

ful old fellow, for no other reason, but that his age had incapacitated him; so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father manages his tap-room, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place.'—'Sir,' replied Harley, interrupting him, 'I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town; to give to the necessitous, may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry, is a duty in the citizen.' They entered the house accordingly.

On a table, at the corner of the room, lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him, from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humour of his guests, and, taking up the cards, began to shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. 'Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do,' replied the other; 'and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals a bit relaxed by it.' 'Do you play piquet, Sir?' (to Harley.) Harley answered in the affirmative; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling the game, doubling the stakes; adding, that he never played higher with any body.

Harley's good nature could not refuse the benevolent old man; and the young stranger, though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet, being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yielded to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings, to serve for markers of his score. 'He had no change for the beggar,' said Harley to himself; 'but I can easily account for it; it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us by a long acquaintance. If I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve-buttons.'—Here he was interrupted by being told, that the old gentleman had beat the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. 'Your game has been short,' said Harley. 'I re-piqued him,' answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be re-piqued too, but he was disappointed; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did fortune, mutable as she is, delight in mutability so much as at that moment. The victory was so quick, and so constantly alternate, that the stake, in a short time, amounted to no less a sum than £.12; Harley's proportion of which was within half a guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a divi-

sion; but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner, that it was always over-ruled. Now, however, he told them, that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The young stranger had gained one game, and was engaged in the second with the other. They agreed, therefore, that the stake should be divided, if the old gentleman won that; which was more than probable, as his score was 90 to 35, and he was elder hand; but a momentous re-pique decided it in favour of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory mingled with regret, for having won too much, while his friend, with great ebullience of passion, many praises of his own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards, and threw them into the fire.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE MAN OF FEELING IN A BROTHEL.

The company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet-street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity suitable to the scene around him, and the feelings he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset-house, when one of them laid hold of his arm, and,

with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame. He turned round at the demand, and looked stedfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and showed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their lustre left; her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation; which she interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavoured to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighbourhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire, as it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found.—They entered, and a waiter shewed them a room, and placed a bottle of claret on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass, which she had no sooner tasted, than dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after, that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last however he thought of, and rung with repeated violence, even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him; and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a bouffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and, with the assistance of some hartshorn drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread; of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew; when, turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, 'I am sorry, Sir,' said she, 'that I should have given you so much trouble, but you will pity me when I tell you, that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past.'—He fixed his eyes on her's—every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him.—'Two days!'—said he, 'and I have fared sumptuously every day!'—He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and pre-

vented him. 'I beg, Sir,' said she, 'that you would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but at present I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust.'—He offered to call a chair, saying, that he hoped a little rest would relieve her.—He had one half guinea left: 'I am sorry,' he said, 'that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum.'—She burst into tears: 'Your generosity, Sir, is abused; to bestow it on me, is to take it from the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring.' 'No more of that,' answered Harley, 'there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue.'—He rung, and ordered a chair.—'Though I am the vilest of beings,' said she, 'I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor.'—'My name is Harley.'—'Could I ever have an opportunity'—'You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct—but I do not mean to reproach you—if, I say—it will be the noblest reward—I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again.'—Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door; the lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter, without once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was

ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made. He was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short, by telling him, that he could not run scores; but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the proposal, and, pulling out his watch, delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for once, had the precaution to take a note of the lodging he intended to visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who, twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something, in which the word CULLY was honoured with a particular emphasis.

CHAP. XXVII.

HIS SKILL IN PHYSIOGNOMY IS DOUBTED.

After he had been some time with the company he had appointed to meet, and the last bottle was called for, he first recollected that he would be again at a loss how to discharge his share of the reckoning. He applied, therefore, to one of them, with whom he was most intimate, acknowledging that he had not a farthing of money about him; and, upon being jocularly asked the reason, acquainted them with

the two adventures we have just now related. One of the company asked him, if the old man in Hyde-park did not wear a brownish coat, with a narrow gold edging, and his companion an old green frock, with a buff coloured waistcoat. Upon Harley's recollecting that they did, 'Then,' said he, 'you may be thankful you have come off so well; they are two as noted sharpers, in their way, as any in town, and but t'other night took me in for a much larger sum. I had some thoughts of applying to a justice, but one does not like to be seen in those matters.'

Harley answered, 'That he could not but fancy the gentleman was mistaken, as he never saw a face promise more honesty than that of the old man he had met with.'—'His face!' said a grave-looking man, who sat opposite to him, squirting the juice of his tobacco obliquely into the grate. There was something very emphatical in the action; for it was followed by a burst of laughter round the table. 'Gentlemen,' said Harley, 'you are disposed to be merry; it may be as you imagine, for I confess myself ignorant of the town; but there is one thing which makes me bear the loss of my money with temper: the young fellow who won it must have been miserably poor; I observed him borrow money for the stake from his friend; he had distress and hunger in his countenance; be his character what it may, his necessities at least plead for him.'—At this there was a louder laugh than before. 'Gentlemen,' said the lawyer, one of whose conversations with Harley we

have already recorded, 'here's a very pretty fellow for you: to have heard him talk some nights ago, as I did, you might have sworn he was a saint; yet now he games with sharpers, and loses his money; and is bubbled by a fine story invented by a whore, and pawns his watch: here are sanctified doings with a witness!'

'Young gentleman,' said his friend on the other side of the table, 'let me advise you to be a little more cautious for the future; and as for faces—you may look into them to know, whether a man's nose be a long or a short one.'

CHAP. XXVIII.

HE KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT.

THE last night's raillery of his companions was recalled to his remembrance when he awoke, and the colder homilies of prudence began to suggest some things which were nowise favourable for a performance of his promise to the unfortunate female he had met with before. He rose, uncertain of his purpose; but the torpor of such considerations was seldom prevalent over the warmth of his nature. He walked some turns backwards and forwards in the room: he recalled the languid form of the fainting wretch to his mind: he wept at the recollection of her tears. 'Though I am the vilest of beings, I have not forgotten every virtue;

gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left.'—He took a larger stride——'Powers of mercy that surround me!' cried he, 'do ye not smile upon deeds like these? to calculate the chances of deception is too tedious a business for the life of man!'—The clock struck ten!—When he was got down stairs, he found that he had forgot the note of her lodgings; he gnawed his lips at the delay: he was fairly on the pavement, when he recollected having left his purse! he did but just prevent himself from articulating an imprecation. He rushed a second time up into his chamber.' 'What a wretch I am!' said he; 'ere this time perhaps—' 'Twas a perhaps not to be borne;—two vibrations of a pendulum would have served him to lock his bureau;—but they could not be spared.

When he reached the house, and inquired for Miss Atkins, (for that was the lady's name), he was shewn up three pair of stairs, into a small room lighted by one narrow lattice, and patched round with shreds of different-coloured paper. In the darkest corner stood something like a bed, before which a tattered coverlet hung by way of curtain. He had not waited long when she appeared. Her face had the glister of new-washed tears on it. 'I am ashamed, Sir,' said she, 'that you should have taken this fresh piece of trouble about one so little worthy of it; but, to the humane, I know there is a pleasure in goodness for its own sake; if you have patience for the recital of my story, it may palliate, though it cannot excuse my faults.' Har-

ley bowed as a sign of assent; and she began as follows:

'I am the daughter of an officer, whom a service of forty years had advanced no higher than the rank of captain. I have had hints from himself, and been informed by others, that it was in some measure owing to those principles of rigid honour, which it was his boast to possess, and which he early inculcated on me, that he had been able to arrive at no better station. My mother died when I was a child; old enough to grieve for her death, but incapable of remembering her precepts. Though my father was doatingly fond of her, yet there were some sentiments in which they materially differed; she had been bred from her infancy in the strictest principles of religion, and took the morality of her conduct from the motives which an adherence to those principles suggested. My father, who had been in the army from his youth, affixed an idea of pusillanimity to that virtue, which was formed by the doctrines excited by the rewards, or guarded by the terrors of revelation; his darling idol was the honour of a soldier; a term which he held in such reverence, that he used it for his most sacred asseveration. When my mother died, I was some time suffered to continue in those sentiments which her instructions had produced; but soon after, though, from respect to her memory, my father did not absolutely ridicule them, yet he shewed, in his discourse to others, so little regard to them, and at times suggested

to me motives of action so different, that I was soon weaned from opinions, which I began to consider as the dreams of superstition, or the artful inventions of designing hypocrisy. My mother's books were left behind at the different quarters we removed to, and my reading was principally confined to plays, novels, and those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honour, which the circulating libraries easily afforded.

'As I was generally reckoned handsome, and the quickness of my parts extolled by all our visitors, my father had a pride in showing me to the world. I was young, giddy, open to adulation, and vain of those talents which acquired it.

'After the last war, my father was reduced to half-pay; with which we retired to a village in the country, which the acquaintance of some genteel families who resided in it, and the cheapness of living, particularly recommended. My father rented a small house, with a piece of ground sufficient to keep a horse for him, and a cow for the benefit of his family. An old man-servant managed his ground, while a maid, who had formerly been my mother's, and had since been mine, undertook the care of our little dairy. They were assisted in each of their provinces by my father and me; and we passed our time in a state of tranquillity, which he had always talked of with delight, and my train of reading had taught me to admire.

'Though I had never seen the polite circles

of the metropolis, the company my father had introduced me into, had given me a degree of good breeding which soon discovered a superiority over the young ladies of our village. I was quoted as an example of politeness, and my company courted by most of the considerable families in the neighbourhood.

'Amongst the houses where I was frequently invited, was Sir George Winbrooke's. He had two daughters nearly of my age, with whom, though they had been bred up in those maxims of vulgar doctrine, which my superior understanding could not but despise, yet as their good nature led them to an imitation of my manners in every thing else, I cultivated a particular friendship.

'Some months after our first acquaintance, Sir George's eldest son came home from his travels. His figure, his address, and conversation, were not unlike those warm ideas of an accomplished man which my favourite novels had taught me to form; and his sentiments on the article of religion were as liberal as my own. When any of these happened to be the topic of our discourse, I, who before had been silent, from a fear of being single in opposition, now kindled at the fire he raised, and defended our mutual opinions with all the eloquence I was mistress of. He would be respectfully attentive all the while; and when I had ended, would raise his eyes from the ground, look at me with a gaze of admiration, and express his applause in the highest strain of encomium.

This was an incense the more pleasing, as I seldom or never had met with it before; for the young gentlemen who visited Sir George were for the most part of that athletic order, the pleasure of whose lives is derived from fox-hunting. These are seldom solicitous to please the women at all; or if they were, would never think of applying their flattery to the mind.

'Mr Winbrooke observed the weakness of my soul, and took every occasion of improving the esteem he had gained. He asked my opinion of every author, of every sentiment, with that submissive diffidence, which shewed an unlimited confidence in my understanding. I saw myself revered, as a superior being, by one whose judgment my vanity told me was not likely to err; preferred by him to all the other visitors of my sex, whose fortunes and rank should have entitled them to a much higher degree of notice. I saw their little jealousies at the distinguished attention he paid me; it was gratitude, it was pride, it was love! Love which had made too fatal a progress in my heart, before any declaration on his part should have warranted a return; but I interpreted every look of attention, every expression of compliment, to the passion I imagined him inspired with, and imputed to his sensibility that silence which was the effect of art and design. At length, however, he took an opportunity of declaring his love. He now expressed himself in such ardent terms, that prudence might have suspected their sincerity; but prudence

is rarely found in the situation I had been unguardedly led into; besides, that the course of reading to which I had been accustomed, did not lead me to conclude that his expressions could be too warm to be sincere; nor was I even alarmed at the manner in which he talked of marriage, a subjection, he often hinted, to which genuine love should scorn to be confined. The woman, he would often say, who had merit like mine to fix his affection, could easily command it for ever. That honour, too, which I revered, was often called in to enforce his sentiments. I did not, however, absolutely assent to them; but I found my regard for their opposites diminish by degrees. If it is dangerous to be convinced, it is dangerous to listen; for our reason is so much of a machine, that it will not always be able to resist, when the ear is perpetually assailed.

'In short, Mr Harley, (for I tire you with a relation, the catastrophe of which you will already have imagined,) I fell a prey to his artifices. He had not been able so thoroughly to convert me, that my conscience was silent on the subject; but he was so assiduous to give repeated proofs of unabated affection, that I hushed its suggestions as they rose. The world, however, I knew was not to be silenced; and therefore I took occasion to express my uneasiness to my seducer, and entreated him, as he valued the peace of one to whom he professed such attachment, to remove it by a marriage. He made excuse from his dependence

on the will of his father, but quieted my fears by the promise of endeavouring to win his assent.

'My father had been some days absent on a visit to a dying relation, from whom he had considerable expectations. I was left at home, with no other company than my books: my books, I found, were not now such companions as they used to be. I was restless, melancholy, and unsatisfied with myself. But judge my situation when I received a billet from Mr Winbrooke, informing me, that he had sounded Sir George on the subject we had talked of, and found him so averse to any match so unequal to his own rank and fortune, that he was obliged, with whatever reluctance, to bid adieu to a place, the remembrance of which should ever be dear to him

'I read this letter a hundred times over. Alone, helpless, conscious of guilt, and abandoned by every better thought, my mind was one motley scene of terror, confusion, and remorse. A thousand expedients suggested themselves, and a thousand fears told me they would be vain. At last, in an agony of despair, I packed up a few clothes, took what money and trinkets were in the house, and set out for London, whither I understood he was gone; pretending to my maid, that I had received letters from my father requiring my immediate attendance. I had no other companion than a boy, a servant to the man from whom I hired my horses. I arrived in London

within an hour of Mr Winbrooke, and accidentally alighted at the very inn where he was.

'He started, and turned pale when he saw me; but recovered himself in time enough to make many new protestations of regard, and begged me to make myself easy under a disappointment which was equally afflicting to him. He procured me lodgings, where I slept, or rather endeavoured to sleep, for that night. Next morning I saw him again; he then mildly observed on the imprudence of my precipitate flight from the country, and proposed my removing to lodgings at another end of the town, to elude the search of my father, till he should fall upon some method of excusing my conduct to him, and reconciling him to my return. We took a hackney coach, and drove to the house he mentioned.

'It was situated in a dirty lane, furnished with a tawdry affectation of finery, with some old family-pictures hanging on walls which their own cob-webs would better have suited. I was struck with a secret dread at entering; nor was it lessened by the appearance of the landlady, who had that look of selfish shrewdness, which, of all others, is the most hateful to those whose feelings are untinctured with the world. A girl, who she told us was her niece, sat by her, playing on a guitar, while herself was at work, with the assistance of spectacles, and had a prayer-book, with the leaves folded down in several places, lying on the table before her. Perhaps, Sir, I tire you with my minuteness;

but the place, and every circumstance about it, is so impressed on my mind, that I shall never forget it.

'I dined that day with Mr Winbrooke alone. He lost by degrees that restraint which I perceived too well to hang about him before, and with his former gaiety and good-humour, repeated the flattering things, which, though they have had once been fatal, I durst not now distrust. At last, taking my hand and kissing it, 'It is thus,' said he, 'that love will last, while freedom is preserved; thus let us ever be blest, without the galling thought that we are tied to a condition where we may cease to be so.' I answered, 'That the world thought otherwise; that it had certain ideas of good fame, which it was impossible not to wish to maintain.' 'The world,' said he, 'is a tyrant; they are slaves who obey it. Let us be happy without the pale of the world. To-morrow I shall leave this quarter of it, for one, where the talkers of the world shall be foiled, and lose us. Could not my Emily accompany me? my friend, my companion, the mistress of my soul! Nay, do not look so, Emily! your father may grieve for a while, but your father shall be taken care of; this bank-bill I intend as the comfort for his daughter.'

'I could contain myself no longer: 'Wretch!' I exclaimed, 'dost thou imagine that my father's heart could brook dependance on the destroyer of his child, and tamely accept of a base equivalent for her honour and his own?'

'Honour, my Emily,' said he, 'is the word of fools, or of those wiser men who cheat them. 'Tis a fantastic bauble, that does not suit the gravity of your father's age; but whatever it is, I am afraid it can never be perfectly restored to you. Exchange the word, then, and let pleasure be your object now.' At these words, he clasped me in his arms, and pressed his lips rudely to my bosom. I started from my seat. 'Perfidious villain!' said I, 'who darest insult the weakness thou hast undone. Were that father here, thy coward soul would shrink from the vengeance of his honour! Curst be that wretch who has deprived him of it! Oh! doubly curst, who has dragged on his hoary head the infamy which should have crushed her own! I snatched a knife which lay beside me, and would have plunged it in my breast; but the monster prevented my purpose, and smiling with a grin of barbarous insult, 'Madam,' said he, 'I confess you are rather too much in heroics for me. I am sorry we should differ about trifles; but as I seem somehow to have offended you, I would willingly remedy it by taking my leave. You have been put to some foolish expence in this journey on my account; allow me to reimburse you.' So saying, he laid a bank-bill, of what amount I had no patience to see, upon the table. Shame, grief, and indignation, choaked my utterance; unable to speak my wrongs, and unable to bear them in silence, I fell in a swoon at his feet.

"'What happened in the interval I cannot

tell; but when I came to myself, I was in the arms of the landlady, with her niece chafing my temples, and doing all in her power for my recovery. She had much compassion in her countenance; the old woman assumed the softest look she was capable of, and both endeavoured to bring me comfort. They continued to shew me many civilities, and even the aunt began to be less disagreeable in my sight. To the wretched, to the forlorn, as I was, small offices of kindness are endearing.

'Meantime my money was far spent, nor did I attempt to conceal my wants from their knowledge. I had frequent thoughts of returning to my father; but the dread of a life of scorn is insurmountable. I avoided, therefore, going abroad when I had a chance of being seen by any former acquaintance, nor indeed did my health for a great while permit it; and suffered the old woman, at her own suggestion, to call me niece at home, where we now and then saw (when they could prevail on me to leave my room) one or two other elderly women. and sometimes a grave business-like man, who showed great compassion for my indisposition, and made me very obligingly an offer of a room at his country-house for the recovery of my health. This offer I did not chuse to accept; but told my landlady, that I should be glad to be employed in any way of business, which my skill in needle work could recommend me to; confessing, at the same time, that I was afraid I should scarce be able to pay her what I al-

ready owed for board and lodging; and that for her other good offices I had nothing but thanks to give her.'

'My dear child,' said she, 'do not talk of paying; since I lost my own sweet girl, (here she wept), your very picture she was, Miss Emily, I have nobody, except my niece, to whom I should leave any little thing I have been able to save. You shall live with me, my dear, and I have sometimes a little millinery work, in which, when you are inclined to it, you may assist us. By the way, here are a pair of ruffles we have just finished for that gentleman you saw here at tea; a distant relation of mine, and a worthy man he is. 'Twas pity you refused the offer of an apartment at his country-house; my niece, you know, was to have accompanied you, and you might have fancied yourself at home; a most sweet place it is, and but a short mile beyond Hampstead. Who knows, Miss Emily, what effect such a visit might have had! If I had half your beauty, I should not waste it pining after e'er a worthless fellow of them all.' I felt my heart swell at her words; I would have been angry if I could; but I was in that stupid state which is not easily awakened to anger. When I would have chid her, the reproof stuck in my throat; I could only weep!

'Her want of respect increased, as I had not spirit to assert it. My work was now rather imposed than offered, and I became a drudge for the bread I eat; but my dependence and

servility grew in proportion, and I was now in a situation which could not make any extraordinary exertions to disengage itself from either; I found myself with child.

'At last the wretch, who had thus trained me to destruction, hinted the purpose for which those means had been used. I discovered her to be an artful procuress for the pleasures of those, who are men of decency to the world in the midst of debauchery.

'I roused every spark of courage within me at the horrid proposal. She treated my passion at first somewhat mildly; but when I continued to exert it, she resented it with insult, and told me plainly, That if I did not soon comply with her desires, I should pay her every farthing I owed, or rot in a jail for life. I trembled at the thought; still, however, I resisted her importunities, and she put her threats in execution. I was conveyed to prison, weak from my condition, weaker from that struggle of grief and misery which for some time I had suffered. A miscarriage was the consequence.

'Amidst all the horrors of such a state; surrounded with wretches totally callous, lost alike to humanity and to shame, think, Mr Harley, think what I endured; nor wonder that I at last yielded to the solicitations of that miscreant I had seen at her house, and sunk to the prostitution which he tempted. But that was happiness compared to what I have suffered since. He soon abandoned me to the common use of the town, and I was cast among those

miserable beings in whose society I have since remained.

'Oh! did the daughters of virtue know our sufferings; did they see our hearts torn with anguish amidst the affectation of gaiety which our faces are obliged to assume! our bodies tortured by disease, our minds with that consciousness which they cannot lose! Did they know, did they think of this, Mr Harley!—their censures are just; but their pity, perhaps, might spare the wretches whom their justice should condemn.

'Last night, but for an exertion of benevolence, which the infection of our infamy prevents even in the humane, I had been thrust out from this miserable place which misfortune has yet left me; exposed to the brutal insults of drunkenness, or dragged by that justice which I could not bribe, to the punishment which may correct, but, alas! can never amend, the abandoned objects of its terrors. From that, Mr Harley, your goodness has relieved me.'

He beckoned with his hand: he would have stopped the mention of his favours; but he could not speak, had it been to beg a diadem.

She saw his tears; her fortitude began to fail at the sight, when the voice of some stranger on the stairs awakened her attention. She listened for a moment; then starting up, exclaimed, 'Merciful God! my father's voice!'

She had scarce uttered the word, when the door burst open, and a man entered in the garb of an officer. When he discovered his daughter

and Harley, he started back a few paces; his look assumed a furious wildness! he laid his hand on his sword. The two objects of his wrath did not utter a syllable. 'Villain!' he cried, 'thou seest a father who had once a daughter's honour to preserve: blasted as it now is, behold him ready to avenge its loss!'

Harley had by this time some power of utterance. 'Sir,' said he, 'if you will be a moment calm'—'Infamous coward!' interrupted the other, 'dost thou preach calmness to wrongs like mine?' He drew his sword. 'Sir,' said Harley, 'let me tell you,'—The blood ran quicker to his cheek—his pulse beat one—no more—and regained the temperament of humanity!—'You are deceived, Sir,' said he, 'you are much deceived; but I forgive suspicions which your misfortunes have justified. I would not wrong you, upon my soul I would not, for the dearest gratification of a thousand worlds: my heart bleeds for you!'

His daughter was now prostrate at his feet. 'Strike,' said she, 'strike here a wretch, whose misery cannot end but with that death she deserves.' Her hair had fallen on her shoulders! her look had the horrid calmness of out-breathed despair! Her father would have spoken; his lip quivered, his cheek grew pale! his eyes lost the lightning of their fury! there was a reproach in them, but with a mingling of pity! He turned them up to Heaven—then on his daughter.—He laid his left hand on his heart—the sword dropt from his right—he burst into tears.

CHAP. XXIX.

THE DISTRESSES OF A FATHER.

HARLEY kneeled also at the side of the unfortunate daughter. 'Allow me, Sir,' said he, 'to entreat your pardon for one whose offences have been already so signally punished. I know, I feel, that those tears, wrung from the heart of a father, are more dreadful to her than all the punishments your sword could have inflicted; accept the contrition of a child whom Heaven has restored to you.' 'Is she not lost,' answered he, 'irrecoverably lost? Damnation! a common prostitute to the meanest ruffian!'— 'Calmly, my dear Sir,' said Harley, 'did you know by what complicated misfortunes she has fallen to that miserable state in which you now behold her, I should have no need of words to excite your compassion. Think, Sir, of what once she was! Would you abandon her to the insults of an unfeeling world, deny her opportunity of penitence, and cut off the little comfort that still remains for your afflictions and her own!' 'Speak,' said he, addressing himself to his daughter; 'speak, I will hear thee.'—The desperation that supported her was lost; she fell to the ground, and bathed his feet with her tears.

Harley undertook her cause: He related the treacheries to which she had fallen a sacrifice, and again solicited the forgiveness of her father. He looked on her for some time in silence;

the pride of a soldier's honour checked for a while the yearnings of his heart; but nature at last prevailed, he fell on her neck, and mingled his tears with hers.

Harley, who discovered from the dress of the stranger that he was just arrived from a journey, begged that they would both remove to his lodgings, till he could procure others for them. Atkins looked at him with some marks of surprise. His daughter now first recovered the power of speech: 'Wretch as I am,' said she, 'yet there is some gratitude due to the preserver of your child. See him now before you. To him I owe my life, or at least the comfort of imploring your forgiveness before I die.' 'Pardon me, young gentleman,' said Atkins, 'I fear my passion wronged you.'

'Never, never, Sir,' said Harley; 'if it had, your reconciliation to your daughter were an atonement a thousand fold.' He then repeated his request that he might be allowed to conduct them to his lodgings; to which Mr Atkins at last consented. He took his daughter's arm. 'Come, my Emily,' said he, 'we can never, never recover that happiness we have lost! but time may teach us to remember our misfortunes with patience.'

When they arrived at the house where Harley lodged, he was informed, that the first floor was then vacant, and that the gentleman and his daughter might be accommodated there. While he was upon this inquiry, Miss Atkins informed her father more particularly what she

owed to his benevolence. When he returned into the room where they were, Atkins ran and embraced him; begged him again to forgive the offence he had given him, and made the warmest protestations of gratitude for his favours. We would attempt to describe the joy which Harley felt on this occasion, did it not occur to us, that one half of the world could not understand it though we did; and the other half will, by this time, have understood it without any description at all.

Miss Atkins now retired to her chamber to take some rest, from the violence of the emotions she had suffered. When she was gone, her father addressing himself to Harley, said, 'You have a right, Sir, to be informed of the present situation of one who owes so much to your compassion for his misfortunes. My daughter, I find, has informed you what that was at the fatal juncture when they began. Her distresses you have heard, you have pitied as they deserved; with mine, perhaps, I cannot so easily make you acquainted. You have a feeling heart, Mr Harley; I bless it that it has saved my child; but you never were a father, a father torn by that most dreadful of calamities, the dishonour of a child he doated on! You have been already informed of some of the circumstances of her elopement. I was then from home, called by the death of a relation, who, though he would never advance me a shilling, on the utmost exigency, in his lifetime, left me all the gleanings of his frugality at his

death. I would not write this intelligence to my daughter, because I intended to be the bearer myself; and as soon as my business would allow me, I set out on my return, winged with all the haste of paternal affection. I fondly built those schemes of future happiness, which present prosperity is ever busy to suggest. My Emily was concerned in them all. As I approached our little dwelling, my heart throbbed with the anticipation of joy and welcome. I imagined the cheering fire, the blissful contentment of a frugal meal, made luxurious by a daughter's smile. I painted to myself her surprise at the tidings of our new-acquired riches, our fond disputes about the disposal of them.

'The road was shortened by the dreams of happiness I enjoyed, and it began to be dark as I reached the house. I alighted from my horse, and walked softly up stairs to the room we commonly sat in. I was somewhat disappointed at not finding my daughter there. I rung the bell; her maid appeared, and shewed no small signs of wonder at the summons. She blessed herself as she entered the room. I smiled at her surprise. 'Where is Miss Emily, Sir?' said she.—'Emily!'—'Yes, Sir; she has been gone hence some days, upon receipt of those letters you sent her.'—'Letters!' said I.—'Yes, Sir, so she told me; and went off in all haste that very night.'

'I stood aghast as she spoke; but was able so far to recollect myself, as to put on the affectation of calmness, and, telling her there was

certainly some mistake in the affair, desired her to leave me.

'When she was gone, I threw myself into a chair, in that state of uncertainty which is of all others the most dreadful. The gay visions with which I had delighted myself, vanished in an instant. I was tortured with tracing back the same circle of doubt and disappointment. My head grew dizzy, as I thought. I called the servant again, and asked her a hundred questions to no purpose; there was not room even for conjecture.

'Something at last arose in my mind, which we call Hope, without knowing what it is. I wished myself deluded by it; but it could not prevail over my returning fears. I rose and walked through the room. My Emily's spinnet stood at the end of it, open, with a book of music folded down at some of my favourite lessons. I touched the keys; there was a vibration in the sound that froze my blood. I looked around, and methought the family-pictures on the walls gazed on me with compassion in their faces. I sat down again with an attempt at more composure; I started at every creaking of the door, and my ears rung with imaginary noises!

'I had not remained long in this situation, when the arrival of a friend, who had accidentally heard of my return, put an end to my doubts, by the recital of my daughter's dishonour. He told me he had his information from

a young gentleman, to whom Winbrooke had boasted of having seduced her.

'I started from my seat, with broken curses on my lips, and, without knowing whither I should pursue them, ordered my servant to load my pistols, and saddle my horses. My friend, however, with great difficulty, persuaded me to compose myself for that night, promising to accompany me on the morrow to Sir George Winbrooke's in quest of his son.

'The morrow came, after a night spent in a state little distant from madness. We went as early as decency would allow to Sir George's. He received me with politeness, and indeed compassion; protested his abhorrence of his son's conduct, and told me that he had set out some days before for London, on which place he had procured a draft for a large sum, on pretence of finishing his travels; but that he had not heard from him since his departure.

'I did not wait for any more, either of information or comfort; but, against the united remonstrances of Sir George and my friend, set out instantly for London, with a frantic uncertainty of purpose; but there all manner of search was in vain. I could trace neither of them any farther than the inn where they first put up on their arrival; and after some days fruitless inquiry, returned home destitute of every little hope that had hitherto supported me. The journeys I had made, the restless nights I had spent, above all, the perturbation

of my mind, had the effect which naturally might be expected; a very dangerous fever was the consequence. From this, however, contrary to the expectations of my physicians, I recovered. It was now that I first felt something like calmness of mind; probably from being reduced to a state which could not produce the exertions of anguish or despair. A stupid melancholy settled on my soul; I could endure to live with an apathy of life; at times I forgot my resentment, and wept at the remembrance of my child.

'Such has been the tenor of my days, since that fatal moment when these misfortunes began, till yesterday, that I received a letter from a friend in town, acquainting me of her present situation. Could such tales as mine, Mr Harley, be sometimes suggested to the daughters of levity, did they but know with what anxiety the heart of a parent flutters round the child he loves, they would be less apt to construe into harshness that delicate concern for their conduct, which they often complain of as laying restraint upon things, to the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, seemingly harmless and indifferent. Alas! I fondly imagined, that I needed not even these common cautions! my Emily was the joy of my age, and the pride of my soul!—Those things are now no more! they are lost for ever! Her death I could have borne! but the death of her honour has added obloquy and shame to that sorrow which bends my grey hairs to the dust!'

As he spoke these last words, his voice trembled in his throat; it was now lost in tears! He sat with his face half turned from Harley, as if he would have hid the sorrow which he felt. Harley was in the same attitude himself; he durst not meet Atkins' eye with a tear; but gathering his stifled breath, 'Let me intreat you, Sir,' said he, 'to hope better things. The world is ever tyrannical; it warps our sorrows to edge them with keener affliction; let us not be slaves to the names it affixes to motive or to action. I know an ingenuous mind cannot help feeling when they sting; but there are considerations by which it may be overcome. Its fantastic ideas vanish as they rise; they teach us—to look beyond it.'

* * * * * * * * *

A FRAGMENT.

SHOWING HIS SUCCESS WITH THE BARONET.

* * * The card he received, was in the politest style in which disappointment could be communicated: The baronet 'was under a necessity of giving up his application for Mr Harley, as he was informed, that the lease was engaged for a gentleman who had long served his Majesty in another capacity, and whose merit had entitled him to the first lucrative

thing that should be vacant.' Even Harley could not murmur at such a disposal.—'Perhaps,' said he to himself, 'some war-worn officer, who, like poor Atkins, had been neglected from reasons which merited the highest advancement; whose honour could not stoop to solicit the preferment he deserved; perhaps, with a family, taught the principles of delicacy, without the means of supporting it; a wife and children—gracious Heaven! whom my wishes would have deprived of bread!'——

He was interrupted in his reverie by some one tapping him on the shoulder; and, on turning round, he discovered it to be the very man who had explained to him the condition of his gay companion at Hyde-park corner. 'I am glad to see you, Sir,' said he; 'I believe we are fellows in disappointment.' Harley started, and said, that he was at a loss to understand him. 'Poh! you need not be so shy,' answered the other; 'every one for himself is but fair, and I had much rather you had got it than the rascally gauger.' Harley still protested his ignorance of what he meant. 'Why, the lease of Bancroft-manor; had not you been applying for it?' 'I confess I was,' replied Harley; 'but I cannot conceive how you should be interested in the matter.'—'Why, I was making interest for it myself,' said he, 'and I think I had some title. I voted for this same baronet at the last election, and made some of my friends do so too; though I would not have you imagine that I sold my

vote; no, I scorn it, let me tell you, I scorn it; but I thought as how this man was staunch and true, and I find he's but a double-faced fellow after all, and speechifies in the house for any side he hopes to make most by. Oh! how many fine speeches and squeezings by the hand we had of him on the canvas! 'And if ever I shall be so happy as to have an opportunity of serving you'—a murrain on the smooth-tongued knave! and after all to get it for this pimp of a gauger.'—'The gauger! there must be some mistake,' said Harley; 'he writes me, that it was engaged for one whose long services'—'Services!' interrupted the other; 'you shall hear: Services! Yes, his sister arrived in town a few days ago, and is now sempstress to the baronet. A plague on all rogues! says honest Sam Wrightson: I shall but just drink damnation to them to-night, in a crown's worth of Ashley's, and leave London to-morrow by sun-rise.'—'I shall leave it too,' said Harley; and so he accordingly did.

In passing through Piccadilly, he had observed on the window of an inn, a notification of the departure of a stage-coach for a place in his road homewards; in the way back to his lodgings, he took a seat in it for his return.

CHAP. XXXIII.

HE LEAVES LONDON.—CHARACTERS IN A STAGE-COACH.

THE company in the stage-coach consisted of a grocer and his wife, who were going to pay a visit to some of their country friends; a young officer, who took this way of marching to quarters; a middle-aged gentlewoman, who had been hired as house-keeper to some family in the country; and an elderly well-looking man, with a remarkable old-fashioned periwig.

Harley, upon entering, discovered but one vacant seat, next the grocer's wife, which from his natural shyness of temper, he made no scruple to occupy, however aware that riding backwards always disagreed with him.

Though his inclination to physiognomy had met with some rubs in the metropolis, he had not yet lost his attachment to that science: he set himself, therefore, to examine, as usual, the countenances of his companions. Here, indeed, he was not long in doubt as to the preference; for, besides that the elderly gentleman, who sat opposite to him, had features by nature more expressive of good dispositions, there was something in that periwig we mentioned, peculiarly attractive of Harley's regard.

He had not been long employed in these speculations, when he found himself attacked

with that faintish sickness, which was the natural consequence of his situation in the coach. The paleness of his countenance was first observed by the housekeeper, who immediately made offer of her smelling-bottle, which Harley, however, declined, telling at the same time the cause of his uneasiness. The gentleman on the opposite side of the coach, now first turned his eye from the side-direction in which it had been fixed, and begged Harley to exchange places with him, expressing his regret that he had not made the proposal before. Harley thanked him, and, upon being assured that both seats were alike to him, was about to accept of his offer, when the young gentleman of the sword, putting on an arch look, laid hold of the other's arm. 'So, my old boy,' said he, 'I find you have still some youthful blood about you, but, with your leave, I will do myself the honour of sitting by this lady;' and took his place accordingly. The grocer stared him as full in the face as his own short neck would allow; and his wife, who was a little round-faced woman, with a great deal of colour in her cheeks, drew up at the compliment that was paid her, looking first at the officer, and then at the housekeeper.

This incident was productive of some discourse; for before, though there was sometimes a cough or a hem from the grocer, and the officer now and then hummed a few notes of a song, there had not a single word passed the lips of any of the company.

Mrs Grocer observed, how ill convenient it was for people, who could not be drove backwards, to travel in a stage. This brought on a dissertation on stage-coaches in general, and the pleasure of keeping a chay of one's own; which led to another, on the great riches of Mr Deputy Bearskin, who, according to her, had once been of that industrious order of youths, who swept the crossings of the streets, for the conveniency of passengers, but, by various fortunate accidents, had now acquired an immense fortune, and kept his coach and a dozen livery-servants. All this afforded ample fund for conversation, if conversation it might be called, that was carried on solely by the before-mentioned lady, nobody offering to interrupt her, except that the officer sometimes signified his approbation by a variety of oaths, a sort of phraseology in which he seemed extremely conversant. She appealed, indeed, frequently to her husband for the authenticity of certain facts, of which the good man as often protested his total ignorance; but as he was always called fool, or something very like it, for his pains, he at last contrived to support the credit of his wife without prejudice to his conscience, and signified his assent by a noise not unlike the grunting of that animal which in shape and fatness he somewhat resembled.

The housekeeper, and the old gentleman who sat next to Harley, were now observed to be fast asleep; at which the lady, who had been at such pains to entertain them, muttered

some words of displeasure, and upon the officer's whispering to smoke the old put, both she and her husband pursed up their mouths into a contemptuous smile. Harley looked sternly on the grocer: 'You are come, Sir,' said he, 'to those years when you might have learned some reverence for age: as for this young man, who has so lately escaped from the nursery, he may be allowed to divert himself.' 'Damme, Sir,' said the officer, 'do you call me young?' striking up the front of his hat, and stretching forward on his seat, till his face almost touched Harley's. It is probable, however, that he discovered something there which tended to pacify him; for on the lady's entreating them not to quarrel, he very soon resumed his posture and calmness together, and was rather less profuse of his oaths during the rest of the journey.

It is possible the old gentleman had waked time enough to hear the last part of this discourse; at least (whether from that cause, or that he too was a physiognomist) he wore a look remarkably complacent to Harley, who on his part, shewed a particular observance of him: indeed they had soon a better opportunity of making their acquaintance, as the coach arrived that night at the town where the officer's regiment lay, and the places of destination of their other fellow-travellers, it seems, were at no great distance; for next morning the old gentleman and Harley were the only passengers remaining.

When they left the inn in the morning,

Harley, pulling out a little pocket-book, began to examine the contents, and make some corrections with a pencil. 'This,' said he, turning to his companion, 'is an amusement with which I sometimes pass idle hours at an inn: these are quotations from those humble poets, who trust their fame to the brittle tenure of windows and drinking glasses.' 'From our inns,' returned the gentleman, 'a stranger might imagine that we were a nation of poets, machines at least containing poetry, which the motion of a journey emptied of their contents: is it from the vanity of being thought geniuses, or a mere mechanical imitation of the custom of others, that we are tempted to scrawl rhyme upon such places?'

'Whether vanity is the cause of our becoming rhymesters or not,' answered Harley, 'it is a pretty certain effect of it. An old man of my acquaintance, who deals in apophthegms, used to say, That he had known few men without envy, few wits without ill nature, and no poet without vanity; and I believe his remark is a pretty just one; vanity has been immemorially the charter of poets. In this the ancients were more honest than we are: the old poets frequently made boastful predictions of the immortality their works will obtain for them; ours, in their dedications and prefatory discourses, employ much eloquence to praise their patrons, and much seeming modesty to condemn themselves, or at least to apologize for their productions to the world; but this, in my opi-

nion, is the more assuming manner of the two; for of all the garbs I ever saw Pride put on, that of her humility is to me the most disgusting.'

'It is natural enough for a poet to be vain,' said the stranger: 'the little worlds which he raises, the inspiration which he claims, may easily be productive of self-importance; though that inspiration is fabulous, it brings on egotism, which is always the parent of vanity.'

'It may be supposed,' answered Harley, 'that inspiration of old was an article of religious faith; in modern times it may be translated, a propensity to compose; and I believe it is not always most readily found, where the poets have fixed its residence, amidst groves and plains, and the scenes of pastoral retirement. The mind may be there unbent from the cares of the world; but it will frequently, at the same time, be unnerved from any great exertion; it will feel the languor of indolence, and wander without effort over the regions of reflection.'

'There is at least,' said the stranger, 'one advantage in the poetical inclination, that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetic ground, on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart: the causes of human depravity vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes, and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate.'

'I have always thought so,' replied Harley; 'but this is an argument with the prudent against

it; they urge the danger of unfitness for the world.'

'I allow it,' returned the other; 'but I believe it is not always rightfully imputed to the bent for poetry: that is only one effect of the common cause.—Jack, says his father, is indeed no scholar; nor could all the drubbings from his master ever bring him one step forward in his accidence or syntax; but I intend him for a merchant.—Allow the same indulgence to Tom.—Tom reads Virgil and Horace when he should be casting accounts; and but t'other day he pawned his great coat for an edition of Shakespeare.—But Tom would have been as he is, though Virgil and Horace had never been born, though Shakespeare had died a link-boy; for his nurse will tell you, that when he was a child, he broke his rattle, to discover what it was that sounded within it; and burnt the sticks of his go-cart, because he liked to see the sparkling of timber in the fire.—'Tis a sad case; but what is to be done?—Why, Jack shall make a fortune, dine on venison, and drink claret.—Ay, but Tom—Tom shall dine with his brother when his pride will let him; at other times he shall bless God over a half-pint of ale and a Welsh rabbit! and both shall go to heaven as they may.—That's a poor prospect for Tom, says the father.—To go to heaven! I cannot agree with him.'

'Perhaps,' said Harley, 'we now a-days discourage the romantic turn a little too much.

Our boys are prudent too soon. Mistake me not, I do not mean to blame them for want of levity or dissipation; but their pleasures are those of hackneyed vice, blunted to every finer emotion by the repetition of debauch; and their desire of pleasure is warped to the desire of wealth, as the means of procuring it. The immense riches acquired by individuals have erected a standard of ambition, destructive of private morals, and of public virtue. The weaknesses of vice are left us; but the most allowable of our failings we are taught to despise. Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity it once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled, even amongst the beardless leaders of the dancing-school. The Frivolous and the Interested (might a satirist say) are the characteristical features of the age; they are visible even in the essays of our philosophers. They laugh at the pedantry of our fathers, who complained of the times in which they lived; they are at pains to persuade us how much those were deceived; they pride themselves in defending things as they find them, and in exploding the barren sounds which had been reared into motives for action. To this their style is suited; and the manly tone of reason is exchanged for perpetual efforts at sneer and ridicule. This I hold to be an alarming crisis in the corruption of a state; when

not only is virtue declined, and vice prevailing, but when the praises of virtue are forgotten, and the infamy of vice unfelt.'

They soon after arrived at the next inn upon the route of the stage coach, when the stranger told Harley, that his brother's house, to which he was returning, lay at no great distance, and he must therefore unwillingly bid him adieu.

'I should like,' said Harley, taking his hand, 'to have some word to remember so much seeming worth by: my name is Harley.'—'I shall remember it,' answered the old gentleman, 'in my prayers; mine is Silton.'

And Silton indeed it was! Ben Silton himself! Once more, my honoured friend farewell! ——Born to be happy without the world, to that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow! Envy never scowled on thy life, nor hatred smiled on thy grave.

CHAP. XXXIV.

HE MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

When the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post-chaise or horses,

to any distance he had a mind: but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take: it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to chuse his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked; nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the usual and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which therefore he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his

eye on the spot he walked, had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay, on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck, with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. 'Thou art old,' said he to himself; 'but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities; I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service. The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion; it was

a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; 'I fear,' said he, 'sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey.' 'Father!' said Harley, (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising with him), 'how far do you mean to go?' 'But a little way, Sir,' returned the other; 'and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village, whither I am going.' 'I am going there too,' said Harley; 'we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it

hardly too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for.—I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you; in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack.'

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! 'Young gentleman,' said he, 'you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight.' 'Far from it,' answered Harley, 'I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore.'

'Sir,' said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, 'is not your name Harley?' 'It is,' replied he; 'I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours.' 'You may well have forgotten my face,' said the stranger;—'tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards.'——'Edwards!' cried Harley, 'oh! heavens!' and sprung to embrace him; 'let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards! ——I shall never forget that fire-side, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to

you?'—'Tis a long tale,' replied Edwards; 'but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

'When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor, who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not chuse to have any farm under £.300 a-year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

'What could I do, Mr Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr Harley, I could not; there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child: so I even ran the risk, and took the squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over

them all; some unfavourable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession: I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts, and saved me from a jail: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

'Had you seen us, Mr Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live. the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went, however, as far as the gooseberry-bush, which, you may remember, stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir; I called again; he lay down: I whistled, and cried Trusty; he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children.'

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

'Though I was poor,' continued he, 'I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of the peace, and broke all our family-happiness again.

'My son was a remarkable good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day, having sprung a covey of partridges in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back. The game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and seeing the pointer, shot him just as my son approached. The creature fell; my son ran up to him; he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but, flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and, with the butt-end of it, felled him to the ground.

'He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison. There he lay, for the justices would not

take bail, till he was tried at the quarter-sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality; but the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

'An officer with press-orders came down to our country, and having met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it. My son's name was in the justice's list.

''Twas on a Christmas eve, and the birthday too of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight; I brought a bottle of our best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

'It had long been our custom to play a game at blind-man's buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded. We had continued some time at our game, when he groped

his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there. We kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind. 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about. 'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him; 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by.'—At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards' sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

'On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause. The room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

'In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot. He came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster

up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: 'My poor infants:' said she, 'your father is forced from you; who shall now labour for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him, 'If I was too old to be accepted in place of my son?' —'Why, I don't know,' said he; 'you are rather old, to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his hand; and coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I staid, I should add one to the wretches you left behind.' 'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me. Heaven forbid that my father's grey hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.' 'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this; stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children.'

'Our parting, Mr Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted; the very press-gang could scarce keep from

tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind that could think of getting rich at the expence of my conscience.

'Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere, which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them; so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning, till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his grey beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer 300 lashes,

and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only 200. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea-port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it: 'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me:—'You are an Englishman,' said he, 'but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!' We parted; and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; 'tis all the

value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little.'

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood a while looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears, 'Edwards,' said he, 'let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured veteran! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life, worn out in the service of humanity; call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father' Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

CHAP. XXXV.

HE MISSES AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—AN ADVENTURE CONSEQUENT UPON IT.

WHEN they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked steadfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the roadside. 'Oh heavens!' he cried, 'what do I see? silent, unroofed, and desolate! Are all thy gay

tenants gone? do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at Southhill; 'tis but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing, and its benches filled with little cherubs; that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough.'

'Dear Sir,' replied Edwards, 'perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good.' 'They cannot,' said Harley, 'they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents; I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear; I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest——Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again.'

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know, if that had not been the school-house,

and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it? 'Alack-a-day!' said she, 'it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, Sir, the squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects.'——'What! how! prospects! pulled down!' cried Harley. 'Yes, to be sure, Sir; and the green, where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it.'——'Curses on his narrow heart,' cried Harley, 'that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

> 'And from his derogate body never spring
> A babe to honour him.

But I need not, Edwards, I need not, (recovering himself a little), he is cursed enough already; to him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his sordid soul shall know it; while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children!' 'If you want any thing with the school mistress, Sir,' said the woman, 'I can shew you the way to her house.' He followed her without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands.' 'There, Sir, is the school-mistress.'—'Madam,' said Harley, 'was not an old venerable man schoolmaster here some time ago?' 'Yes, Sir, he

was; poor man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean time.'—'And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?'—'Ay, Sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw.' 'Orphans!' said Harley. 'Yes, Sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need to remember them.'——'Madam,' said Harley, 'let us never forget that we are all relations.' He kissed the children.

'Their father, Sir,' continued she, 'was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes; what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck; and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, Sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwards's.' 'What Edwards's?' cried the old soldier hastily. 'The Edwards's of South-hill; and a worthy family they were.'—'South-hill!' said he in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water, and a smelling bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding

his orphan grand-children in his arms, 'Oh! my children, my children!' he cried, 'have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's grey hairs to the grave! and these little ones'—his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of his children.

'My dear old man!' said Harley, 'Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you.'—'Yes, indeed, Sir,' answered the boy; 'father, when he was a-dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us.'—'Where did they lay my boy?' said Edwards. 'In the Old Church-yard,' replied the woman, 'hard by his mother.'—'I will show it you,' answered the boy; 'for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came amongst strange folks.' He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church-yard

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters, half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead; there was a cyphered R. E plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. 'Here it is, grandfather,' said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. 'I have told sister,' said he, 'that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I

shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither.—The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

CHAP. XXXVI.

HE RETURNS HOME.—A DESCRIPTION OF HIS RETINUE.

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come with the children to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him.

With this train, Harley returned to the abode of his father's: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes

with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; Fashion, Bon ton, and Vertù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it, is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies at threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grandchildren: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgment for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. 'Whosoever receiveth any of these children'—said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected to have found him a-bed; but in this he was mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, ex-

pressed his surprise at seeing him so early astir. 'I was thinking of you,' said Harley, 'and your children: I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant: if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able in some measure to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved.' Edwards' tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant; and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand. It was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards' infant grandson, and made shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eyes

fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of mercies! I would also thank thee, that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty, and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

A FRAGMENT.

THE MAN OF FEELING TALKS OF WHAT HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND.—AN INCIDENT.

* * * * 'EDWARDS,' said he, 'I have a proper regard for the prosperity of my country. Every native of it appropriates to himself some share of the power, or the fame, which, as a nation, it acquires; but I cannot throw off the man so much, as to rejoice at our conquests in India. You tell me of immense territories subject to the English. I cannot think of their possessions, without being led to inquire, by what right they possess them. They came there as traders, bartering the commodities they brought for others which their purchasers could spare, and however great their profits were, they were then equitable. But what title have the subjects of another kingdom to establish an empire in India? to give laws to a country where the

inhabitants received them on the terms of friendly commerce? You say they are happier under our regulations than under the tyranny of their own petty princes. I must doubt it from the conduct of those by whom these regulations have been made. They have drained the treasuries of Nabobs, who must fill them by oppressing the industry of their subjects. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the motive upon which those gentlemen do not deny their going to India. The fame of conquest, barbarous as that motive is, is but a secondary consideration. There are certain stations in wealth, as well as in rank and honour, to which the warriors of the East aspire. It is there, indeed, where the wishes of their friends assign them eminence, and to that object the question of their country is pointed at their return. When shall I see a commander return from India in the pride of honourable poverty? —You describe the victories they have gained; they are sullied by the cause in which they fought: you enumerate the spoils of those victories; they are covered with the blood of the vanquished!

'Could you tell me of some conqueror giving peace and happiness to the conquered? did he accept the gifts of their princes to use them for the comfort of those whose fathers, sons, or husbands, fell in battle? did he use his power to gain security and freedom to the regions of oppression and slavery? did he endear the British name by examples of generosity, which

the most barbarous or most depraved are rarely able to resist? did he return with the consciousness of duty discharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow-creatures? did he return with no lace on his coat, no slaves in his retinue, no chariot at his door, and no Burgundy at his table?—these were laurels which princes might envy—which an honest man would not condemn!'

'Your maxims, Mr Harley, are certainly right,' said Edwards. 'I am not capable of arguing with you; but I imagine there are great temptations in a great degree of riches, which it is no easy matter to resist; those a poor man like me cannot describe, because he never knew them; and perhaps I have reason to bless God that I never did; for then, it is likely, I should have withstood them no better than my neighbours. For you know, Sir, that it is not the fashion now, as it was in former times that I have read of in books, when your great generals died so poor, that they did not leave wherewithal to buy them a coffin; and people thought the better of their memories for it. If they did so now-a-days, I question if any body, except yourself, and some few like you, would thank them.'

'I am sorry,' replied Harley, 'that there is so much truth in what you say; but however the general current of opinion may point, the feelings are not yet lost that applaud benevolence, and censure inhumanity Let us endeavour to strengthen them in ourselves; and we,

who live sequestered from the noise of the multitude, have better opportunities of listening undisturbed to their voice.'

They now approached the little dwelling of Edwards. A maid-servant, whom he had hired to assist him in the care of his grandchildren, met them a little way from the house: 'There is a young lady within with the children,' said she. Edwards expressed his surprise at the visit; it was, however, not the less true; and we mean to account for it.

This young lady, then, was no other than Miss Walton. She had heard the old man's history from Harley, as we have already related it. Curiosity, or some other motive, made her desirous to see his grandchildren; this she had an opportunity of gratifying soon, the children, in some of their walks, having strolled as far as her father's avenue. She put several questions to both; she was delighted with the simplicity of their answers, and promised that, if they continued to be good children, and do as their grandfather bid them, she would soon see them again, and bring some present or other for their reward. This promise she had performed now. She came attended only by her maid, and brought with her a complete suit of green for the boy, and a chintz gown, a cap, and a suit of ribands, for his sister. She had time enough, with her maid's assistance, to equip them in their new habiliments before Harley and Edwards returned. The boy heard his grandfather's voice, and, with that silent joy

which his present finery inspired, ran to the door to meet him: putting one hand in his, with the other pointing to his sister, 'See,' said he, 'what Miss Walton has brought us!'—Edwards gazed on them. Harley fixed his eyes on Miss Walton; her's were turned to the ground;—in Edwards's was a beamy moisture. —He folded his hands together.——'I cannot speak, young lady,' said he, 'to thank you.' Neither could Harley. There were a thousand sentiments: but they gushed so impetuously on his heart that he could not utter a syllable.****

CHAP. XL.

THE MAN OF FEELING JEALOUS.

The desire of communicating knowledge or intelligence, is an argument with those who hold that man is naturally a social animal. It is indeed one of the earliest propensities we discover; but it may be doubted whether the pleasure (for pleasure there certainly is) arising from it, be not often more selfish than social; for we frequently observe the tidings of Ill communicated as eagerly as the annunciation of Good. s it that we delight in observing the effects of the stronger passions? for we are all philosophers in this respect; and it is perhaps amongst the spectators at Tyburn that the most geniune are to be found.

Was it from this motive that Peter came one morning into his master's room with a meaning face of recital? His master indeed did not at first observe it; for he was sitting with one shoe buckled, delineating portraits in the fire. 'I have brushed those clothes, Sir, as you ordered me.'——Harley nodded his head; but Peter observed that his hat wanted brushing too; his master nodded again. At last Peter bethought him, that the fire needed stirring; and, taking up the poker, demolished the turban'd head of a Saracen, while his master was seeking out a body for it. 'The morning is main cold, Sir,' said Peter. 'Is it?' said Harley. 'Yes, Sir; I have been as far as Tom Dowson's to fetch some barberries he had picked for Mrs Margery. There was a rare junketting last night at Thomas's, among Sir Harry Benson's servants; he lay at Squire Walton's, but he would not suffer his servants to trouble the family; so, to be sure, they were at Tom's, and had a fiddle and a hot supper in the big room where the justices meet about the destroying of hares and partridges, and them things; and Tom's eyes looked so red and so bleared when I called him to get the barberries:—And I hear as how Sir Harry is going to be married to Miss Walton.'——'How! Miss Walton married!' said Harley. 'Why, it mayn't be true, Sir, for all that; but Tom's wife told it me, and to be sure the servants told her, and their master told them, as I guess, Sir; but it mayn't be true for all that, as I said before.'—'Have done with

your idle information,' said Harley:—'Is my aunt come down into the parlour to breakfast?'—'Yes, Sir.' 'Tell her I'll be with her immediately.'

When Peter was gone, he stood with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the last words of his intelligence vibrating in his ears. 'Miss Walton married!' he sighed—and walked down stairs, with his shoe as it was, and the buckle in his hand. His aunt, however, was pretty well accustomed to those appearances of absence; besides, that the natural gravity of her temper, which was commonly called into exertion by the care of her household-concerns, was such as not easily to be discomposed by any circumstance of accidental impropriety. She, too, had been informed of the intended match between Sir Harry Benson and Miss Walton. 'I have been thinking,' said she, 'that they are distant relations; for the great-grandfather of this Sir Harry Benson, who was knight of the shire in the reign of Charles the First, and one of the cavaliers of those times, was married to a daughter of the Walton family.' Harley answered drily, that it might be so; but that he never troubled himself about these matters. 'Indeed,' said she, 'you are to blame, nephew, for not knowing a little more of them. Before I was near your age, I had sewed the pedigree of our family in a set of chair-bottoms, that were made a present of to my grandmother, who was a very notable woman, and had a proper regard for gentility, I'll assure you; but

now-a-days, it is money, not birth, that makes people respected; the more shame for the times.'

Harley was in no very good humour for entering into a discussion of this question; but he always entertained so much filial respect for his aunt, as to attend to her discourse.

'We blame the pride of the rich,' said he, 'but are not we ashamed of our poverty?'

'Why, one would not chuse,' replied his aunt, 'to make a much worse figure than one's neighbours; but, as I was saying before, the times (as my friend Mrs Dorothy Walton observes) are shamefully degenerated in this respect. There was but t'other day, at Mr Walton's, that fat fellow's daughter, the London Merchant, as he calls himself, though I have heard that he was little better than the keeper of a chandler's shop:—We were leaving the gentlemen to go to tea. She had a hoop forsooth, as large and as stiff—and it shewed a pair of bandy legs, as thick as two——I was nearer the door by an apron's length, and the pert hussy brushed by me, as who should say, Make way for your betters, and with one of her London bobs—but Mrs Dorothy did not let her pass with it; for all the time of drinking tea, she spoke of the precedency of family, and the disparity there is between people who are come of something, and your mushroom-gentry who wear their coats of arms in their purses.'

Her indignation was interrupted by the arri-

val of her maid with a damask table-cloth, and a set of napkins, from the loom, which had been spun by her mistress's own hand. There was the family crest in each corner, and in the middle a view of the battle of Worcester, where one of her ancestors had been a captain in the king's forces; and, with a sort of poetical licence in perspective, there was seen the Royal Oak, with more twigs than leaves upon it.

On all this the good lady was very copious, and took up the remaining intervals of filling tea, to describe its excellencies to Harley; adding, that she intended this as a present for his wife when he should get one. He sighed and looked foolish, and commending the serenity of the day, walked out into the garden.

He sat down on a little seat which commanded an extensive prospect round the house. He leaned on his hand, and scored the ground with his stick: 'Miss Walton married!' said he, 'but what is that to me? May she be happy! her virtues deserve it; to me her marriage is otherwise indifferent: I had romantic dreams! they are fled!—it is perfectly indifferent.'

Just at that moment he saw a servant, with a knot of ribands in his hat, go into the house. His cheeks grew flushed at the sight. He kept his eye fixed for some time on the door by which he had entered, then starting to his feet, hastily followed him.

When he approached the door of the kitchen where he supposed the man had entered, his

heart throbbed so violently, that when he would have called Peter, his voice failed in the attempt. He stood a moment listening in this breathless state of palpitation: Peter came out by chance. 'Did your honour want any thing?' —'Where is the servant that came just now from Mr Walton's?'——'From Mr Walton's, Sir! there is none of his servants here that I know of.'—'Nor of Sir Harry Benson's?'—He did not wait for an answer; but having by this time observed the hat with its party-coloured ornament hanging on a peg near the door, he pressed forwards into the kitchen, and addressing himself to a stranger whom he saw there, asked him, with no small tremour in his voice, 'If he had any commands for him?' The man looked silly, and said, 'That he had nothing to trouble his honour with.'—'Are you not a servant of Sir Harry Benson's?'—'No, Sir.'—'You'll pardon me, young man; I judged by the favour in your hat.'—'Sir, I'm his Majesty's servant, God bless him! and these favours we always wear when we are recruiting.' —'Recruiting!' his eyes glistened at the word; he seized the soldier's hand, and shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's best dram. The bottle was brought: 'You shall drink the king's health,' said Harley, 'in a bumper.'——'The king and your honour.'—'Nay, you shall drink the king's health by itself; you may drink mine in another.' Peter looked in his master's face, and filled with some little reluctance. 'Now to

your mistress!' said Harley, 'every soldier has a mistress.' The man excused himself—'To your mistress! you cannot refuse it.' 'Twas Mrs Margery's best dram! Peter stood with the bottle a little inclined, but not so as to discharge a drop of its contents: 'Fill it, Peter,' said his master, 'fill it to the brim.' Peter filled it; and the soldier, having named Suky Simpson, dispatched it in a twinkling 'Thou art an honest fellow,' said Harley, 'and I love thee;' and shaking his hand again, desired Peter to make him his guest at dinner, and walked up into his room with a pace much quicker and more springy than usual.

This agreeable disappointment, however, he was not long suffered to enjoy. The curate happened that day to dine with him. His visits, indeed, were more properly to the aunt than the nephew; and many of the intelligent ladies in the parish, who, like some very great philosophers, have the happy knack at accounting for every thing, gave out that there was a particular attachment between them, which wanted only to be matured by some more years of courtship to end in the tenderest connection. In this conclusion, indeed, supposing the premises to have been true, they were somewhat justified by the known opinion of the lady, who frequently declared herself a friend to the ceremonial of former times, when a lover might have sighed seven years at his mistress's feet, before he was allowed the liberty of kissing her hand. 'Tis true Mrs Margery was now about

her grand climacteric;—no matter; that is just the age when we expect to grow younger. But I verily believe there was nothing in the report; the curate's connection was only that of a genealogist; for in that character he was no way inferior to Mrs Margery herself. He dealt also in the present times; for he was a politician and a newsmonger.

He had hardly said grace after dinner, when he told Mrs Margery, that she might soon expect a pair of white gloves, as Sir Harry Benson, he was very well informed, was just going to be married to Miss Walton. Harley spilt the wine he was carrying to his mouth; he had time, however, to recollect himself before the curate had finished the different particulars of his intelligence, and, summing up all the heroism he was master of, filled a bumper, and drank to Miss Walton. 'With all my heart,' said the curate, 'the bride that is to be.' Harley would have said Bride too; but the word Bride stuck in his throat. His confusion, indeed, was manifest; but the curate began to enter on some point of descent with Mrs Margery, and Harley had very soon after an opportunity of leaving them, while they were deeply engaged in a question, whether the name of some great man in the time of Henry the Seventh was Richard or Humphry.

He did not see his aunt again till supper; the time between he spent in walking, like some troubled ghost, round the place where his treasure lay. He went as far as a little gate, that

led into a copse near Mr Walton's house, to which that gentleman had been so obliging as to let him have a key. He had just begun to open it, when he saw, on a terrace below, Miss Walton walking with a gentleman in a riding dress, whom he immediately guessed to be Sir Harry Benson. He stopped of a sudden; his hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key; he opened the gate, however, and advanced a few paces. The lady's lap-dog pricked up its ears, and barked; he stopped again—

———'the little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me!'

His resolution failed; he slunk back, and locking the gate as softly as he could, stood on tiptoe looking over the wall till they were gone. At that instant a shepherd blew his horn; the romantic melancholy of the sound quite overcame him!—it was the very note that wanted to be touched—he sighed! he dropt a tear!—and returned.

At supper his aunt observed that he was graver than usual; but she did not suspect the cause: indeed it may seem odd that she was the only person in the family who had no suspicion of his attachment to Miss Walton. It was frequently matter of discourse amongst the servants; perhaps her maiden coldness—but for these things we need not account.

In a day or two he was so much master of himself as to be able to rhyme upon the subject. The following pastoral he left, some time

after, on the handle of a tea-kettle, at a neighbouring house where we were visiting; and as I filled the tea-pot after him, I happened to put it in my pocket by a similar act of forgetfulness. It is such as might be expected from a man who makes verses for amusement. I am pleased with somewhat of good nature that runs through it, because I have commonly observed the writers of those complaints to bestow epithets on their lost mistresses rather too harsh for the mere liberty of choice, which led them to prefer another to the poet himself. I do not doubt the vehemence of their passion; but alas! the sensations of love are something more than the returns of gratitude.

LAVINIA. A PASTORAL.

WHY steals from my bosom the sigh?
Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground?
Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.

Erewhile were its notes of accord
With the smile of the flow'r-footed Muse;
Ah! why, by its master implor'd,
Should it now the gay carol refuse?

'Twas taught by LAVINIA's smile
In the mirth-loving chorus to join:
Ah, me! how unweeting the while!
LAVINIA——cannot be mine!

Another, more happy, the maid
By fortune is destin'd to bless——
Though the hope has forsook that betray'd,
Yet why should I love her the less?

Her beauties are bright as the morn,
With rapture I counted them o'er;
Such virtues these beauties adorn,
I knew her, and prais'd them no more.

I term'd her no goddess of love,
I call'd not her beauty divine;
These far other passions may prove,
But they could not be figures of mine.

It ne'er was apparel'd with art,
On words it could never rely;
It reign'd in the throb of my heart,
It spoke in the glance of my eye.

Oh, fool! in the circle to shine
That Fashion's gay daughter's approve,
You must speak as the fashions incline:—
Alas! are there fashions in love?

Yet sure they are simple who prize
The tongue that is smooth to deceive;
Yet sure she had sense to despise
The tinsel that folly may weave.

When I talk'd, I have seen her recline
With an aspect so pensively sweet ——
Though I spoke what the shepherd's opine,
A fop were asham'd to repeat.

She is soft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea;
Perhaps when she smil'd upon all,
I have thought that she smil'd upon me.

But why of her charms should I tell?
Ah, me! whom her charms have undone!
Yet I love the reflection too well,
The painful reflection to shun.

Ye souls of more delicate kind,
Who feast not on pleasure alone,
Who wear the soft sense of the mind,
To the sons of the world still unknown;

Ye know, though I cannot express,
  Why I foolishly doat on my pain;
Nor will ye believe it the less
  That I have not the skill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a sigh,
  My friends the soft sadness condemn;
Yet, methinks, though I cannot tell why,
  I should hate to be merry like them.

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn,
  Methought all the region look'd bright;
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn?
  For, methinks, I grow sad at the sight.

When I stood by the stream, I have thought
  There was mirth in the gurgling soft sound;
But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
  And the banks are all gloomy around!

I have laugh'd at the jest of a friend;
  Now they laugh, and I know not the cause,
Though I seem with my looks to attend,
  How silly! I ask what it was!

They sing the sweet song of the May,
  They sing it with mirth and with glee;
Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
  But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Oh! give me the dubious light
  That gleams through the quivering shade;
Oh! give me the horrors of night,
  By gloom and by silence array'd!

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
  Has pictur'd the moon on its breast:
Let me walk where the new-cover'd grave
  Allows the pale lover to rest!

When shall I in its peaceable womb
  Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should LAVINIA chance on my tomb—
  I could die if I thought she would weep.

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
Revisit these mansions of care,
It may be my favourite trust
To watch o'er the fate of the fair.

Perhaps the soft thought of her breast
With rapture more favour'd to warm,
Perhaps, if with sorrow oppress'd,
Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then! then! in the tenderest part,
May I whisper, 'Poor COLIN was true;'
And mark if a heave of her heart
The thought of her COLIN pursue.

THE PUPIL. A FRAGMENT.

* * * 'BUT as to the higher part of education, Mr Harley, the culture of the mind;—let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be brought forward to its object, placed in the light in which nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world

Will smile, and smile, and be a villain;

and the youth, who does not suspect its deceit, will be content to smile with it.—His teachers will put on the most forbidding aspect in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

'I have not, under these grey hairs, forgotten that I was once a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but meaning to be honest as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honour, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define; but I felt my bosom

heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies.——It is impossible, said I, that there can be half so many rogues as are imagined.

'I travelled, because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel; I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too; but my tutor was a gentleman, which it is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility, indeed, was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

'I have a favour to ask of you, my dear Mountford,' said my father, 'which I will not be refused: You have travelled, as became a man; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford, which Mountford, before he left England, would have been ashamed of; my son Edward goes abroad, would you take him under your protection?'—He blushed—my father's face was scarlet—he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said,—my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice—'I am a proud fool,' said he, 'and you will pardon it;—there! (he sighed again), I can hear of dependance, since it is dependance on my Sedley.'—Dependance!' answered my father; 'there can be no such word between us: what is there in £.9000 a-year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship?' —They embraced; and soon after I set out on my travels, with Mountford for my guardian.

'We were at Milan, where my father hap-

pened to have an Italian friend, to whom he had been of some service in England. The Count, for he was of quality, was solicitous to return the obligation, by a particular attention to his son: We lived in his palace, visited with his family, were caressed by his friends, and I began to be so well pleased with my entertainment, that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

'The Count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition: we were friends the first night of our acquaintance.

'He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen, whose fortunes gave them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness; and our meetings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

'Sometimes, in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement: it was an art in which I was novice: I received instruction, as other novices do, by losing pretty largely to my teachers. Nor was this the only evil which Mountford foresaw would arise from the connection I had formed; but a lecture of sour injunctions was not his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company; but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted:

I told him of their wit, their eloquence, their warmth of friendship, and their sensibility of heart: 'And their honour,' said I, laying my hand on my breast, 'is unquestionable.' Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

'The conversation was as animated as usual; they displayed all that sprightliness and good humour which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches, particularly those of our friend the son of Count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honour, and softened into the tenderness of feeling. Mountford was charmed with his companions; when we parted, he made the highest eulogiums upon them! 'When shall we see them again?' said he. I was delighted with the demand, and promised to re-conduct him on the morrow.

'In going to their place of rendezvous, he took me a little out of the road, to see, as he told me, the performances of a young statuary. When we were near the house in which Mountford said he lived, a boy of about seven years old crossed us in the street. At sight of Mountford he stopped, and grasping his hand, 'My dearest Sir,' said he, 'my father is likely to do well; he will live to pray for you, and to bless you: yes, he will bless you, though you are an Englishman, and some other hard word that the monk talked of this morning,

which I have forgot, but it meant that you should not go to heaven; but he shall go to heaven, said I, for he has saved my father: come and see him, Sir, that we may be happy.' ——'My dear, I am engaged at present with this gentleman.'—'But he shall come along with you; he is an Englishman too, I fancy; he shall come and learn how an Englishman may go to heaven.'—Mountford smiled, and we followed the boy together.

'After crossing the next street, we arrived at the gate of a prison. I seemed surprized at the sight; our little conductor observed it. 'Are you afraid, Sir,' said he; 'I was afraid once too, but my father and mother are here, and I am never afraid when I am with them.' He took my hand, and led me through a dark passage that fronted the gate. When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped; a boy, still younger than himself, opened it to receive us. Mountford entered with a look, in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

'On something like a bed lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patient dejection; a bundle of dirty shreds, served him for a pillow; but he had a better support—the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the still life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye!—the sick man kissed it

off in its bud, smiling through the dimness of his own!—When she saw Mountford, she crawled forward on the ground, and clasped his knees; he raised her from the floor; she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness, eloquent beyond the power of language.

'Compose yourself, my love,' said the man on the bed; 'but he, whose goodness has caused that emotion, will pardon its effects.' —'How is this, Mountford?' said I; 'what do I see? what must I do?'——'You see,' replied the stranger, 'a wretch, sunk in poverty, starving in prison, stretched on a sick bed! but that is little;—there are his wife and children, wanting the bread which he has not to give them! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his mind; in the gripe of affliction, his heart swells with the pride of virtue! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr Mountford's; come nearer, and I'll tell you; for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for a recital. The son of Count Respino (I started as if I had trode on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife; this her prudence had concealed from me; but he had lately the boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honour; and threatened misery, as its attendant, if I kept it. I treated him with the contempt he deserved: the consequence was,

that he hired a couple of bravoes, (for I am persuaded they acted under his direction), who attempted to assassinate me in the street; but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which, however, were mortal. But his revenge was not thus to be disappointed: in the little dealings of my trade, I had contracted some debts, of which he had made himself master for my ruin; I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received; this dear woman, and these two boys, followed me, that we might starve together; but Providence interposed, and sent Mr Mountford to our support; he has relieved my family from the gnawings of hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever consequent on my wounds, and increased by the want of every necessary, had almost reduced me.'

'Inhuman villain!' I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to heaven. 'Inhuman indeed;' said the lovely woman, who stood at my side: 'Alas! Sir, what had we done to offend him? what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils of his vengeance?'—I reached a pen which stood in the ink-standish at the bed-side—'May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned?'—'I was able,' he replied, 'to pay all but 500 crowns.'—I wrote a draught on the banker with whom I had credit from my father for 2500, and presenting it to the stranger's wife, 'You will receive, Madam, on present-

ing this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband's discharge; the remainder I leave for his industry to improve.' I would have left the room; each of them laid hold of one of my hands; the children clung to my coat:—O! Mr Harley methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment; it beats here with delight inexpressible!—'Stay, Sir,' said he, 'I do not mean attempting to thank you, (he took a pocket-book from under his pillow); let me but know what name I shall place here next to Mr Mountford?'—'Sedley,'—he writ it down, —'An Englishman too, I presume.'—'He shall go to heaven notwithstanding,' said the boy, who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me; I squeezed his hand that was clasped in mine; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and burst from the place, to give vent to the feelings that laboured within me.

'Oh! Mountford!' said I, when he had overtaken me at the door: 'It is time,' replied he, 'that we should think of our appointment; young Respino and his friends are waiting us.' —'Damn him, damn him!' said I; 'let us leave Milan instantly; but soft—I will be calm; Mountford, your pencil.' I wrote on a slip of paper,

'To Signor Respino.

'When you receive this, I am at a distance from Milan. Accept of my thanks for the civilities I have received from you and your fa-

mily. As to the friendship with which you where pleased to honour me, the prison, which I have just left, has exhibited a scene to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my weakness, as I suppose you will term it. I give you leave for derision: you may affect a triumph; I shall feel it.

EDWARD SEDLEY.'

'You may send this if you will,' said Mountford coolly; 'but still Respino is *a man of honour;* the world will continue to call him so.' —'It is probable,' I answered, 'they may; I envy not the appellation. If this is the world's honour, if these men are the guides of its manners,'—'Tut!' said Mountford, 'do you eat macaroni?'——

* * * * * * * * * * * *

[At this place had the greatest depredations of the curate begun. There were so very few connected passages of the subsequent chapters remaining, that even the partiality of an editor could not offer them to the public. I discovered, from some scattered sentences, that they were of much the same tenor with the preceding; recitals of little adventures, in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves. Some instruction, and some example, I make no doubt, they contained; but it is likely that many of those, whom chance

has led to a perusal of what I have already presented, may have read it with little pleasure, and will feel no disappointment from the want of those parts which I have been unable to procure: to such as may have expected the intricacies of a novel, a few incidents in a life undistinguished, except by some features of the heart, cannot have afforded much entertainment.

Harley's own story, from the mutilated passages I have mentioned, as well as from some inquiries I was at the trouble of making in the country, I found to have been simple to excess. His mistress, I could perceive, was not married to Sir Harry Benson; but it would seem, by one of the following chapters, which is still entire, that Harley had not profited on the occasion by making any declaration of his own passion, after those of the other had been unsuccessful. The state of his health, for some part of this period, appears to have been such as to forbid any thoughts of that kind: he had been seized with a very dangerous fever, caught by attending old Edwards in one of an infectious kind. From this he had recovered but imperfectly, and though he had no formed complaint, his health was manifestly on the decline.

It appears, that the sagacity of some friend had at length pointed out to his aunt a cause from which this might be supposed to proceed, to wit, his hopeless love for Miss Walton; for, according to the conceptions of the world, the love of a man of Harley's fortune for the heiress of £.4000 a-year, is indeed desperate.

Whether it was so in this case, may be gathered from the next chapter, which, with the two subsequent, concluding the performance, have escaped those accidents that proved fatal to the rest.]

CHAP. LV.

HE SEES MISS WALTON, AND IS HAPPY.

HARLEY was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me: I could not therefore but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I

had had from his physician, 'I am foolish enough,' said he, 'to rely but little, in this instance, upon physic: my presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end, by steps so easy, that they woo me to approach it.

'There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time, when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occured, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise.—It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state, which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life, with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture. But I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exercise in my favour. My mind expands at the thought that I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children.' He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent—At last, with an at-

tempt to a look of more composure, 'There are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist;—they are called,—perhaps they are,—weaknesses here;—but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. 'My dear,' said she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat—'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired

anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.'—She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests: but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few.—I would endeavour to make it mine;—nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now:—It is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr Harley, will own, that life has its proper value.—As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.'

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted his eyes from the ground—'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton'—His glance met her's—They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments—'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknow-

ledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections'—He paused again ——'Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy—It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime;—if to declare it is one —the expiation will be made.'—Her tears were now flowing without control.—'Let me intreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes—Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth— I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me say?—I have loved it as it deserved.'—He seized her hand—a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—He sighed, and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—His aunt and the servants rushed into the room—They found them lying motionless together.—His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them—With Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone for ever!

CHAP. LVI.

THE EMOTIONS OF THE HEART.

I ENTERED the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear: I looked; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which, but a little before, was animated with a soul that did honour to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connexion we cannot easily forget:—I took his hand in mine; I repeated his name involuntarily;—I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face; his eye was closed; his lip pale and motionless. There is an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility; I wondered that it was so. The sight drew a prayer from my heart; it was the voice of frailty and of man! the confusion of my mind began to subside into thought; I had time to weep.

I turned with the last farewell upon my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I looked him full in the face; but his eye was fixed on another object: he pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breathless remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him I know not what; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went;—he re-

turned a second time: I could observe his lips move as he looked: but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again; and a third time he returned as before. —I saw him wipe his cheek; then covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

THE CONCLUSION.

He had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness; but is is universally incident to humanity: 'tis at least a memorial for those who survive: for some indeed a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the church-yard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree; there was a branch of it, that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked the motion. There was something predictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it; but there are times and places when I am a child in those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue!—but it will make you hate the world——No: there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but as to the world—I pity the men of it.

END OF THE MAN OF FEELING.

PAPERS

FROM

THE LOUNGER:

A PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS 1785 and 1786.

PAPERS

FROM

THE LOUNGER.

No. 4. SATURDAY, *February* 26, 1785.

Laudator temporis acti.——JUVENAL.

'GET thee a place, for I must be idle,' says Hamlet to Horatio at the play. It is often so with me at public places: I am more employed in attending to the spectators, than to the entertainment; a practice which, in the present state of some of our entertainments, I frequently find very convenient. In me, however, it is an indolent, quiet sort of indulgence, which, if it affords some amusement to myself, does not disturb that of any other body.

At an assembly at which I happened to be present a few nights ago, my notice was peculiarly attracted by a gentleman with what is called a fresh look for his age, dressed in a claret-coloured coat, with gold buttons, of a cut not altogether modern, an embroidered waistcoat with very large flaps, a major wig, long ruffles nicely plaited, (that looked, however, as if the fashion had come to them, rather than that they had been made for the fashion;) his

white silk stockings ornamented with figured clocks, and his shoes with high insteps, buckled with small round gold buckles. His sword, with a silver hilt somewhat tarnished, I might have thought only an article of his dress, had not a cockade in his hat marked him for a military man. It was some time before I was able to find out who he was, till at last my friend Mr S—— informed me he was a very worthy relation of his, who had not been in town above twice these forty years; that an accidental piece of business had lately brought him from his house in the country, and he had been prevailed on to look on the ladies of Edinburgh at two or three public places before he went home again, that he might see whether they were as handsome as their mothers and grandmothers, whom he had danced with at balls, and squired to plays and concerts, near half a century ago. 'He was,' continued my friend,' 'a professed admirer and votary of the sex; and, when he was a young man, fought three duels for the honour of the ladies, in one of which he was run through the body, but luckily escaped with his life. The lady, however, for whom he fought, did not reward her knight as she ought to have done, but soon after married another man with a larger fortune; upon which he forswore society in a great measure, and, though he continued for several years to do his duty in the army, and actually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, mixed but little in the world, and has for a long space of time resided

at his estate a determined bachelor, with somewhat of misanthropy, and a great deal of good nature about him. If you please I will introduce you to him;—Colonel Caustic, this is a very particular friend of mine, who solicits the honour of being known to you.' The Colonel kissed me on both cheeks; and seeming to take a liking to my face, we appeared mutually disposed to be very soon acquainted.

Our conversation naturally began on the assembly, which I observed to be a full one. 'Why, yes,' said the Colonel, 'here is crowd enough, and to spare; and yet your ladies seem to have been at a loss for partners. I suppose the greatest part of the men, or rather boys, whom I see now standing up to dance, have been brought in to make up a set, as people in the country sometimes fill up the places in a dance with chairs, to help them to go through the figure. But as I came too late for the minuets, I presume the dressed gentlemen walked up stairs after they were ended.' 'Why, Sir, there are now-a-day no minuets.' 'No minuets!' (looking for a while at the company on the floor:)—I don't wonder at it.' 'Why, perhaps, Colonel,' said I, 'these young gentlemen have not quite an aspect serious enough for the *pas grave;* and yet yonder is one standing with his back to the fire.' 'Why, yes, there is something of gravity, of almost melancholy, on his face.' 'Yes, melancholy and gentleman-like,' said I, 'as Master Stephen in the play has it.' 'Why, that young

man, Sir,—now that I have observed him closer, —with that roll of handkerchief about his neck, his square-cut striped vest, his large metal buttons, and nankeen breeches,—Why, Sir, 'tis a stable-boy out of place!'

'Pray, who are those gentlemen,' said Colonel Caustic, 'who have ranged themselves in a sort of phalanx at the other end of the room, and seem, like the devil in Milton, to carry stern defiance on their brow.'—'I have not the honour of their acquaintance,' I replied; 'but some of them I presume from the cockades in their hats'—'You do not say so,' interrupted the Colonel. 'Is that the military air of the present day? But you must be mistaken; they cannot be real soldiers: militia, or train-band subalterns, believe me, who, having neither seen service nor good company, contrive to look fierce, in order to avoid looking sheepish. I remember indeed of old, some of our boys used to put on that fierce air in coffee-houses and taverns; but they could never dream of wearing it before the ladies.'—'I think, however,' said Mr S—— smiling, 'the ladies don't seem much afraid of them.'—'Why, your ladies,' answered the Colonel, 'to say truth, have learned to look people in the face. During the little while I have been in town, I have met with some in my walks, in great coats, riding hats, and rattans, whom I could not show an eye to: but I am newly come from the country; I shall keep a better countenance by and by.

At that moment a lady and her party, for whose appearance the dancers were waiting, were just entering the room, and seemed in a great hurry to get forward. Their progress, however, was a good deal impeded by a tall stout young man, who had taken his station just at the threshold, and leaning his back against one of the door-posts, with his right foot placed firm on the end of a bench, was picking his teeth with a perfect *nonchalance* to every thing around him. I saw the Colonel fasten a very angry look on him, and move his hand with a sort of involuntary motion towards my cane. The ladies had now got through the defile, and we stood back to make way for them. 'Was there ever such a brute?' said Colonel Caustic. The young gentleman stalked up to the place where we were standing, put up his glass to his eye, looked hard at the Colonel, and then—put it down again. The Colonel took snuff.

'Our sex,' said I, 'Colonel, is not perhaps improved in its public appearance; but I think you will own the other is not less beautiful than it was.' He cast his eye round for a few minutes before he answered me. 'Why, yes,' said he, 'Sir, here are many pretty, very pretty girls. That young lady in blue is a very pretty girl. I remember her grandmother at the same age; she was a fine woman.'—'But the one next her, with that fanciful cap, and the *panache* of red and white feathers, with that elegant form, that striking figure, is not she a fine

woman?'—'Why, no, Sir, not quite a fine woman; not quite such a woman as a man, (raising his chest as he pronounced the word *man*, and pressing the points of his three unemployed fingers gently on his bosom), as a man would be proud to stake his life for.'

'But in short, Sir,' continued he,—'I speak to you because you look like one that can understand me.—There is nothing about a woman's person merely, (were she formed like the Venus de Medicis), that can constitute a fine woman. There is something in the look, the manner, the voice, and still more the silence, of such a one as I mean, that has no connection with any thing material; at least no more than just to make one think such a soul is lodged as it deserves.—In short, Sir, a fine woman.—I could have shewn you some examples formerly.—I mean, however, no disparagement to the young ladies here; none upon my honour; they are as well made, and if not better dressed, at least more dressed, than their predecessors; and their complexions I think are better. But I am an old fellow, and apt to talk foolishly.'

'I suspect, Caustic,' said my friend Mr S——, 'you and I are not quite competent judges of this matter. Were the partners of our dancing days to make their appearance here, with their humble foretops and brown unpowdered ringlets.'—'Why, what then, Mr S——?'—'Why, I think those high heads would overtop them a little, that's all.' 'Why, as for the *panache*,' replied the Colonel, 'I

have no objection to the ornament itself; there is something in the waving movement of it that is graceful, and not undignified; but in every sort of dress there is a certain character, a certain relation which it holds to the wearer. Yonder now, you'll forgive me, Sir, (turning to me), yonder is a set of girls, I suppose, from their looks and their giggling, but a few weeks from the nursery, whose feathers are in such agitation, whisked about, high and low, on this side and on that.'—'Why, Sir, 'tis like the Countess of Cassowar's menagerie scared by the entrance of her lap-dog.'

'As to dress indeed in general,' continued the Colonel, 'that of a man or woman of fashion should be such as to mark some attention to appearance, some deference to society. The young men I see here, look as if they had just had time to throw off their boots after a fox-chace. But yet dress is only an accessory, that should seem to belong to the wearer, and not the wearer to it. Some of the young ladies opposite to us are so made up of ornaments, so stuck round with finery, that an ill-natured observer might say, their milliner had sent them hither, as she places her doll in her shop window, to exhibit her wares to the company.'

Mr S—— was going to reply, when he was stopped by the noise of a hundred tongues which approached like a gathering storm from the card-room. 'Twas my Lady Rumpus, with a crowd of women and a mob of men in her suite. They were people of too much consequence to

have any of that deference for society which the Colonel talked of. My nerves, and those of my friend S——, though not remarkably weak, could barely stand their approach; but Colonel Caustic's were quite overpowered.—We accompanied him in his retreat out of the dancing-room; and after drinking a dish of tea, by way of sedative, as the physicians phrase it, he called for his chair, and went home.

While we were sitting in the tea-room, Mr S—— undertook the apology of my Lady Rumpus and her followers. 'We must make allowance,' said he, 'for the fashion of the times. In these days, precision of manners is exploded, and ease is the mode.'—'Ease!' said the Colonel, wiping his forehead. 'Why, in your days,' said Mr S——, 'and I may say in mine too, for I believe there is not much betwixt us, were there not sometimes fantastic modes, which people of rank had brought into use, and which were called genteel because such people practised them, though the word might not just apply to them, in the abstract?'—'I understand you, S——,' said the Colonel; 'there were such things; some irregularities that broke out now and then. There were mad-caps of both sexes, that would venture on strange things; but they were in a style somewhat above the canaille; ridiculous enough, I grant you, but not perfectly absurd; coarse, it might be, but not downright vulgar. In all ages, I suppose, people of condition did sometimes entrench themselves behind their titles or their high

birth, and committed offences against what lesser folks would call decorum, and yet were allowed to be well bred all the while; were sometimes a little gross, and called it witty: and a little rude, and called it raillery: but 'twas false coinage, and never passed along. Indeed, I have generally remarked, that people did so only because they could not do better; 'tis like pleading privilege for a debt which a man's own funds do not enable him to pay. A great man may perhaps be well bred in a manner which little people do not understand; but, trust me, he is a greater man who is well bred in a manner that every body understands.'

No. 6. Saturday, *March* 12, 1785.

A few mornings ago I was agreeably surprised with a very early call from my newly acquired friend Colonel Caustic. 'Tis on a foolish piece of business,' said he, 'I give you the trouble of this visit. You must know I had an appointment with your friend S—— to go to the play this evening, which a particular affair that has come across him will prevent his keeping; and as a man, after making such an arrangement, feels it irksome to be disappointed, (at least it is so with an old methodical fellow like me), I have taken the liberty of calling, to ask if you will supply his place. I might have had one or two other conductors; but it is only with certain people I chuse to go to

such places. Seeing a play, or indeed any thing else, won't do, at my time of life, either alone, or in company not quite to one's mind. 'Tis like drinking a bottle of claret: the liquor is something; but nine tenths of the bargain are in the companion with whom one drinks it.' As he spoke this, he gave me his hand with such an air of cordiality—methought we had been acquainted these forty years;—I took it with equal warmth, and assured him, truly, it would give me infinite pleasure to attend him.

When we went to the theatre in the evening, and while I was reading the box-list, to determine where we should endeavour to find a place, a lady of the Colonel's acquaintance happening to come in, begged our acceptance of places in her box. We entered accordingly; and I placed my old friend in a situation where I thought he could most conveniently command a view both of the company and of the stage. He had never been in our present house before, and allowed, that in size and convenience it exceeded the old one, though he would not grant so much as the lady and I demanded on that score. 'I know,' said he, 'you are in the right; but one don't easily get rid of first impressions: I can't make you conceive what a play was to me some fifty years ago, with what feelings I heard the last music begin, nor how my heart beat when it ceased.'—'Why, it is very true, Colonel,' said the lady, 'one can't retain those feelings always.'——'It is something,' said I, 'to have had them once.'——

'Why, if I may judge from the little I have seen,' replied the Colonel, 'your young folks have no time for them now-a-days; their pleasures begin so early, and come so thick.'——'"Tis the way to make the most of their time.'—'Pardon me, madam,' said he, 'I don't think so: 'tis like the difference between your hot-house asparagus and my garden ones; the last have their green and their white; but the first is tasteless from the very top.' The lady had not time to study the allusion; for her company began to come into the box, and continued coming in during all the first act of the comedy. On one side of Colonel Caustic sat a lady with a Lunardi hat; before him was placed one with a feathered head-dress. Lunardi and the feathers talked and nodded to one another about an appointment at a milliner's next morning. I sat quite behind, as is my custom, and betook myself to meditation. The Colonel was not quite so patient: he tried to see the stage, and got a flying vizzy now and then; but in the last attempt, he got such a whisk from Miss Feathers on one cheek, and such a poke from the wires of Miss Lunardi on t'other, that he was fain to give up the matter of seeing; as to hearing, it was out of the question.

'I hope, Colonel, you have been well entertained,' said the mistress of the box, at the end of the act. 'Wonderfully well,' said the Colonel.——'That La Mash is a monstrous comical fellow!'—'Oh! as to that, madam, I know

nothing of the matter: in your ladyship's box one is quite independent of the players.'—— He made a sign to me: I opened the box door, and stood waiting for his coming with me. 'Where are you going, Colonel?' said the lady, as he stepped over the last bench. 'To the play, madam,' said he, bowing, and shutting the door.

For that purpose we went to the pit, where, though it was pretty much crowded, we got ourselves seated in a very centrical place. There is something in Colonel Caustic's look and appearance, so much not of the form only but the sentiment of good breeding, that it is not easy to resist shewing him any civility in one's power. While we stood near the door, a party in the middle of one of the rows beckoned to us, and let us know, that we might find room by them; and the Colonel, not without many scruples of complaisance, at last accepted the invitation.

We had not long been in possession of our place before the second act began. We had now an opportunity of hearing the play; as, though the conversation in the box we had left, which by this time was reinforced by several new performers, was about as loud as that of the players, we were nearer to the talkers in front, than to those behind us. When the act was over, I repeated Lady ——'s interrogatory as to the Colonel's entertainment. 'I begin,' said he, putting his snuff-box to his nose, 'to find the inattention of my former box-fellows not quite

so unreasonable.'—'Our company of this season,' said a brother officer, who sat near us, to Colonel Caustic, 'is a very numerous one; they can get up any new play in a week.'—'I am not so much surprised, Sir,' replied the Colonel, 'at the number of your players, as I am at the number of the audience.'—'Most of the new performers are drafts from the English and Irish stages.'—'From the awkward division of them I presume.'—'You are a severe critic, Sir,' replied the officer; 'but the house has been as full as you see it every night these three weeks.'—'I can easily believe it,' said the Colonel.

As the play went on, the Colonel was asked his opinion of it by this gentleman, and one or two more of his neighbours. He was shy of venturing his judgment on the piece; they were kind enough to direct him how to form one. 'This is a very favourite comedy, Sir, and has had a great run at Drury Lane.'—'Why, gentlemen,' said he, 'I have no doubt of the comedy being an excellent comedy, since you tell me so; and to be sure those gentlemen and ladies who make up the *dramatis personæ* of it, say a number of good things, some of them not the worse for having been said last century by Joe Miller; but I am often at a loss to know what they would be at, and wish for a little of my old friend Bayes's insinuation to direct me.'—'You mean, Sir, that the plot is involved.'—'Pardon me, Sir, not at all; 'tis a perfectly clear plot, 'as clear as the sun in the

cucumber,' as Anthonio in Venice Preserved says. The hero and heroine are to be married, and they are at a loss how to get it put off till the fifth act.'—'You will see, Sir, how the last scene will wind it up.'—'Oh! I have no doubt, Sir, that it will end at the dropping of the curtain.'

Before the dropping of the curtain, however, it was not easy to attend to that winding up of the plot which was promised us. Between gentlemen coming into the house from dinner parties, and ladies going out of it to evening ones, the disorder in the boxes, and the calling to order in the pit, the business of the comedy was rather supposed than followed; and the actors themselves seemed inclined to slur it a little, being too well bred not to perceive, that they interrupted the arrangement of some of the genteelest part of their audience.

When the curtain was down, I saw Colonel Caustic throw his eye round the house with a look which I knew had nothing to do with the comedy. After a silence of two or three minutes, in which I did not chuse to interrupt him, 'Amidst the various calculations of lives,' said he, 'is there any table for the life of a beauty?—'I believe not,' said I, smiling; 'there is a fragility in that, which neither Price nor Maseres ever thought of applying figures to.'—''Tis a sort of mortality,' continued the Colonel, 'which, at such a time as this, at the ending of some public entertainment, I have of-

ten thought on with a very melancholy feeling. An old bachelor like me, who has no girls of his own, except he is a very peevish fellow, which I hope I am not, looks on every one of these young creatures in some measure as a daughter; and when I think how many children of that sort I have lost—for there are a thousand ways of a beauty's dying—it almost brings tears into my eyes. Then they are so spoiled while they do live. Here I am as splenetic as before I was melancholy. Those flower-beds we see, so fair to look on,—What useless weeds are suffered to grow up with them!'—'I do not think, Colonel, that the mere flower part is left uncultivated.'—'Why, even as to that, 'tis artificially forced before its time. A woman has a character even as a beauty. A beauty, a toast, a fine woman, merely considered as such, has a sort of professional character, which it requires some sense and accomplishments to maintain. Now-a-days, there are so many irregulars who practise at fifteen, without a single requisite except mere outside!—If we go a little farther, and consider a woman as something more than a beauty; when we regard the sex as that gentle but irresistible power that should mould the world to a finer form; that should teach benignity to wisdom, to virtue grace, humanity to valour; when we look on them in less eminent, but not less useful points of view, as those *dii penates*, those household deities, from whom man is to find comfort and protection, who are to smooth the ruggedness of his

labours, the irksomeness and cares of business; who are to blunt the sting of his sorrows, and the bitterness of his disappointments!—You think me a fool for declaiming thus:'—'No, upon my soul, don't I; I hope you think better of me than to suppose so.'—'But I may come down from my declamation. Yonder are a set, fluttering in that box there,—young to be sure, but they will never be older, except in wrinkles—I don't suppose they have an idea in their heads beyond the colour of a ribbon, the placing of a feather, or the step of a cotillion! —And yet they may get husbands.'—'If it please God,' said I.—'And be the mothers of the next generation'—''Tis to be hoped.'—'Well, well, old Caustic will be in his grave by that time!'

There was what Shakespeare calls 'a humorous sadness' in the thought, at which I did not well know whether to smile or be sorrowful. But on the whole, it was one I did not chuse to press too close on. I feel that I begin to love this old man exceedingly; and having acquired him late, I hope I shall not lose him soon.

No. 31. SATURDAY, *September* 3, 1785.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes. VIRG.

ONE of the most natural, as well as one of the purest pleasures, arising from the effect of ex-

ternal objects on the mind, is the enjoyment of rural prospects and rural scenery. The ideas of health, contentment, peace, and innocence, are so interwoven with those of the country, that their connection has become proverbial; and the pleasures arising from it are not only celebrated by those who have experienced their sweets, but they are frequently supposed by thousands to whom they never were known, and described by many by whom they have long been forgotten.

Of them, as of every other enjoyment, the value is enhanced by vicissitude; and long exclusion is one great ingredient in the delight of their attainment. Few have been so unfortunate as to have an opportunity of forming a full idea of that pleasure which a great state-criminal is said to have felt, when, on being taken from his dungeon he saw the light, and breathed the open air, though but for that short space which conducted him to his scaffold. But it may in some measure be conceived from the satisfaction which most men have at times experienced in changing the smoky atmosphere and close corrupted vapour of a crowded town, for the pure elastic breeze of a furze-hill, or the balmy perfume of a bean-field.

With such increased enjoyment do I now feel the pleasures of the country, after being, as Milton says, 'long in populous city pent.' A very pressing invitation from my friend Colonel Caustic prevailed over that indolence, which was always a part of my constitution, and which

I feel advanced life no wise tend to diminish. Having one day missed half a dozen acquaintance, one after another, who I was informed had gone into the country, I came home in the evening, found a second letter from the Colonel, urging my visit, read part of Virgil's second Georgic, looked from my highest window on the sun just about to set amidst the golden clouds of a beautiful western sky, and coming down stairs, I ordered my man to pack up my portmanteau, and next morning set out for my friend's country-seat, whence I now address my readers.

To me, who am accustomed to be idle without being vacant, whose thoughts are rather wandering than busy, and whose fancy rather various than vivid, the soft and modest painting of Nature in this beautiful retirement of my friend's, is particularly suited. Here where I am seated at this moment, in a little shaded arbour, with a sloping lawn in front, covered with some sheep that are resting in the noon day heat, with their lambkins around them; with a grove of pines on the right hand, through which a scarcely stirring breeze is heard faintly to whisper; with a brook on the left, to the gurgle of which the willows on its side seem to listen in silence: this landscape, with a back ground of distant hills, on which one can discover the smoke of the shepherd's fire, rising in large lazy volumes to a thinly fleckered sky; all this forms a scene peaceful, though enlivened, oblivious of care, yet rich in thought, which soothes my indolence with a congenial quiet,

yet dignifies it with the swellings of enthusiasm, and the dreams of imagination.

On this subject of the enjoyment of rural contemplation, I was much pleased with some reflections lately sent me by a correspondent, who subscribes himself Eubulus. 'It is the great error of mankind,' says he, 'that in the pursuit of happiness, they commonly seek for it in violent gratifications, in pleasures which are too intense in their degree to be of long duration, and of which even the frequent repetition blunts the capacity of enjoyment. There is no lesson more useful to mankind than that which teaches them, that the most rational happiness is averse to all turbulent emotions; that it is serene and moderate in its nature; that its ingredients are neither costly in the acquisition, nor difficult in the attainment, but present themselves almost voluntarily to a well-ordered mind, and are open to every rank and condition of life, where absolute indigence is excluded.'

'The intellectual pleasures have this peculiar and superlative advantage over those that are merely sensual, that the most delightful of the former require no appropriation of their objects in order to their enjoyment. The contemplative man, who is an admirer of the beauties of nature, has an ideal property in all its objects. He enjoys the hill, the vale, the stream, the wood, the garden, with a pleasure more exquisite, because more unallayed, than that of their actual possessor. To him each

enjoyment is heightened by the sense of that unremitting bounty which furnishes it nor is he disquieted by the anxiety of maintaining a possession of which he cannot be deprived. How truly may he exclaim with the poet!

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace;
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, nought can me bereave.*

'To a mind of that happy conformation which the poet here describes, the sources of pleasure are infinite. Nature is not less delightful in her general impressions, than when surveyed in detail; and to the former of these the verses above quoted seem chiefly to refer. It is certain that we experience a high degree of pleasure in certain emotions, excited by the general contemplation of Nature, when the attention does not dwell minutely upon any of the objects that surround us. Sympathy, the most powerful principle in the human composition, has a strong effect in constituting the pleasure here alluded to. The stillness of the country, and the tranquillity of its scenes, have a sensible effect in calming the disorder of the passions, and inducing a temporary serenity of mind. By the same sympathy, the milder pas-

* Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

sions are excited, while the turbulent are laid asleep. That man must be of a hardened frame indeed, who can hear unmoved the song of the feathered tribes, when Spring calls forth 'all Nature's harmony;' or who can behold, without a corresponding emotion of joy and of gratitude, the sprightliness of the young race of animals wantoning in the exercise of their new powers, and invigorated by the benignity of the air, and the luxuriance of their pastures.'

My friend, Colonel Caustic, though I will venture to say for him, that he is neither without the sensibility of mind, nor the emotions of pious gratitude, which my correspondent justly supposes the contemplation of the rural scene to excite, yet surveys it not with feelings of quite so placid a sort as in some other minds it will be apt to produce. Here, as every where else, he stamps on the surrounding objects somewhat of the particular impression of his character. That sentiment, which, like the genius of Socrates, perpetually attends him, the child of virtue and of philanthropy, nursed by spleen, though here it puts on a certain tenderness, which it has not in town, and is rather disposed to complain than to censure, yet walks with him, not unemployed, through his woods and his fields, and throws on the finest of their beauties a tint of its own colouring, as the glass of the little instrument called a Claude Loraine, dims the landscape which is viewed through it.

I have not been able to convince him, that the weather is not very much changed from

what it was in his younger days; and he quotes many observations in support of the milder temperature of the air in those long past seasons. But his sister, a very respectable maiden lady, a few years younger than the Colonel, who keeps house for him, insists on the difference in stronger terms, and is surprised at my unbelief, even though it is confirmed by the register. Of her faith in this article she shews the sincerity, by her practice in household-matters, having, as she tells me, for these fifteen or sixteen years past, taken out the greens from the fire-places at least a fortnight earlier than formerly, and not uncarpeting the rooms, nor taking down the window-curtains, till near a month later than she was wont to do.

On the appearance of his own fields the Colonel does not say quite so much, the culture he has bestowed on them counteracting in that particular the natural deterioration; but wherever nature has been left to herself, her productions, according to him, have grown more scanty. When we start a hare, or flush a partridge in our walks, the Colonel always tells me there is not one for ten in his grounds that he used to see formerly; and he rather seemed to enjoy than condole with my want of sport, when I went yesterday a-fishing on the very same part of the river, from which he informed me he was of old sure of catching a dish of trouts in an hour's time, any day of the season. Nor was he quite well pleased with his man John's attempting to account for it, by his

neighbour Lord Grubwell's having lately sent down a casting-net for the use of his gamekeeper.

On the subject of Lord Grubwell, however, in other matters, he is generally apt enough himself to expatiate. 'This man,' said he, 'whose father acquired the fortune which afterwards procured the son his title, has started into the rank, without the manners or the taste of a gentleman. The want of the first would only be felt those two or three times in the year when one is obliged to meet with him; but the perversion of the latter, with a full purse to give it way, makes his neighbourhood a very unfortunate one. That rising ground on the left, which was formerly one of the finest green swells in the world, he has put yon vile Gothic tower on, as he calls it, and has planted half a dozen little carronades on the top of it, which it is a favourite amusement with him to fire on holidays and birth-days or when some respected visitor drinks tea there.' 'That will frighten your Dryads,' said I, smiling. 'It often frightens my sister,' replied the Colonel; 'and I am weak enough to let it fret me. I can bear the man's nonsense, when it is not heard two miles off. That ugly dry gap in the bank opposite, was the channel of a rill, of which he turned the course, to make a serpentine river for his Chinese bridge, which he had built, without knowing where to find water for it. And from the little hills behind, he has rooted out all the natural fringe of their birch and oak shrubwood, to cover their tops with stiff circular

plantations. Then his temples and statues, with their white plaster and paint, meet one's eye in every corner. I have been fain to run up that hedge, to screen me from all those impertinencies, though it lost my favourite seat the best half of its prospect.'

But Colonel Caustic has other wrongs from the innovations of his neighbour, which he suffers without telling them. Lord Grubwell's improvements often intrench on a feeling more tender than the Colonel's taste, though that is delicate enough. The scenes around him have those ties upon my friend which long acquaintance naturally gives them over a mind so susceptible as his. As the mythology of the ancients animated all nature, by giving a tutelary power to every wood and fountain, so he has peopled many of the objects in his view with the images of past events, of departed friends, of warm affections, of tender regrets; and he feels the change, or sometimes even the improvement, as a sacrilege that drives the deity from the place. This sentiment of memory is felt but very imperfectly in a town; in the country it retains all its force, and with Colonel Caustic it operates in the strongest manner possible. Here he withdraws himself from an age which he thinks is in its decline, and finds in the world of remembrance that warmth of friendship, that purity of manners, that refinement of breeding, that elegance of form, that dignity of deportment, which charmed his youth. This is perhaps one cause of his seve-

rity, when at any time he mixes with mankind; 'tis like leaving an enlightened company of friends, for the frivolous society of ordinary men, which often overcomes the temper of the best-natured people, and, if it does not sink them into sadness and silence, will generally make them 'humorous and peevish.'

Even the recollection of sufferings endears to such a mind as Caustic's the scene that recals them. I observed, that wherever our stroll began, it commonly ended in a sombre walk, that led through a grove of beeches to a little sequestered dell. Here I remarked one tree fenced round in such a manner as shewed a particular attention to its growth. I stopped as we passed, and looked on it with a face of inquiry. 'That tree,' said the Colonel, observing me, 'is about forty years old.' He went on a few paces—'It was planted by a lady,'—throwing his eye on the ground, and blushing, as I thought. 'It was planted'—He walked some steps farther; looked back, and sighed. 'She was then one of the finest women in the world.'

No. 32. SATURDAY, *September* 10, 1785.

I AM every day more and more disposed to congratulate myself on this visit to Colonel Caustic. Here I find him with all his good qualities brought forward, with all his failings thrown into the back ground, which only serve

(to carry the simile a little farther) to give force and relief to the picture. I am now assured of what before I was willing to believe, that Caustic's spleen is of that sort which is the produce of the warmest philanthropy. As the admirer of painting is most offended with the scrawls of a dauber, as the enthusiast in music is most hurt with the discords of an ill-played instrument; so the lover of mankind, as his own sense of virtue has painted them, when he comes abroad into life, and sees what they really are, feels the disappointment in the severest manner; and he will often indulge in satire beyond the limits of discretion; while indifference or selfishness will be contented to take men as it finds them, and never allow itself to be disquieted with the soreness of disappointed benevolence, or the warmth of indignant virtue.

I have likewise made an acquisition of no inconsiderable value in the acquaintance of Colonel Caustic's sister. His affection for her is of that genuine sort, which was to be expected from the view of his character I have given. The first night of my being here, when Miss Caustic was to retire after supper, her brother rose, drew back the large arm-chair in which she sat at table with one hand, pulled the bell-string with the other, opened the parlour door while she was making her curtsy to me, and then saluted her as she went out, and bid her good-night; and all this with a sort of tender ceremony which I felt then, and feel still, (for

it is a thing of custom with them,) as one of the pleasantest pieces of good-breeding I had ever witnessed. 'My sister is an excellent woman,' said the Colonel, as he shut the door; 'and I don't like her the worse for having something of the primeval about her. You don't know how much I owe her. When I was a careless young fellow, living what we called a fashionable life about town, thinking perhaps, like a puppy as I was, what sort of a coat I should wear, or what sort of stocking would best show off my leg, or perhaps practising my salute before a glass, to enchant the ladies at a review, my sister Peggy, though several years younger, was here at home, nursing the declining age of one of the best of mothers, and managing every shilling not only of mine, but of theirs, to make up a sum for purchasing me a company. Since my mother's death, and my being settled here, her attentions have been all transferred to me; my companion in health, my nurse in sickness, with all those little domestic services which, though they are cyphers in the general account, a man like me, whose home is so much to him, feels of infinite importance; and there is a manner of doing them, a quiet, unauthoritative, unbustling way of keeping things right, which is often more important than the things themselves. Then I am indebted to her for the tolerable terms I stand in with the world. When it grates harshly on me, (and I am old, and apt perhaps to be a little cross at times,) she contrives somehow to

smooth matters between us; and the apology I would not allow from itself, I can hear from her, knowing, as I do, her worth, and the affection she bears me.——I were a brute to love her less than I do'

'There is something,' continued the Colonel, after a little pause, 'in the circumstance of sex that mixes a degree of tenderness with our duty to a female; something that claims our protection and our service, in a style so different from what the other demands from us;—the very same offices are performed so differently;—'tis like grasping a crab tree, and touching a violet. Whenever I see a man treat a woman not as a woman should be treated, be it a chambermaid or a kitchen-wench, (not to say a wife or a sister, though I have seen such examples,) let him be of what fashion or rank he may, or as polite at other times as he will, I am sure his politeness is not of the right breed. He may have been taught by a dancing-master, at court, or by travel; but still his courtesy is not his own, 'tis borrowed only, and not to be relied on.'

Miss Caustic, with all those domestic and household accomplishments which her brother commends, often shows that she has been skilled in more refined ones, though she has now laid them aside, like the dresses of her youth, as unsuitable to her age and situation. She can still talk of music, of poetry, of plays, and of novels; and in conversation with younger people listens to their discourse on those topics with an inter-

est and a feeling that is particularly pleasing to them. Her own studies, however, are of a more serious cast. Besides those books of devotion which employ her private hours, she reads history for amusement, gardening and medicine by way of business; for she is the physician of the parish, and is thought by the country-folks to be wonderfully skilful. Her brother often jokes her on the number and the wants of her patients. 'I don't know, sister,' said he t'other morning, 'what fees you get; but your patients cost me a great deal of money. I have unfortunately but one recipe, and it is a specific for almost all their diseases.' —'I only ask now and then,' said she, 'the key of your cellar for them, brother; the key of your purse they will find for themselves. Yet why should not we be apothecaries that way? Poverty is a disease too: and if a little of my cordials, or your money, can cheer the hearts of some who have no other malady'— 'It is well bestowed, sister Peggy; and so we'll continue to practise, though we should now and then be cheated.'

''Tis one of the advantages of the country,' said I, 'that you get within reach of a certain rank of men, often most virtuous and useful, whom in a town we have no opportunity of knowing at all.'—'Why, yes,' said Caustic, 'but the misfortune is, that those who could do the most for them, seldom see them as they ought. I have heard that every body carries a certain atmosphere of its own along with it,

which a change of air does not immediately remove. So there is a certain town-atmosphere which a great man brings with him into the country. He has two or three laced lacquies, and two or three attendants without wages, through whom he sees, and hears, and does every thing; and poverty, industry, and nature, get no nearer than the great gate of his court-yard.'—'Tis but too true,' said his sister. 'I have several pensioners who come with heavy hearts from Lord Grubwell's door though they were once, they say, tenants or workmen of his own, or, as some of them pretend, relations of his grandfather'—'That's the very reason,' continued the Colonel; 'why will they put the man in mind of his father and grandfather! The fellows deserve a horse-pond for their impertinence.'—'Nay, but in truth,' replied Miss Caustic, 'my Lord knows nothing of the matter. He carries so much of the town-atmosphere, as you call it, about him. He does not rise till eleven, nor breakfast till twelve. Then he has his steward with him for one hour, his architect for another, his layer out of ground for a third. After this he sometimes gallops out for a little exercise, or plays at billiards within doors; dines at a table of twenty covers; sits very late at his bottle; plays cards, except when my Lady chuses dancing, till midnight; and they seldom part till sun-rise.—'And so ends,' said the Colonel, 'your Idyllium on my Lord Grubwell's rural occupations.'

We heard the tread of a horse in the court, and presently John entered with a card in his hand; which his master no sooner threw his eyes on, than he said, 'But you need not describe, sister, our friend may see, if he inclines it. That card (I could tell the chaplain's fold at a mile's distance) is my Lord's annual invitation to dinner. Is it not, John?' It is my Lord Grubwell's servant, Sir,' said John. His master read the card:—'And as he understands the Colonel has at present a friend from town with him, he requests that he would present that gentleman his Lordship's compliments, and intreat the honour of his company also.'—'Here is another card, Sir, for Miss Caustic.'—'Yes, yes, she always gets a counterpart.'—'But I shan't go,' said his sister; 'her Ladyship has young ladies enow to make fools of; an old woman is not worth the trouble.'—'Why then you must say so,' answered her brother; 'for the chaplain has a note here at the bottom, that an answer is requested. I suppose your great folks now a-days contract with their *maitre d'hotel* by the head; and so they save half a crown when one don't set down one's name for a cover.'—'But, spite of the half crown, you must go,' said the Colonel to me; 'you will find food for moralizing; and I shall like my own dinner the better. So return an answer accordingly, sister; and do you hear, John, give my Lord's servant a slice of cold beef and a tankard of beer in the mean time. It is possible he is fed upon contract too; and for such

patients, I believe, sister Peggy, Dr Buchan's Domestic Medicine recommends cold beef and a tankard.'

No. 33. SATURDAY, *September* 17, 1785.

I MENTIONED in my last paper, that my friend Colonel Caustic and I had accepted an invitation to dine with his neighbour Lord Grubwell. Of that dinner I am now to take the liberty of giving some account to my readers. It is one advantage of that habit of observation, which, as a thinking Lounger, I have acquired, that from most entertainments I can carry something more than the mere dinner away. I remember an old acquaintance of mine, a jolly carbuncle-faced fellow, who used to give an account of a company by the single circumstance of the liquor they could swallow. At such a dinner was one man of three bottles, four of two, six of a bottle and a half, and so on; and as for himself, he kept a sort of journal of what he had pouched, as he called it, at every place to which he had been invited during a whole winter. My reckoning is of another sort; I have sometimes carried off from a dinner, one, two, or three characters, swallowed half a dozen anecdotes, and tasted eight or ten insipid things, that were not worth the swallowing. I have one advantage over my old friend; I can digest

what, in his phrase, I have pouched, without a headach.

When we sat down to dinner at Lord Grubwell's, I found that the table was occupied in some sort by two different parties, one of which belonged to my Lord, and the other to my Lady. At the upper end of my Lord's, sat Mr Placid, a man agreeable by profession, who has no corner in his mind, no prominence in his feelings, and, like certain chymical liquors, has the property of coalescing with every thing. He dines with every body that gives a dinner, has seventeen cards for the seven days of the week, cuts up a fowl, tells a story, and hears a story told, with the best grace of any man in the world. Mr Placid had been brought by my Lord, but seemed inclined to desert to my Lady, or rather to side with both, having a smile on the right cheek for the one, and a simper on the left for the other.

Lord Grubwell being a patron of the fine arts, had at his board-end, besides the layer out of his grounds, a discarded fiddler from the opera-house, who allowed that Handel could compose a tolerable chorus; a painter, who had made what he called fancy-portraits of all the family, who talked a great deal about Correggio; a gentleman on one hand of him who seemed an adept in cookery; and a little bleareyed man on the other, who was a connoisseur in wine. On horse-flesh, hunting, shooting, cricket, and cock-fighting, we had occasional dissertations from several young gentlemen at

both sides of his end of the table, who, though not directly of his establishment, seemed, from what occurred in conversation, to be pretty constantly in waiting.

Of my Lady's division, the most conspicuous person was a gentleman who sat next her, Sir John ——, who seemed to enjoy the office of her *Cicisbeo*, or *Cavaliere servente*, as nearly as the custom of this country allows. There was, however, one little difference between him and the Italian cavaliere, that he did not seem so solicitous to serve as to admire the lady, the little attentions being rather directed from her to him. Even his admiration was rather understood than expressed. The gentleman indeed, to borrow a phrase from the grammarians, appeared to be altogether of the passive mood, and to consider every exertion as vulgar and unbecoming. He spoke mincingly, looked something more delicate than man; had the finest teeth, the whitest hand, and sent a perfume around him at every motion. He had travelled, quoted Italy very often, and called this a *tramontane* country, in which, if it were not for one or two fine women, there would be no possibility of existing.

Besides this male attendant, Lady Grubwell had several female intimates, who seemed to have profited extremely by her patronage and instructions, who had learned to talk on all town subjects with such ease and confidence, that one could never have supposed they had been bred in the country, and had, as Co-

lonel Caustic informed me, only lost their bashfulness about three weeks before. One or two of them, I could see, were in a professed and particular manner imitators of my Lady, used all her phrases, aped all her gestures, and had their dress made so exactly after her pattern, that the Colonel told me a blunt country gentleman, who dined there one rainy day, and afterwards passed the night at his house, thought they had got wet to the skin in their way, and had been refitted from her Ladyship's wardrobe. 'But he was mistaken,' said the Colonel; 'they only borrowed a little of her complexion.'

The painter had made a picture, of which he was very proud, of my Lady attended by a group of those young friends, in the character of Diana, surrounded by her nymphs, surprised by Acteon. My Lady, when she was showing it to me, made me take notice how very like my Lord Acteon was. Sir John, who leaned over her shoulder, put on as broad a smile as his good-breeding would allow, and said it was one of the most monstrous clever things he had ever heard her Ladyship say.

Of my Lord's party there were some young men, brothers and cousins of my Lady's nymphs, who showed the same laudable desire of imitating him, as their kinswomen did of copying her. But each end of the table made now and then interchanges with the other: some of the most promising of my Lord's followers were favoured with the countenance and regard of her Ladyship; while, on the other hand, some of

her nymphs drew the particular attention of Acteon, and seemed, like those in the picture, willing to hide his Diana from him. Amidst those different, combined, or mingled parties, I could not help admiring the dexterity of Placid, who contrived to divide himself among them with wonderful address. To the landscape-gardener he talked of clumps and swells; he spoke of harmony to the musician, of colouring to the painter, of hats and feathers to the young ladies, and even conciliated the elevated and unbending Baronet, by appeals to him about the quay at Marseilles, the Corso at Rome, and the gallery of Florence. He was once only a little unfortunate in a reference to Colonel Caustic, which he meant as a compliment to my Lady, 'how much more elegant the dress of the ladies was now-a-days than formerly, when they remembered it?' Placid is but very little turned of fifty.

Caustic and I were nearly 'mutes and audience to this act.' The Colonel, indeed, now and then threw in a word or two of that *dolce piccante*, that sweet and sharp sort in which his politeness contrives to convey his satire. I thought I could discover that the company stood somewhat in awe of him; and even my Lady endeavoured to gain his good will by a very marked attention. She begged leave to drink his sister's health in a particular manner after dinner, and regretted exceedingly not being favoured with her company. 'She hardly ever stirs abroad, my Lady,' answered

the Colonel; 'besides (looking slyly at some of her Ladyship's female friends), she is not young, nor, I am afraid, bashful enough for one of Diana's virgins.'

When we returned home in the evening, Caustic began to moralize on the scene of the day. 'We were talking,' said he to me, 't'other morning, when you took up a volume of Cook's Voyages, of the advantages and disadvantages arising to newly-discovered countries from our communication with them; of the wants we shew them along with the conveniencies of life, the diseases we communicate along with the arts we teach. I can trace a striking analogy between this and the visit of Lord and Lady Grubwell to the savages here, as I am told they often call us. Instead of the plain wholesome fare, the sober manners, the filial, the parental, the family virtues, which some of our households possessed, these great people will inculcate extravagance, dissipation, and neglect of every relative duty; and then in point of breeding and behaviour, we shall have petulance and inattention, instead of bashful civility, because it is the fashion with fine folks to be easy; and rusticity shall be set off with impudence, like a grogram waistcoat with tinsel binding, that only makes its coarseness more disgusting.'

'But you must set them right, my good Sir,' I replied, 'in these particulars. You must tell your neighbours, who may be apt, from some spurious examples, to suppose that every thing

contrary to the natural ideas of politeness is polite, that in such an opinion they are perfectly mistaken. Such a caricature is indeed, as in all other imitations, the easiest to be imitated; but it is not the real portraiture and likeness of a high-bred man or woman. As good dancing is like a more dignified sort of walk, and as the best dress hangs the easiest on the shape; so the highest good-breeding, and the most highly polished fashion, is the nearest to nature, but to nature in its best state, to that *belle nature* which works of taste (and a person of fashion is a work of taste) in every department require. It is the same in morals as in demeanour; a real man of fashion has a certain *retenue*, a degree of moderation in every thing, and will not be more wicked or dissipated than there is occasion for; you must therefore signify to that young man who sat near me at Lord Grubwell's, who swore immoderately, was rude to the chaplain, and told us some things of himself for which he ought to have been hanged, that he will not have the honour of going to the devil in the very best company.'

'Were I to turn preacher,' answered the Colonel, 'I would not read your homily. It might be as you say in former times; but in my late excursion to your society, I cannot say I could discover, even in the first company, the high polish you talk of. There was Nature, indeed, such as one may suppose her in places which I have long since forgotten; but as for her beauty or grace, I could perceive but little

of it. The world has often been called a theatre; now the theatre of your fashionable world seems to me to have lost the best part of the audience; it is all either the yawn of the side-boxes, or the roar of the upper gallery. There is no *pit*, (as I remember the pit); none of that mixture of good-breeding, discernment, taste, and feeling, which constitutes an audience, such as a first-rate performer would wish to act his part to. For the simile of the theatre will still hold in this further particular, that a man to be perfectly well bred must have a certain respect and value for his audience, otherwise his exertions will generally be either coarse or feeble. Though indeed a perfectly well-bred man will feel that respect even for himself; and were he in a room alone,' said Caustic, (taking an involuntary step or two, till he got opposite to a mirror that hangs at the upper end of his parlour), 'would blush to find himself in a mean or ungraceful attitude, or to indulge a thought gross, illiberal, or ungentlemanlike.' 'You smile,' said Miss Caustic to me; 'but I have often told my brother, that he is a very Oroondates on that score; and your Edinburgh people may be very well bred, without coming up to his standard.' Nay but,' said I, 'were I even to give Edinburgh up, it would not affect my position. Edinburgh is but a copy of a larger metropolis; and in every copy the defect I mentioned is apt to take place; and of all qualities I know, this of fashion and good breeding is the most delicate, the most evanescent,

if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase. 'Tis like the flavour of certain liquors, which it is hardly possible to preserve in the removal of them.' 'Oh; now I understand you,' said Caustic, smiling in his turn; 'like Harrowgate-water, for example, which I am told has spirit at the spring; but when brought hither, I find it, under favour, to have nothing but stink and ill taste remaining.'

No. 40. Saturday, *November* 5, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

In the works of your predecessors, as well as in every other book of didactic wisdom, much stress is laid on the advantages of a cultivated education, of an early acquaintance with the celebrated authors of antiquity. From Cicero downwards (and indeed much more anciently than Cicero), the benefits of learning have been enumerated, which is held forth as the surest road to respect, to advancement, and to happiness.

There was a time, Mr Lounger, when this was my own opinion; and, seconded by the wishes of my parents, I early applied myself to every branch of learning which their circumstances, rather narrow ones, could set within my reach. As I was intended for the church,

I received an academical education suited to that profession; and acquired, besides, a considerable knowledge, as was generally allowed, in different departments of science not absolutely requisite to the situation of a clergyman. For the acquisition of these I was indebted to the generous assistance of a gentleman whose godson I happened to be. He used to say, that a clergyman in this country should know something more than divinity; that he must be the physician, the geographer, and the naturalist of his parish: and according to the scanty allowance of my father, he made an addition equal to the procuring me an opportunity of acquiring the different branches of knowledge connected with those studies.

By the favour of the same gentleman, I lately procured a recommendation to a friend of his, a Baronet in my native country, who has in his gift the presentation to a considerable living, of which the present incumbent is in such a valetudinary state, as makes his surviving long a matter of very little probability. To this recommendation a very favourable answer was received, expressive of the great regard which the Baronet and his family bore to the gentleman who patronised me, and accompanied with what we thought a very fortunate piece of condescension and politeness, an invitation for me to spend a week or two at the Baronet's country-seat during the autumn vacation. Of this I need not say how happy we were to accept. My family rejoiced at the introduction which I,

was about to procure to the notice and complacency of a great man's house, and considered it as the return which they had always hoped for all their trouble and expence about my education. My own pride was not silent on the subject. I looked on this visit as an opportunity afforded me of displaying the talents with which I flattered myself I was endowed, and the knowledge I had been at such pains to attain.

When I arrived at the Baronet's, I found him and his Lady a good deal disappointed with my appearance and address, which I now first perceived to want something which was essential to good company. I felt an awkwardness, which my want of mixing with the world had occasioned, and an embarrassment which all my knowledge did not enable me to overcome. For these, however, Sir John and Lady F—— felt rather compassion than displeasure, and delivered me over to the valet de chambre, to make me somewhat smarter as they called it, by having my hair more modishly dressed, and the cut of my coat altered; an improvement which I rather felt as an indignity than acknowledged as a favour. These preliminaries being adjusted, I was suffered to come into company, where I expected to make up for the deficiency of my exterior by displaying the powers of my mind, and the extent of my knowledge. But I discovered, to my infinite mortification, that my former studies had altogether been misapplied, and that in my present situation they availed me nothing. My knowledge of the learned

languages, of classical authors. of the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the ancients, I met with no occasion to introduce, and no hearers to understand; but it was found that I could neither carve, play whist, sing a catch or make up one in a country dance. A young lady, a visitor of the family, who was said to be a great reader, tried me with the enigmas of the Lady's Magazine, and declared me impracticably dull. Geography, astronomy, or natural history, Sir John and his companions neither understood nor cared for; but some of them reminded the Baronet. in my presence, of a clergyman they had met with in one of their excursions, a man of the most complete education, who was allowed to be the best bowler in the county, a dead shot, rode like the devil, (these were the gentleman's words), and was a sure hand at finding a hare.

If these qualities are not very clerical, they may however be deemed innocent; but I find from the discourse of the family, that some other things are required of Sir John's parson, which it would not be so easy for a good conscience to comply with. He must now and then drink a couple of bottles, when the company chuses to be frolicsome; he must wink at certain indecencies in language, and irregularities in behaviour; and once, when Sir John had sat rather longer than usual after dinner, he told me, that a clergyman to be an honest fellow must have nothing of religion about him.

In the seclusion of a college I may perhaps

have over-rated the usefulness of science, and the value of intellectual endowments; my pride of scholarship, therefore, I should be willing to overcome, since I find that learning confers so little estimation in the world: but as on the score of qualifications I am incapable of what is desired, and in the article of indulgencies will never submit to what is expected; is it not my duty, Mr Lounger, to resign my pretensions to the living which was promised me? Though I dread the reproaches of my parents, whom the prospect of having me so soon provided for had made happy; though I fear to offend my benefactor who recommended me to Sir John, and at the same time assured me that he was one of the best sort of men he knew; yet surely to purchase patronage and favour by such arts is unworthy, to insure them by such compliances is criminal. I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

In the course of my late excursion to the country, I have seen some instances of the evil complained of by my correspondent, which equally surprised and grieved me. The proprietor of a country parish, if he has the true pride and feeling of his station, will consider himself as a kind of sovereign of the domain; bound, like all other sovereigns, as much for his own sake as for theirs, to promote the interests and the happiness of his people. So much of both depend on the choice of their pastor, that perhaps there is no appointment which he

has the power of making, more material to the prosperity and good order of his estate. The advantages of rational religion, or the evils which arise from its abuse, which are often the effects of a proper or improper nomination of a clergyman, form a character of the people of a district not more important to their morals and eternal interests, than to their temporal welfare and prosperity.

I was very much pleased, in my late visit at Colonel Caustic's, with the appearance and deportment of the clergyman of his parish, who was a frequent visitor of my friend's and his sister's. The Colonel, after drawing his character in a very favourable way, concluded with telling me, that he had seen something of the world, having officiated in the early part of his life as the chaplain of a regiment. To this circumstance, I confess, I was inclined to impute some of the Colonel's predilection in his favour; but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form, but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebased by flattery; in his conversation, equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children she had brought him, a good many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was parental, with something above

the cares, but not the charities of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and then a gaiety, that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life a language of kindness and indulgence.

'It is the religion of a gentleman,' said Colonel Caustic.—'It is the religion of a philosopher,' said I.—'It is something more useful than either,' said his sister. 'Did you know his labours as I have sometimes occasion to do! The composer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial: 'That to fill our station well is in every station to be happy.'

'The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man say,' continued the excellent sister of my friend, 'to whom refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion; we are not to wonder if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstí-

tion, or the wilds of enthusiasm. To keep this principle warm but pure, to teach it as the gospel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetener of life: To dispense this sacred treasure as the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people: They have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth the close!'.

'It is the religion of a Christian!' said Miss Caustic.

No. 61. Saturday, *April* 1, 1786.

In treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from masters to servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family-charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of rela-

tions, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of public, or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of baseness.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in those of persons of more bustling lives, and more dissipated attention. To the Lounger, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometims loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection; and an elderly man-servant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of Peter on the stairs; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy with which he pats Cæsar (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions) on the head, as if to mark

his kind of acception of him too; when he tells me he knew my rap, makes his modest inquiries after my health, opens the door of my room, which he has arranged for my reception, places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to its usual stand; I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency which I am vain enough to think a bad man were incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and despotic behaviour to their servants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind must indeed necessarily happen in the great and fluctuating establishments of fashionable life; but I am sorry to see it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumstances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's household were wont to be conspicuous, and exertions of friendship and magnanimity in the cause of a master, used to be cited among the traditional *memorabilia* of most old families.

When I was, last autumn, at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the Colo-

nel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased —' The history of their parents,' said my friend, 'is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recal it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

'The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our county. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family-name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity, and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. Albert Bane (the sirname, you know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which himself was eminently

skilful: he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

'On one of those latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert's, which he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of his resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom Oscar was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity, in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles, was the master of Albert.

'After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who

had escaped the slaughter of the field, sh[illegible]elter-ed themselves from the rage of the unspa[illegible]ring soldiery, among the distant recesses of th[illegible]eir country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chace, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time, like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror.'—'At times,' said he 'when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shouts re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love

of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

'One day,' continued he, 'the noise was nearer than usual; and at last, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the further end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover the dog was Oscar; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of Heaven. —Stand! cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged.—It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him. 'My master,' said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. 'You are revenged,' said I, 'and I am your prisoner.'—'Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks which I remem-

bered so well in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery'—I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such imminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety.—'Save us both,' said he, 'for if you die I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!'

Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents which, though he had always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a lady, by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom

nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified, by his daughter's becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race. I accompanied Colonel Caustic on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl who had been our guests at the Colonel's, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was Oscar.

No 75. SATURDAY, *July* 8, 1786.

E' troppo barbara quella legge, che vuol disporre del cuor delle donne a casto della loro rovina. GOLDONI.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR, *Avignon, May* 1786.

You will perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from this place; but if you possess that

benevolence which from your writings one is led to ascribe to you, the unfortunate from any quarter may claim some of your notice. My story, I believe, will not be without its use; and if you knew that sort of melancholy indulgence which I feel in addressing a letter to my native country!—But I will not give way to feeling; I mean simply to relate; and situated as I am, banished from the world, and lost to myself, I can tell my story,—I think I can,—as that of a third person, in which though I may be interested, I will yet be impartial.

My father possessed a small patrimonial estate in the county of ——, and married, in early life, a lady whose birth was much above her fortune, and who unluckily retained all the pride of the first, though it but ill suited the circumstances of the latter. The consequences were such as might naturally be looked for. My father was involved in an expensive style of life, which in a few years obliged him to sell his estate for payment of his debts. He did not live to feel the distresses to which he might have been reduced; and after his death my mother took up her residence in a country-town, where the pittance that remained from the reversion of my father's effects, assisted by a small pension from government, which a distant relation of my mother's procured for us, enabled her to educate me on that sober plan which necessity had now taught her to adopt.

Our situation, however, still allowed her to mix something of the genteel in my education,

and the place in which we lived was inhabited by several families, who, like us, had retired from more public and expensive life, and still retained somewhat of that polish which former intercourse with the fashionable world had conferred. At the age of seventeen, therefore, I was, I believe, tolerably accomplished; and though I knew nothing of high life, nor indeed wished to know it, yet I possessed a degree of refinement and breeding rather above what the circumstances of my mother might have been expected to allow.

Of my beauty I was, like other girls, somewhat vain; but my mother was proud to an extreme degree. She looked upon it as a gift by which my fortune and hers were to be made, and consequently spared no possible pains to set it off to advantage. Its importance and its power were often inculcated on me; and my ambition was daily inflamed by the recital of the wealth and station which other girls had acquired by marriages to which their beauty alone had intitled them. I think I heard those instances with more indifference than my mother wished I should; and could not easily be brought to consider all happiness as centered in riches or in rank, to which her wishes and hopes were constantly pointed.

These hopes, however, accident put it in her power to accomplish. At the house of one of the genteelest of our acquaintance (who had two daughters nearly of my age) we met with Mr M——, a gentleman whom the lady of the

house introduced particularly to us, as a man of great fortune and singular worth. Mr M—— was past the meridian of life: he had the look and air of a man who had seen the world, and talked on most subjects with a degree of shrewd and often sarcastic observation, which met with much applause from the older part of the company, but which was not at all calculated to please the younger. The enthusiasm of attachment, of feeling, and of virtue, which our reading sometimes induced us to mention, he ridiculed as existing only in the dreams of poetry, or the fanciful heroes of romance; but which sense and experience neither looked to find in others, nor ventured to indulge in ourselves. In short, my companions and I hated and feared him: and neither our aversion or our fear was at all removed by the lectures of our mothers on his good sense and agreeable manners.

These lectures were at last bestowed with particular emphasis on me, and, after a day or two's preamble of general commendations, he was formally proposed to me by my mother as a husband. He himself, though he made his court chiefly to her, was now pretty sedulous in his attentions to me; and made many speeches to my beauty, and protestations of his love, which I heard with little emotion, but which my mother, and her friend whose guests we were, represented as the genuine expressions of the most sincere and ardent attachment. Of love I had formed such ideas as girls of my age generally do: and though I had no particular

preference for any one else, I did not hesitate in refusing him, for whom I had hitherto conceived nothing but disgust. My refusal increased the ardour of my lover in his suit; to me he talked in common-place language of the anguish it caused him; to my mother he spoke in the language of the world, and increased his offers in point of settlement to an exorbitant degree. Her influence was proportionally exerted. She persuaded, implored, and was angry. The luxury and happiness of that state which I might acquire were warmly painted; the folly, the impiety, of depriving myself and her of so comfortable an establishment, was strongly held forth; the good qualities and generosity of Mr M—— were expatiated on; those ideas which I ventured to plead as reasons for my rejection were ridiculed and exploded. ——At my time of life, unused to resistance, fond of my mother, and accustomed to be guided by her; perhaps, too, somewhat dazzled with the prospect of the situation which this marriage would open to me; it is not surprising that my first resolutions were overcome. I became the wife of Mr M——.

For some time, the happiness they had promised seemed to attend me. My husband was warm, if not tender in his attachment; my wishes for myself were not only indulged, but prompted; and his kindness to my mother and my friends was unbounded. I was grateful to Mr M——, I regarded, I esteemed, I wished to love him. On the birth of a son, which hap-

pened about a year after our marriage, he redoubled his assiduties about me. I was more happy, more grateful; I looked on my boy, his father caressed him; and then it was that I loved Mr M—— indeed.

This happiness, however, it was not my good fortune long to enjoy. Some projects of political ambition, in which Mr M—— was engaged, called him from those domestic enjoyments which seemed for a while to have interested him, into more public life. We took up our residence in the capital, and Mr M—— introduced me to what is called the best company. Of his own society I soon came to enjoy but little. His attachment for me began visibly to decay, and by degrees he lost altogether the attentions which for a while outlived it. Sullen and silent when we were alone, and either neglectful or contemptuous when we had company, he treated me as one whom it would have degraded him to love or to respect; whom it was scarce worth while to hate or to despise. I was considered as merely a part of his establishment; and it was my duty to do the honours of his table, as it was that of his butler to attend to his side-board, or of his groom to take care of his horses. Like them too, I was to minister to his vanity, by the splendour of my appearance; I was to shew that beauty of which he was master, in company and at public places, and was to carry the trappings with which he had adorned it, to be envied by the poor, and admired by the wealthy. While

my affection for him continued, I sometimes remonstrated against this. His answers were first indifferent, and then peevish. Young, giddy, and fond of amusement. I at last began to enjoy the part he assigned me, and entered warmly into that round of dissipation, which for a while I had passed through without relish, and often with self-reproach. My son, who had been my tie to home, he took from me, to place him in the family of a former tutor of his own, who now kept a French academy; and I never had a second child. My society was made up of the gay and the thoughtless; women, who like me, had no duty to perform, no laudable exertion to make; but who in the bustle of idleness were to lose all thought, and in the forms of the world all honest attachment.

For a considerable time, however, a sense of right, which I had imbibed in my infancy, rose up occasionally to embitter my pleasures and to make me ashamed of the part I was acting. Whenever Mr M—— took the trouble of perceiving this, it served him but as a subject for ridicule. The restraints of religion, or nice morality, he was at pains to represent as the effects of fanaticism and pedantry; and when I seemed surprised or shocked at the principles he held forth, he threw in a sneer at my former situation, and hinted, that but for him I had been still the awkward ignorant thing he found me.

Yet this man expected that I should be virtuous, as that word is used by the world; that

I should guard that honour which was his, while every other principle of my own rectitude was extinguished. For a long time it was so. My horror at that degree of depravity was not to be overcome, even amidst the levity, to call it no worse, of manners which I saw continually around me, and which, as far as it was a mark of fashion, he seemed to wish me to participate. Still in the possession of youth and beauty, I did not escape solicitations; but I repelled them with a degree of resentment which I often heard the very man whose honour it guarded treat as affectation in any woman who should pretend it. He would frequently repeat from the Letters of Lord Chesterfield, that a declaration of love to a woman was always to be ventured, because, even though it was rejected, she would accept of it as a compliment to her attractions. I had soon opportunities of knowing that Mr M—— was as loose in his practice as in his principles. His infidelities, indeed, he was not at much pains to conceal; and while I continued to upbraid him, was at almost as little pains to excuse.

In such circumstances, was it to be wondered at if my virtue was not always proof against the attacks to which it was exposed? With a husband unequal in years, lost to my affection, as I was cast from his, and treating me as one from whom no love or duty was to be expected; a husband whose principles were corrupt, whose conversation was loose, whose infidelity gave a sort of justice to mine; surrounded at the same

time by young men whose persons were attractive, whose manners were engaging, whose obsequious attentions were contrasted with my husband's neglect, and whose pretended adoration and respect were opposed to his rudeness and contempt:—Was it wonderful, that thus situated, exposed to temptation, and unguarded by principle, I should forget first the restraints of prudence, and then the obligations of virtue?

Resigned as I now am to my situation, I can look on it as a kind interposition of Providence, that detection soon followed my first deviations from virtue, before I had lost the feelings of shame and contrition, before I had wandered an irrecoverable distance from duty, from principle, from religion. Here, in this place of banishment which the mercy of my husband allotted me, I have met with some benevolent guides, who have led me to the only sources of comfort for misery and remorse like mine; who have given me a station in which, amidst the obloquy of the world, amidst the humiliation of repentance, I can still in some degree respect myself; who have taught me to cultivate my mind, to improve its powers, to regulate its principles; who have led me to a juster value of this life, to a sincere hope of the next.

Humbled, and I trust improved by affliction, I will not indulge either vindication or resentment; the injuries I have done my husband I am willing to expiate (as, alas! he knows I do) by penitence and by suffering; yet for his own sake, and for the warning of others, let me ask

him, If, for these injuries to him, and sufferings to me, he never imputes any blame to himself? I am told he is loud in his charges of my ingratitude and perfidy. I again repeat, that I will not offer to apologize for my weakness or my crimes. But it would be more dignified in him, as well as more just, were he to forget rather than to reproach the woman whose person he bought, whose affections he despised, whose innocence he corrupted,—whose ruin he has caused!

SOPHIA M——.

No. 82. SATURDAY, *August* 26, 1786.

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime.
CREBILLON.

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. Among those, say they, on whom moral eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are there whose future conduct has answered to the instruction they re-

ceived, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them. Natural disposition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the sermon that presuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the discourse or the story are useless and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and those which constantly assail will prevail over others which seldom occur. Passion therefore will sometimes be obeyed when reason is forgot, and corrupt society will at length overcome the best early impressions. But the effects of that reason, or of those impressions, we are not always in condition to estimate fairly. The examples of their failure are easily known, and certain of being observed; the instances of such as have been preserved from surrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and strike us less when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner so ungracious, as neither to command their attention, nor conciliate their liking. He who says I am to instruct and to warn, with a face of instruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tiresome, or fear as unpleasant. A more willing and a deeper impression will be made, when

the observation arises without being prompted, when the understanding is addressed through the feelings. It was this which struck me so forcibly in the story of Father Nicholas. I never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures, which strangers used to visit. I went with a party, whose purpose was to look at them: mine in such cases is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one, however, was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involun-

tarily, no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour, bearing his cross; the similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. 'It is Father Nicholas,' whispered our conductor, 'who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. No body ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, or requested good offices which he refused to grant: yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity.' The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. 'It is not usual,' said he, 'my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why should you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an

opportunity to requite it'——He perceived my turn for letters, and shewed me some curious MSS. and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: he laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom; and then gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.—— 'Alas!' said he, 'be not deceived; these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of

piety, but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may stead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins; ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour, and mistaken shame.'

My name is St Hubert; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young Delaserre (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumstances, which promised success in that line, my mother, and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaserre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more

and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaserre enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearance of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindness supplied me

with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaserre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. 'I will introduce you,' said he in a tone of pleasantry, 'because you will be a favourite: my cousin Santonges is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you.' The good man whom he has thus characterised, possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delaserre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more

interesting assistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaserre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. 'Except in Paris,' said he, 'we exist merely, but do not live.' I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de Santonges. But why should I recal those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! for not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues, (for I then was virtuous,) to reward at the same time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was

equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.

No. 83. Saturday, *September* 2, 1786.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF FATHER, NICHOLAS.

In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion my anxiety was such as a husband who dotes upon his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce

my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages, which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. 'I shall not live,' she would say, 'to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: in those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my love, could not speak.'—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faultering and weak.

Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled, softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delaserre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally, of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice, which were only not believed, from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarized to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries,

and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delaserre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the cross of St Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantry around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaserre. It was late before we parted; and at parting, I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house, I found enlivened by his sister, and a friend of hers, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by

the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversation, and in hers, I found myself flattered at the same time, and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaserre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good-humour. Madame de Trenville, (that was the widow's name,) smiling to the Colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing, by her countenance, her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my en-

gagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaserre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaserre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. It was the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaserre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as we went, that Emilia looked ill. 'Going to the country will re-establish her,'

said I.—'Do you leave Paris?' said he.—'In a few days.'—'Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have.'—'What motives?'—'The attachment of such friends; but friendship is a cold word: the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville.' I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no farther; perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country-manners, of country-opinions, of the insipidity of country-enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shewn me.

No. 84. SATURDAY, *September* 9, 1786.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS.

I WAS a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to

screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaserre, who now resumed the ascendency over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of her's in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia, would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and her's, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaserre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected,

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with

execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of

the room, and, gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage coach overtook me. It was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man administered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little

parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in, had not strength to support. The effects were, a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my

Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.——But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavoured, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished ——Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. It was but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her! ——His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awestruck at the sight. The bell for vespers toiled —he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it—'My son,' said he, 'to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasing to recal my story:—If the world allure thee if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy.

No. 87. SATURDAY, *September* 30, 1786.

——Sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt hodieque manent vestigia ruris.

HOR.

THAT there is nobody in town, is the observation of every person one has met for several

weeks past; and though the word *nobody*, like its fellow-vocable *everybody*, has a great latitude of signification, and in this instance means upwards of threescore thousand people, yet undoubtedly, in a certain rank of life, one finds, at this season, a very great blank in one's accustomed society. He whom circumstances oblige to remain in town, feels a sort of imprisonment from which his more fortunate acquaintance have escaped to purer air, to fresher breezes, and a clearer sky. He sees, with a very melancholy aspect, the close window-shutters of deserted houses, the rusted knockers, and mossy pavement of unfrequented squares, and the few distant scattered figures of empty walks; while he fancies, in the country, the joyousness of the reapers, and the shout of the sportsman enlivening the fields; and, within doors, the hours made jocund by the festivity of assembled friends, the frolic, the dance, and the song.

Though the prevailing incidents of my latter part of life have fixed it almost constantly to a town, yet nobody is more enthusiastically fond of the country than I; and, amidst all my banishment from it, I have contrived still to preserve a relish for its pleasures, and an enjoyment of its sports, which few who visit it so seldom are able to retain. I can still weave an angling-line, or dress a fly, am a pretty sure shot, and have not forgotten the tune of a View Holla, or the encouraging Hark forward! to a cautious hound. But though these are a set

of capacities, which mark one's denizenship to the country, and which therefore I am proud to retain, yet I confess I am more delighted with its quieter and less turbulent pleasures. There is a sort of moral use of the country, which every man who has not lost the rural sentiment will feel; a certain purity of mind and imagination which its scenes inspire; a simplicity, a colouring of nature on the objects around us, which correct the artifice and interestedness of the world. There is in the country a pensive vacancy (if the expression may be allowed me) of mind, which stills the violence of passion, and the tumult of desire. One can hardly dream on the bank of some nameless brook without waking a better and a wiser man. I early took the liberty of boasting to my readers, that, as a Lounger, I had learned to be idle without guilt, and indolent without indifference. In the country, methinks, I find this disposition congenial to the place; the air which breathes around me, like that which touches the Æolian harp, steals on my soul a tender but varied tone of feeling, that lulls while it elevates, that soothes while it inspires. Not a blade that whistles in the breeze, not a weed that spreads its speckled leaves to the sun, but may add something to the ideas of him, who can lounge with all his mind open about him.

I am not sure if, in the regret which I feel for my absence from the country, I do not rate its enjoyments higher, and paint its landscapes

in more glowing colours, than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy chair, of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlour, to distant places and to absent friends, of drawing scenes in my mind's eye. and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffeehouse where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out from my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self,) and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country. which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most Elysian spot in the world.

It was at an old lady's, a relation and godmother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive seasons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted with a few majestic elms

and beeches, and the stumps of several others shewed, that they had once been more numerous. To the west, a clump of firs covered a ragged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress; and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling inclosed a washing-green, and a wicker seat, fronting the south, was placed for the accommodation of the old lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When hay-making or harvest was going on, my godmother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrift in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labour was little. In that department an old man-servant was her minister, the father of my Peter, who serves me not the less faith-

fully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel-bank. This old butler (I call him by his title of honour, though in truth he had many subordinate offices) had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his servant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore o' Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his master's, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw stair-case, which had scarce been opened since his death; but her own library for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-press in the parlour. It consisted, as far as I can remember, of several volumes of sermons, a Concordance, Thomas a'Kempis, Antoninus's Meditations, the Works of the Author of the Whole Duty of Man, and a translation of Boethius; the original editions of the Spectator and Guardian, Cowley's Poems, Dryden's Works (of which I had lost a volume soon after I first came about her house), Baker's Chronicle, Burnet's History of his own Times, Lamb's Royal Cookery, Abercromby's Scots Warriors, and Nisbet's Heraldry.

The subject of the last-mentioned book was my godmother's strong ground; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote; and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome; for she

had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishment in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, 'her beautiful, her brave,' fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was a style above her usual simplicity; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for her age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the fleckered clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbours, and still fewer visitors; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much perhaps; but there was so much heart and good-will in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it

might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer any body to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my godmother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle-tree, which often threw its shade across her book, or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. 'It has stood there many a day,' said she, 'and we old inhabitants should bear with one another.' Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little

on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen-case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family-bible.—On one side, her bell and snuff-box; on the other, her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag.—Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine.—All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of its value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recal the rural scene of the good old lady's abode, her simple, her innocent, her useful employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from another; I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue.

No. 89. SATURDAY, *October* 14, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR

I READ with infinite satisfaction your 87th Number, on the pleasure of the country, and the moral use of that 'rural sentiment,' the effects of which you know so well how to paint. But thus it is that brilliant fiction ever delights us; while you were describing in town, I was witnessing in the country. I have just returned from an excursion into a distant county, 'a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business.' It was at the house of Mr L——, a relation and intimate acquaintance of mine, where I have been pressingly invited these several years past, to spend a month or two of the autumn; to leave the thick air and unwholesome streets, the bustle, cares, and dissipation of the town, for the pure breeze, the healthful walk, the quiet, the peacefulness, and sobriety of the country, I had often heard of my friend L——'s charming place, his excellent house, his every thing, in short, that great wealth (for he is a man of a very large estate) could bestow, and taste (for every body talked of his and Mrs L——'s taste) could adorn. I pictured his groves, his lawns, and his waterfalls, with somewhat of that enthusiasm for country-scenery which you seem to feel; and I thought of his daughters (two elegant girls,

whom I had just seen for a few minutes in their way from London) as the wood nymphs of the scene. All this 'rural sentiment' I set out with; and the sight of my friend's country-seat and beautiful grounds, which I reached on the third evening, did not belie it. How it has improved by my stay there, you shall judge by a short sketch of the country-life people lead at L—— Hall.

The party there, which my relation had told me was to be a select one, and which made him doubly urgent in his desire to have me there this autumn, consisted of an elderly dowager of rank and fortune, and her two unmarried daughters; a member of parliament, and his brother, a clergyman from England: and two young officers of family, companions of Mr L——'s eldest son, who has been about a year in the army. These with your humble servant, in addition to Mr L——'s own family, made up the standing establishment of the house. There were besides, every day, numerous occasional visitors from the neighbourhood; Mr L—— representing the county in parliament, and receiving the instructions of his constituents at this time of the year only.

The night of my arrival, I took the liberty of retiring before the rest of the company, being a good deal fatigued with my journey. Next morning, however, I got up betimes to enjoy the beauties of the season, and of the calm clear landscape around me. But when I would have gone out, I found the house-door

locked. After various unsuccessful attempts to discover the retreat of the servants, I met a ragged little fellow, who told me he was boy to the porter's man, and the only creature beside myself stirring in the house, for that Mr L——'s gentleman had given a supper to the servants who had lately arrived from town, and they had all sat up at cards till five in the morning. By the interest of this young friend, I at last procured the key, and was let out. I strolled the way of the stable, of which I found the entry much easier than the exit from the house, the door being left very conveniently open. The horses from town had not been quite so well entertained as the servants; for they were standing with empty mangers, and the dirt of the day before hardened on their skins. But this was not much to be wondered at, as a pack of cards certainly affords a much pleasanter occupation than a curry-comb.

Having rubbed down a favourite poney, which I had brought to the country for an occasional ride, and locked the stable door, I turned down a little path that led to the shrubbery; but I was afraid to enter any of the walks, as it was notified, by very legible inscriptions, that there were men-traps, and steel-guns, for the reception of intruders. I was forced therefore to restrict myself to a walk amidst the dust of the high-road till ten, when on my return to the house. I found no less dust within doors, and was obliged to take refuge in my bed-room till the breakfasting parlour was put in order.

By one of the servants, whom, from his surly look I supposed to be a loser of the preceding night, I was informed that breakfast for some of the company would be ready by eleven.

At eleven I found some of the company assembled accordingly. The dowager did not appear, nor Mrs L—— herself, but had chocolate in their different apartments: it seems they could not be made up, as one of the young ladies expressed it, so early: their daughters seemed to have been made up in haste, for they came down in rumpled night caps, and their hair in a brown paste upon their shoulders. The young gentlemen joined us with the second tea-pot; their heads were in disorder too, but of a different kind; they had drank, as they told us, three bowls of gin-toddy after the rest of the company had gone to bed. The master of the house entered the room when breakfast was nearly over: he asked pardon of his brother senator and the clergyman for being so late; but he had been detained, he said, looking over his farm; for he is a great improver of the value as well as the beauty of his estate. 'Did you ride or walk, Sir!' said I. Mr L—— smiled. 'I walked only to the easy chair in my library; I always view my farm upon paper: Mr Capability, my governor in these matters, drives through it in his phaeton, and lays down every thing so accurately, that I have no occasion to go near it.'

Breakfast ended about one. The young gentlemen talked of going out a-shooting; but

the weather was such as to scare any but hardy sportsmen; so they agreed to play billiards and cards within doors, in which they were joined by all the senior gentlemen except myself. I proposed to betake myself to the library; but I found an unwillingness in our host to let me take down any of the books, which were so elegantly bound and gilt, and ranged in such beautiful order, that it seemed contrary to the etiquette of the house to remove any of them from the shelves; but there was a particular selection in the parlour, which the company was at liberty to peruse; it was made up of Hoyle's Games, the List of the Army, two Almanacks, the Royal Register, a file of the Morning Herald, Boswell's Tour, the Fashionable Magazine, the Trial of the Brighton Tailor, and an odd volume of the last collection of farces.

Mrs L——, and her friend the dowager, made their appearance about two. As I was neither of the billiard or the whist party, and had finished my studies in the parlour, they did me the honour to admit me of their *conversazione*. It consisted chiefly of a dissertation on some damask and chintz furniture Mrs L—— had lately bespoke from the metropolis, and a dispute about the age of a sulky set of china she had bought last winter, at a sale of Lord Squanderfield's In one of the pauses of the debate, the day having cleared up beautifully, I ventured to ask the two ladies, if they ever walked in the country. The dowager

said, she never walked on account of her corns; Mrs L—— told me, she had not walked since she caught a sore throat in one of the cold evenings of the year 1782.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the young ladies, with half a score of packing-boxes, just received by a ship from London. These changed the current of the discourse to the subject of dress, to caps, feathers, hats, and riding-habits. The military men now joined us, and made a very valuable addition to this board of inquiry, by their commentaries on walking boots, riding slippers, clubs, buckles, and buttons. We had, not long after, an opportunity of judging of the practice, as well as theory, of those branches of the fine arts. Dinner was half-cold, waiting for the dowager's eldest daughter, and the major. They had spent about two hours at their toilets; yet the hurry of the major appeared, by his having forgot to put in the false straps to his buckles; and of the young lady, from one cheek being at least half a shade redder than the other. The ladies went to tea at nine o'clock, and we joined them at eleven, after having discussed the prices of different sets of boroughs at one end of the table, and the qualities of several race-horses and game-cocks at the other.

Such, Sir, is the detail of one day at the rural retirement of my friend Mr L——, which may serve for the history of most of those I spent there. We had, however, our Sabbath-

day's employment, and our Sabbath-day's guest, as well as your godmother. The first Sunday after my arrival being a rainy one, Mrs L——, and most of our party accompanying her, went to the parish church. The English clergyman would not consent to so wicked a thing as going to a Presbyterian place of worship, and therefore staid at home, to look over a party at picquet in the dowager's dressing-room, between her and his brother. I went with the church-going people for that one time, but shall never do so profane a thing again. The young folks nodded and laughed all the time of the service, and during the sermon drew back their chairs from the front of the gallery, eat nuts, and pelted the shells. The major only was more seriously employed, in drawing caricatures of the congregation below, for which, it must be confessed, some of them afforded no unfavourable subjects.

The parson of the parish, like your old Lady's, was always a Sunday visitor at L—— Hall. He had been tutor to the heir and his second brother, and had the honour of inspiring them both with a most sovereign contempt and detestation of learning. He, too, like your godmother's clergyman, communicated information; to the ladies, he related the little scandalous anecdotes of the parish, and gave his former pupils intelligence of several coveys of partridges. Himself afforded them game within doors, being what is commonly called a butt to the unfledged arrows of the young gentlemen's

wit. To their father he was extremely useful in drawing corks, and putting him in mind where the toast stood. In short, he seemed a favourite with all the branches of the family. As to religion, it fared with that as with the literature he had been employed to instil into his pupils; he contrived to make all the house think it a very ridiculous thing.

About a fortnight after I went to L—— Hall, the arrival of an elderly Baronet from town, an old club-companion of Mr L——'s, added one other rural idea to the stock we were already in possession of; I mean that of eating, in which our new guest, Sir William Harrico, was a remarkable adept. Every morning at breakfast we had a dissertation on dinner, the bill of fare being brought up for the revisal of Sir William. He taught us a new way of dressing mushrooms, oversaw the composition of the grouse-soup in person, and gave the venison a reprieve to a certain distant day, when it should acquire the exactly proper fumet for the palate of a connoisseur.

Such, Mr Lounger, is the train of 'rural sentiment' which I have cultivated during my autumn abode at L—— Hall. I think I might, without leaving town, have acquired the receipt for the mushroom ragout, and have eat stinking venison there as easily as in the country. I could have played cards or billiards at noonday with as much satisfaction in a crowded street, as in view of Mr L——'s woods and mountains. The warehouse in Prince's-Street

might have afforded me information as to chintz and damask chair-covers; and your ingenious correspondent Mr Jenkin could have shewn me a model of the newest-fashioned buckle on the foot of some of his little scarlet beaux, or of a rouged cheek on one of the miniature ladies of his window. In short, I am inclined to believe that folly, affectation, ignorance, and irreligion, might have been met with in town, notwithstanding the labours of the Lounger; that I might have saved myself three days journey, the expence of a post-chaise, and a six weeks loss of time; and, what was perhaps more material than all the rest, I might have preserved that happy enthusiasm for country-pleasures which you seem still to enjoy, and which, in the less-informed days of my youth, I also was fortunate enough to possess.

I am, &c.

URBANUS.

No. 90. SATURDAY, *October* 21, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH, from my rank in life, being a tradesman's daughter, left an orphan at six years old, I had little title to know any thing about sensibility or feeling; yet having been very kindly

taken into a family, where there were several young ladies who were great readers, I had opportunities of hearing a good deal about these things. By the same young ladies I was made acquainted with your Paper, and it was a favourite employment of mine to read the Lounger to them every Saturday morning. In one of the numbers published some time ago, we met with Mrs Alice Heartly's account of an old lady with whom she lives; and from the experience of our own feelings, could not help pitying the connection with one so destitute of all tender sentiments as my Lady Bidmore. I had soon after occasion to congratulate myself on a very different sort of establishment, having been recommended by my young patronesses to a lady, who used frequently to visit at their house, whom we all knew (indeed it was her pride, she used to say, to acknowledge her weakness on that side) to be a perfect pattern, or, according to her own phrase, a perfect martyr, of the most acute and delicate sensibility. At our house I saw her once in the greatest distress imaginable, from the accidental drowning of a fly in the cream-pot; and got great credit with her myself, for my tenderness about a goldfinch belonging to one of our young ladies, which I had taught to perch upon my shoulder, and pick little crumbs out of my mouth. I shall never forget Mrs Sensitive's crying out, 'Oh! how I envy her the sweet little creature's kisses!' It made me

blush to hear her speak so; for I had never thought of kisses in the matter.

That little circumstance, however, procured me her favour so much, that, on being told of my situation, she begged I might, as she was kind enough to express it, be placed under her protection. As I had heard so much of her tender-heartedness and her feeling; as she was very rich, having been left a widow, with the disposal of her husband's whole fortune; as she had nobody but herself in family, so that it promised to be an easy place; all these things made me very happy to accept of her offer; and I agreed to go home to her house immediately, her last attendant having left her somewhat suddenly. I heard indeed, the very morning after I went thither, that her servants did not use to stay long with her, which gave me some little uneasiness; but she took occasion to inform me, that it was entirely owing to their cruelty, and want of feeling, having turned them all off for some neglect or ill usage of her little family, as she called it. This little family, of which I had not heard before, consists of a number of birds and beasts, which it is the great pleasure of Mrs Sensitive's life to keep and to fondle, and on which she is constantly exercising her sensibilities, as she says. My chief employment is to assist her in the care of them.

The waiting on this family of Mrs Sensitive's is not so easy a task as I at first had flattered

myself it would have been. We have three lap-dogs, four cats, some of the ladies of which are almost always lying-in, a monkey, a flying squirrel, two parrots, a parroquet, a Virginia nightingale, a jack-daw, an owl, besides half a hundred smaller birds, bulfinches, canaries, linnets, and white sparrows. We have a dormouse in a box, a set of guinea-pigs in the garret, and a tame otter in the cellar; besides out-pensioners of pigeons and crows at our windows, and mice that come from a hole in the parlour wainscotting, to visit us at breakfast and dinner time. All these I am obliged to tend and watch with the utmost care and assiduity; not only to take care that their food and their drink be in plenty, and good order; not only to wash the lap-dogs, and to comb the cats, to play on the bird-organ for the instruction of the canaries and goldfinches, and to speak to the parrots and jack-daw for theirs; but I must accommodate myself, as my mistress says, to the feelings of the sweet creatures; I must contribute to their amusement, and keep them in good spirits; I must scratch the heads of the parrots; I must laugh to the monkey, and play at cork-balls with the kittens. Mrs Sensitive says, she can understand their looks and their language from sympathy; and that she is sure it must delight every susceptible mind to have thus an opportunity for extending the sphere of its sensibilities.

She sometimes takes an opportunity of extending something else with poor me. You

can hardly suppose what a passion she gets into, if any thing about this family of hers is neglected; and when she chuses to be angry, and speak her mind to me a little loud or so, her favourites, I suppose from sympathy too, join in the remonstrance, and make such a concert!—What between the lap-dogs, the parrots, the jack-daw, and the monkey, there is such a barking, squalling, cawing, and chattering!—Mrs Sensitive's ears are not so easily hurt as her feelings.

But the misfortune is, Mr Lounger, that her feelings are only made for brute creatures, and don't extend to us poor Christians of the family. She has no pity on us, no sympathy in the world for our distresses. She keeps a chambermaid and a boy besides myself; and I assure you it does not fare near so well with us as it does with the lap-dogs and the monkey. Nay, I have heard an old milk-woman say, who has been long about the family, that Mr Sensitive himself was not treated altogether so kindly as some of his lady's four-footed favourites. He was, it seems, a good-natured man, and not much given to complain. The old woman says, she never heard of his finding fault with any thing, but once that Mrs Sensitive insisted on taking into bed a Bologna greyhound, because she said it could not sleep a nights, from the coldness of the climate in this country. Yet she often talks of her dear, dear Mr Sensitive, and weeps when she talks of him; and she has got a fine tombstone raised over his grave, with

an epitaph full of disconsolates, and inconsolables, and what not. To say truth, that is one way even for a human creature to get into her good graces; for I never heard her mention any of her dead friends without a great deal of kindness and tender regrets: but we are none of us willing to purchase her favour at that rate.

As for the living, they have the misfortune never to be to her liking. Ordinary objects of charity we are ordered never to suffer to come near her; she says she cannot bear to hear their lamentable stories, for that they tear her poor feelings in pieces. Besides, she has discovered, that most of them really deserve no compassion, and many sensible worthy people of her acquaintance have cautioned her against giving way to her sensibility in that way: because, in such cases, the compassion of individuals is hurtful to society. There are several poor relations of her husband's, who, if it had not been for a settlement he made in her favour a short while before his death, would have had, I am told, by law, the greatest part of his fortune, to whom she never gave a shilling in her life. One little boy, her husband's godson, she consented to take into the house; but she turned him out of doors in less than a week, because of a blow he gave to Fidele, who was stealing his bread and butter.

Some of the other members of the family are almost tempted to steal bread and butter too. Mrs Sensitive is an economist, though she spends a great deal of money on these

nasty dogs and monkies, and contrives to pinch it off us, both back and belly, as the saying is. The chambermaid has given her warning already on this score; and the boy says, he will only stay till he is a little bigger. As for me, she is pleased to say, that I am of an order of beings superior to the others; and she sometimes condescends to reason with me. She would persuade me, Sir, that it is a sin to eat the flesh of any bird or beast, and talks much of a set of philosophers, who went naked, I think, who believed that people were turned into beasts and birds: and that therefore we might chance to eat our father or mother in the shape of a goose or a turkey. And she says, how delighted she would be in the society of those naked philosophers, and how much their doctrines agree with her fine feelings; and then she coaxes me, and says, that I have fine feelings too; but indeed I have no such feelings belonging to me; and I know her greens and water don t agree with my feelings at all, but quite to the contrary, that there is such a grumbling about me.—— And as for people being changed into birds and beasts, I think it is heathenish, and downright against the Bible; and yet it is diverting enough sometimes to hear her fancies about it. And I can't help having my fancies too; as t'other morning, when the great horned owl sat at table by her, on the chair which she has often told me her dear, dear Mr Sensitive used to occupy, and the poor creature looked so grave, and sat as silent as mum-chance;—

but then she was so kind to the owl! I don't know, what her squirrel was changed from, but it is always getting into some odd corner or other. It was but yesterday I got a sad scold for offering to squeeze it when it had crept Lord knows how far up my petticoats; and my mistress was in such a flurry, for fear I should have hurt it. She lets it skip all about her without ever starting or wincing, for all her feelings are so fine. But these fine feelings are not like the feelings of any other body; and I wish to get into the service of some person who has them of a coarser kind, that would be a little more useful. If Mrs Heartly therefore continues in her resolution of quitting Lady Bidmore's, on account of that old Lady's want of feeling. I would be very much obliged to you to recommend me to the place. I think I can bear a pretty good hand at a rubber and hard brush; and as for keeping the furniture clean, it will be perfect pastime only, in comparison of my mornings cleaning out Mrs Sensitive's living collection. I hope Lady Bidmore, from her education, has never heard any thing of the naked philosophers; and if any other set have taught her, that people are changed into commodes, chests of drawers, or bed-steads, it signifies very little, as we shall take exceeding good care of them, and the belief will have no effect on our dinners or suppers.

I am, &c.

BARBARA HEARTLESS.

No. 96. SATURDAY, *December* 2, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat. VIRG.

SIR,

As in reading, either for instruction or entertainment, one is always most struck with what comes nearest to one's self, we who are in the country have been particularly attentive to your rural papers. The family of which I am a member at present, have been very much entertained with them. We have found out several of our acquaintance in the letter of Urbanus; and even the picture of your godmother, though a little antiquated, was too strongly marked for some of our party not to discover a resemblance to it. Adrastus's portrait of himself was too serious for our meddling with. We never allow our imaginations to sport with the sacredness of sorrow.

Since the receipt of those papers, it has become an amusement here to draw sketches for the Lounger; and some of us last night after supper proposed that every one should paint his neighbour. To this fancy and a rainy morning you owe this letter. I will try to give you the whole groupe; I am sure, if I could do it justice, it should please your benevolent readers better than the picture of Urbanus, though I give that gentleman perfect credit for the fide-

lity as well as the power of his pencil. But a family-piece of Greuze is more pleasing, though perhaps less valued, than one of Hemskirk or Teniers.

That I may, however, take no advantage, I will begin with myself. I am not of so serious a disposition as Adrastus, yet am I not altogether without some of that rural sentiment which he indulges, and which you describe. I own I had acuter feelings some five and twenty years ago; but having now lived half a century, I am become a good deal less heroic, less visionary, and less tender than I was; yet I have not forgotten what my own feelings were, and I can perfectly understand what those of younger men are; I confess I like to see them as warm as I myself was at their age, and enjoy a sort of self-flattery in thinking that I have learned to be wiser by being a little older than they. Something of the same reflection I venture now and then to indulge, from the circumstance of being a bachelor; I think myself as well as I am, and yet I am pleased to see a husband and a father happy. And as I am neither from age nor situation quite condemned to celibacy, I have that sort of interest in an amiable woman, or a promising child, that makes their company very agreeable to me, and I believe mine not unpleasant to them. I have, thank God, good health and good spirits; was bred somewhat of a scholar by my father, who lived in town, and a pretty complete sportsman by my grandfather, who resided in the country. When at school,

I stole an hour or two in the evening to learn music, and had a tolerable knack at making bad verses when at college. In short there are few things come across me in which I am quite left out, and I have not the vanity of excellence to support in any of them.

I generally spend some months of autumn in the country, and this season have passed them very agreeably at the house of a gentleman, who, from particular circumstances, I am pretty confident is the person you once mentioned under the appellation of Benevolus. A general idea of his character you have given in the paper I allude to: of his family, and their country-life, will you allow me to try a little sketch now?

You have hinted at the use Benevolus makes of his wealth. In the country, as far as we can gather from those around him, he gives largely; but as it is neither from the impulse of sickly sentiment or shallow vanity, his largesses tend oftener to incite industry than to supply indigence. Indeed, I have been forced to observe, than to nurse poverty, is, politically speaking, to harbour idleness and vice: to prevent it is much the better way; for a man seldom thrives that does not deserve to thrive; and, except from some unfortunate accidents, which Benevolus is ever ready to pity and to redress, a man is seldom poor without deserving to be so. The occupiers of Benevolus's estate are generally thriving: he says, that to promote this is not an expensive indulgence; but, on the con-

trary, that he gains by it. It is some money advanced at first, says he; but no capital is more productive than that which is laid out on the happiness of one's people. Some plans indeed have been suggested to him for doubling the revenue of his estate, by dispeopling it of three fourths of its inhabitants; but he would never consent to them. If I wished for money, he replied to an adviser of these schemes, there are many trades you should rather recommend to me; but the proudest property of a country gentleman is that of men. He has not, however, that inordinate desire for extending the bounds of his estate, that some great proprietors have. A gentleman, whose family had been reduced in its circumstances, offered his land to him for sale. Benevolus expressed his sorrow for the necessity that forced the neighbour to this measure, and, after examining into his affairs, gave him credit to the extent of his debts. The young man went abroad, and from the recommendation of his honesty and worth, and great assiduity in business, acquired a fortune sufficient to redeem his affairs. Somebody observed what an enviable purchase that gentleman's land would have been to Benevolus. 'But those acres would not have dined with me with such a face of happiness and gratitude as Mr —— did to-day.'

Such faces, indeed, are a favourite part of the entertainment at Benevolus's table. One day of the week, which he jokingly calls his wife's rout day, there is an additional leaf put

to the table, for the reception of some of the principal farmers on his estate, from whose conversation, he says, he derives much useful knowledge in country business, and in the management of his affairs. He behaves to them in such a way as to remove all restraints from the inequality of rank; and talking to every man on the subject he knows best, makes every man more pleased with himself, and more useful to those who hear him. The reception indeed of those guests strongly marks the propriety of feeling and of behaviour of the family. There is none of that sneer and tittering which one sees among the young gentlemen and ladies of other tables; the children strive who shall help the senior farmer of the set; they ask questions about the different members of his household, and sometimes send little presents to his children. I have had the charge of some parties of the young people, who dined with the farmers in return; and then we have so many long stories when we come back in the evening. There are no such eggs, nor fowls, nor cream, as we meet with in those excursions. I am always appealed to as a voucher; and I can safely say, that we thought so, especially when we took a long walk, or fished, or shot by the way.

Benevolus has four sons and three daughters. Their education has been scrupulously attended to; and there are perhaps no young people of their age more accomplished. When I speak of their accomplishments, I do not mean only

their skill in the ordinary branches of education, music, dancing, drawing, and so forth. I have seen such acquirements pass through the memory and the fingers of young people, yet leave little fruit behind them. It is not so with my young friends here; not only are the faculties employed, but the mind is enriched by all their studies. I have learned a great deal of true philosophy, during the rainy days of this season, from the little philosophers in Benevolus's library; and when I indulge myself in a morning's lounge beside the young ladies and their mother, I always rise with sentiments better regulated, with feelings more attuned, than when I sat down. The young people's accomplishments are sometimes shewn, but never exhibited; brought forth, unassumingly, to bestow pleasures on others, not to minister to their own vanity, or that of their parents. In music their talents are such as might attract the applause of the most skilful; yet they never refuse to exert them in the style that may please the most ignorant. Music their father confesses he is fond of, beyond the moderation of a philosopher. It is a relaxation, he says, which indulges without debasing the feelings, which employs without wasting the mind. The first time I was here, I had rode in a very bad day through a very dreary road; it was dark before I reached the house. The transition from the battering rain, the howling wind, and a flooded road, to a saloon lighted cheerily up, and filled with the mingled sounds of their family concert,

was so delightful, that I shall never forget it. —There is, however, a living harmony in the appearance of the family, that adds considerably to the pleasure of this and every other entertainment. To see how the boys hang upon their father, and with what looks of tenderness the girls gather round their mother! 'To be happy at home,' said Benevolus one day to me, when we were talking of the sex, 'is one of the best dowries we can give a daughter with a good husband, and the best preventive against her chusing a bad one. How many miserable matches have I known some of my neighbours' girls make, merely to escape from the prison of their father's house! and, having married for freedom, they resolved to be as little as they could in their husband's.'

Benevolus's lady, though the mother of so many children, is still a very fine woman. That lofty elegance, however, which, in her younger days, I remember awing so many lovers into adoration, she has now softened into a matron gentleness, which is infinitely engaging. There is a modest neatness in her dress, a chastened grace in her figure, a sort of timid liveliness in her conversation, which we cannot but love ourselves, and are not surprised to see her husband look on with delight. In the management of her household concerns, she exerts a quiet and unperceived attention to her family and her guests, to their convenience, their sports, their amusements, which accommodates every one without the tax of seeing it bustled for.

In the little circles at breakfast, where the plans of the day are laid, one never finds those faces of embarrassment, those whispers of concealment, which may be observed in some houses. Mamma is applied to in all arrangements, consulted in schemes for excursions, in the difficulty of interfering engagements, and is often pressed to be of parties, which she sometimes enlivens with her presence.

Benevolus, in the same manner, is frequently the companion of his son's sports, and rides very keenly after an excellent pack of harriers, though they say he has gone rather seldomer out this season than he used to do, having got so good a deputy in me. He was disputing t'other day, with the clergyman of the parish, a very learned and a very worthy man, on the love of sport. 'I allow, my good Sir,' said Benevolus, 'that there are better uses for time; but, exclusive of exercise to the body, there are so many dissipations more hurtful to the mind, (dissipations even of reading, of thinking, and of feeling, which are never reckoned on as such,) that if sport be harmless, it is useful. I have another reason for encouraging it in my son. It will give him an additional tie to the country, which is to be the chief scene of his future life, as a man likes his wife the better that, besides more important accomplishments, she can sing and dance; and in both cases, a man of a feeling mind will connect with the mere amusement, ideas of affection, and remembrances of tenderness. Methinks I

perceive an error in the system of education which some country gentlemen follow with their sons. They send them, when lads, to study at foreign universities, and to travel into foreign countries, and then expect them, rather unreasonably, to become country-gentlemen at their return. My son shall travel to see other countries, but he shall first learn to love his own. There is a polish, there are ornaments, I know, which travel gives; but the basis must be an attachment to home. My son's ruffles may be of lace, but his shirt must be of more durable stuff.'

In this purpose Benevolus has perfectly succeeded with his son, who is now eighteen, with much of the information of a man, but with all the unassuming modesty of a boy. 'Tis his pleasure and his pride to acknowledge the claims which his native scenes have upon him. He knows the name of every hamlet, and of its inhabitants, he visits them when he can be of use, gives encouragement to their improvements, and distributes rewards to the industrious. In return, they feel the most perfect fealty and regard to him. The old men observe how like he is to his father; and their wives trace the eyes and the lips of his mother.

The same good sense in their management, and a similar attention to their happiness, is shewn to every inferior member of Benevolus's household. His domestics revere and love him; yet regularity and attention are no where so habitual. Attention to every guest is one of

the first lessons a servant learns at this house, and an attention of that useful and benevolent sort, which is exactly the reverse of what is practised at some great houses in the country, where a man is vastly well attended, provided he has attendants of his own that make it needless; but a person of inferior rank may wait some time before he can find a servant, whose province it is to take any care of him. At Benevolus's, it is every man's province to shew a stranger kindness; and there is an aspect of welcome in every domestic one meets. Even the mastiff in the court is so gentle, so humanized by the children, and 'bears his faculties so meek,' that the very beggar is not afraid of Trusty, though he bays him.

In such quarters, and with such society, I do not count the weeks of my stay, like your correspondent Urbanus. The family talks of not visiting Edinburgh sooner than Christmas, and it is not improbable that I may stay with them till that time; so if your coffeehouse-friend takes notes of arrivals this winter, he may possibly mark me down in my seat in the coach destined for No. 7., answering the questions of two cherub-faced boys, who are a sort of pupils of mine here in all the idle branches of their education.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

W. G.

No. 98. SATURDAY, *December* 16, 1786.

——*Nec domos potentum,*
Nossemus, nec imagines superbas. MART.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

IT is a long time since my last correspondence with you; and indeed, I did not know that your Paper continued to come out, till lately that I saw it at a certain great house where I was on a visit. Of that visit, Mr Lounger, if you will give me leave, I will tell you some particulars. Since I find that some of the great folks take in your Paper, it may do them no harm to be told a little how things are about them; or if, as I am apt to believe, they are not easily to be mended, it will at least give us little folks some satisfaction to get out our thoughts of them.

Your predecessor, the author of the Mirror*, who was kind enough to take some interest in my family, was well acquainted with its connection with Lady ——, the great lady who first set my wife and daughters heads agog about fashion and finery. In my last to you, I informed you of our having luckily lost her acquaintance, though I had got into another hobble by our intimacy with my rich neighbour young Mushroom. I am ashamed to tell you, Sir, how things have come about; but, as I told Mr Mirror, I was always rather too easy

* The Papers here allnded to, are to be found in Vol. III.

in my way: I have been myself on a visit at the house of the great lady; (I beg her lord's pardon, but that's the way of speaking in our neighbourhood). But this comes through Mr Mushroom too. You must know, that since he came home, by presents of shawls and muslins to my Lady, and, as some folks say, by lending some of his spare rupees to my Lord, he is become a great favourite at —— Lodge. And so my Lord and Lady and he have laid their heads together, that Mr Mushroom shall be member for our county the next vacancy; and they have been driving and riding about among us, and giving feasts and dances at —— Lodge and Mushroom Hall. I fought a little shy, as the saying is; but Mrs and Miss Mushroom so tickled the ears of my wife and daughters, and my lady talked so much of the happiness she had formerly enjoyed at my house, and of her regret for having lost the honour of my daughter Mrs ——'s acquaintance, that they were silly enough to forgive all her former neglect of them; and then they so be-laboured me with the great things that might be expected from my Lord's patronage, and Mr Mushroom's attachment to my family, (and they had some shawls and muslins too), that I at last agreed to give my vote as they wished. Oh! then, there was so much fuss and kindness, and such invitations to go to —— Lodge, and so many honours and pleasures—that, in short, Mr Lounger, having got in my corn and sold my cattle, I was prevailed on to lay out a little of

the money in a new suit, to get a new saddle and bridle for my mare, to trim my brown colt for a portmanteau-horse, and mounting John upon him, whom I could best spare at this season too, I accompanied one of my brother-freeholders, a plain man like myself, who takes a little of his wife's advice, to —— Lodge.

As I knew something of the hours there, I took care that we should not reach the house till within a few minutes of four, though my neighbour was in a sort of flutter the last three miles, for fear of being too late. But when we got off our horses, and walked into the lobby, we found we were much too early for the house. We had stalked about for some minutes, without knowing where we should go, when, who should I see come in but my old acquaintance Mr Papillot, though it seems he had forgotten me; for when I asked him if my Lord or his Lady were within, he gave me a broad stare, and said that some of the servants would inform us. None of the servants, however, chose to be so kind; for though one or two peeped out of this and that door, they took no sort of concern in us, till at last a big surly-looking fellow appeared, pulling down the ruffles of his shirt, and bade us follow him into the saloon. Here we found an open window, and a half-kindled fire, and were left to cool our heels for above an hour, before any living creature appeared. At last, a civil enough sort of a gentleman, whose name I never heard, for the family called him nothing but Captain, came in, and after talking

a little to us about the weather, the roads, and the crop, (though he seemed to have but a bad notion of farming), left the room again, telling us that my Lord and Lady would soon be down; but that dinner was somewhat later the day than usual, as they and their company had been at a bear-baiting, my Lord's bear having been backed against his neighbour Sir Harry Driver's dogs. This accident kept us from our dinner till six o'clock, by which time my neighbour and I, who had breakfasted by times, were almost famished. Meanwhile we were left to entertain ourselves with the pictures, not to mention my lady's French lap dog, which a servant brought in (I suppose by the time he had been dressed for dinner) and laid on a cushion at the fireside. I found indeed one of the late numbers of the Lounger, which I began to read; but my neighbour Broadcast yawned so on the first page, that I laid it by out of complaisance to him. Soon after the lap-dog, some of her ladyship's company came in one after another, and did us the honour of staring at us, and speaking to the lap-dog. The dinner-bell was rung before my lady appeared, who, to do her justice, behaved politely enough, and began to ask half a dozen questions about our wives and children, to which she did not wait for an answer; but to say truth, she had her hands full of the bear-baiting company, who, when they were all assembled, made a very numerous party. My Lord entered a few minutes after her; he did not give himself much trouble

about any of us, till on the Captain's whispering something in his ear, he came up to where my neighbour and I stood, and said he was very happy to have the honour of seeing us at —— Lodge.

When we went to dinner, we contrived to place ourselves on each side of our good friend the Captain, and things went on pretty well. I knew that at such a table the victuals were not always what they seemed; and therefore I was cautious of asking for any of your figured dishes. At last, however, I got helped to a mutton-chop, as I would have called it; but the Captain told me it was a ragout. When I tasted it, it was so Frenchified, and smelt so of garlic, which I happen to have an aversion to, that I was glad to get rid of it as soon (and that was not very soon) as I could prevail on a servant to take away my plate. The Captain, who guessed my taste I suppose, very kindly informed me there was roast beef on the sideboard, and sent a request to a fine gentleman out of livery, who had the carving of it, for a slice to me. But whether he thought I looked like a cannibal, or that the dish, being little in request, was neglected in the roasting, he sent me a monstrous thick cut, so red and raw, that I could not touch a morsel of it; so I was obliged to confine my dinner to the leg and wing of a partridge, which the second course afforded me. I did not observe how my friend Broadcast fared at dinner; but I saw he catched a Tartar at the desert; for happening to

take a mouthful of a peach, as he thought it, what should it be but a lump of ice, that stung his hollow tooth to the quick, and brought the tears over his cheeks. The wine after dinner might have consoled us for all these little misfortunes, if we had had time to partake of it; but there the French mode came across us again, and we had drank but a few glasses, and had not got half through the history of the bear-baiting, when coffee was brought.

When we went into the drawing-room, we found the card-tables set, and my Lady engaged with a party at whist. She recommended some of us to the care of a friend of hers, a lady somewhat advanced in life, though she was still a maiden one, for they called her Miss Lurcher, who made up a table at Farthing-Loo. As this was a game I was used to play at home, and the stake was so very trifling, I consented to make one. My neighbour Broadcast refused, and sat down at the other end of the room, to hear one of the young ladies play on the harpsichord, where he affronted himself by falling asleep. It had been as well for some other people that they had been asleep too. This game, though it began with farthings, soon mounted up to a very considerable sum, and I had once lost to the amount of twenty pounds. A lucky reverse of fortune brought me a little up again, and I went to supper only 5000 farthings, that is, five guineas out of pocket. It would not become me to suspect any foul play at —— Lodge; but I could not help observ-

ing, that Miss Lurcher held Pam plaguily often. I have been told since, that she has little other fortune than what she makes by her good luck at cards: and yet she was as finely drest as my Lady, and had as fine a plume of feathers on her hat: I shall never look on that hat again without thinking that I see Pam in the front of it.

When we were shewn to our rooms, I looked for the attendance of John, to whom I had given strict charge to be watchful in that matter; but he was not to be found, and, I was told, had never appeared at the lodge after he went with his horses to the inn. Before going to bed, I stole into the chamber where my friend Broadcast lay, and agreed with him, who seemed as willing to be gone as myself, that we should cut short our visit, and (since French was the word) take a French leave early next morning. We were both up by day-light, and groped our way down stairs to get our hats and whips, that we might make our escape to where John and the horses were lodged. But we could not find our road to the lobby, by which we had entered. There did not seem to be a creature stirring in the house; and, after wandering through several empty halls, in one of which we found a backgammon table open, with a decanter not quite empty, on which was a claret label, we went down a few steps to another passage, where we imagined we heard somebody stirring. But we had not gone many steps when the rattle of a chain made us take

to our heels; and it was well we did; for we were within half a yard of being saluted by my Lord's bear, whose quarters it seems we had strayed into. The noise of our flight, and his pursuit, brought a chambermaid, who happened to be up, to our assistance. and by her means we had the good fortune to get safely through the lobby into the lawn, from whence we had only a mile or two's walk to the inn where John was put up.

For want of John's attendance, I had comforted myself with the reflection, that if he had not been employed in taking care of me, the horses would fare the better for it. But when we reached the house, we found that John had been employed in nothing but taking care of himself. The servants of my Lord's other guests who were there, kept a very good house, as the landlord called it; and John had been a good deal jollier at dinner the day before than his master. It was with some difficulty we got him on his legs, and brought him along with us. It was a long time before my portmanteau could be found; and my new bridle, with a plated bit, had been exchanged by some clearer-headed fellow, for an old snaffle not worth a groat.

Such, Sir, is the history of my first visit, and I hope my last, to —— Lodge. But as I have found the experience even of one visit a little expensive, I think it is doing a kindness to people in my situation, to let them know what they have to expect there. When my Lord asks a vote again, let it be conditioned on the part of

the freeholder, that he shall not be obliged to study the pictures of his saloon above half an hour, that he shall have something to eat and something to drink at dinner, and be insured from falling into the paws of the bear, or the hands of Miss Lurcher.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

No. 100. SATURDAY, *December* 30, 1786.

AMONG the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labours of business, for the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind, which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely-tempered edge, applied to a coarse and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more

common instrument would have successfully achieved. A young man destined for law or commerce is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the honours of station, and the blessings of opulence, are to be attained; while learning and genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence, and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of scepticism, because the general current of opinion seems of late years to have set too strongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the failing cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce, of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by an indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led astray, the ill success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we may reason *à priori* on the matter, the chances, I think, should be on the side of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a

natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly sought from some favourite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time; either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival, by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived. It may fairly be questioned, whether the most innocent of those amusements is either so honourable or so safe, as the avocations of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, when youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusements will generally be either boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters, who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind is a loss of a much higher denomination. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first; but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagina-

tion, has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profession is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the common-place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed, that in mere men of business, there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

The moral beauty of those dispositions may perhaps rather provoke the smile, than excite the imitation, of mere men of business and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are mistaken. The qualities which they sometimes prefer as more calculated for pushing a young man's way in life, seldom attain the end in contemplation of which they are not so nice about the means. This is strongly exemplified by the ill success of many, who, from their earliest youth, had acquired the highest reputation for sharpness and cunning. Those trickish qualities look to small advantages unfairly won, rather than to great ones honourably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the surest road to success in every department of life. It

needs a certain superior degree of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds seize on corners, which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage: enlarged and well-informed minds embrace great and honourable objects; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of those pangs which rankle in the bosom of artifice defeated, or of cunning over-matched.

To the improvement of our faculties, as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world; yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children in which numbers are used, familiarise them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculation of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who

possessed it in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

But I must often repeat that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity: A truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches, and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almost levelled every distinction but that of money among us. The crest of noble or illustrious ancestry has sunk before the sudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands; but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which used to characterise some of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfeeling, into stations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always resisted the torrent: but I know no bulwarks better calculated to resist it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which, from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge, nor enobled by virtue. The *non omnis moriar* of the poet draws on fu-

turity for the deficiencies of the present; and even in the present, those avenues of more refined pleasure, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling, opens to the mind, give to the votary of science a real superiority of enjoyment in what he possesses, and free him from much of that envy and regret which less cultivated spirits feel from their wants.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were soothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy, as one ought, is an easy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons, to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertions necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles, in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and mortifications of the 'retired pleasures' of men of business, have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement

or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the man of letters enjoys; while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thraldom of business, only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information and can still employ it in the amusement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated but not extin-

guished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our days, in alliance with reason and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly estimated, are the little polish and complacencies of social life less increased by the cultivation of letters, than the enjoyment of solitary or retired leisure. To the politeness of form and the ease of manner, business is naturally unfavourable, because business looks to the use, not the decoration of things. But the man of business who has cultivated letters, will commonly have softened his feelings, if he has not smoothed his manner or polished his address. He may be awkward, but will seldom be rude; may trespass in the ignorance of ceremonial, but will not offend against the substantial rules of civility. In conversation, the pedantry profession unavoidably insinuates itself among men of every calling. The lawyer, the merchant and the soldier, (this last perhaps, from obvious enough causes, the most of the three,) naturally slide into the accustomed train of thinking and the accustomed style of conversation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the most tolerable and the least tiresome of any; and he who has mixed a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profession, has generally corrected, in a considerable degree, the abstraction of the one and the coarseness of the other.

In the more important relations of society, in the closer intercourse of friend, of husband, and of father, that superior delicacy and refine-

ment of feeling which the cultivation of the mind bestows, heighten affection in sentiment, and mingle with such connections a dignity and tenderness, which give its dearest value to our existence. In fortunate circumstances, those feelings enhance prosperity; but in the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt. They smooth the harshness of adversity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid smile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the broadest mirth of those unfeelingly prosperous men, who possess good fortune, but have not a heart for happiness.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

LEITH:
Printed by A. Allardice.